

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

There was a great philosopher,
Lived years and years ago;
And such a merry soul he was,
They called him Laughing Joe.

For laugh he would throughout the year,
Let things go wrong or right;
Let Fortune smile or Fortune frown,
His heart was ever light.

And little children every day
Would gather round his place
To listen to his hearty laugh
Or see his smiling face.

But gloom-minded people said
They thought it was a shame
A man should be disposed to laugh
At good and bad the same.

At last they gathered in a crowd
And pulled his dwelling down;
They hustled him around the streets,
And drove him from the town.

To find a home beyond the sea,
Upon a foreign strand,
And never dare to set a foot
Upon his native land.

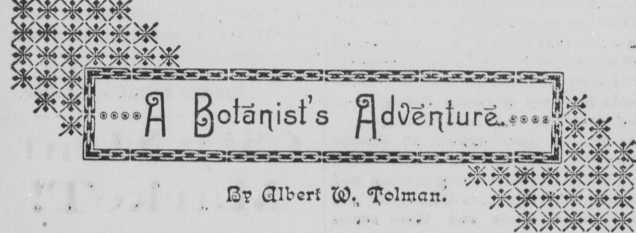
But when they chased him from the realm,
These people little knew
What even one good-natured soul
And smiling face can do.

Now children seeking after Joe
Would round the ruins stray,
And grieve because the people drove
Their laughing friend away.

And long before a year went by
Those bad-behaving men
Sent messengers across the sea
To coax him back again.

And out they ran with princely gifts
To meet him at the shore,
And begged him there to live and laugh
In peace forevermore.

—Palmer Cox, in St. Nicholas.



A Botanist's Adventure.

By Albert W. Tolman.

HE abandoned Beckwith
limerock quarry is a gigantic
pit, 200 feet deep, blasted
out of the solid rock.
Almost the entire bottom
is filled with a gulf of
greenish-black water, forty
feet in depth, reflecting the steep walls
in its dark surface.

Arthur Sedgwick, assistant professor
of botany in a Western college, came
to New England to study the flora of
the limerock region. The farm on
which the Beckwith quarry is situated
was rich in wild flowers, and the botanist
had obtained from its owner full
permission to tread down the grass
as much as he pleased. After a delightful
morning in the field, Sedgwick
became curious to look into the deep,
rocky gulf. Lying flat, he edged cautiously
up to the brink and peered
over.

The cliff down which he gazed was
so nearly vertical that a plumb-line
dropped from its summit would have
fallen straight to the water, 200 feet
below. He noted the rocky walls of
blue and slaty white, darkened here
and there by springs that trickled out
between the shelly layers. His botanist's
eye marked the green tufts of
grass and the clusters of white yarrow
that decked the ledge in the
course of the waterflow.

Just above the level of the pond, at
its eastern end, he saw the heaps of
ashes and a circle of bricks on the
clinker-straw terrace where the pump-
house had once stood. Up to the top of
the sheer wall beside it ran a line of
rusty red, broken by a few short iron
rods, with scattered chain-links and
frayed rope-ends hanging to them,
showing where the pipe that drained
the quarry had been fastened.

As Sedgwick's eyes followed the
water-line along the base of the steep
cliffs, his attention was caught by a
dash of vivid pink against the dull
blue quarry wall. It needed no second
glance to tell him what it was. Pink
yarrow!

He had known that it existed in the
region, but so far had been unable to
find any specimens. It was a long
way down to that cluster of bloom,
but he determined to add it to his her-
barium, if there was any possible way
of reaching the shelf on which it grew.

Not far away, in the end of the
quarry, was the line of ladders and
steep stairs which had formerly been
used by the workmen. A brief circuit
through the thick grass brought the
botanist to its top.

The first stage of the descent was a
ladder running fifty feet down the face
of a perpendicular cliff; from the ledge
on which the ladder ended a stairway
almost as steep led down forty feet
farther to a second ledge; then came
another ladder longer than the first;
and finally a second stairway landed
close to the coveted bloom.

Sedgwick was too sensible to incur
actual danger for the sake of gaining
the spray of yarrow; on the other
hand, he did not propose to be fright-
ened from his purpose by the mere
difficulty of the accomplishment.

He scanned the ladder below him.
Its rounds appeared perfectly strong.
Better still, a wire rope, running
through eyes in the end of iron rods,
and serving as a hand-rail, was
stretched close beside the ladders and
stairs clear to the edge of the water.
Although the canvas that covered this
rope was frayed and its supporting
rods were red with rust, it gave prom-
ise of security in case the wood should
fail.

Sedgwick's arms were strong and his
nerves sound. Keeping firm hold of
the twisted steel, he cautiously tested
the upper rounds of the ladder with
his feet. No signs of decay were ap-
parent, and he began the descent.

So careful was his progress that it
was fully ten minutes before he stood
on the final ledge, only a few inches
above the water. A few steps brought
him to the spray of yarrow, and pres-
ently it lay with the other specimens
in the calisher slung over his shoul-
der. Before beginning the ascent he
stood for a time looking up.

From the field of blue sky between
the cliff summits the unclouded sun
sent down a flood of fiery light. No
breeze was stirring in the deep pit.
It was like a caldron filled with tremu-
lous air, seething in glassy billows
in the intense heat. Sedgwick almost
wondered that the pond did not boil
under the glowing rays. Far above,
the wire of the old cableway cut the
summer sky, a thread of black. A
bird, perched upon it, sent down an

occasional inquiring note. It was too
hot to stay there long. Sedgwick
fanned himself with his straw hat, and
then began to ascend.

It was a slow, weary climb beneath
the scorching sun; but step by step he
won his way upward. Ere long he
was at the foot of the last ladder, fifty
feet from the top. Round by round he
ascended, until he had gone ten feet.
Then something gave way above.

The ladder settled slightly, and its
top dropped straight out from the cliff.
As Sedgwick felt himself falling back-
ward he instinctively let go the rounds
and grasped with both hands, at the
wire rope beside him, swinging him-
self out of the line of the ladder as he
did so.

His presence of mind and quickness
of action undoubtedly saved his life.
A hundred feet below him there was
a heavy plunge in the pond, a suggestion
of his own probable fate had he been
a second slower.

For a brief space he hung dangling
at arm's length against the face of the
perpendicular wall, too horrified to do
anything but hold on for dear life.
His broad-brimmed straw hat had
fallen off, and it scaled downward,
this way and that, until at last it came
to rest on the surface of the water.

But presently the strain began to tell
on the botanist's muscles, strong
though they were. Two feet above
his finger tips the rope ran through the
eye of a supporting rod. If he could
but raise his body and get up on this
bar, he would for the time be com-
paratively safe.

In a few seconds he stood, hot and
breathless on the slender piece of
steel. What should he do next?

He looked up. It was more than
thirty feet to the roots of the tall grass-
stalks that shook their tufted tops
along the edge of the quarry. He
turned his glance downward. The top
of the first stairway was only five
yards below. It would be an easy
matter to swing himself down to the
safety those wooden steps afforded,
while to climb to the level of the
field meant several minutes of hard
and painful work.

Once at the top, however, he was
free to go where he pleased; but if he
descended and waited for his plight to
be discovered, he might have to remain
hours in that rocky pit, hatless under
the broiling sun.

Sedgwick's resolution was soon
taken. He would scale the summit as
soon as his arms could carry him
there.

The rods supporting the wire rope
were ten feet apart, so the next above
the one on which he stood was about
a yard and a half over his head. There
were only two more between that and
the top. Reaching as high as he could,
the botanist began to "shin" the cable.
He threw up his right hand for another
grip. His fingers closed over a spot
where the rotting canvas had left the
wire strands bare.

The metal was burning hot. Worse
than that, several needle-pointed wire-
ends studded the otherwise smooth
surface, and drew the blood wherever
they touched the skin. It was like
grasping a metallic stinging nettle. If
he took light hold he could not lift his
weight, while a firm grasp meant cruel
laceration of his hands.

Sedgwick set his teeth and contract-
ed his grip. A man can afford to un-
dergo some physical discomfort when
he is swinging over a hundred feet of
empty air.

Once, twice, three times he renewed
his hold, raising himself until he could
get one knee over the bar. When he
finally stood upon it the insides of his
hands and fingers were bleeding cop-
iously from dozens of minute punctures,
and the perspiration stood in
big drops on his face. His head
throbbled painfully in the hot sun. The
veins and arteries seemed full to the
point of bursting.

Decidedly, this was more than he
had bargained for. But the grass-roots
were now barely twenty feet above
and he entertained no thought of turn-
ing back.

It was now dead noon and fearfully
hot. The hard bluish-white wall swam
before the botanist's eyes. If only
some cloud would check those terrible
fiery arrows the sun was shooting at
him!

The light tin canister weighed like
lead upon his shoulders. His arms
ached as if they would drop off, and he
was growing weak and dizzy. What if
he were to have a stroke before he
reached the surface!

The dread of it gave him fresh

THE GIANT TREES.

One of Them Would Make a Fence Six
Feet High and Twenty-four Miles Long.

The only way we can comprehend the
greatness of the "big trees" of Califor-
nia without actually seeing them is by
comparing them with things of every-
day life. Imagine one of these trees
being transplanted to the corner of
Fifth avenue and Broadway, New York
City. It would make the Fifth Avenue
Hotel look like a cottage, and if the
largest tree now growing on Manhat-
tan Island were placed on the top of
the Flatiron Building, it would still be
in the shade of the big tree's upper
branches. General Waiteufel stated
not long ago that if he could have had
one of these big trees to throw across
the Pei-ho River upon the arrival of
the International army, it would have
served as a bridge across which he
could have marched the entire 30,000
men in Peking in forty-five minutes.

It is estimated that some of these
trees contain 750,000 feet of lumber,
and we may get an idea of what this
means when we hear that it would
make a board fence six feet high and
twenty-four miles long, or that it would
supply enough telegraph poles to sup-
port a line of wires running from Kan-
sas City to Chicago. If the tallest em-
pire tree you know of were cut down and
bent into a circle, it would just about
make a ring to fit the base of one of the
big trees. But it is not their size alone
which makes these giants so impres-
sive; their age is still more remarkable.
When Cheop's army of 100,000 men be-
gan to build the great pyramid of
Jeezh, over 2000 years before Christ,
these Sequoias, as they are called, had
bark on them a foot thick; they were
old, old trees when Methuselah was
born—they are the very oldest living
things on the face of the earth. And
we Americans should regard them as a
priceless heritage, which once taken
from us could never be replaced, and
we should at any cost guard them fore-
ever from those who with ax and saw
would in one week undo the work of
8000 years.—Woman's Home Companion.

Utilizing the Dead Sea.

It is believed that before very long
the Dead Sea will be exploited for in-
dustrial purposes. French engineers
are at work on three different projects
with this purpose in view. The level
of the Dead Sea being more than 1300
feet below that of the Mediterranean
and Red seas, it is thought by connect-
ing either of these two seas by means
of a canal with the Dead Sea, a stream
of water would flow with a velocity
calculated to produce some 25,000
horsepower. There is danger, it is
asserted, of an overflowing of the Dead
Sea, for the waters there evaporate at
so great a rate (6,000,000 tons a day)
that the incoming waters would make
no appreciable difference in the level.
One project is to start the canal from
the Bay of Acre, lead it southward
past Mount Tabor, and let it join at
Baisan, the waters of the Jordan. An-
other plan is to build the canal along
the railway line from Jaffa to Jerusa-
lem. But this would mean blasting
a tunnel of some thirty-seven miles
through the mountains of Old Judea.
The third project, the cheapest, pro-
poses to start at Akaba, in the Red
Sea, and pass through the desert of
Wady-el-Jebel. Having obtained power
in this manner, it is thought many in-
dustrial works will be carried on.—
London Daily News.

The Funny Side of Life.

THEN AND NOW.

In days long ago (in the sixties you know) when grandma went walking she held her skirts so.

What would she say if she saw girls today with skirts so tight they'd look like that.

—Inland Printer.

NO LIMIT.

"I understand there's no limit to Smith's income."
"Shouldn't he be surprised; he's the greatest borrower I know of."—Yonkers Herald.

HEIRLOOMS.

Mrs. Hatterson—"Mrs. Sparleton descended from a glazier, didn't she?"
Mrs. Catterson—"Why?"
"I saw her last night with her fam-ily jewels on."

TOO EXPENSIVE.

Bunting—"Radium is said to be worth \$250,000 for one-fifteenth of an ounce."
Larkin—"That won't be popular for Christmas presents."

NO GREAT LOSS.

"Your husband lost his temper in a little dispute we had," said Gazzam to Mrs. Bickers.
"That doesn't matter," replied Mrs. Bickers; "he has plenty left."

A HARD NAME.

"That Russian came has a name for killing his man whenever—"
"Well, if his man has to pronounce it every time he speaks to him I don't wonder."—Philadelphia Press.

EXERCISED.

Doctor—"What you need is to give your stomach continuous and vigorous exercise."
Patient—"But I have, doctor; I've been living on predigested health foods."

HIS INTENTIONS.

The Duke—"Is it true that you are going to marry an American heiress?"
The Count—"It is."
The Duke—"What's her name?"
The Count—"Don't know yet."—Chicago News.

A HOTBOX.

"What do you think now, Bobby?" remarked the mother as she boxed his ears.
"I don't think," replied the boy, "My train of thought has been delayed by a hotbox."

NOT DEFINITE.

"Please print instructions for smoking sausage," wrote the constant reader to the answers-for-the-anxious editor.
"Which—the long or the fine cut?" he wrote beneath the query.—Judge.

HIS PREFERENCE.

Elva Jeannette Schrum, 11-year-old daughter of S. E. Schrum, of West Washington, died of hydrophobia. The girl was bitten slightly nine months ago by a dog. The wound was cauterized, and she appeared well until Sunday, Monday she suffered terribly, and had to be tied.

Frederick Boehman, wife and two small children, residing at Morrell, one mile north of Dunbar, were poisoned by eating canned salmon this evening. They were all found to be in a critical condition by the attending physician.

Harry K. Cope, an electrician employed by the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Conneville, who was instantly killed while making some repairs to an arc light. He was 25 years old and leaves a wife and one child.

John Kroff, a miner, at Jamison Coal works, No. 2, near Greensburg, was probably fatally injured by being hit on the head with a brick during a fight. A number of arrests have been made.

Masked robbers forced an entrance into the residence of J. Elliott, near Jacksville, Lawrence county. They looted the place, after binding and gagging Elliott and his three sisters.

Judge Francis J. Kooser, of Somerset, sentenced four Elk Lick strikers, who admitted committing violations of an injunction, to pay a fine of \$75 each and all costs, for contempt.

Mrs. Catherine Spahr, aged 83, is dead at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Hawk, of Paulton. Mrs. Spahr was a pensioner of the War of 1812.

A burglar entered the home of Mine Superintendent George Moore, at Dawson, and is reported to have secured \$1,100 in cash, which was kept in a box. This the thief pried open.

Edward Salisbury was seriously hurt by falling from an electric crane at the Carnegie Steel works at Sharpsville.

In a fight at Sigbee, Greene county, Amos Rich, a former constable, is reported to have been fatally injured by Bert Tanner. The quarrel originated over the trapping of foxes. Rich was struck over the head with a gun and has not recovered consciousness. OHIO.

The Lackawanna county Republicans unanimously named Thomas H. Dale for Congress, and selected W. L. Connell and Reese A. Phillips as National delegates.

Mrs. George Bryan, of Beaver Falls, who cut her throat with a razor last Friday, is dead from her injuries.

Everything depended on the turn his body took in balancing. If it swayed inward, all might yet be well; if outward, there was the rugged cliff-side and the pond far below. A grain of energy might turn the scale in either direction, for life or for death.

With senses sharpened by the imminent peril, Sedgwick made a decisive effort. His body swayed in toward the cliff, and the crisis was past!

But there was no time to waste. He felt that the next attempt must be his last. Taught by experience, he dug his hands so deeply into the soil that there was no possibility of losing his hold again.

A minute later he was lying prone in the tall grass a good ten feet from the brink of the quarry. The spray of pink yarrow is in his herbarium now, and he never turns to the page without remembering the danger he underwent in securing that particular specimen.—Youth's Companion.

Lassoed a Booby.

When the gasoline schooner Eclipse was half way across the channel from Kauai Monday night a large booby bird lighted upon the jibboom. Mr. Hartman, the first mate, crept out with a lasso and on the second throw captured the bird. It was dragged down upon the deck without hurting it. At daylight the species of the captive was recognized, and then, with due respect to the awful consequences of killing the albatross described in "The Ancient Mariner" the bird was released to liberty.

The booby is distinguished from the gooney in being entirely white, excepting the wing tips, which are jet black. This specimen was a fine one, having a wing spread of six feet. It resembled the approach of the sailors with vicious snapping of mandibles and squawking like an angry goose. The bird appeared to be tired out when it rested upon the vessel, and the suggestion of the Eclipse officers was that it had been blown away from Laysan Island by a westerly gale.—Honolulu Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

A Remarkable Competition.

One of the most extraordinary competitions which have ever taken place was attempted the other week in Baltimore. Six unhappy creatures were placed on a platform, each of them opposite a grand piano, and a prize was given to the performer who played the longest at a stretch. It was not necessary that the six performers should give the same music, so long as they rendered what the program calls "intelligent music" it was considered satisfactory. The winner played fifty hours. He lost four pounds in weight, and had to be attended by several doctors on the conclusion of the performance. The most striking fact is that five members of the audience sat it out.—Baltimore American.

Highest Waterfall in the World.

The highest known waterfall in the world was the Cerrosu Cascade, in the Alps, having a drop of 2400 feet. But one in the San Cuayatan Canyon, in the State of Durango, Mexico, now claims first place. It was discovered by some prospectors ten years ago in the great barranca, district, which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine Narrajan, a great roar of water was heard. With much difficulty the party pushed on and up and down the mighty chasm until they beheld the superb fall, which is said to be at least 3000 feet high.—London Tit-Bits.

Radium as a Pain-Killer.

United States Consul General Guenther, of Frankfurt, writes as follows: Dr. Darier, of Paris, describes a case of cancer of the face which, through application of radium, had been rendered painless. Similar results have been obtained by other noted experts. He has also found quick and pain-killing effects of radium in certain diseases of the eye. The influence of radium upon the motor-nerve centres he considers of still greater importance. In two cases of nervous spasms, which occurred three or four times a week, weak radium preparations were applied to the temples for two or three days, when the spasms ceased. In a case also of presumptive inability of motion, caused by nervous debility, radium effected a complete cure within three days—probably, however, through suggestion. In acute facial paralysis of entirely new origin, radium effected a cure in one day. Samples of weak radio-activity are now rather inexpensive, so that other physicians are enabled to verify these results.

Butted In at the Wedding.

Land office regulations unfeelingly "butted in" on the plans of Cupid the other day at Waurika and stopped a wedding. Samuel Mosler, a home-steader of that vicinity, has arranged to wed Mrs. Mitchell, a buxom widow, who had but recently made her final proof before the local court commissioners. Just before the ceremony was performed word came that a witness' failure to properly sign his name had caused rejection of the papers by the Interior Department. The wedding was postponed, the groom to be apparently being more willing to temporarily relinquish a bride than to permanently relinquish a farm.—Mangum (Texas) Sun-Mirror.

Old English Customs.

Sir Walter Besant's study of old English customs shows that the doctors of several centuries ago prescribed for fever "a cold water affusion" with drinking of asses' milk. When the queen was ill in 1663 they shaved her head and applied pigeons to her feet. Powdered mummy for a long time was considered to be a specific against diseases. It is said that the reason it went out of use was that dealers took to embalming bodies and then sold them for genuine ancient mummies.

