THE SLEEPY SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red and low, And the house upstairs is still. She sings me a queer little sleepy song Of sheep that go over the hill.

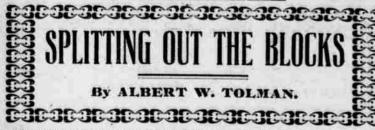
The good little sheep run quick and soft, Their colors are gray and white; They follow their leader nose to tail For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next, And one runs after behind; The gray one's nose at the white one's tail, The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill They quietly slip away. But one runs over and one comes next-Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go and over they go, And over the top of the hill The good little sheep run quick and soft, And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next. The good ntile, gray little sheep! I watch how the fire burns red and low, And she says that I fall asleep. —Josephine Daskam, in T. P.'s Weekly.



over 200 feet up the sloping shipyard, from a sunlit harbor to a pile of Georgia pine near the blacksmith's Her inner "ceiling" of heavy shop. timber was almost finished, and a big "planking" crew was putting on streak after streak outside her oaken frames. Sledges rang on steel bolts and thudded on locust treenails, and the whole yard buzzed with life.

Under the bow an old man with gold earboops and iron gray hair beneath his bandless straw hat kept filling two coal hods from a whitish heap of coarse Trapini salt. These carried along gangplank and he stagings and emptied between the frames, till each "berth" could hold no more. Thus was the vessel "salted" to preserve her from future decay.

The old man's face had a healthy flush; his blue eyes were bright and clear. His bare brown forearms displayed hard bands of muscle; the right bore the Stars and Stripes, tattooed dull blue in India ink; while a fancy scroll pricked into the left enclosed his initials, "G. W. N." As he rested in the shadow of the knightheads I questioned him about shinbuilding. His first replies were monosyllabic, but on further acquaintance he grew more communicative.

"Yes," he said, "I've worked round vessels since I was old enough to drive deck-bungs. Twenty years I was carpenter on different ships, and I've circled the globe more times than you've got fingers on one hand. Storm, fire, wreck, mutiny-I've seen em all, yet here am I, back in my native town, working in the very yard where I learned my trade almost sixty years ago.

"The launching ways used to be over there." He indicated a chipstrewn slope where lay several unsmoothed spars. "Down in the rockweed you'll find some of the oak cobwork still. I've been in a good many tight places, but never in a tighter than near those old timber ends one July night when I was seventeen.

'This yard was then owned by Enos Carrington, whose ships were famous the world over. The Zenobia Semple was a beauty of 1800 tons, the largest and finest vessel ho had ever built. She was finished by July 1, and her launch was appointed for the 15th, at ten minutes before midnight, as in summer the tides by derably higher that

The keel of the schooner extended | leaving the keel hanging in air, she settled steadily, bearing more and more heavily on the ways.

"Soon her weight would start the running ways moving down over the sloping surface of the standing ones, and she would go into the water with a rush, borne along as if on a pair of greased hard pine runners fastened under her bilge.

"Nowadays we split the stern blocks first and work gradually up toward the bow, so that, when the vessel starts, the men under her are pretty near the stem. Of course every vessel is launched stern first. But it was an earlier custom in some yards to split down from bow to stern. The men on the last blocks, therefore, rarely having time to get out before the vessel started, were obliged to let her pass over them, thereby running no little risk from flying timbers. The blocks of the Semple were taken in this latter order. I had helped wedge up, but was not considered experienced enough to take part in the splitting. "The band was silent. The only music came from beneath the ship. Klang! kling! klang! pealed the sledges, as the tough fibred oak

cubes, hardened almost to iron by months of increasing pressure, were cut away. Slowly sternward moved the ringing strokes; outside the ways the lanterns kept them company.

"No sound came from the spectators. Closer and closer to the rudder drew the hammering. She might start any second. Suddenly she moved two or three inches. The crowd hurrahed, and the band began 'Hail Columbia.' The music ceased when they found she had stuck fast. The block splitters, thinking that she would move in a moment, scrambled from under her as fast as they could.

"Now and then rose the cry. 'There she goes! There she goes!' But she didn't go.

"The crowd aboard shook the rigto jar her loose; but she wouldn't the safer I would be. budge. Then somebody on the ground suggested butting a timber against the stem. Twenty men several blows; but even that failed. The unsplit blocks beneath the stern held her stock still. A panic selzed

elled, angrily; and they stopped. Matters were too serious for music then. He tossed his hands above then. his head. "'Are you all cowards?' shrieked

'If I wasn't so old, I'd do it myhe. self. Fifty dollars!

"When he said fifty I thought how much that would mean to my family. Why shouldn't I volunteer? But 1 hung back, waiting for some one else. Still nobody took him up. The more he offered the bigger looked the danger. "'It's the price of a man's life,' a

carpenter near me muttered. "'One hundred dollars!' Carring-

ton cried, hoarsely. That broke the spell.

"'I'll do it,' I said, stepping quickly forward, afraid that some one might get ahead of me. But I need n't have felt anylous; nobody else wanted the job, even at that figure.

"Carrington eyed me a minute. Then he thrust into my hands a sledge and a couple of wedges. A man behind me said in a low tone: 'It's a shame to let that boy go under. He'll never come out alive.' "That wasn't very encouraging; but I had determined to see the thing through. I crawled over the slippery standing ways below the cradie end, splashed through the tide covering the rocks and cobwork, and was soon close to the keel, about twelve feet from its end. I began to split sections off the first of the

three blocks. "It was hard work. Knee deep in water on the slippery logs, I put all my strength into every blow. The time was short. If I took too long, the tide would fall so that the ship might strike bottom when she went off.

"I had plenty of light from the lanterns outside the ways. A few feet off stood Carrington, almost crazy with anxiety.

"'Work hard! Work fast!' he kept shouting. He didn't mean to be heartless; but he came pretty near being so.

"Little by little I split away the edges of the first block. Soon it was loosened so that I could knock it from under the keel. Two mofe! "I rained my blows furiously upon the second. Splash! One of my wedges disappeared in the water. Another was quickly passed in to me. I could hear nothing save the ringing of my sledge on the steel. This block took longer than the other, but in a few minutes it, too, gave way. A single cube of oak directly under the stern post was all that now held the great ship on the ways.

"Mustering my final energies, I at tacked this last block. Strange that a single blow by my tired arms should have affected so huge a mass! Yet that one stroke was what the ship had waited for.

'Along the ways sounded a groaning; the groaning grew to a rumbling; the rumbling deepened into thunder. The block before me was crumpled into match wood. The ship had started.

"'Down! Down!' came the warn ing cry, as the lantern holders sprang back, leaving me in darkness.

"I had no time to get out. The moving cradle would have ground me to pieces. I must hold my place, while the ship slid over me. Down into the water I dropped on hands ging and ran about the decks, trying and knees. The lower I could get,

"The next few seconds I have never forgotten. I was facing the bow; on my left, the keel; on my right, picked up a big plank and struck the cradle wall; overhead the bottom of the ship. It was a tunnel, of which the top and sides were rushing past me, and only the floor was still. the gang who had left their duty un- Far up under the bilge, but rapidly finished; not one could be persuad- approaching and growing larger, ed to go under again. When she was a dim square of light, framing

"I raised my head. A thin cloud, smelling of scorched wood and tallow, swam before my eyes; and amidst a tumult of bells and whistles I caught the strains of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' The ship was off, and I had escaped un-harmed."-From Youth's Companlon.



An electrically operated clothes wriager is one of the latest inventions for the domestic laundry.

There are 125 miles of electric street railways in Rio Janeiro. The current is obtained from water power.

The output of the Russian oil fields in the Baku district has been greatly increased by recent installation of steam turbines to drive the electric dynamos and for the pumping installations.

The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor, and on account of the perspiration cooling the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes.

Experiments show that there is an intimate relation between the color of sea water and the proportion of salt it holds in solution, the blue water containing much more salt than the green, the difference in the two colors being entirely a matter of more or less brine.

Thunder is just the snap that we hear in our electric machines greatly intensified, and it is no doubt caused by the violent commotion in the air by the rush of electricity through it. Light travels enormously faster than sound; consequently we see the flash long before we hear the thunder, the interval depending on the distance of the lightning from us.

Fish contain three times as much phosphorus in their composition as quadrupeds, and as phosphorus is an essential constituent of the human brain and requires renewal in proportion to the amount of work that organ is required to perform, it follows that a dish partly composed of fish will be serviceable to such as are engaged in severe mental labors.

Rables is a far more common disease than is generally admitted; so that Dr. E. C. Schroeder, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, urges constant observation of dogs and their

muzzling in public places. Recent progress has greatly lessened its effects, for, since Negri's discovery in 1903 of the distinguishing micro-organisms in the nerve cells, the disease s easily recognizable, and the Pasteur treatment is effective in curing it. The mortality of sixty and eighty per cent. in untreated bits on hands and

head has been reduced to 0.75 and 1.25 per cent.

Who Did?

One of our subscribers writes us that William Balfour Ker's picture "The First Spank" reminds him of the following story: A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of the slipper, when the tears had dried somewhat, turned to his mother. "Mother," he asked, "did grandpa spank father when he was a little

The Wrong One.

boy? "Yes," answered his mother, im-

OF ADY VRE THE BEAR TRIED TO SAVE.

The bears were about to be fed and the iron fence of their enclosure in the Bronx Zoo. The bears themselves knew it was time, and most of them nodded their heads or strolled up and down impatiently. Only one blinky eyed old brute

emed indifferent. He flocked by himself away back on the rocks. His indifference vanished, however, when the keeper arrived with the menu, which consisted of whole loaves of white bread and several baskets full of small fish.

As the man chucked the food into the enclosure, distributing it as well once, and with an assured air as he could to prevent collisions between hungr; diners, the blinky old fellow showed how fast a bear can move when he tries by getting into the scrap in ten seconds and prompt- the baths, and Deutsch easily escaped. ly gobbling several fish, while he The soldiers waited long for the bathseized a good sized loaf with his couth

Daw. Oddly enough the animals did not seem to care so much for the fish, and dawn on the officials that the prisoner the scramble for the loaves was active. Perhaps it was only accidental. guise but the way the blinky old chap seemed to sneak an extra loaf away from the others amused the crowd.

It had fallen a little to the rear. and as he scrambled over the fish he gave it a slap with his hind paw that sent it back to the entrance of one of the dens in the rear of the enclosure. "Gee," said a fresh boy, "he's

sneakin' the bread away from the other ones so he can have another lunch all ter himselluf when he gits come from the chief of the city police. hungry again."

It certainly looked that way, and a school-masterly looking person volunteered the information that animals, squirrels, for instance, often laid by a store of food for times of guard. scarcity. His lecture fell flat on the crowd, and even the bears were forgotten in the comedy incident that took place at the back of the enclosure. The loaf had hardly been kicked

to the rear when a tiny pink muzzle and a pair of white whiskers, with beady eyes shining through them, appeared over the edge of the nearest den. The situation was easy; the bears were busy eating with their backs turned; so out popped Mr. Rat, gray and fat and agile. He promptly tackled the loaf and gave it a yank toward the opening.

Then out popped Mrs. Rat and foined forces with her spouse. It didn't take half a minute for them to push and pull that loaf to the edge and down into the dark cave. What happened to it there cannot be recorded.

It certainly was not eaten at once for in a minute or so the two gray

rats were back again in the rear of the arena on the lookout for further chances.

When he had finished all the provender in sight the old blinky bear turned toward the dens and the rats ran.

"Sav! Watch! He's goin' after his loaf," chirped the fresh boy. "Oh, ain't he disappointed!"

Such a construction might be placed upon the blinky bear's demeanor if one had the imagination of a nature faker. As a matter of fact he went nosing around the dens for a minute or so, and then he slow-"And did his father spank him?" ly and gloomily climbed back to his roost amid the rock work. The crowd grinned at his rueful expres-A pause. "Well, who started this thing, anyboat. sion.

assination of Alexander IL, and was hanged in 1881.

Leo Deutsch, the revolutionist, has a record for repeated arrests and escapes which is probably without parallel. Once he escaped through the medium of a bath. The Russian bath is a national institution. . The authority which thinks nothing of freezing, knouting and starving its prisoners, never refuses a demand for a bath. All Russian prisons have their bathing establishments, where the prisoners are sent under the ezcort of guards.

Deutsch demanded to be taken to public bath, saying he did not wish to mingle with the criminals, and was the usual crowd had gathered before allowed to go, with three soldiers as escort. On arriving, two of the soldiers took stand before the two windows, and the third at the door. Deutsch undressed, and handed his clothing and purse to one of the soldiers. The soldier felt quite safe, thus holding the prisoner's clothing, for the cold was so severe there was no question of any one leaving the bath naked. However, when Deutsch entered the hot room he found a comrade, who by previous plan brought him a bundle of ordinary civilian clothing, which Deutsch put on at marched out of the premises without any challenge.

> None of the guards paid any attention to the private genfleman leaving er, and, on finding that he had escaped, could not explain how he got away. Only long afterward did it must have passed the guards in dis-

> In 1906 an audacious hoax was perpetrated in Russian Poland which resulted in the liberation of ten political prisoners who were condemned to death. The friends who assisted them knew that failure in the slightest detail of their plan meant death to themselves as well as to the "politicals."

> The prison administration received a telephone message purporting to saying that the Governor of Warsaw desired the transfer of the ten prisoners from the Paviak to the citadel. They were to be conveyed by an officer who would bring his own

The message was taken in good faith. One evening a man in the uniform of a gendarme officer appeared at the prison and presented an official document ordering the transfer. In the whole proceeding there was nothing to rouse suspicion. The officer had brought six policemen with him, and no other escort was sent. The gendarme certified that the prisoners had been delivered to his charge.

The prisoners were placed in the carriage. The only prison servant with the party was the coachman. As the prison van was being driven down a deserted street the coachman was chloroformed, and the next morning was found inside the van, while around were lying prison clothes, uniforms and swords, all that was left of the prisoners and their escort. All efforts to discover the culprits were unsuccessful.

BOYS' BATTLE WITH SNAKE.

Dan Russell, of Brownsville, and Wren Tyus, residing west of town, went fishing Thursday in Big Hatchie River, near Van Buren, nine miles from here. As they stepped into the boat they noticed a big moccasin snake crossing the stream. They had hardly left the side of the river when the moccasin discovered their design and came back, meeting them in midstream, showing fight by his upright position. Russell struck at the snake with an oar and sent him under the water. He came up more vicious than ever He struck savagely at the boat and its occupants and made a dash for the inside of the In their efforts to keep the snake out the boys overturned the boat and both were in the water with the mad snake. They dived and came up directly opposite the reptile. A second live was made and the snake followed Tyus and bit him in the thigh. He came up calling for help. Russell managed to get him to the bank and examined his wound, which was fast swelling. He carried him to his home near by and there medical assistance was rendered. He is very sick, but the attending physician thinks that he will recover .- Brownsville Correspondence Nashville American.

those by day.

"When a vessel is begun, her keel is set on square oak blocks about five feet apart, which remain under her until she is completed. Just before the launch, a smooth, sloping track of heavy hard pine timbers, called the 'standing ways,' is laid on the ground a few feet from each side of the keel, beginning at the bow and running clear down into the water. This track is smeared with lard and tailow, and on its greasy surface is laid another line of timbers, almost as long as the vessel, and called the 'running ways.' The space directly above this is filled up to the bilge with planks and wedges. forming a solid wall, called the 'cradle.

"Mr. Carrington had determined that the launch of the Semple should be long remembered. By eleven that night the yard was well filled with spectators. The ship was alive with lanterns and bunting. Directly before the bow was a platform for the band. With cap torches flaring on their music sheets, they played two or three selections, while the wedges were being driven in between the cradle planks and the bottom of the vessel, raising her slightly, and easing the pressure on the 'shores, or short props, under her bilge, so that they could be knocked away.

"The master builder, who had been walking up and down the yard directing operations, now halted be-side the stem, and raised his hand The music stopped.

"Split out your blocks!' he shouted; and a dozen men with sledges and steel wedges sprang unbow into the two black tunder the nels that ran from stem to stern be tween the keel and the cradle walls Lanterns held outside the ways shone through the crevices and gave them light for their work.

"The ship was now entirely supported by the cradle resting on the ways, and by the oak blocks under her keel. As these were split to pieces one by one and knocked aside,

and the man who did the work would torches.

be taking long chances. night. The vessel was chartered to the next course of high tides, some other craft might get the freight. "Mr. Carrington, hat off, came running down toward the group under the quarter. All the blocks had been split save the last three, which were in plain sight under the keel. He waved his hand toward them. "'Who'll split those blocks out for ten dollars?' he shouted. No-

body stirred. "'I'll make it twenty-five!' cried he, a little louder. Two or three men with sledges glanced at one another, but didn't move.

popular air. The old man grew fran-

'Tell 'em to stop that noise!' he then a great plunge!

"And did his father whip him started, she would move like a flash. the smoky flare of the bandsmen's when he was little?"

"I was deafened by the fearful "The tide had already fallen two screeching, as the greased hard pine inches below its highest point. Soon ways ground together. What was I it would be too late to launch that beneath those hundreds of tons of wood and iron! A wedge squeezed load as soon as she was rigged; and from the cradle wall or a swinging if she lost two weeks by waiting for timber end would blot me out with as little compunction as if I were a barnacle on the cobwork. Great though my peril was, I could not help a thrill of satisfaction. The job nobody else had dared to attempt had been done by me, and done well. "Lower and lower came the top of the tunnel, as the bilge amidships approached. The wind of the moving mass stirred my hair. The next two or three seconds would be the most dangerous. I must take no chances. Ducking my head under water, pressed my face down on the cold slimy logs. They were trembling as "Just then the band struck up a in the throes of an earthquake.

"A few seconds of rolling thunder, of cracking, vibrating timbers,

Why the Preacher Should Know All About Farming.

Py DEAN L. H. BAILEY, of Cornell University, The Parts-. ost Teacher and Writer on Agricultura-Subjects in America.

"Every country preacher should take a course in agriculture." This is true. The true preacher should be a leader. He can not lead, without a thorough knowledge of the occupation of his people. We have known three preachers in our time, who had consider-able knowledge of botany, and to us they were the most interesting preachers we have ever known. No one can estimate the interest it would add to the lives of our true preacher it know the names and bistory of of our rural people, to know the names and history of all the plants indigenous to their soil. It is remarkable, the amount of ignorance along this line. It becomes our preachers and teachers to instruct our people in this matter, as well as upon the more important matters of crop growing.

him in a very grave, stern way what his intentions were. He turned very red and was about to stammer some incoherent reply when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs: "Mamma, mamma, that is not the one."-Ladies' Home Journal.

"Yes."

"Yes."

way?"-Everybody's.

The Woods of Idaho.

An example of the progress of the science of forestry in this country is furnished by the co-operation just arranged between the University of Idaho and the United States Forest Service for testing the timber growing in the State of Idaho. The tests will be specially directed to determining the fitness of these timbers for use as bridge stringers, railroad ties and paving blocks.

One Look Enough.

"Are you Mme. Bombazino, the beauty specialist?" asked the fair caller.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the elder ly square-jawed matron. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing!" said the caller, making a hasty exit.

The Tannery.

"What building is that?" asked a stranger of Willie Billfuzz, pointing to the school-house.

"That," said the boy, "why, that's the tannery." And he feelingly rubbed his back as he passed on.--Uncle Remus's-The HomeMagazine.

"Well, it's life all over," commented a shabby man badly in want of a hair cut. "You stint yourself to put A young man had been calling now something by. You wear old clothes and then on a young lady when one and eat ten cent lunches and smoke night, as he sat in the parlor waiting two for five cigars. You soak your for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead and asked money away for the time when you'll want it maybe, and when you go to look for it it ain't there. The rats took it."-New York Sun

ESCAPES FROM RUSSIAN PRISONS

No other country has witnessed so many daring escapes from prison as has Russia, says Jaakoff Prelooker, in an article in the World Wide Magazine. Probably the simplest escape

ever effected by a political prisoner was that of the famous Mile. Sophie Perovskaya. Belonging to the highest Russian aristocracy, she joined the revolutionary movement, and at the age of seventeen was arrested, but was liberated. In 1878 she was again seized and was sent to the Arctic regions.

On the journey Sophie had several opportunities to escape, but the guards were so kind to her that she would not risk the punishment they would suffer. Finally two guards were put over her who were so brutal the bird, and turned it loose. that she was freed from conscientious

scruples. One night the party had to stay at a railway station; the two gendarmes slept in the same room as the prisoner, one at the window, the other on the floor before the door.

Sophie appearing to be fast asleep.

the guards soon fell asleep, too. The prisoner then rose, tried the door. which she found to open outward, stepped across the slumbering guard rief pigeon, after an absence of thirty and was free. She managed to slip into a train for St. Petersburg, while the gendarmes snored on.

NANSEN'S CARRIER PIGEON.

One day a carrier pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer in another moment covered a little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with his expedition in the polar regions.

Nansen had fastened a message to

The frail carrier darted out into the blizzardy air, flew like an arrow over perhaps a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then over another, thousand miles of ocean, plains and forests, to enter the window of its waiting mistress and deliver the message which she had been awalting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance; but this loving carmonths, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves e gendarmes snored on. Sophie took part in the plot for the Nansen's Arctic Explorations.