

STILL A BOY.

"Still a boy?" we heard one say
To another, half in jest.
Then fun-cripples joined in play
With a laugh of merry zest.
And the joy frame of him
Shook with bursts of sheerest joy
As he answered back with vim.
"Well, I'm glad I'm still a boy!"

Still a boy—aye, true enough—
Glad, yet gentler, pure and kind;
Molded sure of manly stuff—
Kind of boy it's hard to find.
Kind of boy it's good to see—
Man-boy, wholesome, simple; true—
Kind of boy you'd like to be.
If the choice were left to you.
Still a boy—how many now
Have forgot the solemn eye—
Have forgot the wrinkled brow
In the boy's that once came by?
Call him back—it is his due:
Let him come with youth and joy
Back into the heart of you,
Laughingly, and still a boy.
Still a boy—ah, well-a-day,
Boys are scarce enough at best.
With the rippling roundness
Let the boy still be your guest;
Let him cleave unto your heart
In boy-confidence and hold—
Still a boy—the man of you,
Long gone after he is old.
—Frank Bates Flanner, in The Reader.

"Clover Leaf" Johnson's Grizzly.

By HERBERT COULIDGE.

One of the minor "cattle kings" of California bears the title of "Clover Leaf" Johnson. The neat mark of his brand, the conventionalized clover leaf, is indelibly seared on the flanks of two thousand cattle that range over the mountains and deserts of three large counties.

It is my good fortune to have met Johnson and to have heard from him the following story of the days when the clover-leaf brand was young:

"The proudest hour of my life was when I sat on a horseshoe keg and watched a blacksmith as, with deft manipulation of fire and hammer and anvil, he fashioned the original clover-leaf brand. I told the smith to spare neither time nor expense in its making, and the figure came out with thin, even edges, and as true as a die in outline. Then, by indiscernible welding, it was made the end of a three-foot rod, the other extremity of which was bent to form a handhold. The finished product was suited for long, hard service, and, what is also of importance, was one that would brand cattle without mutilation and with a minimum of burning.

"The next day I started for the high mountains with five hundred cattle, which I was running on shares. Every fourth calf was to be my own, and before the season was over a number of the small fry were wearing the clover leaf.

"Duplicating the graceful imprint of my iron gave me such pleasurable thrills that in the long waits between calves, I sometimes fell to decorating the lightning-scarred trees and fallen logs about my camp.

"The other cow-men called my attention to this weakness by roughshod and well-taken jests, and have ever since called me Clover Leaf Johnson. As this name was also given to distinguish me from my nearest neighbor, whom they called Cattle Thief Johnson, I did not in the least object to the title.

"Some of my jocular friends declared I put several brands on each calf, although this I denied emphatically. Before returning to the foothills that fall, however, I did go to just such an extreme of 'art for art's sake' under conditions that were somewhat unusual.

"The cattle I was running were allowed to roam at will over the mountains, and my principal business, after getting them 'haunted,' was to keep the salt-licks filled and to look out for animals that were sick or crippled. Late one evening I found a cow and a steer that seemed to have been torn by some wild animal, and with the intention of treating their wounds the next day, I ran them into a corral that had been built near the huge lone oak under which I camped.

"Before dawn the following morning I was busy cooking breakfast when a pitiful bawling arose from the corral. Thinking that one of the cow brutes was goring the other, I seized my branding-iron, which happened to be the only weapon near at hand, and rushed to the rescue.

"I could not see what was happening inside the enclosure, as the stockade was of logs piled five feet high; but without hesitation I vaulted, clearing the top log neatly—under the circumstances far too neatly, for as my legs swung downward I caught sight of the unoffending steer covering in the farther corner, and not fifteen feet from the spot where I must alight the cow lay prostrate and bleeding, with a big grizzly walking round her.

"Ordinarily I am not a scatterwit, but on this occasion I certainly attempted a backward leap from a foundation of light mountain air, and in consequence, landed flat on my back, with arms and legs sprawling.

"My plight demanded action swift and strong, for the moment I hit the ground the grizzly made for me with just such an up-and-over hop as a spider executes when jumping a fly. Just how I evaded his charge I could never say. I know only that I got out of the corral very quickly, and with the bear close behind, raced for my lone oak.

"The lower limbs of this old giant branched some five or six feet above my head, and the great girth of the trunk offered little hope of ascent by the 'shinning' process. I should certainly have become meat for the grizzly had it not been for the branding-iron, which I had forgotten to drop, and the thought that I might hook the

handle end over a stub which projected at the base of the lowest branch.

"The claws and teeth in the immediate rear heartened me for the leap of my life. I was fortunate enough to hook the snag with a single carefully timed sweep of the iron, and with no noticeable pause in my upward flight, I ascended to a foothold in the crown of the tree.

"The grizzly, although falling back into an awkward heap from his first spring at my receding legs, seemed unwilling to admit that he was not a tree-climber; and spreading himself out like a flying squirrel against the broad trunk, he dug his huge claws into the rough bark and began inching his way upward.

"The tree leaned from the direction of the prevailing winds, and this, with the bear's great zeal and strenuous application, gave some promise of his attaining his ambition in spite of natural disadvantages. He became quite encouraged over his prospects; but when he had climbed a couple of feet, I reached down and hit him a clout over the head with the handhold of my iron. The stout rod rebounded from the blow as if the old fellow's hide were made of india-rubber, but it affected his temper violently, and with a guttural snarl, he dropped all holds, and promptly slid to the ground.

"We played this game until high noon. The grizzly could not resist the impulse to return buffet for clout, and upon every withdrawal of his fore hooks he dropped back to mother earth, always landing in a sitting posture, with a bump so harsh that his teeth would rattle.

"Finally he took a recess, and after stirring about my camp for a while, ate dinner for us both. Everything he did not eat he tore to pieces or overturned. Flour, bacon, bedding, beans, stock salt, dried fruit and sugar he 'piled' with grave satisfaction, ignoring completely the wild whoops and the lively war-dance with which I strove to divert him.

"Then, as if with the thought of settling his dinner, he reclined on his bulging side, and watched me with languid interest while I took up my belt a couple of holes and wondered how long it would be before I got another square meal myself.

"For me nothing clears the brain like fasting, and after an hour of silent contemplation, I began to work out a scheme which promised a neat combination of business and pleasure. First I procured some dry branches and built a lively fire in the saddle-shaped crotch of two gigantic limbs. Then I climbed out to where a storm-twisted branch threw out a luxuriant growth of new shoots, and cut a couple of stout staves six feet in length. One of these I whittled to a sharp point at the tapering end; the other I lashed to the handle of the branding-iron by means of my leather belt and some buckskin strings which I found in my pocket.

"By this time the fire had a good foundation of coals, in which I bedded the clover leaf. While I waited for the iron to heat, I offended the reclining grizzly by pelting him with chunks of oak bark, and when he came protesting to the base of the oak, by some vigorous digs with the pointed staff. Upon this, he took up the cares of the world again, aspiring, as before dinner, to become a tree-climber.

"But I caused him to defer the preliminary trunk-grappling effort by vigorous prods with the sharp stick. Then, as he reared in a great rage to threaten and parry, I let him chew and claw the staff for a moment, while I thrust the branding-iron under his guard, slapped the glowing clover leaf on his breast, and held it firmly an instant, while the overheated metal settled through his shaggy coat.

"It was a very much discomfited and outraged grizzly that withdrew from the dense little cloud of singed-hair smoke. As he backed about, angrily spitting out bits of the splintered staff and examining his fore quarters in grave amazement, I observed with keen delight that the clover leaf had taken splendidly. The imprint centered his broad, tawny breast, and was as true and as trim as a die. Never to my eyes had it looked half so imposing.

"One more before you leave me! One more to match it from below!" I shouted, and proceeded to rekindle my fire and the grizzly's tree-climbing ardor.

"In this latter I found considerable difficulty, as the branding incident seemed to have imbued the old fellow with deep-rooted diffidence. A full half-hour of pelting with sticks and bark was required to draw him within reach of my prod, although once this was accomplished, he speedily became lost in a ferocious craving for revenge. So overwrought was he with this base passion that he shortly found himself backing out from the fumes of burnt hair again.

"Now he bore on his breast two of my symbols of ownership, placed perpendicularly and stem to stem. So high did my enthusiasm run that I determined to add one at each side, thinking thus to complete a design in which four clover leaves radiated from a common center. The grizzly, however, would have none of it. A long season of futile effort, attended by a painful gnawing in the region where my breakfast and dinner should have been, made me decide to send him back to his haunts without further decoration.

"When I descended to put this plan into execution, the big brute scared me nearly to death by throwing himself into a tremendous bristle and making a furious charge. He did not

really mean it, however, for he wavered as he neared me, and upon my leaping forward and extending the glowing clover leaf, reversed ends with astonishing alacrity, and wonderfully tore up the earth between me and the nearest clump of timber.

"That was the last I ever saw of my grizzly in the flesh, but ten years later, when looking for cattle that had drifted a hundred miles off their range, I had an opportunity of closely examining my handiwork on his hide. It came about through a settler's noticing the brand on my horse.

"Is that your iron?" he inquired.

"On my answering affirmatively, he invited me into his cabin, saying that he had something to show me. There, covering half the floor, spread the pelt of a grizzly bear which bore the double sign of the clover leaf. Thinking to have some fun at my host's expense, I shook him warmly by the hand, saying:

"That's my iron, all right. You're an honest man, and I'm right glad to know you. I will take the hide, of course, and in the circumstances I'll agree to say nothing at all about the meat."

"The settler scratched his head some time before answering.

"That was a good word you said about my being an honest man. I suppose I can say the same for you?"

"Yes, sir!" I replied.

"All right, then, here is your hide. You will owe me something for damages, though. Your bear pulled down six of my cow brutes, killed fifteen hogs, and busted open thirteen beehives."

"Prove your losses and I'll stand them," said I, somewhat faintly.

"That's a go," agreed the stealer, promptly, and then proceeded with great gravity to enumerate the losses of his neighbors. Finally, noting the length my face was assuming, he burst out laughing.

"How about it? Hadn't we better say that the bear was wild and the hide is mine?"

"Yes," I replied. "You keep the hide." —Youth's Companion.

ADDS SPLEEN TO LIST OF FOODS.

Boston Physician Declares Hitherto Discarded Organ is Edible.

Declaring that red blood corpuscles come from the spleen and also announcing that spleens are edible, Dr. Edward T. Williams, a graduate of Harvard Medical School, believes he has found the means of adding 50,000,000 pounds to the nation's annual meat supply, which should mean a saving of \$5,000,000 a year. His discovery, he believes, makes it possible for the poor to obtain meat at a cost not exceeding ten cents a pound.

Dr. Williams was graduated from the Harvard Medical school in 1885, and several years ago gave up a profitable practice to engage in original research. In humble rooms, in Dudley street, he has lived as a recluse, devoting his time to study and experimenting.

Speaking of his work to one of the few persons who ever gained admittance to his quarters, he said:

"In the work I have been carrying on I have made it in regard to the spleen, for I have found that it is this organ which makes the red blood corpuscles.

"While this may be a matter of considerable interest to physicians and specialists, still what is of far greater importance to the average man or woman is that I have discovered spleens are good to eat, and extremely palatable when fresh. The average spleen contains 3-4 of a grain of iron and 1-2 grains of phosphorus per ounce, which makes it the richest possible food and particularly valuable in cases of impoverished bloods or nervous debility.

"The spleen is really the iron gland of the body, and contains more phosphorus than any other organ with the exception of the brain. I ate my first spleen about five years ago and found it quite palatable.

"The reason spleens have never become an article of commercial value in the beef industry is because they spoil so quickly. There is little use in placing them on ice, for after a few hours they seem to disintegrate and fall apart, and consequently are not marketable."

Dr. Williams has found, however, that spleens can be kept like other meat if the albumen in them is first coagulated by cooking. He says he is negotiating with a sausage manufacturer to put spleen on the market put up like sausages.—Boston correspondent of the New York Herald.

Advice to a Lawyer.

A young man from the South who, a few years ago, was so fortunate as to be enabled to enter the law offices of a well known New York firm was first entrusted with a very simple case. He was asked by the late James C. Carter, then a member of the firm, to give an opinion in writing.

When this was submitted, it was noticed by Mr. Carter that, with the touching confidence of a neophyte, the young Southerner had begun with the expression, "I am clearly of the opinion."

When this caught his eye, he smiled and said:

"My dear young friend, never state that you are clearly of opinion on a law point. The most you can hope to discover is the preponderance of the doubt."—Success.

Didn't Know.

Hostess: Let's have a game of bridge. You play, don't you, Miss Greenley?"

Miss Greenley: "Well, really, I don't know. You see, I've never tried." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

New York City.—The tasteful breakfast jacket is one of the most satisfactory garments any woman can possess. It means comfort as well as daintiness during the morning hours;



It affords relief from the high collar and cuffs of the regulation shirt waist and if well selected is apt to be extremely becoming. This one can be made as illustrated, with the V-

and three-quarter yards of embroidery to make as illustrated; three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven or thirty-two or two and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide to make with sailor collar and long sleeves.

Fancy Blouse Waist.

The fancy blouse is always in demand and is ever taking on fresh and fascinating forms. This one is distinctly novel and is adapted to all the pretty materials of the incoming season. It would be equally charming in light-weight silk and wool, and, as we are promised an increased number of both, it will find many uses. In the illustration chiffon taffeta is stitched with holding silk, and is combined with lace, while the edges are piped with very narrow velvet, the color being one of the new orchids that are constantly increasing in favor. Marquisette, veiling and all similar materials are, however, quite as appropriate as the silk and either lace, embroidered net of some pretty light weight contrasting plain material can be used for the chemisette and under sleeves.

The blouse is made with a fitted lining on which the yoke, the front and the back are arranged. There



shaped neck and elbow sleeves, or high with a sailor collar and long sleeves so that it becomes adapted both to present needs and to the future colder days. As illustrated, the material is Indian linen with the yoke of tucking and trimming of embroidery, but there are a great many similar washable materials that are liked by women who prefer such at all seasons of the year, while there are also innumerable light-weight flannels, albatross, cashmere and the like, that also are well adapted to the design. For the present and for many weeks to come pretty dimities, lawns, wash silks and the like, are perhaps to be preferred to everything else, but the time of cooler weather is approaching, and when it shall have arrived wools will be in demand. Trimming is always a matter of taste, and any pretty heavy lace or banding can be substituted, or narrow banding can be used as shown in the small view.

The jacket is made with the full pointed yoke, and a plain back. It can be gathered at the waist line and finished with a belt or can be adjusted by means of a belt of ribbon as in this instance. The sleeves are of moderate fullness. Those of elbow length are finished with straight bands over which the embroidery is arranged, while the long ones are gathered into deeper, shaped cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-seven or thirty-two or two yards forty-four inches wide with three-eighth yard of tucking and one

are tucks at the shoulders, and there are box pleats that extend for full length at front and back, these last terminating in points and being arranged in novel fashion in combination with straps of the material. The double sleeves make a notable feature and are eminently graceful.



The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarter yards twenty-one, three and one-quarter yards twenty-seven, one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with two yards of all-over lace.

Pink Carnations as Trimming.

Spikes of creamy pink carnations, looking so natural that one could almost catch a whiff of their fragrance, were used in the trimming of one hat, and a huge mushroom leghorn shown by the same importer had a scarf and back bow of very broad light blue ribbon, and at intervals around the crown stiff bunches of wood violets, primly encircled by their foliage, nestled among the soft folds of the scarf.

A Black Costume.

Quite economical and extremely effective is a fine black Russian broad dress trimmed with stripes or noed black taffeta ribbon, and the same idea may as well be executed in colored net and colored taffeta ribbon.

Cutaway Coat.

One of the favorite coat models is a short cutaway, with a lengthening tail in the back extending eighteen inches below the waist line.

SCIENCE.

A learned man of London, in attacking the recurring ambidexterity craze, says that this accomplishment is quite common among idiots; and that it is quite natural that well-balanced persons should use one limb more than the other.

California pear, apple, plum and cherry trees are a success at the German agricultural experiment station at Tsingtau in the Kinchow (German colony) territory of China. Shantung province may yet be one of the great fruit gardens of the world.

An electrical generator in a smelting plant at West Jordan, Utah, is said to have been in constant operation, 24 hours a day, for nearly four years and a half, with a single interruption, which was due to a broken pulley, for which the generator was in no way responsible.

More than 100 instances of the important influence on history of weather in war time have been collected by Richard Bentley of the Royal Meteorological society. Wind, fog, rain, snow, hail, thunder storms, heat and cold have all materially affected invasions, battles, retreats and other operations.

Considerable lead has been found in the ice cream, fruit leas, etc., sold in Rome. The receptacles used in freezing are lined with an alloy of lead and tin, and this not only dissolves in the ice cream but particles are rubbed off in turning the freezer. An Italian chemist, proving the presence of these metals with copper, concludes that lead poisoning accounts for much of the digestive troubles of the ice cream season.

Mars possesses about one-half the earth's diameter and one-seventh its volume. It is some 140,000,000 miles from the sun, and consequently at a mean distance of nearly 50,000,000 miles from us. It receives less than one-half the sunlight and heat a square-foot that we do; has an atmosphere less dense than ours, and possesses water and ice. The planet exhibits two ice caps at its poles, and orange and greenish tints between these poles.

At the recent exposition of the French Society of Physics exhibitions were given of an ingenious combination of the phonograph with the cinematograph, whereby the figures upon the screen were caused to go through all the motions of singing, while the sounds issued concordantly from the phonograph, so that the illusion was astonishingly complete. Similar combinations have been made before, but seldom with so much attention to details. The apparatus employed is called the chronophone.

MOTORS vs. HORSES.

Their Relative Value in Military Service.

The relative merits of motors and horse-drawn vehicles for the requirements of army transport and for employment as heavy baggage wagons have been studied with great care abroad, and repeated trials of special motors have been made under the conditions likely to occur in actual warfare in the open field. As the result of these tests certain necessary structural alterations have been formulated involving height off the ground for crossing ditches and ploughed fields and exceptional strength in the frame, as also the stock of spare gear needed, with other essential conditions for such purposes. It has, we believe, been definitely determined that as weight carriers motor wagons are for army purposes greatly superior to horse-drawn vehicles, especially in hilly country and over very rough ground. Colonel the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. Macdonald has recently been discussing the use of motors for the conveyance of troops in war time, and he has given some striking illustrations of the advantages gained over railway transport under certain circumstances. He selected Dorking for the point of concentration and taking an ordinary train traveling between London and Dorking, the period occupied in the journey is set down in the time table at an hour and twenty minutes. He asserted that a motor vehicle could cover the distance, "driven with care and consideration," in one hour and a quarter; the motor could then return light to London in an hour and five minutes, and could repeat this performance many times in the day. Assuming that the 1500 motor omnibuses that will shortly be available in London could be pressed into the transport service, each of which could cover this distance in two hours and ten minutes and make six double journeys of this length, he showed that with the modest unit of load of thirty men per vehicle this fleet of omnibuses could convey 270,000 men over the distance between London and Dorking in thirty hours, leaving the railways free for cavalry, artillery and bulk material, as also for ordinary traffic.—London Times Engineering Supplement.

Agassiz and "Bird's-Eye View."

On one occasion a person entered Prof. Agassiz's room with a picture which he desired to sell, denominated a "Bird's-Eye View of Cambridge." The professor contemplated it for a moment, lifted his eyes, looked at the vendor of the picture, and said with his characteristic accent: "Well, I thank God zat I am not a bird." —Boston Evening Transcript.