

### THE MAN WHO BELIEVES HE WILL WIN

This life is a race,—so the sages declare, and I judge that the sages are right— And we are the jockeys to handle, with care, the horses we speed in their flight; And Fate is the starter who bids us to go, and we dare not that that defy; If our horses be fast or our horses be slow, for a place in the race we must try. Somewhere up above sits the Judge, and He knows the speed of each horse that we ride. And if we are doing our best as it goes, or lagging, and little beside. And this I have noticed while watching the race and hearing its turmoil and din: The man that is likely to win the first place is the man who believes he will win.

"All ready!" The starter is calling us now, and we look to the bridge and girth. Ere we leap to the saddle and steadfastly vow we will win of the prizes of earth. Then "Go!" is the word, and away we all speed, each hoping a trophy to gain; And some, who at first show the power to lead, fall back, lacking will to attain; And others there be who join in the fray undismayed by the ones in their van. Content in the end if the Judge shall but say, "He did what he could, like a man."

Ah, stern is the struggle, and many are passed, while others do scarcely begin; But the man that is winner, be sure, at the last, is the man who believes he will win.

No hope of attainment have they who lack trust, for doubt holds a wavering rein; In the spirit's low voice, as it whispers "I must!" is the promise of all we attain. Are you worn in the struggle? Press on, and press on! Thus only a prize shall be won; And the Judge, who well knew that your spirit grew wan, shall whisper, "Well done, yes, well done."

Oh, many a man, on faltering steed, has ridden it straight to success; And feet that grew weary, and stumble and bleed, may summits of happiness press; For my soul did proclaim, as I ran in the race, with its turmoil and clamor and din: The man that is certain to win the first place is the man who believes he will win.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in Success.

### A BIT OF PARISH HISTORY

By David H. Talmadge.

There was a preacher once whose health was bad—bad as the state of his spiritual being was good, which was very bad. And, although he labored strenuously to perform his duty, as the Scriptures admonished and his congregation seemed to desire, he lost heart and became exceedingly like the proverbial reed. No man of thin blood and writhing nerves should expect to preach sound and healthy sermons.

The thought had occurred to him that he might use a vacation if he had one; but, as the Board of Trustees did not suggest it, and as he felt that to mention it himself would be to deprive himself of his job, he struggled along as best he could, awaiting the inevitable end, and smiling strongly through his weakness.

He prayed for his lost strength, at times he wept for it. And then—poor, almost exhausted fellow—he tumbled head over heels in love with the deacon's daughter, lately returned from school, and his cup was full to overflowing.

Then he was in more trouble. No man can reveal the Scriptures successfully unless they hold first place in his mind. So, as might have been expected, and the congregation, while it enjoyed the change, looked upon him as one in whom the lamp of intellect was burning low, and shook its heads and sighed—inside. And the choir took to practicing popular songs and the President of the Board of Trustees bought a race horse, and altogether the outlook in that parish was pretty grim.

The deacon who, strangely enough, was wise in a worldly way, saw how things were going. He knew his daughter. He knew she was soft on the preacher as the preacher was soft on her, although perhaps she did not show so plainly. He knew that a wedding was inevitable. And he knew that unless he stirred his stumps—to use his own elegant expression—the girl would be married to a pulpitiess preacher of poor health without a cent between them and starvation. So while the preacher prayed the deacon stirred his stumps.

He reasoned, the deacon, that the first step was to restore the preacher's health. In good health the preacher was perfectly satisfactory to the congregation. "He is a corker," said the deacon, quoting from saint no one in particular, "when he is in trim." Which was true.

The deacon, being a practical man, consulted a doctor. And the doctor, also a practical man, wasted no words. "He must have rest," declared the doctor.

"The Board of Trustees won't listen to it," returned the deacon.

"They would if they were convinced that he was independent of 'em," said the doctor, "there isn't one preacher in a hundred, of his excellence, who'd preach for his salary. Tell 'em he's got a fortune in his own right, and prove it to 'em. It'll be changing your future salvation of course, but it'll work."

"I believe it will," agreed the deacon, after a brief period of deliberation. "But we'll have to make the preacher believe it, too, he's so—so denced conscientious. Then we'll draw a ten-year contract and get it signed, and then I'll give him five hundred of his fortune and send him away for a few months."

"It'll work," repeated the doctor. "If I was in your fix I'd do it without hesitation."

So the deacon went to a certain city

### THE RUSES OF THE QUAIL

BIRD'S WONDERFUL ART OF HIDING FROM ITS FOES.

An Indian Can Tell a Deer Where a White Man Can See Only Unmarked Ground, But He Cannot Detect a Hiding Quail.

Any man who has shot quail steadily will have noted the bird's tricks and manners in hiding. It is the quail's instinct to trust first and last to its protective coloration.

Bovies which have not been much shot at will take wing more readily than others, because their members have not learned that they are least safe when in the air. In well-hunted fields quail will be until the dog's nose or the man's foot is within a yard of them.

There is no doubt that however thick the cover and skilfully chosen the hiding place the dog often sees them before they flush, but the man seldom does. It is easy enough for the man to tell when the dog does see as well as scent his quarry. The animal's eyes show it plainly.

Then, if he chooses, the man may stand motionless and search the ground and cover again and again, but the chances are much against his distinguishing any bird forms. This is the more singular, as he knows exactly the size, shape and color of the quail and ought to be able to pick it out. Probably the human eye takes in too much territory at once and has an indisposition to focus itself upon a small space.

Indians are by inheritance and constant practice the best trailers in the world. They will see a deer's track, or the slight impression of the wolf's paws, where a white man can see only unmarked ground, but an Indian cannot see a hiding quail any better than another human.

This has been tried often. Indeed, Indian youths on the Western reservations pursue quail viciously with bows and arrows and kill many, but they shoot them when perched in high trees. They do not make ground shots often.

The best hand at this kind of sport the country has ever known was the late Maurice Thompson, who was much of a toxophile and sang and wrote the praises of the bow. He used the old-fashioned weapon for two reasons: There was a good deal of the poet in him, and he was a born poacher.

The latter was the stronger reason. Thompson makes no noise, and the farmer in his field a quarter mile away did not know that a city dweller was murdering his birds within call.

Nothing so delighted Thompson as the sight of a weather-beaten sign, showing dimly: "No Shot in This Premis." That was the "premis" he wanted to shoot on. The farmer could get even with him only by finding his bicycle hidden somewhere near the road and breaking out its spokes.

In hunting quail with the bow Thompson displayed great patience and knowledge of the habits of the birds. He knew where they were to be found and moved slowly and gently. Often he would hear them running and cheeping before he saw them.

He would drive them thus for 100 or 200 yards, keeping near them, cautious not to frighten them into flight. When one of them crossed an open space or stopped in an open space to look for the remainder of the bevy, he let drive.

Nearly all of his quail were killed while running. If they flushed he marked them down and followed them as before. Often he would kill a half dozen from one bevy before they became so scattered that he could not find them. He did not attempt to discover them once they had taken to hiding separately, because he knew that he could not do it.

Through thousands of years of effort to protect itself from its many foes the quail has developed a back, wing and neck covering which blends perfectly with any brown objects of woods or fields—earth-cloids, cornstalks, fodder, dead or half dead grasses, fallen leaves, underbrush, twigs, old logs and so forth.

The males have never lost the betraying stripe of white over the eye, and it seems singular that this traitor stripe remains. As the preservation of females is more important than that of males the eye-stripe of the females is brown.

The breast feathers of the quail are of no assistance at all, being distinctive. In hiding the bird covers every one of these feathers. The belly and breast are pressed to the ground, the short tail is depressed, concealing the light underfeathers, the head is drawn down upon the shoulders, the wings are jammed tightly against the body.

Only the telltale white stripe remains and in order to conceal that as much as possible the quail will squat with its back to its pursuer. It prefers a slight depression, and if it can find one in time it squats with its back flush with the surface of the ground. It is then absolutely indistinguishable save for the stripe.

A man who wishes to discover a cock quail in form must look solely for the stripe. If he fixes its appearance in his mind and lets his eye search solely for it he may find his bird, though the chances are largely against him. But for the ability of the quail to conceal its breast and belly feathers they would have turned brown long ago.

The quail understands its surroundings and chances of escape as well as the man does. Sometimes it is impossible to dislodge it from a favorite bit of cover.

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dog, going not more than a dozen yards to right or left and dropping suddenly, immediately running for twenty or thirty yards. A gunner has often followed one quail in this way for half a day, expended a lot of shells and never got a feather.

On snow the bird realizes that its hue is no protection at all, and runs fast, flushes at long distances and flies far. Waking in the morning to find the white mantle over everything, it knows that a dangerous time is ahead of it and it is constantly on the alert. The ruff grouse is scarce wilder.

There is quite a shade of difference in the color of quail which feed and roost in open fields and those which have woods for a habitat. The woods birds are always darker; they are always of stronger and more erratic flight and are generally larger. This variation is sometimes so marked as to lead people into believing that the country contains a dozen varieties of the Bob White.

The quail when wounded or closely pressed occasionally makes use of queer hiding places. Hunting once over country thinly settled with cactus Du Val West, of San Antonio, Texas, flushed a single bird which he missed with both barrels.

The quail pitched not more than 200 yards off. Again his faithful dog found it and again two cartridges were wasted. The quail was marked down once more and the dog came to a point.

Going forward West saw a hole in the bare ground some six inches in diameter; its bottom was out of sight. The dog was pointing the hole, its flaring nostrils within two inches of it. Anxious to see the end of it West called "Seek dead! Seek dead!" The dog plunged its head into the hole, grabbed the quail and dragged it out by the tail.

Once above ground the bird wrenched itself free, leaving all of its tail feathers in the dog's mouth, and buzzed away in very erratic flight. West missed again.

Quail will take refuge in snake holes, in hollow logs and in hollow trees, going headlong into places which are pitch dark. They have been known to pitch in a farmer's front yard and run under the house among the chickens.

If the snow is a foot deep and loose enough they will pitch upon it head downward and bury themselves. Often the loose snow falls together at the point of entrance and then the quail is securely hidden, as its scent will not come to the surface. Often, however, the snow shows where the bird has plunged.

In the South and West there are many men who habitually hunt quail without dogs and make fair bags. They possess, of course, an intimate knowledge of the ground and know where the birds are to be found at any hour of the day. No human being, however, is a good quail retriever, and these men lose all winged birds as well as a good many of those killed in air.—New York Sun.

Berkshire Sweethearts.

Here is a conversation between a pair of Berkshire sweethearts:

"John," quoth she, "why doesn't 'ee say summat?"

John reflected. "'Cause I ha'd got nothin to say," he replied.

Again there was silence, and once more it was the woman who took the initiative:

"John," she inquired, tenderly, "why doesn't 'ee tell me that 'ee loves ma?"

"'Cause I've telled 'ee that afore," answered John, who evidently disapproved of vain repetitions.

But the lady was tenacious of her privileges and not easily daunted.

"John," she asked, for the third time, "why doesn't 'ee gimma a kiss?"

The tardy wooer pondered long.

"I be gwine to, presently," he said, at length.—Cripple Creek Times.

Penological Philosophy.

"Inmates of the penitentiary have a way of making remarks and asking questions that are sometimes startling," remarked a prison official.

"Give me a sample?" replied the Observer.

"The other day two of the men were talking over plans for the future after their respective terms had expired. One of them exclaimed: 'When I get out of here I intend to go so far away that it will take \$9 to send a postal card to reach me.'

"'And how do you 'spect to get dere yourself?' inquired a colored man, who knew that finances were not flimsy among the inmates of the big prison. The conversation ceased at that point. For the negro had plumped out a poser.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Inquisitive Yankee Abroad.

A curious American arrived in London yesterday morning. Here are a few of the questions he asked in the evening: "Why do butchers wear blue aprons which will not show dirt, while assistants in boot shops wear immaculate white aprons? Why is footwear termed a 'shoe' black? Why is there no direct bus from London Bridge station to Waterloo? Why is the post not open all night? Why do many women wear straw hats in the winter? Why can't you get breakfast in a restaurant within reasonable time after 'sun-up'? When is 'sun-up' anyhow?—London Chronicle.

Sheep Raising in New Mexico.

New Mexico is a great sheep country. There is but one other State or Territory which exceeds it in sheep raising. That is Utah, where there are 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 sheep. New Mexico has about 6,000,000. The industry was never so prosperous as at present.

In Russia factories are usually near forests, wood being still the chief fuel.

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DR. A SUN Me On [The now know second death man Pulpit plain at arc have s to a day di in Ric educat est U ary, C mous influen the en convinc him. The York NEW is one Key known overlo is entit fourc set M for a the ca It n were give works has h leading sweete no ex possib spans exclam One noton times di could that o howe spite and in The text. time the ve been i to be, of it. Revea look u and th throno You "roun first t circle. We which that i half o truth. Atone But it not of reced He fu stand other rejoinc At its again, we we a the ties at "Ho But must stand seated half o know togeth The tion to all. one h here. to ma is not of the is for wavin benefit mer d is a pl The rainbo drop together is the hint o passes sufferin red m sufferin shall fring weary of hea out. We (for t do wi was But in is sin. It w histor ning w the ho vary, when with a blighti type o God m through about us wr king u The source same true y particul are th God." A mission fore h saving that a the se their "I h transp (2) in a f His must i with h he ca Bible; again; that h will b God, y ming a II—A To s First, have sun m tion in Hin the r Isaiah down,