

THE SPINNERS.

Women, O Women, O Women, O Women,
That sing as ye weep and ye weave,
Will ye rede me the rede of the song that
ye reeve?
Of a thread of the hair of a love that is
dead and a hair of a love that will be
weave and ye reeve ere the curial-
ax cleave; but whereof do ye strand,
ye three?
Oh, Eld is the name of the song that we
sing, and the staves are of Sorrow
and Sleep;
And Weid is the name of the rope that we
reeve as we labor and skellock and weep;
Of Hate with a strand, and with Love of a
strand, of the hair of your beverils
twain
Do we reeve as we sing; and we bind them
with Dole that shall be till ye slum-
ber again!
—James E. Richardson, in The Reader.

Two Prisoners.

By Minerva Spencer Handy.

No matter what trouble Katherine got into she was sure to find some way to get out of it. From the time she had been a wee bit of a girl, her mother reached the conclusion that there was no use worrying over Katherine. The child seemed to have the faculty of always "landing on her feet." And this was true, except "once upon a time," when she did not.

One afternoon Katherine was left alone in the house. That is, no one was nearer than the kitchen, where Della was busily ironing. Katherine's mother had gone to pay some calls in the neighborhood. She had wanted her daughter to go with her, but this young lady had refused.

"What is there for a child to do?" she argued. "She can't play about, because it isn't ladylike. She can't talk because it is ladylike (at least ladies do a good deal of talking). I get very tired sitting on a stiff, high, uncomfortable chair and being told that I have grown a great deal and am getting to look more like somebody every day I live."

Mother laughed and said she thought there was a good deal of truth in what Katherine said. She advised her to stay at home and finish the story book she had gotten a week before on her birthday.

Katherine was delighted. The story was fascinating. It was about a little boy named Charles, whose father was the King of England. Two parties were fighting for the possession of the throne, Charles' father and his uncle. During the contest the king hid his son away at a friend's house, fearing that his enemies might steal the boy. The prince was very lonesome. He was not allowed to talk to anyone or see any person but an old servant who brought him his meals.

He had already been three weeks in this prison room when one day something happened. He had grown tired of watching the sun as it poured through the high latched windows, and of hearing the happy voices of the harvesters singing outside. They were happy because they were free and this thought made the prince more miserable than ever.

The room in which the boy was imprisoned was called the Cedar Room. It was paneled chair-high with wood, while above this were carved figures. These represented the gods and goddesses which the ancient Greeks and Romans worshiped long ago. Some of them amused the little boy, while others annoyed him equally. Among the first class was Jupiter, who was hurling lightning from his throne. Vulcan, too, was interesting, for he was hammering away on his anvil looking like a very giant in his massive strength.

Charles took the greatest dislike to the goddess Minerva. This famous person had a remarkably ugly nose. When the artist first carved her out of the precious marble her nose was a thing of the greatest beauty, straight and prominent. This prominent feature had no doubt brought it to its final state of ugliness, for because it was so prominent it had gotten chipped off and was now worn off as flat as the nose of some princess of Ethiopia.

Every time Charles looked at Madam Minerva he grew very angry. When he had decided that the most offending portion of Minerva was her nose, the Prince of Wales made up his royal mind what he would do. Seizing his toy bow and setting his lips tight, he said: "I won't put up with her nose any longer; I'll see if I can't hit it."

"Whizz!" went the string. Charles saw that he had hit the nose and the panel began of its own accord to slowly turn as if it were swung on a pivot. It only took a minute more for Charles to discover that behind this panel a secret passage was revealed, and following it the young prince was son on his way out of his bondage.

Katherine had just gotten this far in her book when she heard the voice of her chum beneath her window. She opened the sash, thrust out her curly head and a pleasant chat followed between the two girls. Katherine's curls were her most pleasant feature, just as Minerva's nose had been her most unpleasant. They were long and yellow, and no doubt looked so pretty in the golden sunshine that some mischievous fairy could not resist the temptation to play a trick. What this was Katherine did not discover until the "good by" of her friend had died away in the distance. Down came the window and Katherine turned to pick up her book and

learn what had happened further in the life of the prince. She had not turned more than a few inches when she discovered that she, like him, was a prisoner even as he had been. Her longest curl had caught in the hinge of the shutter, and the tightly closed window made her doubly a prisoner.

"What shall I do?" cried the terrified child. "I can't make Della hear in the kitchen and mother won't be home before five. There is nothing for me to do but to stay all these hours in this cramped position. I am worse off than Charles, for he could move around his room, while I get a dreadful yank every time I try to move. This is ever so much worse than making calls, but then mother has often told me that we do not appreciate our blessings until they have flown away. If I only had a bow and arrow, or even a pair of scissors; wouldn't I cut off this curl quicker than I could say Jack Robinson?"

Patience was not one of Katherine's virtues. Perhaps you are thinking that wisdom, or even what is called common sense, was also sadly lacking in her. Instead of doing a little quiet thinking, she worried herself until the tears came and finally her head began to ache with her frantic efforts to free herself from the shutter. Her whole condition was most miserable when her mother found her on her knees several hours later.

When the situation was explained to her, what do you suppose she did. Instead of crying over the unfortunate Katherine as Katherine expected her to do, she burst into a loud and hearty laugh. Katherine was surprised and hurt that mother should show herself so unsympathetic, when her position was cruel enough to melt a heart of stone.

"You foolish child," began her mother. "Here you have been torturing yourself this whole long afternoon, when all you had to do was to raise the window, release your hair from the shutter, when you would have been as free as Charles was when he found the secret passage."

Katherine was in the fifth grade at school and had always been regarded as a bright little girl. Where had her faculty of "landing on her feet" vanished? When she realized how foolish she had been, she decided the best thing she could do was to join in the general laugh at her own expense.—Philadelphia Press.

A Bright, Frothy Tragedy.

"What I want," Francis Wilson told an amateur dramatist, "is a bright, frothy tragedy—something crisp and snappy."

"How do you mean?" asked the would-be author, slightly puzzled. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Wilson. "Here's one. Just a little thing in one act, you know. When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young man. They embrace. Neither says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the natural inference of every discriminating playgoer.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws a revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine, fires.

"The young woman falls dead.

"He fires again. The young man falls dead.

"Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses, and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work.

"Great heavens!" he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'—Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree, in Everybody's.

Ants to Exterminate Rabbits.

The most curious plan yet proposed for combating the rabbit pest in Australia is the employment of ants, which was recently advocated by the Journal of the Department of Agriculture for Western Australia. As is known generally, the rabbit has multiplied in parts of Australia almost beyond man's comprehension, so that it is difficult to raise many crops, and resort must be had to rabbit-proof fencing, poison-baiting, etc. It is now proposed to introduce from South America a red ant which is not afraid to attack living animals, especially the very young. Just how large a number of these ants are under observation in their native habitat for the purpose of establishing their feeding habits so that no mistake will be made in their introduction is not known. The ant appears to be an especially equipped enemy of the rabbit, since its subterranean habits will make it easy to enter the rabbits' burrows and attack the young "bunnies," which, it is asserted, it can kill in twenty-four hours.

Generous Act Rewarded.

An undertaker named Roberts, at Walthamstow, England, several years ago buried, at his own expense, the bodies of a friendless woman and child who had been murdered, rather than see them laid in a pauper's grave. He has just received \$25,000, bequeathed him by an old gentleman who had admired his act.

Countries of One Crop.

Burma is one of the world's single-crop countries, basing her prosperity on rice, as Hawaii does on sugar, and the Philippines do on hemp.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

The theory that the germs of tuberculosis get into the human system chiefly through the medium of cow's milk is discounted in Japan, where such milk is practically unknown, while the mortality from tuberculosis is nevertheless very great, being in Tokio about one-fifth of the total number of deaths.

Science has shown that during the life of an organism there is a constant breaking down of the complex substance of the body, associated with an equally constant upbuilding, whereby waste is repaired, growth rendered possible, and the production of new individuals made practicable. Without such chemical disintegration, or death, the energy necessary for carrying on the life-process would not be forthcoming. Hence the absolute truth of the statement that death is necessary to life.

Mosquitoes are found to prefer negroes to whites, a black dog to a white one, and a dark-colored resting place. Careful tests have been extended to great numbers of anopheles, showing that they choose colors in the order of dark blue, dark red, brown, red, black, gray and violet, and that azure, ochre and white are distasteful and yellow extremely so. Confirming these results on 150 mosquitoes, a Swiss malaria expert has found that three-fourths settle on dark colors.

Novel experiments by Prof. A. Durrig have proved that, while alcohol is theoretically a food, its efficiency is so small that half a gallon would be required to run the human machine for a day's mountain climbing. It diminished the amount of work performed by the body per minute about one-sixth.

The preservation of wood with sulphur, applied in liquid form, is gaining special favor in Germany. The material completely fills the cell spaces in the fibre, and at moderate temperatures it is little affected by water, acids and alkaline solutions, though it oxidizes readily at high temperatures. Poplar is best adapted for this treatment, results with oak and pine being less satisfactory.

When the chemist inserts a small jet of flaming hydrogen into a vessel of liquid oxygen the hydrogen continues to burn, giving off snow instead of smoke. The snow is formed by the instantaneous freezing of the water created by the combination of the burning hydrogen with the oxygen inclosing it. When liquid air is cooled until it becomes semi-solid it is found that the oxygen may be drawn out of the mass by means of a magnet, leaving a jelly of pure nitrogen.

The Largest Cave in the West.

Two gold-prospectors recently discovered in the Santa Susanna Mountains, about fifty miles from Los Angeles, Cal., the largest and most remarkable cave in western America. While looking for indications of gold, they found an opening which they entered. The opening led to a great cavern, consisting of many passages, some of them wide, but most of them narrow and lofty. The passages lead into great halls, some containing an acre, studded with stalagmites and stalactites, in some cases so thickly that it is difficult to get through. The walls of one of these halls are covered with rude drawings, some almost obliterated, but others still clear. The drawings represent incidents of the chase, showing Indians on foot, pursuing bear, deer and other animals. One wall-painting shows the bear pursuing the hunter. The work is done with a soft, red stone, much used by the Indians for that purpose.—Scientific American.

Deep Sea Lobsters.

A Maine fisherman, believing that there are just as many lobsters as ever, set his pole away out on Cash's Banks, in the path of ocean steamships, and when he hauled them he found 2500 splendid specimens, none less than ten inches and most of them nearer fifteen and twenty. It is his theory that various causes may have driven the crustaceans away from the shore, but that there are still plenty of them if one can ascertain their whereabouts. His views will undoubtedly prompt other fishermen to act along similar lines in setting their pots, and it is to be hoped that the pessimistic views so frequently expressed of late will be disproved.—Kennebec Journal.

In Doubt.

In Egyptian hieroglyphics a physician is represented by a picture of a duck. Philologists are not agreed whether this means that the physician in question was looked upon as a quack or that he was considered a favorite among the fair sex.

English Government.

A Mohammedan army schoolmaster has addressed a loyal appeal to the native army in India pointing out that as soon as common sense is exercised the accusations against the Indian government fall to the ground.

Was Mars Talking to Us?

By CHARLES TORQUET.

Strange things are happening. For some time past toward midnight the receivers of the wireless telegraph stations have registered, and for a long period at a time, the signal three dots, which is persistently repeated. It has been proved, after investigation, that from no earthly station has such a message been sent at such a time. What, then, is this mysterious call? These three dots singularly recall three points of light which were observed on the planet Mars in 1901.

Midnight. Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap! Three sharp little knocks, short and hurried, sound insistently in the vast silence of the Marconi station. The sleeping employees are awakened with a start, and, frightened and vaguely anxious, they look at each other.

"Did you hear it? It is beginning again. What is it, and who on earth can be sending it?"

"Don't you know your Morse alphabet? Three short dashes mean S. Will that receiver never stop sounding S . . . S . . . S . . . S when no one knows why it is repeating it? It gets on one's nerves—listen!"

Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap-tap! "Yes, it is true, but what can we do? Every night this happens at midnight. As long as S is being telegraphed, the receiver will register it. When they have had enough of it they will stop."

But in the loneliness of their stations so lost and solitary at the end of the promontory, the employees at the wireless telegraph station feel, in the oppressive silence of the deserted night, those painful shivers which the black wing of mystery sends creeping up the back as it flies near. For several days past these three taps have been obstinately repeated. Inquiries have been made at all the stations in the world. No one has sent forth such a message. Some one is telegraphing, but not from this world. It must be, then, that the message comes from somewhere beyond. What is this obstinate little voice that calls to us in the darkness across the cold immensity of sidereal space?

Three dots? Wait a moment—why in 1892 and again in 1901 the observers of the heavens were talking about three dots. During those two years, through the most powerful telescopes, a triangle made of three luminous dots was distinguishable on the planet Mars, small to our sight, but in reality immense, a triangle whose sides measured several hundred kilometres in length. These luminous spots stood out in dazzling whiteness against the blood-red background of Mars.—Metropolitan Magazine.

John Bull's Bread-Basket.

Estimating an annual increase of twenty per cent. for several years in the acreage under wheat, an estimate fully attained by the actual conditions of 1904, 1905 and 1906, we have a total acreage of 8,580,000 in 1910, which, at an average yield of twenty bushels to the acre, would give a crop of 171,600,000 bushels. This is about the amount annually imported by Great Britain, and it does not seem unreasonable to assume that Canada may soon be able to feed the Mother Country. Of course not all the wheat can be exported. Beside the item of home consumption—a growing feature, with the expansion of city life—there is an amount needed for seedling, requiring on the average a bushel and a half to every acre cultivated. We shall not, therefore, have 171,000,000 bushels to export as soon as that amount is harvested, but each year the golden stream of wheat flows wider and swifter and deeper down to the lakes, and the development of only one or two additional years would cover the shortage. Thus it will be seen that the day when western Canada has fully earned its title of John Bull's bread-basket is not remote.—From "John Bull's Bread-Basket," by Herbert Vanderhoof, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

Valuable African Tree.

One of the striking results of the gradual settlement of hitherto uncivilized parts of the world by white races is the discovery of many new vegetable products capable of considerable commercial development. Among these attention has recently been called to a tree named the karite, which abounds in French West Africa, and is found even as far as the sources of the Nile. It produces eatable fruit, containing hard-shelled seeds, which are filled with a fatty substance, used by the natives as butter. The tree does not grow in forests, but in open, park-like expanses, and in gardens. In addition to the fatty substance of the seeds, which, it is thought, may find uses in commerce, the sap of the karite coagulates into a kind of gum, not resembling rubber, but which nevertheless may prove of importance.—Youth's Companion.

Costly Outlay in Cable.

There are said to be at present 250,000 miles of cable in all at the bottom of the sea, representing \$250,000,000. This works out at about \$1000 per mile to make and lay.

Uncle Allen.

"Once in a while," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "you meet a man who is so busy talking about the 'higher life,' the 'universal brotherhood of man,' and the 'general uplift' that he never has time to change his socks."

SLEEPING-CARS AND A CENT A MILE.

From "The Revolutionizing Trolley," by Alexander Hume Ford, in the Metropolitan Magazine: New Jersey is now ready to adopt the Western system of Pullman sleepers, buffet, and even freight cars on her trolley system, which means that New York City is to have an entirely new service; one that will bring more than half of New Jersey within the reach of hundreds of thousands who have never before dared hope for country homes near the great metropolises. From New York to Philadelphia and return by trolley occupies ten hours and costs two dollars, or a fraction over a cent a mile. This rate will probably be lowered when the through cars are in operation from Fulton Street and Herald Square to the City Hall in Philadelphia. At present the most pleasant trip is by trolley to Trenton, fare eighty cents, and down the Delaware River by steamer to the City of Brotherly Love. From Philadelphia to Atlantic City the through direct line of railway has been electrified so that New York to Atlantic City is already a possibility, via Philadelphia. From Jersey City there is a direct trolley line to Asbury Park, Ocean Grove and beyond. In time this will also be extended to Atlantic City and Cape May. In fact, Jersey is becoming gridironed with trolley lines, and with the promised adoption of the Western system, who knows but that by next summer theatre-goers may not roll into their bunks at Times Square, to be awakened by the car porter a few hours later before their own doors in some distant Jersey town or even in staid, quiet Philadelphia.

WISE WORDS.

Time is money to everybody but a loafer.

After he dines the dyspeptic whines.

Even a good argument is nine-tenths wind.

Wise men cultivate the art of taking things easy.

It takes a smart man to draw a salary for loafing.

Cracking a joke does not necessarily impair its value.

A man's reputation is no better for being guilt edged.

Few men bewail the loss of another man's money.

Lots of men and things seem easy till you try to do them.

Every time a girl falls in love she wonders if it will take.

If a girl is willing to marry she should tell her pops so.

When a man aims at nothing he seldom misses his target.

Better a word in season than an hour's lecture out of season.

Courtship is the first step and matrimony is the rest of the fight.

Too often the error of a minute becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

No small boy minds catching any disease during the school term.

Most commonly a woman argues the same way she gets off a car.

A girl hasn't much faith in a mirror that tells her that she is ugly.

It sometimes happens that a fresh guy is mistaken for a man of nerve.

Revenge may be sweet, but seeking it is apt to sour one's disposition.

Occasionally a man gets off the water wagon and climbs on the band wagon.

When you face misfortune it is time to turn your back on discouragement.

When a man gets religion he has to go to work and build up a new reputation.

When a woman doesn't know her own mind it is time she sought an introduction.

But the average man isn't so anxious to bet on a sure thing as those behind the game are to have him.—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

A New Metal.

A new metal called momel, which is expected to cause something of a stir in the industrial world, is being produced at the works of the Canadian Copper Company at Sudbury, Ontario.

It consists of a compound of copper, nickel, iron and one or two other minerals which are found in the district, and its importance lies in the fact that it is much less costly than nickel, is less liable to rust, and will serve all the purposes that are served by that metal in the industrial world.

The new metal is said to be of equal ductile strength with nickel and to possess all its other essential qualities, but it is not claimed that it would serve the purpose of nickel steel, which is used as armor plate.—From the American Metal Worker.

Rice Food For Millions.

Rice, which is the world's leading cereal, is also the leading crop cultivated in the Philippines. In Asia rice constitutes fully one-half the food supply of the population.

A Borough of Spinsters.

There are 23,804 unmarried women in the city of Westminster. Why not face the situation and call the place "Westspinster"?—London Bystander.



THE ROSE PREFERRED.
Reports from the Department of Agriculture show that in preferred flowers the rose heads the list, and the amount expended in the United States for these flowers in a recent year was \$6,000,000.

USE OF MANURE.
Manure in the garden is a prolific source of weeds. If the manure pile is well composted—kainit is one of the best mediums, preventing as it does the escape of the nitrogen in the manure, while losing none of its own potash—then the weed seeds will be killed by thousands and the manure itself will be more readily available as plant food.—Indiana Farmer.

KEEP FLOWERS CUT.

Vincas and hibiscus bloom more freely if not allowed to seed, while coleus should not even be allowed to bloom. Sweet peas must on no account be permitted to seed unless grown for the purpose. Seed may be gathered from the thunbergia, maurandya, adonia, common morning glory and holly-hock without risk of deterioration or harm to the vine. Asteriums suffer severely from seed-bearing, while ricinus, lantanas and salvia may be allowed to seed freely. Ageratums look rusty when ripening seed, and it pays to go over them frequently with the shears. This will keep them fresh and full.—Washington Star.

PERENNIAL CORNFLOWER.

The best known forms of the perennial cornflower are of quite easy cultivation in common garden soil, particularly those belonging to the mountain cornflower (C. montana), which soon form large spreading tufts in the border. In some respects forms of C. montana are not quite good enough for the select hardy plant border, but in shrubbery and such like places they are of service. Of this type there are many varieties, the typical kind having blue flower heads, with alba, white; rubra, red; sulphurea, sulphur colored; and others. Of these the most ornamental are C. montana alba and C. m. rubra. Not only are the plants easily raised from seed, but established examples may be increased freely by division. All the C. montana section flowers in June, or thereabouts.—Indianapolis News.

TERRACES.

Terraces may be desirable for two reasons—to hold a very steep slope or to afford an architectural base to a building. It is rarely necessary to make a terrace in a lawn. Even if the lawn is very steep it is better to make a gradual slope than to cut the area in two with a terrace. The terrace makes a place look smaller, it is hard to make and to keep in order, the grass is difficult to cut with a lawn-mower, and unless the sod is very dense, the upper part tends to wash off with the rains and the foot to fill in.

Nature does not have abrupt banks unless they are made of rock. If it is necessary to terrace a lawn to hold it the terrace would better be at one side rather than in the middle. In that case it is possible to obtain a good breadth of lawn. If the terrace is at the outer side of the lawn next the street a perpendicular, masonry retaining wall may be constructed. If on the inner side, it may be placed close to the building and made to appear as part of the architecture, practically the base of the building. If this is done there should be a balustrade around the edge of the terrace, if possible, to give it an architectural air, and the descent from the terrace to the lawn should be made by means of steps.

Terraces look best near buildings with many strong horizontal lines. They do not lend themselves so well to buildings in the Gothic style.—Indianapolis News.

FINISHING CELERY.

The time to begin earthing up is at the approach of the cool weather, about the first of September. The first earthing up is called "handling," the soil being first drawn up against the plant with the hoe, and then further drawn closer around each plant with the hand. Handling brings stalks together, keeping them upright. Later, more soil is



drawn against the row by the plow hoe, or celery hiller. The final earthing is commonly done with a spade, where small lots are grown, but can be done with a celery hiller.

The soil should be carried nearly to the top of the plant, so that only the leaves show, as in the illustration.

The best way to keep celery in the winter is to store it in a deep trench, in the same position as when growing, the plants being crowded closely together, the tops above the ground, and covered with litter enough to prevent freezing. Your soil where the trench is dug should be dry, and dug not more than a foot wide, and as deep as the plants require. No earth is put on the roots in the trench, and nothing but litter on top.—I. A. L., in the American Cultivator.