Rest a little, play a little,
Sighs and tears will come;
Store up all you're able
Of the sunshine, while there's some.
Plack the flowers along the way,
Equivarian comes so soon. For evening comes so soon, Then you'll want the memories Of happy-hearted noon! appy-hearted noon

Rest a little, play a little, Man was made to toil, But not to crush his spirit out Amid the world's turmoil. Life is giv'n for something more
Than just to dig and plow.
Get that something out of life,
And, brother, get it now!

Rest a little, play a little,
Every passing day;
Don't be fool enough to think
Of slaving life away.
Uphill elimbing's hard at best;
Brighten up the way,
With now, my friend, a little rest,
And now a little play.

for himself there was no sleep that night. Too much hung in the balance. With the first rays of dawn he was walking about the street, waiting for he appointed hour. -Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in Philadelphia North American.

He turned his steps toward the best hotel in the place, and lounged near at breakfast time, but did not see the face he sought among the guests. Suppose the stranger's deed had already been recorded before that experimental visit to Edgcomb! Ezra set his teeth.

His chance still remained.

But 9 'clock drew on. He dared linger no longer near the hotel, and moved away toward the Court House. The hour sounded from the steeple The bell electrified him and he hurried on; but suddenly a sight more moving still caught his view. A well-dressed man, whom Fairfax recognized only too certainly, had just ascended the steps and was entering the registry For an instant things turned black before the tired man; then he nerved himself, slonehed his hat over his eyes, sprang up the steps after the gentleman, shouldered him aside, and edging through the room ahead of him, reached the desk first and offered

his shaking paper. Where are your manners, young fellow?" asked the Registrar, glancing back at the somewhat annoyed and surprised look on the other man's face. Ezra's cold lips stammered something

about hurrying. "There's time enough in this world for folks to be civil. You've got the day before you, haven't you?" said the clerk, looking, to Fairfax's acute apprehension, as if he might be going to order him aside in favor of the personage he had just jostled.

The young man's excitement leaped from his eyes, but his slouched hat hid them. It was none of the Registrar's business if the clumsy fellow's lips were ashy. He still grumbled as he reached for his rubber stamp.

The dull thud with which it struck the paper sounded above the ringing in Ezra's ears. Then the clerk glanced at the clock and proceeded to write in its place, in legal form, the moment of registration. "Nine hours and two minutes."

The words were written. He staggered as he moved aside to let the portly gentleman take his turn. The Registrar, with a casual remark,

pulled the second deed toward bim, stamped it, and then took up the pen "Nine hours and three minutes."

Ezra held on by a corner of the desk, for the clock, prints and maps on the walls were chasing each other madly around the room.

Forest Farm was saved! And Helen? Mr. Burchard returned home to find his strong, quiet "hired" man the hero of the village. Squire Winslow, delighted not a little with his own presence of mind in the affair, had exploited Ezra's history far and wide. "You know you always said, father,

that Forest Farm was to go with me," remarked Helen, demurely, "so, logically, I go with the farm-and the farm is Ezra's." She opened her eyes at her parent

innocently and slipped her hand into her lover's, which was close by. Mr. Burchard, still confounded by the

risk his own carelessness had entailed. News. stared at them helplessly and yielded to the inevitable.

"Queer doings," he said to himself, and blinked his eyes. "Queer doings." -The American Queen.

## The Petrified Man.

Do you remember the "petrified say? You know how Mr. Burchard man," supposed to be 8000 years old. discovered in a gravel bed near Leavenworth a few years ago, and which had the scientists of the whole country guessing? This wonderful specimen was made from a plaster of paris cast by Charles Farmer, an eccentric old gentleman who lives on a farm adjoining that of John Cory near Lowemont. The cast was taken from a human being. Parmer had arranged with another man to belp him out in his scheme to make some money. Accordingly the specimen was hidden in a ravine near Miocene, three miles northwest of Leavenworth, and was found per the arrangements. It was taken to Leavenworth and placed on exhibition as a genuine petrified man. Great interest was manifested in it and the owners realized a neat sum by charging an admission fee to it. Scientists examined it and were puzzled. Finally Parmer traded the curiosity for 160 acres of land in South Dakota, and the new owner went on a tour of the East, attracting attention everywhere. Parmer divulged the secret to Meanwhile the swift colt had met the Dr. Redmond, Sheriff Stance Myers Squire Winslow, sitting at the desk | Squire on the road, and the rider had and the editor of the Kansan on the train between Lowemont and Potter, Tuesday. He made this specimen seven years ago. A few years before that he "made" a woman in California. This became famous throughout the West as the "San Joaquin Woman."

## rock .- Potter (Kan.) Kansan.

Colombia, reports Consul Orr, from Barranquilla. All invoices certified at

why, when so many steep hills had been traveled, he was still urged on; but when, jaded and worn, the two finally reached Lowell, the Registry of Deeds was closed. Egra's voice was unsteady as he asked concerning the arrival of the last train from Edgcomb. He found that it was in, but it, too, had arrived after the registry hours. He saw to his horse's comfort; but

OUR GIRLS AND BOYS RANGE

If I could make the world, I would Not make a salty sea.

I'd fill it up with lemonade
And let in children free.

On every mountain, cape and stream, I'd print its name, so we Would never have to study them

'Addition and division I
Would not have made at all,
I wouldn't have a thing but games
For children that are small.

I guess if I made such a world
It would be fine to see.

And all the children that there are
Would say, "Hurrah!" for me.

—New York News.

A tent can be made by children very easily and quickly without outside Get three old sheets or shawls. help. a rope and some safety pins and follow this picture and description:

that you may walk under it without touching your head. Throw a sheet or shawl over it. Tie four strings as long as yourself to each corner of the sheet (one on each corner). On the



THE TENT IN POSITION.

makes an end and one side.

Use safety pins to pin up these sides. The hole at each end of the tent under the roof is necessary to keep it cool

Mr. Brown is the owner of a highgrade hunting dog, whose kennel, furplump mamma rabbit and two of the cutest little baby rabbits in the world. Mrs. Cottontail had chased Bruno out and appropriated his house.-Savannah

A French family has recently had its fortunes restored in a way to suggest story telling. The family was wretchedly poor, selling one possession after another in order to meet the demands of the butcher and grocer. One day the mother in moving an old desk of her great-grandfather, came upon an old book, between the pages of which was a stamp of the Island of Maurice

A traveler stopping to rest in the cottage one day saw this stamp, which a boy was sticking to a home-made envelope, playing "postoffice" with a little friend. This traveler ( a man of wealth and collector of curios) saw that it was very rare. In truth there were but two others in existence, one belonging to the King of England and one to the Czar of Russia. He told the family of their treasure, and it was through his interest and exertions that the stamp was subsequently sold for \$7500.—Indianapolis News.

## PHOTOGRAPHING AN OWL.

Parmer made these images out of a Ezra accepted the bill, and the brief substance of his own manufacture, instructions which the lawyer went on which, when it "sets," is as hard as tance" to get the "snap-shots."-St. Wicholas.

fall or spring, and the beds should be protected from the northwest wind and have a southern or eastern slope if possible. It is a good plan to have the hybrid roses on the east side of a fence, and the hardier and freegrowing elimbers to cover the fence itself. Roses that are to be grown for the perfection of their blooms should never be in close proximity to a building or trees. Propagation-wherein lies the profit

for young horticulturists is accomplished by seeds, cuttings, layers, sports, division, budding or grafting, the last two methods being extensively used by nurserymen and florists. But for our purposes cuttings are best. They may be rooted at any time of the year, but for hardy roses I have found the old-fashioned method of inserting dormant shoots in the fall the most satisfactory.

Cuttings should be made from the wood of the current year, which should be of medium strength and well ripened. They may be cut from eight to ten inches in length and placed five or six inches deep in the ground. Care should be taken to tread round them thoroughly in order that the frost may not lift them out. The next spring, after they are well rooted, they can be set farther apart; and by the second spring they will be large enough to sell and will readily bring twenty-five cents each. I know boys who have paid all their own expenses from the time they were twelve years old just by propagating roses and other plants. New York Evening Mail.

#### ROMANCE OF TWO GEESE.

I have always thought that wild geese were the most interesting of fowl. They have an intelligence and a system of their own. They mate and marry, I used to think, just as people do, and every gander is faithful to his goose. Once when the wild geese were flying overhead in the spring, one of our neighbors got out with his gun and shot into the flock flying overhead. He wounded a goose in the wing and it fluttered to the earth. Our neighbor captured it, and told his children that they might keep it and make a pet of it. By caring for it tenderly and feeding it often this goose became quite tame, and stayed all the year with the

tame geese. Next spring the wild geese were fly ing over again and the goose that had been shot and tamed heard them honking in the skies as they went over. She seemed to recognize a familiar voice, and, showing great excitement, gave a loud call. This was heard by one of the geese in the sky, evidently her mate of former years, and he, after circling around for a time, finally came to the earth, found his long-lost goose and remained with her. He was wild for a time, and would fly whenever a person would come near, but finally he became domesticated, and the two raised a brood of goslings and lived happy ever afterward with the tame geese.-Indianapolis News.

#### GAME OF ORGAN BUILDER. This is a really interesting game

much played by German children. First, the players choose one of their

number to be the Organ Builder. He goes around among the rest and places them in a straight row. Each player must hold out both his or her hands folded in front of him, and the Organ Builder goes along the row, saying: "These are good organ pipes." he taps each player's hands lightly with a thin stick, and the player whom he touches must give forth a long, sustained sound to represent a tone of the

If the tone does not suit the Organ Builder, he may demand an improvement, but only once, and the players must obey.

After he has heard a sound from each "organ pipe," he retires long enough to be blindfolded. While he is away all the "organ pipes" change

When he returns, the Organ Builder says:

"Alas, how will my organ be, now am blind and cannot see?' He reaches out with his stick and

taps the outstretched hands of one of the players. The one who is struck will be all attention for the dog and must immediately utter the same sound as he or she did the first time, and the Organ Builder may demand that it be repeated three times. Then he must say:

"Ah, this pipe is-" naming the player who he thinks it is. If he has not guessed correctly, all the players dance around him and sing:

What a builder have we here? What a wretched, wretched ear, Though the pipes sound out so clear!" Then they all change places again, and the Organ Builder must try the next "pipe."

If, however, he guesses correctly, the players sing:

"Though the master bave no sight, He can tell his pipes aright!" See your organ with delight!" And they pull the bandage from his There is money in growing rose eyes. The "pipe" whose name has bushes, and it is a pleasant occupa-

Baltrands and Progress. In his testimony before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce at Washington on May 4, Professor Hugo R. Meyer, of Chicago University, an

"We could not have in New Eng land a great boot and shoe industry we could not have in New England a not have spread throughout New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio manufacturing industries of the most diversiwould have no market among the farm ers west of the Mississippi River.

"And, while the progress of this

"The Interstate Commerce Commis sion never can see anything more than values in this place means the building sary incident to the industrial and manufacturing development of this country. And, if we shall give to the Interour rates regulated on the statesmanmen, who really have seen great states. ers of empires; who have had an imof the greatest poet and of the greatting sin the world over, is that they can never grasp a situation in a large evil; that that evil is relatively small which are infinitely greater than the one that is to be corrected."

The Century a Campaign Document. An instance has just occurred of a campaign document with marked success. Mr. Frank M. Chapman's grounds at Andros."

## John Dunning, the janitor of Maine

hall at Bowdom college, has in his possession the compositor's stick which was used in setting up Longfellow's first published poem, "Outre Mer." published in 1842. This compositor's stick has been owned since 1825 by T. S. McClellan, who is to-day 96 years old, and the oldest man in Brunswick and the oldest printer in the state, as well as the oldest Mason in the state.-Washington Star.

## To Make a Flower Bed.

well rotted manure. If the soil very wet, dig out two feet deep and

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Best heavy yorkers and medium... Good pigs and lightyorkers Pigs, common to good Roughs Stagn ... Sheep.

mmon to fair. Lambs Calves.

A wealthy eastern tourist lost in an electric car at Los Angeles a purse containing \$5,025. To the conductor, who found and returned it, he gave, after carefully counting the money, a reward of two dimes.

Light-hued Shoes.

been taken under consideration. It looks like a piece of bees' wax or brown soap, and contains a little of

everything, even rubber. Best of all, it isn't "messy." One simply rubs it over the soiled places

This will also clean suede kid. though there is a new cream that is

somewhat better for suede. Though both these cleaners act well on white buckskin, nothing is better than the whitewash-like preparation with which all are familiar. This, however, is a whitewash rath-

equally good for white linen shoes.

The gayer the shoe the worse it looks unless it be "spick and span."

felt over the Far East. Recently they established a Japanese museum at Bangkok, the capital of Slam. It occupies large rooms in one of the busiest portions of the commercial city, where samples are displayed of almost every product of Japan. A corps of clerks is in attendance to assist any who may wish to look over the exhibits and purcoasers can or der goods from the samples. The museum is proving an increasing suc cess, atates the Indianapolis News.

## BY A MINUTE! 3

By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

OR, sir, my daughter Helen's a match for any man," said Farmer Burchard, his hard face harder as he "She won't go to spoke. her husband empty-handed, either. I calc'late to give Helen Forest

Farm if she marries to suit me; and Forest Farm, Ezra Fairfax, is the prettiest property in Middlesex County.' The farmer and his hired man were driving along the road to the station, for Mr. Burchard was going off on a week's trip to buy some cattle. Ezra made no reply to this boast, He

had heard it a number of times, and as he loved Helen with his whole heart it was not a pleasure to listen to especially as he understood at this time it was a warning note intended to prevent any philandering in his employer's

"I shall never have Forest Farm if that is the price I have to pay," declared Helen herself a few hours later, looking into her lover's honest eyes. The two had grown up together, the children of neighbors, "I shall marry you or nobody, Ezra. I love father, but his ambitions can't make wrong right. Had he been the one to die instead of your father when we were children I might have been your mother's 'help' to-day." The girl a minute ago, and perhaps we'll beat smiled in a way that warmed Ezra's

despairing heart. "If there were only something I could can't get the deed and catch the last do to change matters!" he exclaimed. I bate the name of Forest Farm! 1 wish Hosea Hinkley had never sold Ezra, sitting up, alert again.

"He wouldn't if he could possibly have done without the money, that is certain," remarked the girl. "What a triumph father felt it to be when he secured it before good Mr. Hosea died!" "Yes, if that scamp of a brother of his had got hold of it, I guess Mr. a light flashing all over his face.

Burchard might have whistled for Forest Farm. Jim Hinkley's the biggest rascal unhung, and he hates your father. He'd have liked to spite him by selling to somebody else. Well," Ezra heaved a mighty sigh," for my part I'd be willing Jim had got it. I ought not to let you cling to the thought

The girl gazed at him with frank tenderness. His sturdy form and bronzed face filled all her horizon. "Can you stop thinking of me?" she

of me, Helen; it will spoil your life."

"God knows I can't," he answered and then he lifted his old hat with a reverent gesture and kissed her. The next day he was plodding along the road to the village filled with the problem that always absorbed him,

looked up and beheld an elderly gentleman with the stamp of city life or his face, clothing and manners. "Young man." the latter began, "can you tell me the whereabouts of a place

known as Forest Farm?"

when a stranger accosted him. He

"Yes," replied Ezra. "Walk right ahead and turn the first turning to the left, and as soon as you cross the creek you're there." Then, with a bluntness that amused his interlocutor, he con. feels about that colt." tinued, "Were you thinking of renting

The stranger smiled leniently and tapped his hand with a legal paper he "No, I wasn't thinking of renthave just bought it. My daughter saw the place and thought she would like girths. it for a summer home, and I have come down to look at it myself. My ing the excitement in his face. deed here will assist me in locating

moved on, leaving Ezra to stare after him, his lips parted, his thoughts in a Burchard, in distress, running out to His face reddened under its bronze. In some uncomprehended way had his est Farm! He has carried the deed

Burchard some service which should win him Helen? He made a swift movement to follow the stranger, as suddenly changed his fore in her life. Might Ezra really mind, and charged up the village street have brooded over his troubles until at a pace that scattered the children his mind had become unhinged?

before him like leaves in the wind. in his second-story office, looked startled as the young man burst into "Well! What's the matter, Ezra Fairfax?" exclaimed the old man, pushing his chair back, images of dire catastrophes crowding through his

dragging a seat to the desk and falling Then with catches of the to give him.

breath he told his story.

of Forest Farm," he said. "I drew the

deed. You say Mr. Burchard is away. Couldn't he have-"No, he has only been gone since yes terday, and he told me the day he left of this, somebow or other." eye around occasionally as if to ask voices.

amid his problem to admire Ezra's keen, set face. "There is only one thing that could

Squire Winslow found time even

have made it possible for Jim to meddle, and I suppose that is just the thing that has happened," said the Squire, after grasping his stubby chin in deep thought. Ezra scrutinized him eagerly.

"I remember now. Mr. Burchard met Hosen here in this office and paid the money and took the deed. When I offered to mail it to the registry, Mr. Burchard said he wanted to show it to his wife first. He said he had business in Lowell next week and would take the deed to the registry then himself. Now, perhaps, he forgot it; then, know ing Hosea's honesty, put it off from time to time, and it has never been recorded. Jim Hinkley has wanted money pretty bad lately, and they do say Sajan takes care of his own Any way, he must have put that very idea into Jim's head. Jim probably looked the matter up, found things just as he expected, got a customer for Forest Farm and sold it." Squire Winslow misunderstood the abstracted thoughtfulness that changed his visitor's face "Brace up, my boy," he said kindly. "Get back the grit I saw in your eyes Jim yet." He caught his watch from his pocket. "No," he ejaculated, "you

train to Lowell." "What-what's the idea?" asked

"Why, the stranger said he'd just bought Forest Farm. It's likely he's taking a look at the property before recording his deed. If he records his first, you've lost the farm; but if you could in any way get yours in-

"I see!" Ezra sprang from his chair

Squire Winslow still held his watch

in his hand and his mouth open when three steps at a time, the young man was fleeing down the stairs. "Bless me!" muttered the lawyer, and his own hand trembled with excite-

ment as he reached for his hat and followed after, as swiftly as his older limbs would carry him. Ezra reached home in an incredibly short period. Mrs. Burchard saw him coming, and was startled by his look, She had a kindness for her daughter's

lover, but did not dare to side with him "Where's the key to Mr. Burchard's desk?" he cried. "In its place," she answered, appre-

hensively. "So it is," he gasped with relief, feeling behind the secretary and producing it. "I saw Helen out by the barn. Tell her to saddle Mark! Quickly, please."

"Has Mr. Burchard-" she began. "Quick!" implored Ezra, rummaging among the papers with desperate eagerness.

She obeyed and returned. "Where are you going. Ezra Fairfax?" "To Lowell." "On Mark? What will Mr. Burchard

"Here it is!" exclaimed Ezra joy

"What?" "The deed to Forest Farm. There's purchaser-" The young man ing it," he answered deliberately; "I dashed out of the house, leaving the am thinking of buying it. In fact, I desk in confusion, and ran to the barn. Helen was tightening the saddle

"What is this for?" she asked, catch-"It's the only chance! I can't talk!"

boundaries. I'm much obliged to you." he exclaimed. He kissed her, sprang The kindly stranger bowed and on the colt's back, and galloped off. "Helen, that boy is crazy!" cried Mrs meet her daughter. "You don't suppose he would dare to try and sell For-

chance come? Might he do for Allen off." "Trust Ezra," said Helen stoutly, "I do." But her heart thumped, and she, too, felt more troubled than ever be-

Silently he handed down the deed.

which the old man examined eagerly "Just as I thought," he said curtly: "not recorded. Have you money? Not nough, perhaps, for everything. Here, take this."

Ezra accepted the bill, and the brief

Better tell the Burchards, I guess. The Squire pushed up his spectacles | They'll worry either way. Thank you, and listened, frowning. | Squire Winslow." Fairfax swiftly bent "Certainly, I remember the transfer and wrung his old friend's hand.

American Money in Colombia American money is now the basis for nearly all transactions in this part of "God bless you!" returned the old lawyer, unsteadily. It would take too long to describe the details of that ride. The road was a this consulate are now made out in "short cut" compared to the roundabout | American money, and it is not at all was going to give the place to his way by rail from Edgcomb to Lowell. likely that the Colombian paper curther. Jim Hinkley's at the bottom The brave colt did his best, rolling an rency will ever again be used in in-

# the use of a bit of land can engage. Roses may be planted either in the

In a geography.

A SIMPLE TEXT.

Tie the rope between two trees, so

other end of each string tie a pointed stick. Drive these sticks into the ground as far from the rope as you can. The sheet will now make a good roof. Two more sheets are now used for the sides of the tent. Each sheet

and comfortable. Most tents are very stuffy and hot, but this tent is as satisfactory an arrangement as can be made.-New York Evening Mail. BUNNY'S VICTORY.

nished with various bits of carpet to make a warm bed, is in the back yard. One night not long ago Mr. Brown heard the dog yelping, but paid little attention to the matter. Next morning the dog was foun asleep on the piazza door mat. He couldn't be induced to go near the kennel. Mr. Brown investigated. He found in the kennel a

of 1847.

The Great Horned Owl may be faseinated by a dog. And the photographing of the Great Horned Owl under these conditions is not difficult; wait until the owl seizes the fowl and stops to rest on the return to the woods then let a dog be led to within twenty or thirty feet of the owl, and the bird take no apparent notice of the person leading it. The behavior of the owl at such times is very amusing. It stands motionless, gazing intently at the dog: but after a few minutes, if the dog re mains quiet, the bird seems to become nervous, and steps first to one side and then to the other, hissing, snapping its beak, and ruffling its feathers. After this the owl will usually try to make off with its prey; but if another halt is made, the bird's actions show even more nervousness. While the owl's attention is thus attracted is the time to approach within "photo-dis-

HOW TO GROW ROSE BUSHES. tion in which any boy or girl who has New York News. expert on railroad management, made this statement: "Let us look at what might have hap-

pened if we had beeded the protests of the farmers of New York and Ohio and Pennsylvania tin the seventies when grain from the West began pouring to the Atlantic seaboard) and acted upon the doctrine which the Interstate Commerce Commission has enunciated time and again, that no man may be deprived of the advantages accruing to him by virtue of his geographical po sition. We could not have west of the Mississippi a population of millions of people who are prosperous and are great consumers. We never should have seen the years when we built 10,000 and 12,000 miles of rallway, for there would have been no farmers west of the Mississippi River who could have used the land that would have been opened up by the building of those railways. And, if we had not seen the years when we could build 10,000 and 12,000 miles of rallway s year, we should not have to-day, east of the Mississippi, a steel and fron producing centre which is at once the marvel and the despair of Europe, be cause we could not have built up a

been no market for its product. great cotton milling industry; we could fied kinds, because those industries

steel and fron industry if there had

country, while the development of the agricultural West of this country, did mean the impairment of the agricultural value east of the Mississippl River that ran up into hundreds of millions of dollars, it meant, incidentally, the building up of great manufacturing industries that added to the value of this land by thousands of millions of dollars. And, gentlemen. these things were not foreseen in the seventies. The statesmen and the publie men of this country did not see what part the agricultural development of the West was going to play in the industrial development of the East. And, you may read the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission from the first to the last, and what is one of the greatest characteristics of those decisions? The continued in ability to see the question in this large

that the farm land of some farmer is decreasing in value, or, that some man, who has a flour mill with a production of fifty barrels a day, is being crowded out. It never can see that the destruction or impairment of farm up of farm values in that place, and that that saifting of values is a necesstate Commerce Commission power to regulate rates, we shall no longer have like basis on which they have been regulated in the past by the railway men; who really have been great buildagination that rivals the imagination est inventor, and who have operated with a courage and daring that rivals the courage and daring of the greatest military general. But we shall have our rates regulated by a body of civil servants, bureaucrats, whose besetway and with the grasp of the statesman; that they never can see the fact that they are confronted with a small and that it cannot be corrected except by the creation of avils and abuses

the use of The Century Magazine as article on photographing flamingoes, which appeared in the December number of The Century, has helped to secure legal protection for these birds in their haunts in the Bahamas. The Colonial Secretary has just notified Mr. Chapman of the passage of an act which provides a close season for flamingoes and prohibits the shooting and killing of all song and insectivorous birds at all seasons. In the interest of the passage of the act copies of the December Century were sent to all members of the Bahaman Assembly and the Colonial Secretary writes to Mr. Chapman: "The passing of this much needed measure is due largely to your efforts, and especially to the interest aroused by your splendid work on the flamingo breeding

## Old Compositor's Stick.

To make a flower bed dig the soil a foot deep at least. Use plenty of put in a layer of stones, clinkers or broken crockery. Annual plants want all the sun they can get.

Small Reward.

Even the shoes of light hues have

until they are clean.

er than a cleaner, and so, at intervals, the shoes thould be washed in soapsuds. After being quickly dried tne "whitewash" is applied.

The Japanese influence is being