

FOR PURE WATERS AND BETTER HEALTH

Health Commissioner Dixon's Great Task Is to Reclaim the Waters of the State From Pollution.

THE DISPOSAL OF SEWAGE

Sanitary Engineering Division of the Department of Health is Teaching Municipalities Efficient and Economical Methods of Drainage.

A lamentable and tremendous amount of needless suffering, sickness, expense and death annually result from the wanton pollution of the streams of Pennsylvania among those individuals dependent upon these sources of supply for drinking water. Hundreds of communities hang in the balance and at any time may have an epidemic of typhoid fever stalking through their midst and decimating their numbers. Hundreds of the young and best lives of the commonwealth are annually sacrificed to the unsanitary customs of sewage disposal. Poisonous material of human origin from public and private institutions, sewers and privies are emptied into streams at points but short distances above water works intakes, and in a few hours thereafter are delivered through the water pipes of public systems to many innocent and unsuspecting individuals, who rest secure in the belief that the public authorities are taking in charge the furnishing of drinking water, and who are responsible for the purity of the water thus supplied, are faithfully performing their obligations.

Public and private corporations, however, even when earnestly inclined, are often limited in their powers to prevent sewage contamination of the sources of water supply. After years of affliction, and at a terrific cost in human life, it has finally dawned upon the people that a higher authority than the municipality must grapple with the problem and afford a remedy. It is, therefore, of interest to every citizen of the commonwealth to know about the work that Health Commissioner Dixon is doing to preserve the purity of the waters of the state in fulfillment of the duty laid upon him by the act of April 22, 1905.

The enormity of the task is comprehended when one realizes the fact that almost without an exception every city, borough and municipality in Pennsylvania having a sewer system discharges its filth into the most convenient nearby stream, regardless of consequences to the user of that stream at some point below.

Further, where there are no sewers, privies are almost universally located on or near the banks of natural water courses, which thus serve as open sewers. By no known mathematical method is it possible to compute the extent of evil, the misery, expense, poverty, lifelong suffering and death which this custom entails; but it is a fact that a large amount of it all would be driven from the state if sanitary methods of sewage disposal were adopted.

It is the privilege, as well as the duty, of the State Health Commissioner to bring about just this result. No short sighted, vacillating and radical policy could be successful in such a great undertaking. It will necessarily be the work of years to undo the customs of generations and establish uniform sanitary conditions. Its success depends upon the enlightenment and co-operation of the people. The stupidity and skepticism of a preoccupied and selfish populace is a barrier to quick results. Where the public conscience is quickened, voluntary reforms will be inaugurated and benefits will be at once secured. In other cases the law will have to be invoked and enforced.

The Chief Engineer of the Department, F. Herbert Snow, and his assistants are now traversing every part of the State, making examinations of sewerage systems and water supplies and collecting data with respect to the quality of all of the waters in Pennsylvania. More than this is being done, sources of pollution and means by which it can be abated are reported to the commissioner, and in many cases a request on his part to the owner of the premises is sufficient to cause a removal of the nuisance. The number of letters of encouragement and co-operation in this kind of reform received by the commissioner splendidly illustrates the willingness of the citizens of the state to do what is right. In a few cases owners willfully refuse to do away with the causes of disease, in which event they are being brought into court or forced to comply with the law.

Another important feature of the commissioner's work is appealing to the municipalities, namely, the utilizing free of cost to them of the services of the engineering department in consultation and advice respecting the installation of new water works and sewer systems and the extensions of existing systems. This engineering service does not interfere with the work of the engineer in private practice, but increases it. The state department gives free of cost the very best engineering advice procurable, which has already resulted in saving to municipalities large sums of money by obviating costly mistakes. In carrying out the general advice and suggestions of the state department, the municipalities must employ their own engineers, but before plans are finally adopted they pass for approval to the health commissioner. Dr. Dixon confidently asserts that through his engineering division he will save to the municipalities in the state hundreds of thousands of dollars, and at the same time work with the local authorities in carrying out local improvements.

An Epitaph.
In memory of our father: Gone to join his ancestors, his intellect his faculty, his nerve, his kidney, his ear drum and a leg gratuitously removed by a hospital surgeon who craved the experience.—Newstork's Magazine.

If you resolve to do right you will soon do wisely, and you will never do right—Ruskia.

BY THE "MONKEY" DRILL

By Michael James

Copyright, 1906, by Ituby Douglas

"But there isn't room for all seven of us in the wagon box," said Clement when Rex Burgess had invited the party to "pile in."

"Oh, Gormley can ride on the front seat with the driver," Burgess had replied lightly enough, though Gormley felt the undercurrent of malice in his voice, "up near the horses. These gals and myriam like to be about horses, you know."

A January thaw had left the clay roads liquid, but a hard freeze following had reduced them to smooth iron, and the rattle of the wagon on the hard surface echoed far through the breathless, glittering cold of the moonlight.

It was the night of the Grangers' party at Merrifield town hall, five miles from Slocum, and a week before Burgess had invited a half dozen young people of Slocum to attend, riding over in his sleigh. The party had been tattered the change from sleigh to wagon.

"I wish I hadn't come, I wish I hadn't come," beat incessantly in Gormley's brain the steady clatter of the horses' feet. "I had no business to do it. Burgess is a boor. He never forgets his money nor remembers his manners. What got into me, I wonder?" and much more of the same sort of self-deception, for Gormley knew perfectly well he was braving the nip-ping cold and Burgess' thrusts. Nothing but sudden death could have kept him away. Sylvia Gerrish was there, and the joy of being near her was dimmed by the thought that Burgess was nearer still—beside her, in fact. To secure that coveted place her host had boldly ordered his rival to the front seat.

Any man with red blood in his veins could scarcely blame Burgess for his conduct. The girl was a bewitching little figure, muffled in furs, a coquettish red tam-o'-shanter setting off her piquant face and mischievous eyes. Burgess had never seen her look prettier, and he glowed with satisfaction at his neat disposal, for the drive at least, of his rival.

Meanwhile the sweet tempered Gormley, by nature almost too submissive, was near to being routed. He was lashing himself in bitterness of spirit. It had always been so. Fate had made him the football of Rex Burgess, ever in school days. Burgess was big and brave and handsome, while he was slight and pale faced. The boys had nicknamed Gormley "Molly" because he had once fainted at the sight of blood. Burgess' father was the wealthiest man in Slocum, and every cent of the money would one day belong to Rex, for he was the only child.

Burgess' father, in the merry chatter and the snatches of song from the others, Gormley plunged deeper into his melancholy reflections. He, puny clerk in a dry goods store, to aspire to Sylvia Gerrish's love against one so favored of gods and men as Burgess!

His cheeks burned, too, when he saw money's value in the contemptuous reference to "cavalryman." Frankly, he admitted, it was ridiculous that he, "Molly" Gormley, should have martial aspirations. Yet when the state military board had offered Slocum the equipment for a troop of cavalry for the national guard Gormley had been unanimously chosen captain. And he was the man for the place. He could ride. It had always been the sport in which he excelled. He knew the "monkey" drill of the United States cavalry as he knew the alphabet.

They talk of Cossacks and Bedouin and money's value in the way these savages handle a horse, but the man who follows the yellow guide is a little the best horseman of them all. And Captain "Molly" Gormley, Troop A, First Cavalry, state troops, rode like a regular whether in the saddle, barebacked over the hurdles or standing, on a meadow, or lightened the gloom of a galloping horse. Besides the first qualification of a cavalryman he had the other requisite for an officer, the gift of command, and even West Point can't touch that. So despite the fact that his body quailed at the sight of blood Gormley's spirit sang with the notes of the bugle when Troop A, two long straight lines of men and horses moving beautifully in unison, passed in review at camp.

The thought of his creation—he had made Troop A the pride of the national guard in the two years it had been organized—gradually lightened the gloom which had overspread Gormley's spirits. He reflected with considerable composure that Burgess could not ride well. The big fellow did not understand horses and feared them. The bully in him crept out, too, on horseback. He thought it merely discipline to jerk the head of his mount cruelly and without reason. Burgess was not a member of Troop A. Maybe this fling at "cavalryman" had done to envy.

Even the possibility that Burgess envied him was born to Gormley's sore heart. And if he could only plan it so as to get by Sylvia on the homeward journey near his cup of joy would be full. It was a mighty bond from the depths of despair almost to the pinnacles of bliss in one short half hour, but Gormley was young, and youth has hope for a heritage.

Unwisely the young man was attracted by the beauty of the night. The hunched moon glinted on tall-floes of thin floating frost crystals until they sparkled like diamond dust. To the westward the black roadway unrolled before them like a velvet ribbon. Beaver creek crossed beneath it a hundred yards away. From the lowland bordering the creek the road had been graded to a height of fifty feet, and the embankment was narrow, steep and dangerous. A railing on each side hedged in the roadway.

Tonight nothing was visible below that railing. A mist, white and soft as cotton wool, rose from the swampy low ground and filled in noiseless billows to the height of the road. The advance of the clattering wagon and its occupants into this heaving white silence seemed almost uncanny. It was as if a sea which might rise and engulf them.

The others were similarly impressed, it would seem, for the talk was somewhat quiet. The team after getting miles of jerk movement was getting warmed up and danced spiritedly. The driver took a fresh grip of the reins, for careful work was needed, especially at night, in crossing Beaver creek flats. He pulled strongly to bring the horses to a walk, then lunged backward suddenly. The first rein had broken near his hand.

What followed for the first paralyzed moment was like a scene from a horrid dream to Gormley. There was a confusion of shouts and shrieks from the

wagon box behind. The horses were crowded to the left of the road by the pull of the one southerly rein, to which the driver still clung stupidly. They plunged into the railing; it cracked, then gave way beneath their weight. The high horse was partially off the road, scrambling desperately with its hind foot on the treacherous side of the embankment. And still the relentless rein, dragging at the frenzied animals' bits, impelled them over the edge of the road.

In a flash Gormley saw the only course that would save them, the girl he loved and the others. There was no time to get down and reach the bits. He might save himself by jumping, but Sylvia, wedged in the box, would be rolling over and over to pitiless disfigurement or death. "Drop it!" he shouted fiercely at the driver, and the latter instinctively loosened his grasp on the line.

Gormley scrambled over the foot-board and on to the tongue of the wagon. He threw himself astride the off horse. A well directed lunge with his right hand secured the broken rein, and the same movement wrenched the animal's head sharply to the right. Leaving far out, he seized the other struggling animal by the bits with his left hand and pulled with all his strength. The heads of the frantic horse struck fire from the embankment edge. For an instant the whole outfit trembled toward destruction, but the pull to the right never slackened, and the high horse secured a foothold at last, and the danger was over.

"How did you ever think so quick?" asked the driver when the excitement had died down a little and the rein was being mended.

"I wasn't thought at all; just instinct," replied Gormley. "You see, the trick of riding one horse bareback and guiding another is part of the cavalry 'monkey' drill. I learned it years ago when I was a boy."

Burgess bobbed Clement in bitter hatred that night, for it was Clement who insisted on changing seats with Gormley, and that brought Gormley into a place beside Miss Gerrish. The engagement was announced next day, all as a result of the ride home after the dance.

The betrothal kiss, given when the waning moon was smothered by a cloud, was doubly sweet to Gormley, for Burgess was scarce a yard away.

The Art of Mosaic.

The slab upon which the mosaic is made is generally of travertine or flintine stones connected together by iron clamps. Upon the surface of this a mastic or cementing paste is gradually spread as the progress of the work requires it, which forms the adhesive ground or bed upon which the mosaic is laid. The mastic is composed of fine lime from burnt marble and finely powdered travertine stone mixed to the consistency of a paste with linseed oil. Into this paste are fixed the "smalts" of which the mosaic picture is formed. They are a mixed species of opaque vitrified glass, partaking of the nature of stone and glass and composed of a variety of minerals and materials, colored for the most part with different metallic oxides. Of these no fewer than 1,700 different shades are in use. They are manufactured in Rome in the form of long, slender rods, like wires of various degrees of thickness, and are cut into pieces of the required size from the smallest pin point to an inch. When the picture is completely finished and the cement thoroughly dried it is highly polished.—Chambers' Journal.

Had No Terrors.

A young minister settled over a small country parish was instructed by his parishioners to procure a piano for their use. He did so, telling the dealer to charge the bill for rental to the secretary of the parish. When the bill amounted to \$25, the society being unable to pay it as well as the salary of the pastor, the music dealer dumped the piano on the street. The minister, parishioners to procure a piano for their use. He did so, telling the dealer to charge the bill for rental to the secretary of the parish. When the bill amounted to \$25, the society being unable to pay it as well as the salary of the pastor, the music dealer dumped the piano on the street.

OUR LANGUAGE UNIFORM.

While Great Britain, for instance, has many Different Languages.

It has been observed that the language spoken in the United States is remarkably uniform. True, there are many dialects, but Great Britain, an area than any other half a dozen of our states, contains such a variety of languages as English, Welsh and Gaelic of the Scottish highlands, to say nothing of the provincial dialects of Cornwall and Yorkshire and the unique speech of the London cockney, while in this country, with its vast expanse of territory, its settlement by Spanish, French, Dutch and Swedish colonists and its millions of immigrants drawn from nearly every country, large and small, all over the world, there is far greater uniformity of speech than in any other land of equal area and population.

The causes can be readily seen. The public schools have made us a nation of readers, and the press has supplied books and papers without limit. Free associations have done their part toward giving a uniform and fairly good tone to the newspaper language of the day. The telegraph, the telephone and cheap postage have brought distant parts of the country into quick and easy communication, and so have aided in teaching a common language. The railroad has penetrated every corner of the land and made us a nation of travelers. Countless human stragglers are thrown daily across the land in every direction, carrying with them the threads of thought and speech and doing their part to make one pattern of the whole. No doubt our maps, which still present so many different kinds of names, will in time lose their strangeness and the "foreign air" that are so noticeable now.—H. M. Kingsley in St. Nicholas.

THE TEN ACRE LOT

By Donald Allen

Copyright, 1906, by K. A. Whitehead

Jed Wheeler, aged forty and a bachelor, was as well liked as any person in the village of Flint. He was neighborly, kind hearted and always willing to do for others.

Jed's good qualities were in a way his enemies. He was lazy, and added to his laziness, he had a mania for trading. He would trade horses, dogs, guns, watches, overcoat or anything else, and so it happened that the other fellows always got the best of the bargain.

He had been left quite a little fortune by his grandmother, but in the course of five years he had sold at a loss or traded with sharpers until all that was left to him was a ten acre lot lying just outside the village limits. It was as fine a meadow as could be found in the county, and Jed was hanging on to that until some lightning rod man should come along and trade him a farm on top the Rocky mountains when he fell in love.

Jim Thomas, the carpenter, had died three years before and left a level headed, economical widow behind him. She was an old schoolmate of Jed's, and for twenty-five years, and until the spirit of love bubbled up he had simply regarded her as he looked upon all other women.

He was sitting on the grocery steps one day whittling when his knife slipped and cut his finger. The Widow Thomas was just entering the store for half a dozen eggs when the accident occurred, and she pulled out her handkerchief and bound up the bleeding finger. It was only a trifle, but somehow it touched the heart of the old bachelor, and three days later he called on the widow.

"Martha," he began, "I've got tired of sloshing around alone and am going to get married."

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "That is, if the woman I want will have me."

"Who is it?" "You."

That Ten Acre Lot

By Donald Allen

Copyright, 1906, by K. A. Whitehead

Jed Wheeler, aged forty and a bachelor, was as well liked as any person in the village of Flint. He was neighborly, kind hearted and always willing to do for others.

Jed's good qualities were in a way his enemies. He was lazy, and added to his laziness, he had a mania for trading. He would trade horses, dogs, guns, watches, overcoat or anything else, and so it happened that the other fellows always got the best of the bargain.

He had been left quite a little fortune by his grandmother, but in the course of five years he had sold at a loss or traded with sharpers until all that was left to him was a ten acre lot lying just outside the village limits. It was as fine a meadow as could be found in the county, and Jed was hanging on to that until some lightning rod man should come along and trade him a farm on top the Rocky mountains when he fell in love.

Jim Thomas, the carpenter, had died three years before and left a level headed, economical widow behind him. She was an old schoolmate of Jed's, and for twenty-five years, and until the spirit of love bubbled up he had simply regarded her as he looked upon all other women.

He was sitting on the grocery steps one day whittling when his knife slipped and cut his finger. The Widow Thomas was just entering the store for half a dozen eggs when the accident occurred, and she pulled out her handkerchief and bound up the bleeding finger. It was only a trifle, but somehow it touched the heart of the old bachelor, and three days later he called on the widow.

"Martha," he began, "I've got tired of sloshing around alone and am going to get married."

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "That is, if the woman I want will have me."

"Who is it?" "You."

"Now, Jed, don't come around here with any of your nonsense," she said. "You are a good natured man, but you are a little slow on the uptake. You got brains, but everybody beats you. It would drive me crazy to have such a husband."

"I could and would reform. If I had any one to peek at me I'd go to work."

"I haven't time to be poking up a husband. It's hard to teach old dogs new tricks. Thank you for the honor, but I guess we won't do any more of it."

Jed was crushed for three days, during which time a windmill man came along and offered to trade him 5,000 acres of desert land in Arizona for his meadow and explained that he could trade to try his hand at the job, and the sandy soil and sell the oil for \$5 a gallon to grease the feet of babies with.

Jed had been in his normal condition he would have closed with the offer at once, but as he was in the throes of hopelessness he was astonished the town by turning the windmill man back to the widow and said:

"Martha, I had a dream about Jim last night, I dreamed that I met him in front of the blacksmith shop and that he shook hands and he said he hoped I'd marry you."

"Oh, you're coming about that, have you?" she asked.

"I have. I'm a miserable man."

"Have you tried catnip tea?" "Catnip tea? Great heavens! What ails me is love, and if the Mississippi river was composed of catnip tea it couldn't cure me. Martha, if you won't promise to have me I can't live a week longer."

"Nonsense. I'm busy with my ironing, and you run along."

Jed was now so broken up that everybody began to notice and comment on it, but when questioned he simply shook his head and intimated that he was not long for this sinful world. He got up one morning, and he had a contract to get out a thousand tons of a suburban electric line, and, hoping this might work in his favor, he paid another visit to the widow and told her of it.

"Now that you see I am going to work, can't you say yes?" he asked in conclusion.

"Jed, what do you come loitering for?" she asked.

"Because I love you."

"Don't be silly. I'm making money, please today and haven't time to argue."

Jed went away, determined to throw himself into the mill pond, but when he reached the bank he met a stranger who had been poking around the village for a couple of days without telling himself and said that he thought some of establishing an orphan asylum if he could find a site to suit. In this way he brought the talk around to Jed's meadow. The value of the land as it lay was \$100 an acre, though Jed had never had a cash offer for it.

The stranger didn't exhibit too great interest in the matter. He said that he had a matter over and perhaps make an offer. He had no mountains in Idaho and no lakes in Europe to trade, but would be prepared to pay cash. A day later, while still sauntering around, he met Jed and said that he could have \$1,000 for the land as soon as the deed was made out. The

Widow's bachelor had started for the office of the village lawyer to have the deed made out when he met the Widow Thomas. She noticed his excitement and asked the cause, and when he had told her she said:

"Look here, Jed, don't you take too much stock in the orphan business."

"How do you mean?" "You're an orphan yourself, and you don't want to let any other orphan get the better of you. Can you get a horse and buggy anywhere for an hour?"

"Of course."

"Then let's drive out to your land and see what kind of a place it would make for the poor orphans."

On the way out Jed recurred to the old subject, saying that he was on his way to drown himself when he met the stranger.

earth was now dry.

"Um!" said the widow as she halted and sniffed.

"Do you mean that smell?" "Yes. Ever notice it before?"

"Some or twice. Smells as if some body had been breaking rotten eggs around here."

"Get a pole and thrust it into the ground as far as you can."

"Here's one right here, and somebody's been poking. What do you make of it, Martha?"

"Jed, you've asked me to marry you."

"I have, but you don't seem to care whether you drive me to a suicide's grave or not."

"I don't know but I'd be willing to take chances."

"As how?" "If you'll deed me this land today month, I shall answer any questions. It's yes or no right off."

"Then it's yes, by thunder!" exclaimed Jed as he reached the roadside fence.

The deed was made out before sundown and sent away to the county seat to be recorded. Next day the man who was looking for an asylum site called upon the Widow Thomas. He had scarcely mentioned the poor orphans when she laughed and said:

"Don't let your philanthropy cause you to lose a good thing. The ground up there is full of natural gas, and you know it. It's only twenty miles to pipe it to Chicago. If it's under the meadow, then it's under hundreds of farms around here. Go ahead and make any test you will and then come back with your offer."

A week later he was willing to hand over \$10,000 in cash, and when Jed Wheeler had seen the money counted out and the deed passed he exclaimed:

"By thunder, Martha, but that was the only piece of land I had, and when a piano feller comes down and wants to trade me a goose farm for the raising of speckled geese, what am I going to say to him?"

"Refer him to your wife," she answered as she kissed him for the first time.

A Tragedy in Rice.

Here is a story of Scotch sailormen told by the Dundee Advertiser: "The ship's crew had been made up in a hurry, and when they had passed the bar and were beginning to feel a trifle hungry it was discovered that they had no food. So the old man asked the cook to try his hand at the job, and George scratched his head and rubbed his chin and said he would do his best. Next morning he consulted Jack about breakfast. 'Oh,' said Jack, 'rice will do.' 'Will it, d'ye think?' said George. 'No, about how much shall I cook?'

'Let's see,' replied Jack. 'There's fourteen of us with the old man. I should say a hundred would be plenty.' 'I don't but it will do,' said George and went off to the galley. He got a bucketful of rice and put it in a large pot, and when it began to boil it likewise began to swell. So he baled out a portion into another pot, and that also did likewise. Then he baled out of both pots into other pots until all his pots were full. Still it swelled, and George became alarmed. So he put on all the lids and lashed them tightly down. Then he went forth and looked the door and stood against the bulwarks watching it. Soon the skipper came along and made inquiries regarding breakfast. 'Whist, man!' replied George. 'I'm cooking rice, and I don't know the minut it will burst the door.'

Origin of "Feather in His Cap."

"A feather in his cap," signifying honor and distinction, arose from a custom which was common among the Syrians and perpetuated to this day among the various semi-civilized people of adding a new feather to the headdress for every enemy slain. In the days of chivalry the embryo knight received his coupe in a featherless condition, and then won his plumes as he had won his spurs. In a manuscript written by Richard Hansard in 1588 and carefully preserved in the British museum is mentioned an ancient Hungarian custom, that of allowing no man to wear a feather in his cap who had not killed a Turk. The Hungarians had long known which was in vogue as late as 1912, which allowed warriors to add a feather to their headdress collection every time the claimant could prove that he had succeeded a starving Hungarian or had killed an aboriginal Turk or other Moslem. These old customs are now almost lost, but it is interesting to know that there were once such laws upon the statute books of nations thought to be civilized.

Social Opinion.

Social opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it only with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade and get cut and mangled for their pains; and there are wise people who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle and use it to carve out their own purposes.—Mrs. Jameson.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES, OR MONEY BACK.

Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.

SURE and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, OR MONEY BACK.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

WONDERFUL MIRAGES.

Those Seen in the Winter Twilights in Northern Alaska.

The most wonderful mirages ever held by mortal eyes are those that are seen in the twilight winter days in northern Alaska. These remarkable ghostly pictures of things, both imaginary and real, are mirrored on the surface of the waste plains instead of over the clouds or in the atmosphere. Minute lakes and water courses fringed with vegetation are to be seen pictured and magnified into the shapes of huge, fantastical animals and reptiles of enormous proportions. The fogs and mists are driven across these wastes by the winds, and as the objects referred to loom up in the flying vapors they appear like living creatures and seem to be actually moving rapidly across the plain.

At other times they appear high in the air, but this is a characteristic of the northern mirages that are seen near the seashore. When the vapors and mists are driven out to sea the images mirrored in them appear to be coming through the waters of a terrific rate of speed, dashing the spray high in the air, while huge breakers roll over them and onward toward the mountains beyond and against which they all appear to be dashing. monstrous serpents, apparently several hundred feet long, sometimes with riders on their backs, men on horseback thirty to fifty feet in height, animals and birds of all kinds of horrible shapes and colors seem to be actually moving rapidly across the plain.

THE RED SQUIRREL.

He Stores Very Little Food For Use in Winter.

In Maine—in fact, all over New England—red squirrels do not put by great hoards of any kind for winter use. When a Maine red squirrel has filled itself with acorns and beechnuts it will hide a few here and there—under stones, in hollow logs, in cracks of rifted trees and among stone heaps.

An average red squirrel, having the run of an oak grove in the fall of the year, may in the course of two weeks lead away from two to four quart of acorns, though they will be in perhaps twenty different places, and in no instance which we have noted has any nut been shelled.

The squirrel which plans a hoard of nuts and makes deliberate preparations for winter is the little chipmunk, or striped squirrel, which seeks winter quarters soon after heavy frosts and which remains in hiding all winter. The chipmunk often hides as many as two quart of shelled beechnuts in one place. Their storehouses are, as a rule, under the ground, in sloping and sandy soil, the burrows having been dug with true engineering skill, so that no fresh air can enter them.

It is believed that most observing woodmen will say that the red squirrel, in this vicinity, seldom makes large caches of provisions for winter consumption and never shells the stored nuts. In fact, the red species have no need to pay much heed to such matters, as they are abundant and active in the coldest days of winter as much as they are in midsummer, so precautions for food are not demanded. As the red squirrels subsist for a good part of the year upon the cones of pines and spruces, which hang to the limbs, they do not care how deep or hard the snow may be, feeling secure in finding all the food they want among the tree-tops.—Bangor News.

Her Awful Blunder.

—Oh, that's your new hat, eh? Jess—Yes, and such a bargain; only \$18. What do you think? I dropped it to Miss Grumbley; see it just now, and she pretended she wasn't interested. I didn't even ask how much I paid for it. Yes, no, dear, she didn't have to. You're forgot to take off that tag marked \$188. Philadelphia Press.

Recent analysis has shown that these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nitrogen, and perhaps also argon, are only incidental to the neighborhood of human industry, animal life and damp vegetation.—Chicago Chronicle.

Several investigators have found traces of hydrogen and certain hydrocarbons in the air, especially in pine, oak and birch forests. It is to these bodies, doubtless consisting of traces of essential oils, that the curative effects of certain health resorts are traced. Thus the locality of a fir forest is said to give relief in diseases of the respiratory tract. But these traces of essential oils and aromatic products must be counted, strictly speaking, as impurities, since they are apparently not necessary constituents of the air.

Recent analysis has shown that these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nitrogen, and perhaps also argon, are only incidental to the neighborhood of human industry, animal life and damp vegetation.—Chicago Chronicle.

Recent analysis has shown that these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nitrogen, and perhaps also argon, are only incidental to the neighborhood of human industry, animal life and damp vegetation.—Chicago Chronicle.

Recent analysis has shown that these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nitrogen, and perhaps