

AT THE FORKS O' THE ROAD.
 Dar's of 'Trouble at de forks er de road—
 Dunno which road ter take;
 Don't you he'p 'em fer ter tote his load—
 'Trouble is all he make!

Don't you min' w'en he whistle a song—
 Dat w'en he whettin' his knife!
 Show 'im de road—but show 'im wrong,
 An' run fer yo' life—yo' life!

—Atlanta Constitution.

**WITH A LOAD
 ...OF...
 SPRING LAMBS.**

By C. A. Stephens.

One of my youthful neighbors, Charles Coburn by name, who migrated from Maine to California a few years ago, writes me most interesting letters occasionally, telling me how he is faring out there and what life is like in the Golden State.

One of these long letters came only a week ago, and among other things, describes a somewhat startling adventure which befell him while on the way to the railway station with a load of lambs.

Young Coburn's new place, as I shall have to explain, is up among the Sierras, at no great distance off the stage road which leads from Berendo and Raymond over to the famous Yosemite valley. At the old Coburn farm in Maine the boys were trained to dairying, sheep-raising and fruit-growing, and Charley wished to follow these lines of farming in California.

He therefore settled in one of the elevated mountain valleys, where sheep can be pastured and apple-trees thrive.

For climatic reasons it is only in these Sierra districts of California that apples grow well. Here they flourish, and Charley was able last season to market 4000 bushel boxes of winter fruit from his young orchards. With the thrift of a true son of the old Pine Tree state, too, he is putting his savings into sugar-pine timber lands up in the mountains, which bid fair to yield large profits in the not distant future.

But my present story is of his adventure on July 1st with a crate of spring lambs, while he was driving down from his mountain farm to the railroad.

There were 23 fat lambs in the large crate on the double wagon, and the distance which he had to drive was a little more than 30 miles, over three mountain ridges, much of the way being through pine growth.

He had made an early start, and expected to get down to the railroad-station by nightfall.

One of his horses was taken sick on the road, however, when only ten miles out. He had to unhitch, and for a time expected to lose the animal. It lay writhing about in great distress for several hours. At last he rode the other horse to the ranch and store of a settler eight miles away for a bottle of "colic cure."

and plunging aside out of the road, brought the wagon up with a heavy shock against stumps and stones.

Coburn was thrown headlong between the horses, but falling partly on the wagon tongue, he recovered himself, sprang off in advance of the team, and got the frightened animals by the bits. They reared, snorting, and swung the wagon out into the road again, for they heard, or scented, the panther stealing up behind. Coburn was dragged along for some distance, and had all he could do to prevent the horses from getting clear away.

In the midst of the scuffle and clatter, he had heard a savage growl and jumped to the top of the crate. He could see it there indistinctly, in the dim starlight, balancing itself, trying to tear off the crate slabs, to get at the lambs. The horses now went nearly frantic, pushed violently back, then sprang on again, and going off the road on the other side, stuck the pole back of a tree in such a way as to bring the tree between them. With his arms round the tree, Coburn now got hold of the bits of each horse and held them there, and after some moments—catching his breath—he pulled the reins through the bits and tied the heads of both horses close to the tree trunk. They could not now get away; in fact, they held each other there hard and fast.

Meanwhile a frightful racket, accompanied by a loud bleating of the lambs, was going on in the crate behind.

When the horses bumped off the road the last time, the lion had fallen or jumped off the crate. It was not now in sight, and Coburn stepped cautiously back beside the high horse, to see where the brute had gone and what it was doing. By the sounds, the lion was evidently in among the lambs; and Coburn's first thought was that it had torn the top of the crate off.

In the wagon box, under the driver's seat forward, was his coat and also his belt, in which he was accustomed to carry a revolver when out on the road at night. The day had been so hot that, while doctoring his horse, he had taken the belt off and put it in the box with his coat. The revolver was what he was now trying to secure. Creeping low beside the horse, he reached up to the box, and raising the lid, got hold of the belt and pistol.

From the noise in the crate he was sure the panther was in it, killing a lamb; and he slipped quickly along by the wheels, to the rear end of the crate, determined to risk a shot at close range if he could see the animal. Now, however, he discerned that the crate door was open and that the lion had sprung in there. But the lambs appeared to be all huddled at the front end, and it instantly occurred to him to clap the door to and fasten it; for he saw now that the top of the crate was still intact.

While he was securing the door, however, he nearly ran over two small creatures close to the wagon-wheels. They sprang away, but stood, snarling, a few steps off, looking in the dim light to be no larger than house cats. He at once surmised that these were cubs, and that it was an old female had attacked him.

He was not afraid of these little fellows; but when he clapped the crate door to, the old one suddenly dashed back at it with a lamb in her mouth, snarling frightfully. He fired at her head as well as he could see—and then pandemonium reigned inside the crate!

The alarmed lambs rushed to and fro, bleating loudly, and the lion appeared to be going heels over head among them!

Coburn meanwhile was holding the crate door, trying to get another shot. Some moments passed before matters quieted enough for him to do so. The awful snarls and growls of the entrapped beast guided him as to its whereabouts, however, and at last making out its darker form among the lambs, he fired again—several times, in fact.

**Glasgow's Great Success
 in Running
 Her Own Street Car Lines**

By Frederic C. Howe.

THE private company predicted failure, said the city would go bankrupt. So they refused to sell the council their cars, because they expected the system to come back to them in a short time.

The first thing the city did was to reduce the hours and increase the wages of the employees. Then free uniforms were added, along with five days' holiday each year on pay. This increased consideration for the employees now costs the department something like \$500,000 a year. The council did not stop here.

Hauls were lengthened and fares cut down 33 percent. Today one may ride a half-mile for a cent; two and one-third miles for two cents, and three and a half miles for three cents. For fares are arranged on the zone system. You pay for what you get. The main thing is, what does the average rider pay? In 1905 it was 1.89 cents, while the average fare charged per mile was nine-tenths of a cent. Of the 195,000,000 passengers carried, 30 percent paid but one cent, 60 percent but two cents, and only 10 percent of the total number carried paid more than the latter sum. All fares in excess of two cents might be abolished and the earnings would hardly show it.

And the cost to the city for carrying the average passenger (not including interest charges) was just under one cent in 1905. An examination of the earnings and expenses shows that the Glasgow tramway could pay all operating expenses, could maintain the system, could pay local taxes the same as a private company, and still carry passengers at a universal fare of one cent. It could do this and make money. On the basis of last year's earnings it would make about \$75,000 even if there was no increase in traffic. For the operating expenses and maintenance charge in 1905 were \$1,884,150. If the 195,767,519 passengers carried had paid one cent each, the earnings would have been \$1,957,675.—From Scribner's.

**Improvements in Peking
 More Real Advance in China in the Last
 Two Years Than in Previous Millennium.**

By Joseph Franklin Griggs.

ACOMPETENT authority on things Chinese states that during the last two years China has made more real advancement than in the previous millennium. That his judgment is sound is apparent to those who enjoy the vantage point of a residence in Peking. It has long been predicted that changes would be surprising in their speed, but the most sanguine had not hoped for what is taking place.

In passing through Peking, the streets seem to be the most striking phenomenon. Three years ago there seemed little hope that the black mud, and the disgusting sights and stenches would ever give place to anything better. The board that had been appointed to repair the streets was considered to have an Augean task and was the butt of many facetious remarks. Now the broad thoroughfares are fast being converted into handsome avenues. The central portion, a strip of about seven yards in width, is being well macadamized with the aid of steam rollers. This is flanked on each side by shallow drains of brickwork, a row of trees, an unpaved strip of five yards in good repair, then a curbed sidewalk of varying width, cheaply cemented with pounded lime and earth. The building line has been straightened, necessitating the rebuilding of many shops, the rehabilitation of which is in keeping with the rest. Long-forgotten sewers have been reopened, and places of conveniences erected, the use of which is made compulsory. Innumerable unsightly sheds which have occupied half the roadway are being removed, forever, it is hoped, and the squatters have sought other fields in which to ply their trades. The new roadways are guarded by uniformed police in their sentry boxes, and kept in order by numerous laborers. Fine telephone poles, strung with countless copper wires, replace the topsy-turvy line of the last few years. The telephone is no longer a curiosity, but is fast becoming a necessity to progressive business men.—From The Century.

**Where
 Do Wild Animals Die?**

By Dr. Theodore Zell.

WHERE do wild animals die and what becomes of them after death? The question is simple enough and easily answered in some cases, but extremely difficult in other cases. In a large number of cases the animals are killed by other animals or by man and eaten. They find their graves in the maw of their enemy, who in turn may find his grave in the stomach of some other more powerful creature. Of all living creatures man is the most bloodthirsty, and more animals fall victims to his greed, cruelty or appetite than to the murderous instincts of carnivorous or other animals.

It has been asserted that man is compelled to kill to prevent an excessive increase in the number of animals which would threaten his very existence. The mission of the carnivorous animals seems to be a similar one. In Russia 180,000 head of cattle and other large animals and 560,000 smaller animals are killed by wolves every year, not counting the poultry which becomes their prey.

Some have made the assertion that certain animals, when they feel the approach of death, retire to some hiding place, a cave, hollow tree, or some crevice in the rocks, and there await the end. That may be true and is decidedly probable, but does not explain the fact that only in rare cases are the remains of dead animals found in such places. It has often been commented upon that even in the districts where monkeys are abundant dead monkeys are scarcely ever found. Ancient writers like Pliny speak with remarkable erudition of the age which certain domestic and wild animals reach, but their writings throw no light upon the question as to what becomes of the animals after death. The number of carcasses and skeletons which are actually found is far too small to give a satisfactory explanation of the puzzling question which is still witing for its Oedipus.—Chicago Tribune.

Looking Ahead

By Paul Alwyn Platz.

EMPLOYEES in the entry department of a wholesale clothing house were on the anxious seat because it was known that a promotion was close at hand. During all their discussions, however, one young man was too busy to talk as he was working upon the sales-book which was in a tangle and a month behind the orders. To bring it up to date was a task that made all of the young men in the entry department avoid it, as it involved much detailed work. One day, while they were discussing who would be the lucky one, the young man closed the book with a cry of joy and exclaimed: "It's up to date!" "It's work wasted!" was the comment of the others.

The next day the head of the firm came into the entry-room with a troubled look. "We're in a great fix. I wish the sales-book was up to date!" "It is," responded the young man who had been working upon it. "You do not understand me correctly," said the head of the firm. "I mean the big order-book." "The book is up to date," and the young man reached over and picked up the sales-book, opening it on his desk.

When the promotion was announced, the young man who worked in his spare moments was the lucky man.



"If I'd Had Eyes to See.
 Last night, though mother tucked me up
 And kissed me for good-night,
 I could not go to sleep because
 It was so very light.
 The moon looked through the window pane,
 And made the whole room white.
 I thought about my new tin pail,
 And Dolly's broken head,
 And then I heard the sweetest song,
 And my quite still in bed,
 And listened, for the sweetest songs
 Are angels', mother said.
 Was it an angel? Could it be?
 I peeped out just to see,
 And all I saw was one brown bird
 Upon the white rose tree.
 It was an angel, mother thinks,
 If I'd had eyes to see!"
 —Home Herald.

There's Many a Slip.
 This phrase originated with a poor slave. It was prophesied of a king, and the prophecy was fulfilled. When Anceus was king of Samos, in the Grecian Archipelago, he planted an extensive vineyard, and oppressed his slaves so heavily in its cultivation that one of the bolder ones prophesied that he would never live to taste any of the wine.

The king laughed and had the slave beaten. Then, at last, when the wine was made, he sent for the slave to witness him drink the first glass of it in order to show him that the prophecy was false. When the servant appeared, the king, raising the glass of liquor, said, "What do you think of your prophecy now?"

"There's many a slip, 'twixt cup and lip," was the answer. The words were scarcely uttered when Anceus was informed that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard and was ruining it. Dropping the wine untasted, the king hastened to the scene to drive out the boar, but he was killed in the encounter, and the slave's prophecy was fulfilled.—Home Herald.

Charlie's Fairies.
 "Charlie has a perfect genius for making the best of things," mamma once said. And Charlie certainly had.

When Effie lost her little brass thimble and cried over it, it was five-year-old Charlie who comforted her by saying, "Now, Effie can get a pretty new thimble; a silver one like mamma's."

When Ralph upset the dish of preserves and spoiled a tablecloth and centerpiece, Charlie said cheerfully, "Sarah will have to wash the fings more harder now. Mamma said she didn't get the tablecloth white a bit last time."

And when he cut his own hand so badly that it had to be sewed with two stitches and bandaged, Charlie simply remarked in a tone of satisfaction, "Now, Effie'll have to help me dress, and pap'll have to cut up my steak ev-ry day." For Charlie still had trouble with his buttons and his knife and fork.

Once, while they were all playing in the orchard, Effie and Ralph and a lot of bigger cousins who took delight in doing things Charlie couldn't do, the latter felt his smallness particularly keenly. Jack was swinging by his legs from the limb of an apple tree, while Ralph ran out like a monkey on the highest limbs, and Charlie, perched in a lower crotch of the tree, was looking on in wondering awe.

"Say, Charlie," called Ralph, "bet you couldn't do that!"

Charlie craned his neck to see this astonishing feat of Ralph's, leaned too far, lost his balance and fell. Down he came onto the ground, very flat, very suddenly and very hard.

He sat quite still for a moment, dazed and breathless, then realizing that he was still sound, he made the best of things, as usual, calling out triumphantly to Ralph, "I bet you couldn't do dat!"—Washington Star.

Danger Signals.
 Claudia had been hoping for the day when she could go to school, says the Sunday School Times. It seemed to her a very long time in coming, but at last the wished-for morning arrived, and the tiny girl, in her pretty white dress and pink jumper, with a pink ribbon on her hair, started for the schoolhouse with a neighbor.

Claudia came home at noon quite alone.

"And how did you like it?" mamma asked.

"Oh, it was beautiful!" Claudia answered.

"Were the teacher and the children pleasant?"

"Yes, mamma, they were all very nice! But—oh, mamma!"—and her lip began to tremble—"I'm 'fraid I can't go any more; there's so much danger!"

"Danger? What do you mean, dear?"

"I saw a boy who said I ought not to go to school, there's so much danger,—it's up the street and down the street, and everywhere!"

Mamma was very much puzzled. Claudia could not tell what the danger was that threatened her; but she persisted it was everywhere.

"Well, never mind," mamma said, finally. "I will go with you this afternoon, and we will find out."

After luncheon they started, Claudia holding fast to mamma's hand. As they turned the corner, the little girl pointed ahead.

"There, mamma," she said, "there's the danger!"

Mamma stared, and then laughed, for down the street the road-roller was at work, and there was a sign

of warning—"DANGER"—in big letters!

"And it's up the other way, too!" Claudia cried.

Mamma looked and, sure enough, there was another sign of "DANGER;" the road was being torn up.

Then mamma explained to Claudia that the "danger" was not to little girls, but to people driving horses. It meant that they must not come too near, or the horses might be frightened and run away.

After that Claudia went to school alone and she was never troubled by any "danger" signs again.

A Bear Story.
 Phyllis and her new little Teddy Bear were perfectly happy, and while one couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor deserted dolls, no one could blame Phyllis for loving that cunning, soft, bright-eyed little white bear. Really, all the grown-ups in the family got to loving him, too. Phyllis never said she loved Teddy more than Marie and Florence and Big Aggie and the others, but she did say that she thought he was "kind of alive," and she did love to snuggle him up—he was so much company.

Now Phyllis was only 7, you must know, but she belonged to a missionary society, and she talked and thought a great deal about the missionary who was the children's "very own," and who lived in a far-away country where she was teaching the boys and girls to know and love Jesus. A wonderful thing was to happen! A box was going to be sent to this missionary—a box full of lovely gifts for those other boys and girls in the far-away country, and all the children, Phyllis among them, were to give the things that were to go in the box. Such excitement you never heard of! All the mothers and aunts, and even fathers and big brothers, began to talk about that box, and even ask if they mightn't put something in, too.

But one day Phyllis came home from her missionary meeting looking very sober. She went straight upstairs and got Teddy (for of course she couldn't have taken him to the missionary society) and then sat down in her little red chair and thought and thought. By and by the secret came out. The lovely young leader of the children's society had been telling the children how God loved those other children in the far away country, and how he had given his only and much-loved Son, Jesus, for them, just as much as for us. And she wondered if any of her children in the missionary society loved those other boys and girls in the faraway country enough to send in the box something they loved very much—perhaps the toy or plaything they loved the very best.

Do you wonder that Phyllis looked sober, and she hugged Teddy so tight that night that he was actually in danger of smothering.

In some way the dolls found it out. How, I am sure I don't know, but that very night when they knew that Phyllis had made up her mind to send Teddy in the box, they held a regular jollification in the nursery. They took hold of hands and danced all over the room, to begin with. Even the doll that didn't move in the high society, joined in. Captain Kidd strutted about with his sword in his belt and his cocked hat on, and told some of his most exciting yarns. Tommy Tuckey not only sang for his supper, but he sang a great many other things. Marie had on a perfect dream of a French gown, and she prouetted about on her toes in the most Frenchy style imaginable. Some one helped Big Aggie out of the corner of the closet, and she sat in a comfortable chair, and just beamed, while Baby Florence and the Rubber Doll, not being able to move about much, looked as pleasant as could be. They were so glad that "horrid little bear" was going abroad in the missionary box!

But Teddy didn't go after all. The very day that Phyllis was to carry him to the church where the box was being packed, Uncle Bob, who lived at Phyllis's home, said that he never could stand it for that little white bear to go away. He said if Phyllis would let him keep Teddy on this side of the water that he would give her enough money to buy two bears just like him, and they could go in the box. Phyllis thought a long time about it, and at last she decided to make the bargain with Uncle Bob. Two bears would make two children instead of one, happy, in that far away country. Uncle Bob asked Phyllis if she would look after Teddy for him while he was at the office all day. And then of course he couldn't be disturbed at night when he was so tired, by a bear growling, so Phyllis said she would keep him quiet.

Phyllis gave a grand party in Teddy's honor, soon after the box with the two new white bears and ever so many other nice things in it, had been sent to the faraway country, and all the dolls were invited. And the dolls were so delighted, and so excited getting ready for the party that all the dismal, flew away in a great hurry, and everybody was as happy and contented as could be.

And I, one of Phyllis's dolls myself, happen to know that Teddy and all the dolls have been the best of friends ever since.—Children's Missionary Friend.