

A PUZZLED BOY.

I wonder why it is that girls are always told that they should do just like their mamma do in every single way?

Uncle Jarve's "Water-Dragon."

By CHARLES ADAMS.

It has always seemed to me that Uncle Jarve's "water-dragon" was the most useful, practical and efficient fire-fighter which I have ever seen.

It was one of Uncle Jarve's odd contrivances when he was at Grandfather Adams', lording it over my brother "Poley" and myself.

Uncle Jarve had not been at the mill for some time, but one afternoon about the middle of August, when our team came back from the railway station, lo! there he sat beside the driver; and he had in the back of the wagon two empty oil-barrels, and a lot of wire and other iron gear.

"Now look out," Poley said to me, under his breath, "be on your guard, or he will stick us for something or other. Don't pay him another cent of money."

Uncle Jarve, however, appeared to be in one of his absorbed, thoughtful, inventive moods. He said hardly a word to us, but went walking about and round the mill, whistling low to himself all the rest of the afternoon.

At last he took supper with us and stayed overnight, still without saying a word as to what he had come for or why he had brought the oil-barrels.

But the next day he got to work; in fact, he had, as it now appeared, been making his preparations and getting his ironwork done for a week or two.

He rolled one of the heavy barrels into the mill, and during all the rest of the forenoon he was rigging a kind of drum on the main shaft of the mill, for winding his coil of wire.

In the afternoon we saw him winding the wire round the outside of the oil-barrel. He wound it very tightly and made both ends fast at the chimes.

That was about all he did that day; but the next day he brought in his iron gear, bored a hole in each head of the barrel, and then passed a rod through the holes and through the barrel, so that the ends, which had been cut for a screw thread, projected about two inches outside each head.

Next he put a circular iron plate on each head, having a hole in the centre for the end of the rod to come through; and then, applying a washer and a nut, he screwed them tight down on both heads. This, of course, was to secure the barrel-heads against internal pressure.

He had thus made his barrel iron-clad, so to speak, and very strong. It was water-tight and nearly, if not wholly, air-tight.

After that he whistled and walked round for a while, and sang a song or two in his rasping, unmusical voice; but in the afternoon he became silently busy again, attached a crank to the spare end of the main shaft, so as to convert circular motion to backward and forward motion, and then connected to that a small but strong pump, set horizontally, with a pipe from it down to the water under the mill.

"Now what do you suppose he is up to?" Poley asked me.

That was about all I could guess; we went about our business and pretended to take no notice.

Uncle Jarve whistled most of the next day, but got to work toward night, set his barrel on end at the back of the mill, and secured it in place with a collar and braces. He then connected his pump to the bung-hole of the barrel with a bit of iron pipe—and went home.

After he had gone, Poley and I looked it all over, but could make nothing out of it.

"I guess he's crazy—at last," Poley said.

But the next day Uncle Jarve came back. He had walked all the way up to the mill, and he brought, coiled over his head and shoulders, about forty feet of hose, which he had wound with wire. The hose had a nozzle on it at one end, and at the other a valve and screw connection.

He was whistling happily to himself; and he now proceeded to bore a hole in the top head of the barrel and to connect his hose. He also screwed a little air-cock into the top head.

After that he tested it all, then sat and looked it over, and walked round the mill for as much as an hour. By that time it was noon, and he came in to dinner with the rest of us. Just as we were getting up from the table, Poley said, "Uncle Jarve, I'd like to know what you are making out there—if you know yourself."

Uncle Jarve regarded him a moment thoughtfully.

"Chuck," said he, "I concluded you'd be asking that question just about now. A boy like you, Chucksey, with not over a pint of brains, can stand only about so much curiosity; it burns him all up!"

"Oh, yes, you know that you've got all the brains there are in the family!" exclaimed Poley, wrathfully. "But some of us can earn a living—which is more than you ever did."

"A living!" quoth Uncle Jarve, contemptuously. "Why, Chuck, any grubber can get a living, if he is sordid enough to work!"

he let drive with that jet—and actually he could reach a hundred feet with it. In three minutes we all took to flight out of range.

And then he danced a war-dance and shouted and whooped and cut great circles high over the mill with that jet.

Poley, all dripping, came round where I stood behind a tree. "He's crazy as a coot!" said Poley. "What are we going to do with him?"

But suddenly Uncle Jarve stopped. "All right!" he cried to us. "The fun's over. Come in out of the wet!" We ventured back, all pretty angry.

Uncle Jarve had shut the gate, stopped the power, and was coiling up the hose.

"Sorry, Chucks, that I had to wet you down!" he remarked. "But I couldn't seem to beat this thing into your thick heads any other way. You understand it now."

"Besides," said Uncle Jarve, throwing back his head and tilting up that long nose of his, "I had to let off steam a bit! It was the high joy of invention. You don't know anything about that, Chucks, and you never will; so go dry yourselves, and thank your old uncle for giving you complete fire protection at your mill here."

"I'd like to thank you by playing that nozzel down your back!" exclaimed Poley.

"Ungrateful Chuck!" said Uncle Jarve. "A pint of brains! Only a pint of brains!"

We would all have enjoyed thrashing him; but Uncle Jarve was then a nearly twenty-five years old, and an athletic fellow when not too lazy to display his strength.

He came in to supper with us, and after doing ample justice to the fare, remarked that he feared he would have to take leave of us that evening. Poley snorted relief.

"You see," Uncle Jarve explained, "I'm going to get up another of these water-dragons. It is the greatest thing of the kind ever invented. I'm going out with one, to take orders, and I need a little ready money. So I shall have to trouble you for twenty-five dollars for this one."

"You just let us know when you get it," shouted Poley, so angry that he sprang up from his chair and doubled his fists.

Uncle Jarve regarded him reflectively and shook his head. "Only a pint of brains!" he sighed, with great apparent sadness.

Uncle Jarve went away, but throughout August and September he came round regularly about once a week and dunned us for that money.

A Thankful Song.

I'm thankful for the summer with its blossoms an' its bees, I'm thankful for the winter with its ice and its freeze, I'm such a thankful feller that I couldn't, if I'd my own, say whether I'm more thankful for December or July.

Of course there's disappointments, an' there's trouble, mere or less, But I'm so brimmin' with the sweets o' happiness I don't have time to worry with the bitter things you see.

For the Lord Jes' keeps me busy bein' thankful's I see. —Roy Farrell Greene, in Leslie's Weekly.

Good Things to Eat AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM.

Wellesley Tapoca. This is a pleasing variation from the old fashioned baked Indian pudding. Soak five tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca two hours in cold water to cover.

Walnut Creams. Work half a pound of fondant until creamy, and add a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring, a few drops at a time. Have ready English walnuts shelled and divided in halves.

To Bake Potatoes. Baked potatoes are a staple article of diet in most families. They are inexpensive and easy to prepare. Yet constantly as they are used it is rare to find one well baked—the skin is either burned or the contents are not mealy.

Four Good Reasons. Rev. Dr. Thomas Guthrie gave these four reasons for being a total abstainer: "First, my health is stronger; second, my mind is clearer; third, my heart is lighter; fourth, my purse is heavier."

ROUND ABOUT THE HOUSE. Jellies often refuse to jelly when put into large receptacles. Cream cheese mixed with canned currants or jellied cranberries makes a good sandwich filling.

Run the Next Mill by Water. A popular temperance advocate told a pointed story the other day. A minister met an acquaintance, who was formerly a prosperous young business man, but whose habits of drinking resulted in ruin, though he has reformed and is trying to do better.

Teeth For the Villain. The two sets of false teeth looked just alike, but one set cost \$10 more than the other.

The Old Familiar Faces. "Hello, there!" exclaimed the cheerful man. "Glad to see you. Howdy do?"

Doing Her Best. "Won't you try to love me!" he sighed. "I have tried," she replied, kindly but firmly.

BITTER WAR ON INTEMPERANCE

SOLDIERS FIGHTING THIS CURSE GREATLY CHEERED. After recapitulating the striking statistics on the subject of railway accidents caused by drink collected by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and relating some facts showing the state of physical and mental strain to which trainmen are subjected, Dr. H. O. Marcy, of Boston, writes:

"Until very recent past, the medical profession believed and taught and the great public religiously accepted as orthodox, the advantages to be derived from the use of alcohol in some form."

"Twenty-five years ago the engineer and fireman upon a train, subject to their long hours of exposure on duty, oftentimes demanded for a whole twenty-four hours of service without sleep, a few bottles of whisky in the cab for conscientious use. This was approved of by the authorities as beneficial to the men and adding safety to the trains in transit."

"Since it has been clearly shown, and that by unprejudiced observers in different parts of the world, that alcohol, even in moderate quantities, lessens the functions of all the senses. For example, the soldier cannot march so far or have as many hours in the year of able service, when permitted to take, even in moderation, alcohol."

"The railroad service in Germany is a semi-military organization, and therefore is more under discipline and control. The Prussian railway management has issued orders forbidding any engine driver, switchman or dispatcher all use of beers or spirits when on duty."

"The order closes with the statement that total abstainers will be given preference in the matter of promotion and permanency of employment. The sub-officers of divisions have issued more stringent rules, requiring total abstinence of all persons holding responsible positions, stating that no one need apply unless his character as a temperate man can be sustained."

Dr. Ennis, of the University of Heidelberg, has declared that over fifty per cent. of all accidents occurring on the German railroads are due to the bewilderment of the operatives who have used stimulants, and if total abstinence were employed, the expense of managing the road could be reduced very greatly. Such action is fundamental and far-reaching, since, for generations, the German has conscientiously believed that his work was an advantage in the development and strengthening of both his mental and physical powers."

Living the Heavenly Life Now. When the disciples were on the Mount of Transfiguration, they wanted to stay there and continue the transfiguration companionship and glory. But they could not do this—they had to return to the struggles and temptations of the lower world.

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Temperance Notes. One million, one hundred thousand people out of a total population of 1,350,000 in South Carolina are now under county prohibition law as a result of the recent election.

Louisiana More Than Half Dry. State Chairman E. E. Israel writes the Associated Press from Baton Rouge, July 23th, that there are thirty-three dry out of a total of fifty-nine parishes in Louisiana to date.

Need of To-day. The need of to-day is a creed with a God in it big enough to worship with all your heart and soul and strength. The main postulate of our creed must be, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty."

Humility. To serve is not mean. It is Christ-like. It is not to cringe. No gentleman in Rome in the old days ever thought humility a virtue. Humility was left for slaves to cultivate.

NEVER FORGETS 'EM. "Maude is continually giggling. She seems to have an ever-present sense of humor."

French in Algeria. In the French schools in Algeria and Tunis the Arabic boys sit with the French in school, but out of school they do not mix much.

ROYAL HELPS GATHERED FOR THE QUIET HOUR HANKSGIVING SONG.

Tune: "Old Hundred." With heart and soul we'll praise the Lord. All nations join with one accord. For mercies past and care bestowed, To heal each wound, remove each load.

Our words are feeble to reveal The gratitude our hearts must feel. Thou knowest, Lord, each secret thought The struggles gained, the conflict fought.

We'll dwell in peace, in friendship strong, Uphold the right, put down the wrong. And waiting, trust in God above, The King of Light, the Lord of Love.

That poor young man, Eutyclus, who heard no lesson himself, has been the means of teaching many a good lesson to others. Doubtless he became the text for many a discourse in his own towns, as in towns innumerable ever since.

Had the young man realized what we now understand about Paul, had he known that the insignificant little man in that hot third-story room was the most profound philosopher and the greatest religious leader and the noblest hero among the sons of men, that he was an author whose writings would be the study of millions to the end of time, a Christian statesman whose activity and organizing ability would affect kingdoms and empires all the centuries, in matters of the deepest moment, the very excitement, curiosity and wonder of it would have kept him awake. But, like many of us, he did not understand.

Like many of us, I say, though we cannot hear Paul in the flesh, we can hear him in the spirit; and that is even more real than any pulsation of air against a tympanum. Nay, we can hear in the same way Paul's Master Himself. We have been in meetings where there were present, where they were speaking, where two or three, only two or three, were gathered together, Christ was in the midst of them, and was speaking. And we were fast asleep!

Who should bring others to Christ? Should He? How is it Done? John 1: 35-51. The preacher, 1 Cor. 9: 18-27. The Christian, Acts 8: 1-12. The friend, Mark 2: 1-12. By word, Luke 4: 16-30. By example, 1 Tim. 4: 6-16. By the Spirit, John 16: 5-11; Acts 2: 37.

Remember that we are to bring others to Christ, not to ourselves (v. 35). We are never alone in giving the invitation to Christ; the Savior also adds His.

Who should bring others to Christ? Any one that has been brought there himself. Whom should we try to bring? Any one that is not there. Fear to invite another to Christ? Yes, when you would be afraid to tell a man that he is heir to ten million dollars!

Shaving Guards Health. "Clean Shaving as a Prophylactic Measure" is the subject of an article in the London Lancet. The matter is brought up by a contributor in the Lancet noticing that clean-shaven persons enjoy a kind of immunity from common colds or are less frequently attacked than those who cultivate a moustache.

THE MACHINE WITHOUT THREAD. "I like to sew where there is no thread in the machine, it runs so easily," said a little girl.

When I see a girl very sweet and pleasant abroad, ready to do anything for a stranger, and cross and disagreeable in her home, she, too, is running her machine without any thread.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9.

How to Make Our Will God's Will. (John 7: 17; Acts 22: 10; Ps. 25: 9.)

John 7: 17. There is an acid test for gold; His is the acid test for Christianity. Many critics of our faith would be forced to put his hand on his mouth, if in the midst of his attack on the religion of Jesus he were asked, "Have you ever tried it?"

Acts 22: 10. The great question of Philipian jailer was "What shall I do to be saved?" The more wonderfully reasonable and real will Jesus and his message seem. Let us be fair with him, and not say that the claims of the Saviour are impossible until we have put them to the test.

Ps. 25: 9. The meek man is not the faint-hearted man, apologizing for his own existence. Rather he is the man who has come to quiet contentment because he has been humble enough to let God guide him, and has found that guidance a source of power. This meek man is not the originally submissive man, but the man who has measured his need against God's power, and has yielded to the Divine because the Divine can do so much for him which he cannot do for himself.

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