No, no, my son; no, not at all; You see him every day. He rides about in palace cars And goes to church to pray. He always wears the best of clothes And bears an honored name. You're thinking of the Devil Fish, But they are much the same.

The man who grinds the people down
In heartlessness and greed;
Who eats the bread that others earn
And fattens on their need;
Who crushes hope from out the poor;
Lives off, despising us;
This is the modern Devil Fish,
The real Octopus.

—Town Topics.

Saved by Marian's Quick Wit. !

By Maude F. Smith Hymer.

"There's no use, Marian, it's coming faster, so we might as well give up," gasped Mr. Reed, as his daughter passed him with her arms full of

Marian paused to look toward the rapidly flushing sky. The forest behind them was on fire, and the wind was steadily licking it toward them. In a moment it would be feeding on the piled wood with which they were

And let the fire destroy all this wood?" she cried. "Oh, we can't we can't!" and desperately she struggled

For fours they had worked together, rapidly, fiercely, in a brave attempt to outwit the fire. Again and again they had shifted the rows of corded stovewood seasoning for the winter's market, each time a few rods nearer to safety. But they could feel that the fire was gaining headway. The forest back of their little farm was full of smoke and flying cinders, and the few faint breezes that reached them were growing more and more heated.

'Come on, child; after all, it's only a woodpile. We must be thankful that the house and buildings are safe," said Mr. Reed, remonstratingly, as with feverish determination Marian kept at

"But it isn't only a woodpile-it's money!" she cried "It is more than that, for it means eyesight for mother. We will never be able to pay for the operation from the crops and we hoped so much from this wood. Oh, we must save it!"

Her determination inspired the father and for a while they worked on again feverishly. Marian's face was tense and pale, her hair disheveled, her

thands torn and bleeding. Her father, too was well nigh spent, his eyes smarting from the smoke.

"Just a few rods further. If we could only get it to the edge of this plowed field," cried Marian, as he neaved

paused.
"We can't make it, Marian. It's almost here now," he said, as a hot breath fanned his cheek.

Marian groaned. "Oh, if the horses had only stayed by us! If somehow we could plow a space between the wood and the fire we could save it even yet couldn't we father?"

yet, couldn't we, father?' Yes; but God knows where they

are now, for they'll never stop running as long as they smell the fire. If only some of the neighbors were passing they would come in and help us." In a spasm of renewed hope Marian

scrambled to the top of the woodpile, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked off down the valley. A little red speck gleamed faintly in the road a mile or so away

a mile or so away.
"Where are you going, child?" called her father but Marian was running furiously down the lane toward the house, her hair tossed backward on

That gleam of red on the road—she had seen it pass going in the direction from which it was now coming just before the fire was discovered. It was an automobile, and instantly a strange plan took root in Marian's brain. It must pass their house soon—
if she could only reach the road by
the time it arrived there. She stumfied in her mad haste, but with a litthe gasping cry she sprang up and struggled on again. The plow—the wood! Oh she must save the wood for hen mother's sake!

Leo Challis brought his auto to a

sharp standstill almost upon the girl For a moment a fierce anger scorched him, for she had deliberately thrown herself in his way, and such reckless-ness was criminal! But before he could put his anger into words she was up and tugging open the heavy farm-yard gate through which she had come. "This way!" she cried. "Please, oh, please come this way!"

Challis stared a moment, but her white, eager face appealed to him. With a gesture of assent he paused beside her, reached out a hand to assist-her to the seat beside him.
"Tell me about it," he said, sooth-

ingly, steering the machine smoothly

up the wide lane.
"The fire!" she cried. "It's in the timber, and papa's cordwood will all

"But I can't-" he began vaguely. "And the horses are gone, so we couldn't plow around it," she contin-

In a flash he understood; the eager purpose in her face had communicated itself to him. "Where's the plow?" was all he said, as he pulled the lever

hard over and self-ing ahead.

"In the field just beyond, There's father now," she cried, catching sight of the bent, form.

Mr. Reed, thinking Mariau had despaired of saving the wood, had himself given it up and started disconsolately toward the house.

"Go back, father," called Marian, clearly, "go back and get the plow ready."

They reached it about the same time and Mr. Reed was quickly made ac-quainted with their plan. Swiftly they worked, and soon the field plow was attached to the rear of the motor

Then was illustrated the most pro gressive idea in plowing up to date.
Mr. Reed, guiding the plow handles, followed the plow, which cut through the unbroken wood sod as easily as a knife cuts cheese. Challis at the lever held the machine down to accommodate the state of the commodate the state of t date the plow, but even at the slowest possible pace Mr. Reed had almost to run to follow it. At last it was over and the machine stopped with a final

mighty throb, while Mr. Reed stag-gered to the ground exhausted.

But they won in the race with fire.
The corded wood was protected by a space of freshly turned sod, and the little company on the opposite side little company on the opposite side watched the sheet of fire sweep toward them threateningly, only to fall back in impotent wrath as it encountered the freshly turned sod. Now that it was over, Challis had

Now that it was over, Chains had time to observe the girl, who, from her loving task of bathing her father's heated face, smlled up at him wanly. The dark hair, though tumbled, was picturesque, the face pale, but sweetly attractive, and Challis thanked the

attractive, and Challis thanked the luck that brought him to the farm just in the nick of time.

"You saved the wood for us. We are ever so grateful, Mr. ——" she began, then paused in embarrassment.

"My name is Challis," he said, quietly. "I am only too glad to be of service to you, but it was really you who saved the wood. I should never have thought of so clever a plan."

"But ideas don't count without the

"But ideas don't count without the wherewithal to carry them out, so with all my planning we couldn't have saved the wood without you. And it isn't altogether the wood, you know, she broke off, impulsively. "It means ely. "It means She is almos so much for mother. so much for mother. She is almost blind now, and the doctors think an operation will save her sight; but operations cost money, and that is what you have saved for us," she fin-ished, the expressive face alive with

Challis' heart quickened its beating Not I, for I alone could have done lit-le. It is the auto which deserves our

gratitude. And it has paid for itself a thousand times this afternoon."
"I never liked the noisy things before, but I shall always love them hereafter," she said, impulsively; then at the expression in his eyes, for some reason she blushed.

This was the first time Leo Challis ever drove an automobile to drag a plow, but it was not the last time his machine found its way to the gateway of the Reed farm; and when he and Marian were married a year later, the same machine carried them away on their wedding journey.

Mr. Reed, who is fond of telling the terms of Marianian metawards.

story of Marian's motor-plow, invariably adds: "That was the liveliest span of horses I ever held a plow for."
—Farm and Fireside.

A Green Primrose.

The green rose is a very old and rather ugly "novelty" that crops up afresh from time to time as a catch-penny attraction, and there are one penny attraction, and there are one or two other plants with green flow-ers that are usually more curious than attractive. A somewhat attractive. A somewhat rare green-flowered Lenten rose, Helleborus viri-Hacquetta ephacts, a little alpine that flowers close to the ground, the bright, greeh-petaled blossoms, with pretty gold centres, being about the said and management of meatinghing and the where the dedum is beating and the where the derum is beating and the where the drum is beat and truly green-flowered form of the beautiful old wild primrose, a free bloomer and strong grower.

The Woesome Side of War.

In our interest in what may be call ed the chessboard aspect of the Russo Japanese war, Henry Norman, M. P. in the World's Work, says we are but

Tens of thousands of brave mer siaughtered, great battleships and their crews sent to the bottom in a minute, homes desolated, commerce paralyzed, treasure squandered, debt oiled up, savage passions deified-and all for what? In a war that might have been avoided, in a struggle where each side has what it regarded as a national necessity at stake where each nation must suffer for gen erations to come, and where neithe

The modern world, Mr. Norman holds, has seen no more deplorable

The government of Queensland offers a prize of \$25,000 for a method of exterminating the opuntia, a species of cactus imported from America.

and sent the machine leap. A DEMAND FOR GROOMS.

A COMPETENT MAN GETS HIS OWN TERMS FROM BREEDERS.

There is Room in the Business for All Grades of Intelligence-Not a Hard Apprenticeship-The Rewards Are Great and Sure.

Are Great and Sure.

That good grooms are scarce may be discovered quickly if a search is made. That they can command good pay is equally a fact. It is strange then that the supply is not equal to the demand. There was a time perhaps when there was somewhat of derogation attaching to the groom's position, but nowadays nothing of the sort obtains, providing that the main himself is of good class and conducts himself as such. imself as such.

For the last few years men capable of feeding and fitting show cattle, sheep and swine have been turned out in fairly large numbers by out in fairly large numbers by the experiment stations, but we do not know of one individual who has come from such a school with any extensive knowledge of feeding and conditioning horses for show or work. There is surely something wrong here, for however valuable the cattle, sheep and swine may be the horses are still more valuable and require a higher more valuable and require a higher grade of care. It is a far harder mat-ter to put a big draft stallion or a Hackney in the show ring just right than it is to do the same thing with a bull, boar or ram. Why then have our agricultural educators left this important matter almost altogether on one side?

one side?

A great many different qualifications are included under the general head groom. The man who may be an expert in the care of one sort of horse may know very little about the care of other sorts; indeed the men who are competent to condition properly light and heavy horses are scarce indeed. There is respected with the care of the condition properly light and heavy horses are scarce indeed. deed. There is no reason why this should be as the same general prin-ciples apply in the care of all horses. It is primarily the lack of education that is to blame. Few men keep both light and heavy horses. One sort at light and heavy horses. One sort at a time seems to be enough and hence the men who graduate from the hard school of experience know only about the one sort with which they have been connected. The benign light of education would soon alter this condition and fit men to accept the care of any breed of horse with cound. care of any breed of horse with equal confidence.

This necessity for education This necessity for education becomes all the more apparent when it is considered that a man must be intelligent to make a good groom. The duffers never graduate beyond the stage of cleaning out the stalls, carrying water and the like. From the position of groom to that of foreman is not a long step; from that of foreman to manager is no longer, but to be a really good manager, the man be a really good manager, the man must thoroughly understand how the work should be done and to do that he must be able on a pinch to perform the tasks himself. It is not a hard apprenticeship however and the man who brings brains and willing hands does not spend much time before he graduates into some position of trust. There is only just the one way, as

stated, and that is to begin at the bottom. We know of one man high in the ranks of importers who has set his eldest son to learn the business from the ground up. The boy is caring for a string of eight horses and it will not be long before he will, be, ad-vanced. He takes his turn in the showing like the rest of the men, gets up at cockerow to give his charges their exercise, handles the comb and brush like an old hand and in general is serving his novitiate. It is his intention to take a veterinary course at dis multifidus, is really rather good, but the ordinary form, H. v. dumetorum, is unattractive. The prettiest green-flowered rock plant is perhaps Hacquetia epipactis, a little alpine that flowers close to the ground, the bright, green-petaled blossoms, with pretty end centres being about the admirably equipped to fight the batter still if he could attend an agricultural college where the feeding and management of horses are taught as are the feeding and management of meatingking ani-

ples required. This is not an argu-ment to prove that there is nothing much in the care of horses, for there is, but there is no sleight of hand nor

the business it is not necessary to which a groom may succeed. A few of these branches will suffice. There is the head man in the thoroughbred stable, the head man in the trotting stable, the feeder of draft horses, of nackneys, of coach horses, the man excellent wages and whose services of the red men something after this are in constant demand. It is within manner; ur knowledge that a sustained search of find a man competent to educate nd show coach and hackney horses in the ring has borne no fruit during the last three months or more. Wages have not been considered. A competent man might name his own terms, out he has not been found. We are aware also of an unsuccessful attempt

of large emolument the place is still

Breeders of horses are continually on the lookout for good men, men whom they believe they can trust to go ahead and do the work aright and who will take a proper interest in their charges. When such a man is found he has a permanent place and his wages increased. A hundred hands are right now reached out to grasp such help. Therefore would it not seem wise for some of the young farm-bred boys to turn their attention to the horse business instead of to some other line? If a young man has not in him that which is required to rise high in his chosen line he may rest assured that if he will do what Breeders of horses are continually rest assured that if he will do wha

rest assured that if he will do what he can as a groom he will always be certain of a good living and a chance to save something.

Then there is perhaps the most important line of all—the care of breeding horses in the season. On the competence and honesty of the groom much of the success of any stallion depends. If his caretaker will not do for him that which should be done for depends. If his caretaker will not do
for him that which should be done for
him the percentage of foals begotten
will be lessened, and the owner's receipts correspondingly decreased.
Every spring there is a demand from
the entire country for good stallion
men, and the answer is feeble indeed.
It is doubtful if there is one good man
for every ten stallions in the country. for every ten stallions in the country

for every ten stallions in the country. There are plenty of men who allege and perhaps believe that they can take proper care of stallions in the breeding season, but the good ones are all too few. Here is a line of education where the experiment stations might do a mighty work.

In short the young man on the farm seeking to learn in the various lines of animal husbandry will find the equine branch of that work much less crowded than the others and the remuneration greater once he has mastered the requisite measure of knowledge.—Breeder's Gazette. edge.-Breeder's Gazette.

INDIANS FOND OF DANCING.

Woman Generally Takes Lead-Much

Amusement in Sign Language. To white persons the dance of the Indian signifies a grim ceremonial pre-liminary to a bloody slaughter, or at-tendant on the torture of prisoners. Of course, those occasions call for dances, according to the Indian cus tom, but apart from serious occasions, the aborigines, men and women, love to dance for pleasure. It will probably be a surprise to the

present generation and many of the older ones, for that matter, to learn that the modern society "german" or "cotillion" of the whites is stolen absolutely from the red men of the

There is hardly a night in an Indian encampment that there is not dancing among the bucks and squaws. Little preparation is necessary for these affairs, and formal invitations are not considered esential, the call of the "tom-tom" being the only notice given those who may desire to attend.

en those who may desire to attend.

There is no difference in social grade among the Indians, no social ostracism, no "four hundred." All meet at the dance on an absolute equality. The dances are usually held in tepees, two of them being pitched facing each other. In one of them half a dozen Indian bucks are squatted around a drum, each furnished with a stick for the purpose of making "music," and this is the entire orchestra. Each man has a particular place on the drum to beat.

place on the drum to beat.

Very soon after the first tap on the drum those who desire to participate in the dance begin to appear. Even at the grandest dances there is no cer-emony, and although there appears to be no particular sentiment against it. It is very rarely the case that a man accompanies his wife to or from the festivities, yet a married woman who would accept such attention from an-

ocus pocus about the business. It is serely straightforward work which is room for no more couples. This continued for perhaps 20 minutes, when the music ceases, the he business it is not necessary to partners separate and each returns to enumerate all the various lines in his or her former place. There are any number of very pretty "figures" danced in this way. One that I recall is the "sign dance." After dance ing around for a few minutes a woman will take a man, lead him into a circle hackneys, of coach horses, the man placing him opposite her, both in the who can show horses well in the ring, meantime dancing hard. Then she and a dozen others, all of whom earn will talk to him in the sign language

manner:
"What do you think of me, my buck; I am ready for you to make

His answer is in the sign language and he is at liberty to respond as he desires without giving the least offense. Frequently these sign conversations during the dance are outbursts of wit and sarcasm, which are that has been made to obtain a feeder received by the onlookers with great shouts of laughter and applause as the tite rush work on some rather backward animals and despite the profier anapol's Sentinel.

DESTRUCTION OF CORK FOR-ESTS.

It Goes on in Italy at an Alanming Rate and No Check Seems Possible. The cork industry, which is quitant an important one, will receive a fresh Impetus, a new process having been discovered by which large pieces can be made out of small ones so that cork waste can be utilized in large quantities. This is all the more in quantities. This is all the more im-portant as the price of cork increases steadily, both on account of the grow-ing demand and the lessened supply of the raw material.

Formerly Italy was a large produc-

Formerly Italy was a large produce er of cork, but a great part of the splendid cork-oak forests has already been destroyed. In some provinces— as, for instance, in Calabria—the trees have been felled and used for char

coal making; in other provinces they have been out down on account of their high potash contents.

Larger forests of cork-oak trees are still existing in Spain, Portugal, France, Algeria and Tunis. None are found in Asia Minor and only rarely in Greece and European Turkey, al-though the climates seem to be favor-

tons of cork annually, the production of Italy has decreased to 4000 tons. The value of the Spanish exports of cork amounts to \$6,000,000 per year, against less than \$250,000 for Italy. Only Sicily and Sardinia are still producing cork to any considerable extent in Italy, while the former great oak forests of Calabria are almost totally destroyed. It seems incomprehensible that this destruction has been permitted. The trees easily reach an age of 200 years. They yield cork in their thirteenth year and con-tinue to do so every seven years. Seventy-five years ago the English demand for cork was supplied exclusively from Italy. The destruction of the remaining forests goes on unin-terruptedly, and nobody seems to try

Substitutes for Wit.

Chinese school teachers do no strengthen the brains of children with algebra and calculus, but stuff them with Confucian morals, says a writer in the Chicago Record Herald. He

this first is the lead.

She will dance around all alone for a moment or two and then up to some buck whom she chooses for a partner; then they dance around for a while and each takes a partner of the opnosite sex. This continues until there nosite sex. This continues until there have been also been also been an alone for a while and each takes a partner of the opnosite sex. This continues until there have been also been a shopping the fixed shopping and the fixed shopping and the fixed shopping and the shopping and the fixed shopping and the fi

fixin's."

Recently when his father came home Willie had a chair in place and was ready to do business like a prefassional shoeblack. He addressed his father as follows: "Say, dad! get into de chair and I'll give your shoes a shampoo.'

a shampoo."

He got his words a trifle mixed, but there was one feature of the business he had down to the queen's taste. To humor him his father got into the chair and the boy went through the shoe shining operation in pantomime, wich was so true to nature that every one laughed. The operation over, the youngster called out in a brisk tone: "Next! Five cents, please!" at the 'Next! Five cents, please!" at the same time holding out his hand for the coin. He got it and immediately closed his shop until he could spend the nickel.—Albany Journal.

The rats of southern Italy are no only very cunning, but display good taste. They climb the orange trees, and suck the blood oranges, neglecting the others.



How to Wash Windows. The old-fashioned way of washing The old-fashioned way of wasning windows with scapp water followed by clear water, followed by dry cloths and polishing with newspapers or chamois, is going out, fortunately for the window washer. The housewife of today washes her windows with water in which a little kerosene has been poured and finds that she can polish them at once with soft littless cioth. them at once with soft lintless cioth. Or she dips a rag in alcohol and then in whiting, rubs the glass with the mixture and polishes with chamois.

Washing a Counterpane. The simplest, best and most convenient way of "doing up" a white counterpane is to put it under a heavy press after washing it. Wash it in plenty of soapsuds, rinse thoroughly and put through bluing water. Hang it outdoors in the sunshine until although the elimates so able for their growth. The area covable for the growth for the growth for the sunshine until able to unders in the sunshine until for most dry; then while slightly damp fold twice or more, lay on a clean ironing sheet and smooth out with the heads until free from any large wrinkles. Place under it a heavy wrinkles. Place under it a heavy wrinkles. Place under it a heavy wrinkles. Italy. wrinkles. Place under it a heavy While Spain still furnishes 32,800 smooth board on which arrange eight or more large irons or anything of heavy weight. Let it remain in this way over night or for twelve or fourteen hours. Remove it from press and hang it on a line or clothes-horse to become entirely dry. The re-sult will be a beautifully smooth counterpane.

For Needles and Pins.

A convenience for the girl who is away on her vacation is a pin sheet.

A six-inch strip of silk of the ordinary width is first covered with sheet wadding and then with six-inch sash ribbon of a contrasting color. The softer silk side is studded with pins, stuck in just as they are when bought in the paper. There are rows of safety pins in various sizes, pearl-headed pins, smaller pins with various colored heads to match different neckwear, to prevent it or to plant new forests smaller pins with various colored in spite of the fact that Italy possess the most favorable climate and soil for the cork oak, the most favorable conditions for its growth being found in the volcanic soil of the peninsula. girl can roll up her sheet like a "housewife" and pack it in her bag when travelling. At the hotel she fastens it up on the wall by means of two stout pins or fine tacks stuck through the corners.

Making Oil Cloth.

with Confucian morals, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald. He further declares that in China he found no wit or imagination, but tells the following incidents, which prove that the Chinaman has good unconscious substitutes for one or the other:

One day in Shanghai, when I was feeling sick, I called a Chinaman to me and said. "John, do you have good doctors in China?"

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in wo'ld."

"Eudon, over there," I said, pointing to a house covered with a doctor's signs, "do you call him a good doctor?"

"Eudon goo doctor!" he exclaimed. "He great! He best doctor in China. He save my life once!"

"Me velly sick," he said, confidentially. "Me callee Doctor Han Kou. Givee some medicine. Get velly, velly sick! Me call Doctor Sam Sing. Givee more medicine. Get velly, velly sick! Me call Doctor Sam Sing. Givee more medicine. Get velly, velly sick! Me call Doctor Sam Sing. Givee more medicine. Me grow worse. Going to die! Blimeby call Doctor Endon. He no got time, no come. He savee my life!"

In Chefoo my wife engaged a Chinese cook. When he came she asked his name. Shaking hands with himself and smiling, he said, "My namee Yong Hang Ho."

"Oh, that's too long!" said my wife. "Can't remember all that. I call you labir."

self and smiling, he said, "My nameer yong Hang Ho."

"Oh, that's too long!" said my wife, "Oh, that's too long!" said my wife, "I can't remember all that. I call you for sait a few minutes before they are done. Drain and pour a cream sauce your namee?" "My name," said my wife, slowly, is saucepan, add a level tablespoonful for butter in an small saucepan, and a level tablespoonful of butter in an small saucepan, and a level tablespoonful of four and cook until frotby, then "Hi" cried John. "Too long namee!" adding a dad one current water until tender, adding a count of saugar when first outwill but on to cook and a level tablespoonful of sauce melt a rounding saucepan, and a level tablespoonful of four and cook until frotby, then adding a dad one current water until tender, adding a count of saugar when first outwill but on to cook and a level tablespoonful of said a few minutes before they are done. Prain and pour a cream sauce over. For the sauce melt a rounding saucepan, add a level tablespoonful of said a few minutes before they are done. Prain and pour a cream sauce over. For the sauce melt a rounding saucepan, add a level tablespoonful of said a few minutes before they are done. Prain and pour a cream sauce over. For the sauce melt a rounding saucepan, add a level tablespoonful of said a few minutes before they are done.

one, and beat them well together. Place it in a pastry bag with a tube having a star-shaped opening and press it through. As the potato comes from the tube, guide it in a circle, winding it around until it comes to point. The little piles of potato will resemble roses. Touch them lightly with a brush dropped in egg, and place a bit of butter on each one. Put them in the oven a moment to brown slightly. The edges touched by the egg will take a deeper color. Potato roses make a good gainish for meat

dishes.

White Bread.—Mix one cup of scalded milk, one cup of boiling water, one level tablespoon of butter, a level teaspoon of salt, and a level tablespoon putting the company of salt, and a level tablespoon. spoon of salt, and a level tablespoon of sugar together, and cool until lukewarm. Add one-half yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup of lukewarm water. Mix with six cups of flour and stir well, then add enough more to make a dough that can be kneaded. Knead a few minutes, put into a bowl and cover closely; let rise over night. In the morning knead ten minutes. and cover closely; let rise over night. In the morning knead ten minutes, then cover and let rise again, shape into loaves, put in pans, and let rise again until nearly twice the original size, and bake well. If the weather is warm the second rising may be omit-ted and the bread shaped for the pans after being kneaded well.

I travel : I've ho Because Like fir

And may With e true That nev But kn to e —Hen Ti Mrs. I ed at h "Won' jorie?" sh haven't looking mending shape to clothes if the it yeste

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