In Another Light.

By Minnie Nelson Hinds.

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"Same old story," said the man bitterly as he gazed at the little gold circle in his big brown palm. The diamond seemed to twinkle at him "all is over" as he lifted his glance to the mutinous, fascinating little figure before him.

"Given one unreasonable woman, a lover who refuses to be a doormat, engagement at an end, man is politely requested to make himself scarce, and," he added in sarcastic tones, "there doesn't seem to be anything else for him to do."

The girl with the gentian blue eyes smoothed the lovelocks that would escape and settled her back comb firmly as she replied succinctly, "You are selfish."

"Selfish?" he snapped. "You know that Jack is in love with you."

"Nonsense!" answered Elsa, forgetting herself and allowing a shadow of a dimple to appear. "Here are the facts of the case: You are going away for a month, and Doris has invited me to her house party. You object because she has a good looking"—with a sly glance from under the long black lashes—"brother and expect me to stay at home like a man. I just won't do it," she finished emphatically.

"Very well," said Ned firmly, though a white line formed around his well cut lips. "I am glad to know what a woman's love consists of." Disdainfully, yet longingly, he looked at the top of Elsa's pretty head with it the coronet braid of soft brown hair. She was a most desirable vision, and his heart beat fast. How could he give her up? Jealous? Yes, he was. But who would blame him? The thought of Elsa living in the same house with fascinating Jack Denton for a month was more than he could stand. In his mind's eye he could see that fellow eternally at her side leaning over the piano and gazing devotedly into Elsa's eyes as she sang, while his glance conveyed

"GIMME THEM STONES QUICK."

unutterable things floating down the river in the still cool shadows, while Jack read his latest fad in poets, motoring in his new car, confound him! Decidedly Ned felt that he was justified, and Elsa had no right to torture him.

"You are sure that your decision is final?" asked Ned coldly.

"Quite," replied the girl, with a finality in her tone.

Ned dropped the ring carelessly into his pocket, lifted his hat formally and turned away in silence.

Elsa walked slowly along the rose bordered path toward the house.

"I'm glad of it," she said to herself defiantly. "I won't cry." The tears rolled down her flushed cheeks. "There isn't a man living worth crying for," she dashed them away scornfully. "I wonder if he will go to Denver just the same."

Ned's uncle was the head of a big manufacturing concern, and his dearest wish was to let Ned step into his shoes when he "made good," as he phrased it. Ned had done well, and now had come the chance to prove whether he could handle the big trade in the west.

"Only a month," said Ned as he strode away. "She knows just how much it means to us. Oh, I forgot; there isn't any 'us' now. Well, she never could have cared or she would have given in."

Ned packed his grip that night with a firm determination never to come back east again. He had intended taking the 6 o'clock train, but—"I may as well see her once more," he said to himself miserably. "It will be the last time."

Meanwhile Elsa was listlessly dressing for the last dance of the season.

"Ned has gone, and I may as well go enjoy myself," she soliloquized as she gloomily patted and pulled a princess gown of daffodil liberty about her dainty figure.

"I shall not tell any one yet," she sighed as she opened her jewel case and took out its choicest treasure. This consisted of a necklace composed of tiny beads of beaten gold. Across the front five flawless sapphires alternated with four diamonds of purest water. The effect of this combination on Elsa's Christy throat was all that could be desired.

As she waited for the carriage in the hall she threw back her coat and gave a last glance at herself in the long mirror. "It certainly fits," she said critically. "I wish Ned could see it."

A shadow darkened the glass. Ere she could turn cold steel touched her cheek, and a hoarse voice said: "Gimme them stones quick. Don't holler or I'll plug yer, see?" and a hairy hand fumbled with the back of her wrist.

The girl's horrified gaze took in the creature behind her. The dryness of her throat told her that she had lost the power to scream even had she dared. The man would certainly kill her. His villainous face told its own tale. She threw up her hands to ward the man away as she gasped, "Oh, don't touch me, and I'll give it to you!"

How she hated to give up her precious chain. There was no way out of it. Their only maid had retired early with the toothache, father and mother were at the theater, and the carriage had been sent for her chaperon. She was utterly alone. Fumbling desperately with the clasp, she suddenly felt the floor rising and swaying away from the burglar. She toppled to the rug in a faint.

Ere the man could stoop to the prostrate figure there was a crash at the big hall window, and Ned sprang through the splintered points from the piazza. A long reach, a scientific blow with a big fellow's full weight behind it, and the burglar was crumpled up in the corner.

"He won't come out of that right away," said Ned as he searched the man and pocketed his revolver.

Elsa came back to consciousness under a shower of half frightened kisses. "Darling, darling! Did he hurt you?" demanded Ned as she clung desperately to him.

"No, but those dreadful eyes," she shivered. "Mercy!" as she caught sight of the huddled figure. "Is he dead, Ned?"

"Not he," said Ned contemptuously. "They're tough."

"Oh, do get him out of the way quick, Ned," sobbed the unstrung girl. "He might hurt you. Call the police quick."

Ned rang up the station with a hurry call, and after he had closed the door on the officers with their still unconscious captive he turned his attention to soothing Elsa.

That he succeeded well was proven by the admiring glance that Elsa fastened on the erstwhile lonely diamond as she said, "Oh, weren't you brave, Ned?"

"A gun is no good against a knockout when you see your man first," replied Ned, with a grin.

"You may be domineering," said Elsa mischievously, "but you'll be a good protection against burglars anyway."

"Perhaps you had better hurry up and secure me," replied the young man, with an emphasizing embrace.

WHALES AS RAMS.

Cases Where These Marine Monsters Have Attacked Vessels.

While cruising in the south seas the whaler Essex on Nov. 20, 1820, was furiously attacked by a cow sperm whale supposed to have been the mother of a calf which had just been harpooned. The whale had not been wounded herself, and her attack was very determined. At her first rush she passed under the Essex and carried away a great length of her false keel. Then, coming to the surface a considerable distance away, she appeared to take bearings and deliberately charged the vessel again, ramming her with such violence that she stove in the bows, while the ship rolled so heavily that the captain thought she must be dismasted. The case is memorable because the crew had to abandon the vessel, and one boat was never heard of again.

A more singular instance of a whale attacking a vessel occurred in 1895. The singularity lies in the fact that in the case of the Handa Isle the attack was entirely unprovoked. This vessel, a brigantine of 260 tons, was on her way to Sydney with a cargo of timber. On Aug. 24, about noon, a couple of sperm whales rose very close to the vessel and, while the crew watched them "sporting" across her bows, the pair suddenly slued around and came straight for her. One thought better of it and dived below the Handa Isle. The other struck her fair and square on the beam, crushing in her timbers. Having rammed the ship in this resolute fashion it sheered off, terribly damaged about the head, and presently sank tail first.

Fortunately there were some packages of rawhides on board, and the crew were able to keep the vessel afloat with the pumps until a rough and ready collision mat had been fashioned out of these and drawn over the leak.—Bailey's Magazine.

Women of the Kurds.

As to the way the Kurds treat their women, an Asiatic traveler says: "They neither veil them nor impose upon them heavy manual labor. Their women are well clothed and are free to ride abroad, bully their husbands and express their opinion in public affairs with as loud a voice as any suffragist could desire. To see a woman of sixty upright as a lance and with a good figure is not uncommon, and that, I think, is a sufficiently striking testimony to any one acquainted with the east."

A Practical Letter.

There has recently been an outcry against the deterioration in modern letter writing, but the following epistolary triumph from a tailor has levelled things up.

"I have today issued a writ against you," wrote a tailor whose letter was produced in the Westminster county court, "for the amount of your bill. Trusting for a continuance of your esteemed favor, I remain," etc.—London Globe.

A Business Matter.

She—Here is your engagement ring, Henri. I cannot marry you; I love another. He—What is his name? She—In heaven's name, you won't kill him, will you? He—Oh, no; but I thought I might do a deal with him with this ring.—Sourire.

He Had Traveled.

"Speaking of the 'Mysteries of Paris,'" said the literary boarder.

"The greatest one of them," said the boarder who had been on a "personally conducted," "is the language."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Kite day is a Chinese national holiday. An expert Chinese kite flier will easily keep six or even eight kites going on one string.

Happy is the man who does all the good he talks of.—Italian Proverb.

The Transgressor.

By TROY ALLISON.

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The young rector of St. John's adjusted the student lamp until it threw a mellow light on the library table and then pulled down the window shades. He had just settled himself comfortably in the Morris chair when the bell rang.

In a mere man of the world the slight elevation of the eyebrows produced by the sound of the bell would have been interpreted as despair or disgust at the interruption, but the Rev. John Courtney's only attitude toward the rebellion of the flesh was that he had spent a very busy, trying day and that even ordained flesh craves rest and solitude occasionally.

"You, Miss Manning!" he exclaimed in surprise as the girl was ushered in by the rector's housekeeper.

Marion Manning sat down in the armchair indicated and was silent from the moment's embarrassment.

"I came to ask your advice, Mr. Courtney. I'm in trouble," she said finally.

The rector wondered what could have happened in the quiet town to have brought such evident consternation to his young parishioner. Since his installation as rector of St. John's, six months before, he had known the girl and had become accustomed to meeting her at every function as the life and mirth of the occasion. Her look of woe was entirely unfamiliar to him.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Marion. What has happened?" he asked, with real concern.

"Nothing has happened, but I've committed a crime against the government," she said hopelessly.

"That sounds very grave."

The rector could not for the life of him keep from smiling at the innocent look of the self confessed criminal.

The girl spoke with a flash of spirit. "You probably will not smile when I tell you the whole of it. I don't know, but I think I could be imprisoned if it were found out."

The rector still had difficulty in preserving a proper amount of gravity.

"Suppose you tell me all about it," he said.

She handed him a long official envelope.

"I have just received an appointment as a $900 clerk in the pension office at Washington," she said dolefully.

He took the envelope and looked at the appointment with less pleasure than he should have shown in view of the fact that he had known all the summer how anxiously the girl had hoped to hear from the civil service examination which she had taken in the spring.

"IT IS AN INVOLVED POINT OF ETHICS, MISS MARION," HE SAID FEEBLY.

"Where does the crime against the government come in?" he asked, looking helplessly from the innocent face to the innocent appointment to office.

"You know, I went to Columbia to take the examination. Well, if you remember, my friend Rose Lawrence went with me to keep me company and to buy her spring hat."

Mr. Courtney was more at sea mentally than before the introduction of a second character and a spring hat.

"Did she—er—buy the—er—hat?" he asked helplessly and from merely polite motives.

"Of course she bought a hat. You don't suppose that I have come here to tell you that we stole a spring hat, do you?" Miss Manning's scorn was withering, and the rector, who had always been considered the bravest of the brave and who owned college trophies for feats of sport and daring, sat abashed and humble before her.

"Er—certainly not—of course not, Miss Marion. I only thought I would try to talk about hats until you felt more at ease."

The girl's eyes twinkled.

"I would really like to hear you try to discuss spring millinery, Mr. Courtney, some day when I feel like laughing, but tonight—I don't feel like laughing a bit. The trouble is this: The morning the examination was held I was so sick I couldn't hold up my head, and Rose took the card admitting me and went in my place, and I—I have come to you to ask what I must do."

"It is an involved point of ethics, Miss Marion," he said feebly.

"I want you to clear it up for me, but I'm afraid I want you to see it my way," she acknowledged.

"You have come to fortify yourself by getting me to substantiate your opinion that you are justified in accepting the appointment?" he asked slowly.

"We will accept the premises that there was no fraud premeditated, that there was no reason for your preferring Miss Lawrence to take the examination except that you were temporarily too ill. You are by education entirely qualified to fill the position, and I think we may also claim that you have a more practical business mind and a stronger physique than Miss Lawrence, both of these being recognized as desirable business qualifications."

The girl's face grew brighter, and she nodded her head eagerly.

"You don't see how you could possibly be injuring any one. If you filled the position satisfactorily, you can't understand how you could be defrauding the government. I don't see that either," the rector concluded musingly.

The girl's face beamed upon him.

"Then you think I may take it? I need it so badly," she spoke with rapid intensity.

The rector leaned over and took her hand.

"Do you think you could feel happy and satisfied, little girl?" he asked, looking her squarely in the eyes.

Her eyes wavered and finally turned away from his.

"I thought perhaps I could, if you told me it was all right," she said faintly.

"I don't know how to explain it to you—it is a proof that is powerful, yet intangibly abstract. I can logically see no wrong in your accepting the position, yet I could not be happy to do so, and I feel sure you could not either."

"But I need it so badly," she faltered. "I only have $50 a year of my own, and I can't expect Uncle James to take care of me forever. I'm old enough to be self supporting."

The rector's countenance commenced steadily growing redder and redder.

"There are other things you could do," he said finally, with no trace of his usual brilliancy of speech.

"What?" she asked, her young voice stern with the responsibility of giving up something upon which her heart was set.

"I wish you would come and make the rectory homelike for me," he stammered.

"A minister couldn't marry a fraud and a cheat," she whispered, her face paling.

"Little girl, you are not a cheat—you simply met with a temptation. Will you go to Washington or will you come to the rectory?"

She picked up the official envelope that had fallen to the floor and looked at him hesitatingly.

"I don't think I'm good enough for a minister's wife, but you can be the judge in the case."

He caught a glimpse of her eyes and pronounced his sentence:

"Imprisoned for life, little woman," he said, taking her in his arms.

He Was Short.

Joakley—Queer thing about that tall man over there. All his intimate friends call him "Short." Poakley—Ah, just for a joke, I suppose. Joakley—No, because that's his name.

He Knew Her.

Mrs. Boofer (meditatively over her book)—How true this is! Mr. Boofer (bracing himself)—Well, Maria, don't keep me in suspense. What is it about us men?—Puck.

The only artisan buried in Westminster abbey is George Graham, the instrument maker, who invented an improved clockwork in the year 1700.

A DESERT SANDSTORM.

Experience of a Woman Traveler While Crossing Sahara.

What it means to encounter a sandstorm in the desert of Sahara is described by Mrs. Palmer Thomas: "Few things bring such a sense of utter powerlessness as a desert sandstorm, and I shall never forget my experience of one. Our dragoman one day suddenly called our attention to a darkening horizon line. 'See,' he said; 'sandstorm comes. No man will ride in such.' We had barely time to dismount and make the camels kneel in a circle on the sand before the storm was upon us. Each man threw his kaftan over the peaks of his saddle and crouched within the shelter it afforded and that formed by the animal's body behind him, while I nestled in the hollow formed by my camel's neck and shoulder, drawing the folds of the blanketlike stuff tightly over me. The wise beast, knowing what was coming, turned her long neck right round and laid her head on my knees, seeking the protection of my cloak for her eyes against the sand, which, driven by the fury of the wind, struck the face like powdered glass.

"But I looked out upon the scene as long as I could, watching what appeared to be a mass of brown gauze veils streaming up across the sky, darkening the sunlight and gradually blotting out everything from our sight. An icy wind preceded the cloud, increasing in intensity every minute until the sound of its roaring made one's own voice inaudible, while the darkness became that of densest night. And so we sat silent in the noise and the blackness until the hurricane abated. Then, looking out again, I saw the brownish mass of cloud flying before the wind away toward the Nile, some forty miles distant, and the cloudless blue of a March sky in Egypt once more overspread above us.

"But the legs of our beasts were all covered with the sand that had fallen, and notwithstanding my sheltered position the sand was lying on my dress and hat and was thick upon us. For some time we watched the brown cloud losing itself in the immensity of the desert, where the whitening bones of animals tell with sad frequency of the overwhelming fury of these sudden tempests; then we mounted and rode away."—Chicago News.

Later On.

A Scottish architect was in Palestine when news reached him of an addition to his family circle. He provided himself with some water from the Jordan for the christening of the infant and returned to Scotland. On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he went to church and sought out the sexton in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the sexton held up a warning hand and came nearer to whisper. "No the noo, sir," he said; "no the noo. Maybe after the kirk's oot!"—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Cutting Down Competition.

"I saved $500 this year by moving."
"Cheaper house?"
"No; I found that my wife was trying to outdress a rich woman in the same block."

- - In - - Dormitory 10.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Betty Belle, coming in that morning from "English two," found on the table in her room in the dormitory a cocoanut cake, a plate of chicken sandwiches and a card. The card read, "Compliments of Prudence Conway."

Prudence was the colored maid on the third floor of dormitory 10 of the summer school. To be chosen as a pet by Prudence meant many privileges. To the girl she liked she brought unlimited towels, while some less favored maiden might languish with two a week, and now in providing Betty Belle with materials for a midnight spread Prudence showed evidence of high regard.

Betty Belle was from the south, hence her name. There had been two aunts beloved by her mother, and the little girl had been called after them always. Betty Belle wondered why the northern girls thought it funny.

"Well, we don't string ours together that way, as a rule," Drusilla Davis told her. "And I don't believe we place such value on names. But you are a dear, Betty Belle, only you are different."

"How different?" Betty Belle questioned, and Drusilla laughed:

"Oh, you are so old fashioned and pretty and serious."

Betty Belle blushed. "You are pretty, too, Drusilla."

Drusilla shook her head. "Not in the fascinating way that you are, Betty Belle."

The scholars of the summer school ate at an adjoining boarding house, and at the lunch table that day Betty Belle told about the chicken sandwiches and the cocoanut cake.

There were four men at the table besides the girls. As Betty Belle described the deliciousness the men groaned enviously.

"And we don't come in for any of that?" asked Dick Chase, who had flunked in his studies the winter before and was making up during the summer term. His father was worth a million, and it was hard for Dick to understand why he needed to grind over books.

"I THINK WE COULD BE GOOD FRIENDS IF YOU WOULD PULL UP."

"No," Betty Belle told him; "no men are allowed above the first floor of our dormitory."

"Well, we will serenade you while you are eating it," Dick said.

"Please don't," Betty begged.

"Why not?" Dick asked in surprise. His attentions had always been sought rather than refused, and he had meant that Betty Belle should appreciate the high honor he was conferring.

"It's against the rules," Betty Belle said.

"I shouldn't think you would mind a little thing like that."

"I don't," said Betty Belle, "but you can't afford to lose any standing."

He flushed. "You needn't hit a fellow when he's down. I don't care whether I get through next year or not."

"Well, I do," said little Betty Belle. "You told me about your mother, and I don't think you ought to disappoint her."

Dick's eyes dropped before the clear ones of the little southern girl.

"I shouldn't like to disappoint her," he murmured.

But that night as six girls in all the comfort of dainty kimonos and dressing sacks ate cocoanut cake and chicken sandwiches with ginger ale accompaniment there floated up through the air the strains of "Dixie."

"There," said Drusilla Davis; "that is in your honor, Betty Belle."

Betty, pink and white and charming in her rosy kimono, tapped a small foot impatiently.

"Well, I wish he wouldn't," she said.

Margaret Mills looked at her with raised eyebrows. "Why, Betty Belle Fairfax," she exclaimed, "he is worth a million! Any girl would be glad to have him pay her attention."

"I don't care if he is worth ten millions," Betty Belle returned quickly; "he isn't a gentleman."

The girls looked at her, startled. "Why, Betty Belle," one gasped, "what makes you say such a thing?"

"He isn't," affirmed Betty Belle, with her head held high. "The gentlemen at my home have consideration for the wishes of ladies, and I told him not to sing. And he has an invalid mother who is just praying for his success, and he is wasting his time. It isn't right; it isn't right!" And Betty Belle clapped both hands over her ears to shut out the strains of "Dixie."

"Some one will tell Dick Chase what you said about him," Drusilla told the small maiden after the other girls had gone to their rooms.

"I don't care," said Betty Belle hotly, but when Drusilla went away she sat down at the window and looked out for a long time upon the moonlighted campus.

Then she rose and took the one piece of cocoanut cake that was left and wrapped it up in a dainty parcel and tied it with ribbon, and in the morning she sent it by Prudence to Dick Chase, with a little note.

"I said things about you last night," was the confession he read in her clear cut writing. "I said you were not a gentleman. Some one may tell you, and I shouldn't like to have you hear it that way. But I didn't think you were courteous to disregard my wishes, and I worried about your mother. I know you won't forgive me, but I had to explain."

At noon on the campus Dick Chase came up to Betty Belle.

"It was right—what you said," he told her soberly. "I've been a fearful cad, and I needed a good jolt."

Betty Belle sat down on a seat under the elms. "You see, I have lots of brothers," she confided, "and I know how mothers feel about their boys—and, then, I couldn't bear to see you going to the bad."

There was a little tremble in her voice, and Dick looked up quickly. "Do you care?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," Betty Belle told him without coquetry. "I think we could be good friends if you would pull up."

Dick flung himself down on the bench beside her. "I would have to be more than friends, Betty Belle," he said. "I—have grown to think a lot of you; you are so—different."

"That's what Drusilla says," Betty Belle remarker, "and I don't just see what you all mean."

"Well, you are so good and true, little Betty Belle. You make a fellow feel that life is worth while."

That night in dormitory 10 Betty Belle made a confession.

"I am sorry that I said such things about Dick Chase." They were sitting in the dark, and the other girls could not see her blushes. "I was in a bit of a temper, you know."

"Southern blood?" commented Margaret Mills.

"Maybe," said Betty Belle.

Across the campus they could see the lights in the men's dormitory. In one room a crowd of boys had gathered around a piano, and their voices floated out in a rollicking college song. In another room a lamp with a green shade made a halo around a man's bent head.

"Why, I believe Dick Chase is studying," said Drusilla Davis. "What is going to happen?"

"He is going to turn over a new leaf," said Betty Belle demurely.

Something in her voice made the girls ask in a chorus, "How do you know?"

"Because I am engaged to him," said Betty Belle.

EVILS OF ALCOHOL.

Gems From an English Primary School Examination.

A paper published in Yorkshire, England, reports that some 6,000 children of Gateshead were recently required to do essays on "Physical Deterioration and Alcohol," as tots in the primary schools of this part of the world may now toss off brochures on "Variations In the Epithelium Cells In Invertebrates, Marsupials and Plantigrades." These Gateshead children had valuable thoughts to contribute to the temperance movement. The Yorkshire paper goes the length of publishing some of the gems brought out in this outpouring of infantile sapience. Here are a few of same:

"Alcohol is useful," says one of them, being most exquisitely pithy, "but not in the body. It is useful for polishing furniture."

"I hope I shall never touch it until I am dead," says another, and we wish him luck.

"A man who takes alcoholic drinks can see two things at once."

"The children of drunkards are often weak and are sometimes troubled with being bowlegged"—truly an irritating affliction.

"Those who take drink are not so broad chested as they were 100 years ago." How true!

"When a man is ill the doctor will say, 'Are you a drinker of alcohol?' and if he says 'yes,' the doctor will say, "That is what has made you ill; you have a fatty liver.'"

"The more temporary we live the better it will be for body and mind."

"Some people say that if you want to speak at a concert you should take a glass of beer before. You should not. It is certain that it makes you speak, but you speak a heap of rubbish."

"When a man gets drunk his brains will not telegraph properly."

"I will finish up with a piece of poetry I have made up myself:

"Never be a drunkard;
Never touch the gin;
Always be teetotal,
And you're sure to win."

—Boston Transcript.

Various Kinds of Meteors.

"Meteors" and "meteorologists" have little in common, although their origin is identical. "Meteor" meant a good many more things to Englishmen of a few generations ago than it does now, in accordance with the meaning of the Greek adjective, which signified "up in the air," so that "ta meteora," the things up in the air, meant the heavenly bodies. Winds and whirlwinds were aerial meteors formerly in English, clouds, snow and rain were aqueous meteors, and among luminous meteors were reckoned rainbows and twilight. Meteorology preserves the memory of all this, but the word "meteor" has gone over altogether to the astronomer's sphere.

Infinitesimal Shears.

A clever workman in a cutlery factory in Sheffield, England, made a dozen pairs of shears, each so minute that they altogether weigh less than half a grain. That is about the weight of a postage stamp. Each pair is perfect and will cut if sufficiently delicate material could be found. Lying on a piece of white paper they seem no larger than fleas.

Inopportune Advice.

Mrs. Ascum—Miss Crabbe is a member of your suffrage club, isn't she? Mrs. Gaddie—No, we had to expel her. We were discussing the servant girl question the other day and she had the impudence to say that if we only stayed at home and attended to business the servant question wouldn't bother us at all.—Philadelphia Press.

WOLVES FEAR IRON.

A Piece of the Metal Will Keep the Animals From Any Carcass.

In the early days wolves were comparatively unsuspicious, and it was easy to trap or poison them. Then new knowledge, a better comprehension of the modern dangers, seemed to spread among the wolves. They learned how to detect and defy the traps and poison, and in some way the knowledge was passed from one to another till all wolves were fully possessed of the information. How this is done is not easy to say. It is easier to prove that it is done. Few wolves ever get into a trap, fewer still get into a trap and out again, and thus they learn that a steel trap is a thing to be feared. And yet all wolves have the knowledge, as every trapper knows, and since they could not get it at first hand they must have got it second hand—that is, the information was communicated to them by others of their kind.

It is well known among hunters that a piece of iron is enough to protect any carcass from the wolves. If a deer or antelope has been shot and is to be left out overnight, all that is needed for its protection is an old horseshoe, a spur or even any part of the hunter's dress. No wolf will go near such suspicious looking or human tainted things. They will starve rather than approach the carcass so guarded.

With poison a similar change has come about. Strychnine was considered infallible when first it was introduced. It did vast destruction for a time; then the wolves seemed to discover the danger of that particular smell and would no longer take the poisoned bait, as I know from numberless experiences.

It is thoroughly well known among the cattlemen now that the only chance of poisoning wolves is in the late summer and early autumn, when the young are beginning to run with the mother. She cannot watch over all of them the whole time, and there is a chance of some of them finding the bait and taking it before they have been taught to let that sort of smell thing alone.

The result is that wolves are on the increase. They have been, indeed, since the late eighties. They have returned to many of their old hunting grounds in the cattle countries, and each year they seem to be more numerous and more widely spread, thanks to their mastery of the new problems forced upon them by civilization.—Ernest Thompson Seton in American Magazine.

SELF RELIANCE.

The Lesson That Was Taught to Henry Ward Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

"'That lesson must be learned,' said my teacher in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod underfoot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem. I don't want any reasons why you haven't it,' he would say.

"'I did study two hours.'

"'That's nothing to me. I want the lesson. You need not study it at all or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson.'

"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

"One day his cold calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!'

"I hesitated and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same point again 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress.

"'The next!' And I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and as he sat down was rewarded with 'Very well!'

"'Why,' whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he did and you said 'No!'

"'Why didn't you say 'Yes' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson—you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says 'No!' your business is to say 'Yes' and prove it.'"

Riding Backward.

To be comfortable in summer, always ride with your back toward the engine. Your eyes miss all the smoke and cinders. Insist that the porter make your berth with your pillow toward the engine. This will drive your blood to your feet and keep them warm, winter and summer, and your head cool—which is one of the familiar rules of health, handed down from our forefathers. In case of accident you go in headforemost.—New York Press.

Vague.

"My husband is really very attentive. Yesterday he bought me a dozen veils."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

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