sprang
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

'My lord," she said, "the land is very fair."

Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"Yes, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath;
"Lord of the Land, but men have named me Death."

—Charles Buxton Going, in McClure's.

"But, lord," she said, "my shoulders still | "There?" In her voice a wondering quesare strong—
I have been used to bear the load so long; "Was I not always here, then, as to-day?" 'And see, the hill is passed, and smooth He turned to her with strange, deep eyes Frank! He worships the ground you start and a walk on and another anothe

Gently he took it from her, and she stood Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood

"Nay," she replied; "but this I under-stand—
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

By CECELIA A. LOIZEAUX.

Both of the Old People chose the, me about," she suddenly remem-Ally because they were afraid to bered. trust in the gods. They had not seen the gods-and they had seen | matter as this?" the Ally and had found her good to

adage concerning widows, and went her chair a little nearer to the Ally. to her for advice on various subjects. And the Ally enjoyed it. She had been a widow for four years, and it was beginning to be whispered she was not inconsolable.

humor. Therefore when the Old Lady other people in the world." who lived on the comfortable estate to the young widow and made her by degrees her confidante, the Ally was bright spring afternoon when she didn't know his father so well." was calling upon the Ally. It was a long tale if you go back to the bethereafter hated each other with an implacable hatred.

Eventually each had married an- silly to you." other, though neither had forgotten. The Old Lady's daughter Nell was just what her mother had been, "Only she hasn't any pride at all," complained the Old Lady. "If she had the least bit of pride in the hates.'

"I don't understand. Can't you

make things a little clearer?" 'Well, you see," said the Old Lady get it for me. He positively refused to live more than a half-hour away all the time he would consume going and prepared to go. and coming in making money. I The Ally walked with her to the guess he did. When he died I took it and bought this place.

The Ally walked with her to the door and out on the porch, and then it and bought this place.

imagine out hereuntil the Fairweathers sold their place on the other side of you, and then my troubles commenced.

The Ally patted the Old Lady's hand and said "Yes?" encouragingly. "Of course you know those people. Goodness knows they've braved it out long enough. I was here first and I will not be chased out of my home It's just like that hateful, stubborn like him-only not so good looking. You wouldn't believe it, but he was handsome in those days," and she sighed.

"His son is good looking now," suggested the Ally.

Yes, just like ninety-nine out of a hundred young men you meet every day. They all look alike and he looks just like the rest of them. No distinction about him as there is to my

"Nell is a good looking girl," supplied the Ally, diplomatically, Well, you can see the rest. It's

going on right under our noses, and suddenly blurted out: I'm perfectly helpless. It's Frank out of the week.

"It's outrageous, and Nell will not listen to a thing I say. It's a wonder there hasn't been a scandal before Young people weren't permitted to act so in my time. every one knows perfectly well that I had known she lived here I certain-Allan Hinsdale and I wouldn't speak ly would not have bought this place. to each other to save our necks from the gallows.'

The Old Lady rocked violently a

moment before she continued. "I can't see why she should be so infatuated with him after all the nice men she has met. He hasn't any manners or he wouldn't smoke while they are out playing that horrible er-Mrs. Coover. The best thing she golf together. Even his father wouldn't do that!" Then Ally's eyes narrowed just a little as she said:

Really, Mrs. Coover, Frank is a nice young man!" "Well, supposing he is! Is that any reason why Nell must make a fool of herself over him? If those

parents in a pretty fix, wouldn't it?". "Perhaps this friendship doesn't mean that they will marry after all," suggested the Ally, and then she was filled with astonishment at the effect

"Not marry! After such actions as this? What do they mean then? find out if that young scamp has proposed, and if he hasn't I'll see to it think it was Nell Coover. Her faththat he does. And I'll see to it that he gets refused, too. If I have to call in all the neighbors to help!" There Lady's eyes, which were still bright help me," he suddenly remembered, and blue behind her nose glasses. The Ally opened her eyes in hypoand blue behind her nose glasses. "That's what I wanted you to help

'Yet," said the stranger, "yield me now "Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my thy load."

"But what could I do in such a

"Everything, my dear, everything!" said the Old Lady brighten-Of course they did not call her the ing. "You can do anything with Ally—they called her Mrs. Renolds, Nell. She worships the ground you She was a widow, rich, young and walk on, and she thinks anything you good looking, with such a dainty, de- do or say is simply perfect. Now mure style of good looks that both of what I thought of was this"-and the Old People forgot the society she lowered her voice and hitched

"You know such a lot of nice young people whom Nell has never met, because she has really been away at school for two or three years. And among her most intimate friends that if you could introduce some of the she saw the little flush that redmost eligible of the young men dened Nell's tanned cheeks when Among other good qualities the they'd be sure to fall in love with Frank insisted that she ask his friend Ally was possessed of a keen sense of her and she would see that there are

The Ally stiffened a little, and the adjoining the Ally's own in the quiet Old Lady, seeing this, interpreted it but well-to-do suburb, took a fancy to please herself. "I know it's a good deal to ask of you, but you're the only one of all the people I know who a little touched and more than a lit- can help me. I know you like Frank, tle amused. The crowning proof of too, so I won't say all I could about the Old Lady's affection came one him. I might like him myself if I

"Well," decided the Ally, "I believe I will help you. I like Nell and ginning, for it started when the Old Frank too well to see either or both Lady was twenty-two instead of six- of them made unhappy for life, if a ty-two. She had been in love with little effort on my part will save and engaged to a certain Allan Hins- them." She looked reflectively at But they had quarreled and the Old Lady, who had begun to beam. "But you must let me do things my own way, even if it seems

"Certainly," said the Old Lady. "I want you to seem to stop opposing Nell. Let her see just as much of Frank as she likes, and even encourage her in it, but not too suddenly. Be nice to him yourself-and world she would not fall in love with you might, for the sake of the cause, the son of a man whom her mother just recognize his father when you meet him on the street." The Old Lady gave a squeak of dismay.

"I would far rather let Nell marry Frank and then spend the rest of my plaintively,"I bought this place when my husband died. He never would man now!" She fairly bristled with She fairly bristled with dignity as she stood up and drew the voluminous black silk coat, which from his business. Said he could use she wore in all weathers, around her

It is dreadful 'We had the best time you can not to be able to laugh at times when one wants to most. All the Ally could do was to lean against a pillarand pray under her breath for becoming sobriety.

As the Old Lady gingerly descended the steps and sailed majestically down the long, straight walk, the gate opened and there entered a tall, very straight Old Gentleman, who came up the walk with dignified taps of a gold-headed cane, and whose Allan Hinsdale! And his son is just chin was lifted in a most dignified manner. When he met the Old Lady, who had become so straight she nearly bent backward, he stepped off the sidewalk and stood with his back turned, twirling his cane between his hands as he hunted for clouds in an

absolutely flawless sky. The Ally seemed not to notice the very visible wrath of the Old Gentleman as she came down the steps to meet him and led him into her sunwarmed library. But after a little preliminary skirmishing about the until the trapper comes to kill him, weather-depths to which the clever Old Gentleman rarely descended-he

"I think I owe you an apology for Hinsdale and Nell Coover seven days the apparent rudeness I just showed one of your guests." "Why, no," faitered Ally, but he

seemed not to have heard. "It is a little unfortunate that Mrs Coover and I have seen fit to occupy And homes in the same neighborhood. If But now I'm here and I do not mean to be chased out of a comfortable

> home. "But why should you?" puzzled the Ally, though she knew perfectly

well. "Madam, it is very awkward for me to be constantly meeting thatever did to me was to jilt me when we were younger, and I've never forgiven her for that. She was an outrageous flirt, Madam, and I was completely taken in by her pretty face. You wouldn't believe it now, but she really was very pretty-much more so than her daughter is. That girl is two were to marry it would put their a forward young minx. She has much of the personality of her father. Very disagreeable person, the father.' never knew him," murmured

the Ally "If I thought the girl would serve Frank as her mother did nie. I shouldn't care. It would teach him a lesson. I've warned him and he soon as ever I reach home I shall will not listen. But she won't, If ever a girl meant business I should er took Molly from under my very e gets refused, too. if I have to call nose after we had quarreled about all the neighbors to help!" There our wedding trip and had temporas a determined gleam in the Old rarily broken off. But I want you to

"It just occurred to me this afternoon that I might tell you of my trouble and ask you to help me. I know it's a good deal to ask, but if you knew how much you can do with walk on, and anything you say or do he thinks is all right. I thought you would try to interest him in some other girl if I let you know how I felt about it. If he married Nell Coover

pretty fix." "I might help you," reflected the Ally again. "But you must let me do it in my own way. For instance, should you care if I were the cause of making Frank fall in love with another woman?"

her mother and myself would be in a

"Gracious, no! Any one but Nell Coover! I am willing and even anxlous to see him married. Use your own taste."

"Well, then, you must help. The first thing I want you to do is to stop opposing Frank in the matter of seeing Nell. Encourage him in it if you can, without being too obvious. There is such a thing as too much sugar, you know." The Old Gentleman saw her point and nodded delightedly.

"And it would help a lot if for the ake of the cause you could just bow to Mrs. Coover when you meet on the street.'

The Old Gentleman reached for his hat and cane and stood up very straight. "Madam, I would far rather see my poor boy married to that girl and then spend the rest of my life getting even than speak to that woman now. Good day, madam!"

The Ally planned her campaign with much care, telling neither one of the Old People any more than she needed to keep their spirits up. She took every opportunity to talk with Nell and Frank, and finally she made out a list of young people for a twoweeks' house party. young people for a list of names, and Phil Bradley. Frank insisted that he didn't know a girl he would want around for two weeks other than the ones who were there already, but promised to be nice to those whom the Ally would invite.

There was a fortnight of merrymaking, and when it was all over, all the guests departed but Phil Bradley, who moved his traps over to Frank's and stayed on. From that day on the quartet was as much in evidence as the couple had been. Nell was observed to be very polite to Frank's guest, and the Ally, in the role of comforter to Frank, was eminently successful.

The Old Lady beamed upon Philip and the warmth of her smiles penetrated even to the depths of outer darkness, where Frank was supposedly gnashing his teeth. She did not take the trouble to stiffen so very much now when she met the Old Gentleman, and she even allowed herself the luxury of a supercilious smile, for she had no other idea than that the dearest wish of the Old Gentleman's heart was to marry his son to her daughter.

And as for the Old Gentleman, he was seen to cut an insultingly wide swath around the Old Lady's floating silk draperies, and was heard to hum as he twirled his cane:

'We never speak as we pass by, although a tear bedims her eye. I know she thinks of her past lifetum-didi-tum!'

-New York News.

The Truth About Trapping. Mr. W. H. Wright, the noted grizzly-bear hunter, declares in the World's Work that the trapper of to-day lacks every characteristic which romance has interwoven with his name. He says:

People who have not seen can form no idea of the suffering trapper's cause, nor of their ruthless destruction of game. Nothing escapes them; even the squirrels are sacrificed to balt traps for marten and fisher; and not only the squirrels but all kinds of birds, whether game

or song-birds. In trapping mink, otter, beaver and a few other fur-bearing animals, the trap is nearly always set near the water, where the animal when caught is soon drowned, so that its sufferings is soon ended. But with bear, marten and fisher it is differ-The bear must drag a heavy ent. clog about until it catches in som root or bush. There he must wait and this in some cases is not for days. The bones of the leg are almost invariably broken by the trap, and the leg swells to incredible size

One trapper in one day shot nineteen large blue grouse, merely to The birds try a new rifle. nesting; he had no use for them, and

not one did he even bring to camp. Three years ago in British Columbia, an old trapper camped near our bear-hunting party. He shot everything he could find, even little ducks and marmots. A goat he killed fell over a cliff; and as it was harder to recover it than to shoot another, he shot another. He was trapping beaver out of season, and boasted of having caught one that was about

to become a mother. I have seen the spot where a bear fast in a trap, had been caught for more than a week in a thicket through which it was impossible to drag the trap and clog. I knew an old French trapper who shot seventythree moose and elk in one winter, for bear bait for the spring catch.

One of the best attractions in the penitentlary during fair week was Charles Holland, colored convict who cut off his finger to get out of work several weeks ago, and was compelled to stand on a box in the blacksmith shop, where hundreds of visitors pass each day, and there display himself. A sign on his back and also in front road:

"I cut off my finger To get out of work. Holland stands on the box all day long. He has already spent nearly twenty-five days on the box and has a prospect of standing that much longer. He will be released when his finger gets well .- Columbus Dis-

"IN PRAISE OF THE FIST."

MAETERLINCK'S DEFENCE OF BOXING AS A MEANS OF ATTACK.

Belgian Writer Halls the "Human Weapon" and Declares That Pugilism is Essentially a Means of Promoting Peace and Gentleness---Man and Insect.

Maurice Masterlinck in London Daily Mail.

the aptitudes of our body, once more restored to nature, and in particular with the exercises that most increase its strength, its agility, and the qualities which it possesses as the body of a fine, healthy, formidable animal, ready to face all life's exigencies.

I remember in this connection that by my subject and that I was guilty pocket of one or the other. of a certain injustice toward the only specific weapon with which nature has endowed us; I mean the fist,

This injustice I am anxious to repair. The sword and the fist form each other's complement, and if it be not ungracious thus to express oneself, are not on good terms together; but exceptional weapon, a sort of ultima et sacra ratio. We should not have recourse to it save with solemn precautions and a ceremonial equivalent criminal trials which may end in a sentence of death.

The fist, on the contrary, is preeminently the everyday, the human weapon, the only weapon organically adapted to the sensibility, the resistance, the offensive and defensive

structure of our body. The fact is that if we examine our selves well we must rank ourselves, without vanity, among the most unprotected, the most naked, the most beings in creation. Compare us, for instance, with the insect, so formidably equipped for attack and so fanamong others the ant, upon which you may heap ten or twenty thousand times the weight of its body without apparently inconveniencing Consider the cockchafer, the least robust of the beeltes, and weigh what it is able to carry before the rings of its abdomen crack or the casings of its forewings yield. As for the resistance of the stag beetle, it is, so to speak, unlimited.

In comparison, therefore, we and the majority of mammals are unsolidified beings, still in the gelatinous state and very near to the primitive protoplasm. Our skeleton alone, which is, as it were, the rough a certain consistency; but how wretched is this skeleton, which one would think constructed by a child! Look at our spine, the basis of our whole system, whose ill set vertebrae only a series of diagnosis which we hardly dare touch with the finger tips.

Now, it is against this slack and incoherent machine, which resembles an abortive effort of nature, against this pitiful organism, from which life tends to escape on every side, that we have contrived weapons capable of annihilating us even if we possessed the fabulous armor case, the prodigious strength and the incredible vitality of the most indestructible insects

We have here, it must be agreed, very curious and a very disconcerting aberration, an initial folly, peculiar to the human race, that goes on increasing daily. In order to return to the natural logic followed by all other living things, though we be permitted to use extraordinary weapons against our enemies of a different order, we ought among ourselves, among men, to employ only the means of attack and defence provided by our own bodies. Were mankind to conform strictly to the evident will of nature, the fistwhich is to man what its horns are to the bull and its claws and teeth to the lion-the fist should suffice for all our needs of protection, justice and revenge. A wiser race would forbid any other mode of combat as an irremissible crime against the essential laws of the species. At the end of a few generations we should thus succeed in spreading and putting into force a sort of panic-strick-

en respect of human life. How prompt, how exactly in accordance with nature's wishes, would be the selection brought about by the intensive practice of pugilism, in which all the hopes of military glory would be centred. Now selection is, after all, the only really important thing that claims our preoccupation; it is the first, the greatest and the most eternal of our duties toward the race.

Meanwhile the study of boxing gives us excellent lessons in humility and throws a somewhat alarming light upon the forfeiture of some of our most valuable instincts. We soon perceive that, in all that concerns the use of our limbs-agility, dexterity, muscular strength, resistance to pain-we have sunk to the lowest rank of the mammals or batrachians. From this point of view, in a well conceived hierarchy, we should be entitled to a modest place between the frog and the sheep. The kick of the horse, the butt of the bull, the bite of the dog, are mechanically and anatomically perfect. It would be impossible to improve by the most learned lessons their instinctive manner of using their natural weapons. But, we, the "ho minians," the product of the primates, do not know how to strike a blow with our fist. We do not even know which exactly is the weapon of our kind.

Look at two draymen, two peas ants, who come to blows; nothing could be more pitiable. After a copious and dilatory broadside of insults and threats, they seize each other by the throat and the hair, make play with their feet, with their

In the holiday season it is well knees, at random, bite each other, that we should occupy ourselves with scratch each other, get entangled in their motionless rage, dare not leave go, and if one of them succeeds in releasing an arm, he strikes out blindly and most often into space a

series of hurried, stunted an I sput-

tering little blows; nor would the

combat ever end did not the treacherous knife, evoked by the disgrace lately, when writing of the sword, I of the incongruous sight, suddenly, allowed myself to be carried away almost spontaneously, leap from the On the contrary, watch two pugilists; no useless words, no gropings, no anger; the calmness of two certainties that know what lies before them. The athletic attitude of the guard, one of the finest of the male body, logically exhibits all the

muscles of the organism to the best the sword is or should be only an advantage. From head to foot, no particle of strength can now go astray. Each single one has its pole in one or other of the two massive fists charged to the full with energy, to that which we surround those Three blows, no more, the fruits of secular experience, mathematically exhaust the thousand useless possibilities. Three synthetic, irrestible, unimprovable blows.

As soon as one of them frankly touches the adversary, the fight is ended, to the complete satisfaction of the conqueror, who triumphs so incontestably that he has no wish to abuse his victory, and with no dangerous hurt to the conquered, who is simply reduced to impotence fragile, the most brittle and flaccid and unconsciousness during the time needed for all ill will to evaporate. Soon after the beaten man will rise to his feet with no lasting damage, tastically armor cased! Contemplate because the resistance of his bones and his organs is strictly and naturally proportioned to the power of the human weapon that has struck him and brought him down.

It may seem paradoxical, but the fact is easily established that the science of boxing, in those countries where it is generally practised and cultivated, becomes a pleage of peace and gentleness. Our aggressive nervousness, our watchful susceptibility, that sort of perpetual state of alarm in which our jealous vanity moves, all those arise, at bottom, from the sense of our weakness and of our physical inferiority, which toil as best they may to overawe, by a proud sketch of our definite form, offers and irritable mask, the men often churlish, unjust and malevolent, that surround us.

The more that we feel ourselves disarmed in the face of attack, the more are we tortured by the longing hold together only by a miracle, and to prove to others and to persuade our thoracic cage, which presents ourselves that no one attacks us with impunity. Courage becomes the more fretful, the more intractable, in proportion as our anxiously terrified instinct, cowering within the body that is to receive the blows, asks itself how the bout will end. What will this poor, prudent instinct do should

the crisis go badly? It is upon our instinct that we our instinct devolves the anxiety of the attack, the care of the defence. We have so often in daily life dismissed it from the control that, when its name is called, it comes forth from its retreat like one grown old in captivity and suddenly dazzled by the light of day. What resolution will it take? Where is it to strike? At the eyes, the stomach, the nose, the temples, the throat? What weapon is it to choose? The feet. the teeth, the hand, the elbow, or the

nails? It no longer knows; it wanders about its poor dwelling which is about to be defaced; and, while it dotingly pulls them by the sleeve, courage, pride, vanity, spirit, selfesteem, all the great and splendid but irresponsible lords, envenom the stubborn quarrel, which at last, after numberless and grotesque evasions, ends in an unskilful exchange of clamorous, blind, ataxic thumps, hybrid and plaintive, pitcous and puerile and indefinitely impotent.

He, on the contrary, who knows the source of justice which he holds in his two closed fists has no need for self-persuasion. Once and for all, he knows; longanimity emanates like a peaceful flower from his ideal but certain victory. The grossest insult cannot impair his indulgent smile. Peacably he awaits the first act of violence, and is able to say to all who offends his: "Thus far shall you go and no further." A single magic movement stops the insolence Why make this movement? He ceases even to think of it, so certain

is its efficacy. .It is with a sense of shame, a of one striking a defenseless child, that in the last extremity he at length resolves to raise against the most powerful brute the sovereign hand that regrets beforehand its too easy victory.

Watch That Speaks the Time.

A Swiss watchmaker has invented a watch which speaks the time from a tiny phonograph. A very small hard rubber plate has the vibrations of the human voice imprinted upon it, and is actuated by clockwork. that at a given time the articulation is made, indicating the hour. The utterance is sufficiently strong to be heard twenty feet away. It is possible by means of a device of this kind to combine sentiment with utility, as the vibrations can be made by by any clear voice, and a man's watch may tell him the time in the tones of wife or children.

Pierre Lots, the French author, has just been promoted from captain of frigate to captain of battleship. He has never quitted his service in the

APPENDICITIS.

A New Theory Advanced Respecting

Its Cause. The question as to whether it is advisable to operate so frequently for appendicitis continues to arouse

the interest of French physicians. M. Blanchard, a shining light in the French medical world, now comes forward with a startling new theory which entirely upsets all preconceived notions. He asserts-and says his assertion is backed by Pro-fessor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute-that appendicitis is undoubtedly caused by intestinal worms. These are of three kinds, and the most dangerous is that known as the trygocephal, which causes the sharp pains and symptoms which indicate appendicitis.

Microscopic examination in every case of appendicitis that has come under the observation of Professor Blanchard and Professor Metchnikoff has revealed the presence of these parasites in the appendix. "Appendicitis," says Professor Blanchard, "more especially occurs during the hot weather, and, although not contagious or infectious, it frequently assumes the character of an epidemic in certain districts."

Now, according to the professor, market gardens in the neighborhood of great cities, such as Paris and London, are frequently manured and fertilized by the deodorized and chemically treated product of the city sewers. In these market gar-dens the vegetables are forced, and examination shows that they contain numerous intestinal parasites, and especially the eggs of the dreaded trygocephal.

The professor says that a surgical operation for appendicitis is absolutely unnecessary, and that it should never be performed unless some hard substance such as a cherry stone has been accidentally swallowed by the patient. He urges legislation to forbid the use of deodorized and chemically treated sewage as manure, and that thymol should be extensively used against intestinal worms.

"Appendicitis," adds Professor Blanchard, "when not the consequence of the accidental swallowing of some hard substance, is undoubtedly caused by the parasite to be found in cabbage, turnips, carrots, and cauliflower. The danger lies in eating vegetables that have been forced by manures or watered by contaminated well and spring water." -Paris correspondence London Mail.

Speaking Through the Nose.

The offensiveness of the present defect could not be exaggerated, perhaps, but it is best to guard against exaggeration in dealing with it. Not long ago we talked with an observant Englishman, who was hardly the most willing of witnesses, but a just as well as a gentle spirit, and we asked him if he had been much struck by our far-famed nasality since coming amonug us. No, he said, not half so much as he had expected; but what he had noticed was that we spoke drawlingly, draggingly, in tones that weakly and tardily did their office. It seemed to'us, when we thought the matter over, that there was a great deal of truth in what he said, and we now commend his remark, together with our own less lenient accusations, to the attention of the American Woman's Speech Reformers. What they want to get at is the average offence, and not to err as to its prepossibly close inquiry might develop the fact that, after all, it may be a lazy and careless mismanagement of the voice in the sort suggested which is most to be corrected .- William Dean Howells, in Harper's Bazar.

The Secret of the Maple. No thoughtful person who ever visited a maple-grove in the early spring, while snow-banks are yet lingering in sheltered hollows, and has seen pailful after pailful of sweet sap drawn from the augerholes in the shapely trunks, can have failed to wonder what forces govern the flow of the sap. When the warm sun touches the treetops the flow increases. A rise of a few degrees in temperature often causes a great increase of flow, if the rise passes the zero point, on the Centigrade scale, that is, the freezing-point of water, But a considerable change of temperature in which the fluctuations do not cross the zero line causes no marked change in the flow of the sap. Dr. K. M. Wiegand, discussing these and other related facts in the American Naturalist, reaches the conclusion that neither expansion of gas in the wood, nor expansion of water, nor expansion of the wood itself, is the underlying cause of the pressure which produces the flow, but that this pressure arises from the effects of temperature in altering the osmotic permeability of the pithray cells.

Manners.

The antiquary took down a small, fat volume, vellum-bound, with a brass clasp.

"This is a Book of Manners." he said. "It was printed in 1473. Here are a few extracts." And he read:

nor suck the marrow out of a bone. "In peeling a pear begin at the stalk, but with an apple begin at the top. "Do not wipe the hands on the

"Do not gnaw a bone like a dog

clothes, nor suck them, but use the "Do not eat an apple all alone, but cut it in two and give a neigh-

bor a piece. "Wipe your nose and mouth when you have drunk, and do not cough

into the cup."-Minneapolis Journal

Buying or Selling?

It is told of the son of a horse dealer, a sharp lad, when once unexpectedly called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces, the little fellow whispered the question, in order to regulate how e should ride:

"Are you buying or selling?"-

APPLE TREES SO YEARS OLD.

They Were Planted by Indians at a

Historic Spot in Michigan. Planted by the Indians eighty years ago, when the spot was an In-dian reservation and burying ground. two apples trees still stand side by side on the bank of the Shiawasse

River near Vernon. The trees are now of mammoth size, measuring six and eight feet in circumference, and notwithstanding their age they are still in healthy

condition and bear fruit each year. Near where they stand was located the first settlement made by white men in Shiawasse County about one hundred years ago. In those early days the spot was one of the chief trading points in the locallty.

It was located on one of the first trails hereabouts, and, being also on the river bank, was accessible by water. In those days water was used for travel more than it is now. So large was the business done by Indians and fur traders that in 1840 a bank was established here. It was one of the wildcat variety so common in those days, and issued a great amount of wildcat currency.

Tradition has it that while the bank was doing a flourishing business some of the large holders of Its currency became uneasy about the security for the redemptio; of the paper and planned a raid to loot the

The bank officials, hearing of the plan, took the bank's specie and buried it near the river. There still live in that vicinity some oldtimers who believe that the money is burled there yet, and many excavations have been made in the hope of uncovering it.

The trend of progress has been away from this spot, and any one visiting there to-day will find a peaceful farming community.-Detroit Free Press.

Seven Rules For Longevity.

The following rules for living to a ripe, old age are given by Mrs. Henderson in her recently published volume, The Aristocracy of Health (Harpers):

Study the laws of nature for health and the remedies of nature for cure.

 Avoid all poisons,
 Take abundant exercise in pure air, but always short of fatigue. So exercise that every portion of the body is equally benefited. As it takes a strong engine for a long journey; cultivate lung-power by slow, deep-breathing exercises.

4. Eat only the amount of food that nature needs, and study what to eat from a scientific point of view.

5. Cultivate normal sleep. Live and sleep only in rooms that are well sunned, well ventilated, and not over-

6. Cultivate the habit of work in connection with some worthy ambition, for healthy exercise of body and mind is as strengthening as repose, and should balance it. while you work and rest while you rest, avoiding all worry. Make yourself useful to the world, and feel that you have a mission in it.

7. Avoid all environments, the worst of which is the friend who encourages you to poison yourself.

Science and Manufacture.

In the Zeiss glass works at Jena fourteen doctors of science are employed, and these include mathematicians as well as physicists. The certain of our women twang, and great German aniline color works whine, and whime, and whinny, but | employ more "scientific" than "technichal" chemists. At one of them, for instance, fifty-five scientific and thirty-one technical chemists are engaged; at a second 145 scientific chemists and 175 technologists; at a third 148 scientific chemists for seventy-five technicists. The research laboratories of these works are lavishly equipped; one of them possesses a library of 14,000 volumes; a second spends 150,000 francs a year on glassware. These things are no doubt expensive, but these great factories still manage to pay a dividend of from twenty to thirty per cent. Every newly discovered substance which is usable is patented, and in this way Germany has managed to establish a monopoly. The house of Baeyer possesses a thousand patents at home and 1200 in foreign countries.-London Graphic.

Barber's New Experience. A good story of Charles Hawtry is told in Vanity Fair. When making a trip through Europe he found himself in a small village minus his luggage and his razors. There was no barber's shop, but, having heard of a man in the village who occasionally had shaved people, the famous actor sent for him, and was astonished at being requested to lie flat on his back before operations were commenced. Thinking it a custom of the country, he lay down, and was shaved with ease and derterity, but afterward asked the man the reason why he requested his customers to adopt so peculiar a position. "Because, sir," was the naive reply, "I never before shaved a live man!

Our New Navy. In commission and under construction we now have twenty-six battleships and thirteen armored cruisers, eleven coast defense ironclads, a large fleet of unarmored steel vessels. upward of forty gunboats and nearly sixty torpedo boats and submarines. Of ships of all classes we had 327 at the end of 1905; and the complement had risen to more than 32,000 officers and men, exclusive of a marine corps of more than 6000, a force considerably larger than the regular army before the Spanish war .- New York Sun.

Copperhead Comes to Town. As Miss Anna Montgomery was descending the stone stairway of the Carnogle Library last evening she almost stepped on a copperhead snake coiled on one of the steps. She screamed and ran out into the street.

The snake was killed. It measured over three feet. How it got on the steps of a public building in the most frequented part of the town in a raystery.—Beaver Falls Correspon-dence Pittsburg Disputch.