By MABEL NELSON THURSTON.

The Ambitious Spirit of Mary Louise.

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In the sixteen years of her life, Mary Louise Claffin had neevr spent a night away from her home. This circum-stance, which seemed to the girl indicative of cruel disfavor toward her on the part of fate, was easy of explanation. In that quiet New England village, where both wealth and want were rare visitors people seldom went away for the summer, or sent their daughters to boarding school.

As for visits to relatives, Mrs. Claflin's only brother had been in California for twenty years, and of Mr. Claflin's sisters, one lived in a lonely farmhouse somewhere up in the hills-a place so bare of attractions, according to Mr. Claffin's boyish memory, that East Winstead had become a gentle joke in the family chronicles-the desirable end of the most towering ambitions; that ambitions were owned chiefly by Mary Louise. So to the Claffin young people the only doorway to the great outside world was that of Mr. Claffin's younger sister, who had married a well-to-do lawyer in New York.

And Mrs. Tremont had been not unmindful of her duty toward her relatives; Felicia and Tom and Emily had more than once visited her; but for Mary Louise, down at the bottom of the list, the happy hour had never struck. Twice, indeed, she had been invited, but once her Cousin Evelyn had been taken ill with scarlet fever, and the other time Mary Louise herself had sprained her ankle. So Mary Louise believed in an adverse fate.

One rainy summer night, when the family were all gathered in the sitting room, she spoke up suddenly: "I don't see what's the use of having a good mind if one is never going to be allowed an opportunity of broadening It."

There was a stir about the table; Mary Louise's remarks were quite apt to create a sensation. Her mother looked puzzled. Her father glanced over his newspaper at his youngest daughter and waited, but Tom doubled up with tormenting laughter.

"Poor Polly-Lou!" he said, tenderly. "It must be hard. I never was burdened with greatness myself, but I've always heard 'twas painful. You have my profoundest sympathy."

Mary Louise flushed, but she did not change her statement. There was something stanch about her; she had neant no conceit in her remark. She ooked across at her father, who was the one who oftenest understood.

"How can one," she persisted, seriously, "if one never goes anywhere or sees anything?"

"I have it!" Tom interrupted, with dramatic inspiration. "You shall go to East Winstead-I will pay your fare myself! Never let it be said of Thomas Claffin that he was unmindful of the genius growing up at his side! Pack your trunk, Polly-Lou! To East Winstead you shall go to-morrow!"

Mary Louise, disregarding her brother, still questioned her father with pleading eyes. He smiled across at her, remembering the impatient dreams of his own youth.

"There's time yet, little girl," he an-"Suppose we go out on the swered. plazza for a promenade, and talk it over?'

bravely, "It doesn't seem right; neither of you ever saw Miss Gates; and I could-wait!" That last word was rebellious, but she conquered it.

"Yes, I suppose you could," Felicia returned briskly, "but I don't see that there's any reason why you should. No, you're going this time, Mary Louise, and no mistake! You may as well consider that settled once for all, and make up your mind what color

you want for your travelling dress." So, then, Mary Louise surrendered herself to the delicious whirl of preparations, and walked the next ten days with her face full of radiant dreams. Her mother, in secret moments, grieved over it a little; it hurt her that the child seemed so utterly happy in the thought of leaving home; her father understood.

"The wanderlust - in her veins; she can't help it any more than the birds Let her try her wings, mother. can. She'll come back to the old nest gladly enough. Our girls aren't the kind to have their heads turned by a month of fashion."

And so Mary Louise's mother hid her fears, and brought down from a chest in the garret the blue silk dress. A dozen times before it had been taken out and laid aside as too good to cut up, but now Mary Louise was to have a silk waist made of it. Girls never had too many pretty things; and Mary Louise should not be ashamed before all those people. So the planning and the work went

on, until at last the trunk stood packed ready for the morning start. How many times Mary Louise had crept up to the garret in days that now seemed lives ago, and climbed up on that old trunk and dreamed of the journeys it had taken! After all, that wistful dreaming seemed nearer than this strange, bright reality.

A whistle at the foot of the stairs interrupted her glowing thoughts. The whistle was Tom's, and his voice followed it. "Polly-Lou, here's a letter for you!" Mary Louise shut the trunk and ran

downstairs; she had been expecting instructions from Aunt Felicia in regard to trains.

"It's Aunt Felicia's letter," she explained, tearing the envelope open. 'Oh. I do hope I can take the morning train! It seems to me I couldn't stand it not to get there till night, and have to wait another day before I see the ocean! I-"

The sentence was broken abruptly. She read the note once, twice; and then without a word handed it to her mother and walked across to the window. In the silence that followed she could hear the letter being passed from one to another; nobody had the heart to read it aloud.

It was a very short note to mean so much. Aunt Felicia was plainly sorry for the disappointment to Mary Louise, but it could not be helped. Mr. Tremont's only sister was ill, and the doctor had ordeerd her to spend six weeks at the seashore, and as she had no one with whom to leave the children, they must come, too; and an invalid, three children and their nurse would so fill the cottage as to make any other guests impossible. Aunt Felicia did hope that Mary Louise would not be

way to the hills, dwelt upon two mem ories, the queer "choky" breakfast and the strange feeling of dismay that seized her when she saw the station and the dear home group slipping away behind her. She turned her thought resolutely from these to the future, to the six hours on the train flying through an unknown world, to the "top o' nowhere," to Aunt Mary and Uncle William and possible neighbors. Toward afternoon the train began to climb the hills. In one of the yet uncharted places of Mary Louise's soul was a deep and reverent love of nature, and the beauty of the violetshadowed masses that crowded the horizon held her fast. She watched them with growing eagerness. "Oh, I didn't know that the hills

were-like that!" she cried to herself, struggling for words to express her exultation.

But when she stood at last the solltary passenger on the tiny country platform, her high mood suddenly deserted her. There was no house in sight, and the hills wrapped in evening shadows looked cold and desolate; not even her uncle's hearty greeting could make the world seem other than very empty place. It was a little better when they reached the house with its cheery lights and Aunt Mary's welcome. Aunt Mary's arms felt like mother's and mother-Mary Louise looked out the window and winked hard two or three times.

Aunt Mary did not seem to notice; she was talking comfortably while she set the supper on the table. She was sorry that Margaret wasn't down, she said, but one of her rare headaches had got the better of her, and she was trying to sleep it off. She'd be all right in the morning; it was so nice that Mary Louise had happened to come at the same time.

Mary Louise didn't care about any other girl then; she was thinking how long a month was. She ate her sup-per and enswered all Aunt Mary's questions about the family, but when at last she was up in her room, safely sheltered in darkness, her courage broke down. She was homesick.

"I didn't suppose going away was like this," she sobbed. She buried her face in her pillow and cried bitterly for a little while; then she made one more remark: "I said I was going to stay a month and I will."

Mary Louise opened her eyes early the next morning to countless gentle invitations-the warm touch of the sunshine across her face, the song of the indigo-bird in the juniper beside her window, the light breeze burdened with dewy fragrance, the glory of the hills lifting morning faces to the sky. She ran to the window and looked out eagerly. It seemed as if the whole world lay before her, shining and beautiful and infinitely joyous.

"It's something to see this!" she thought, with a thrill of exultation. It was good to know that hers had been no barren longing.

She dressed quickly and hurried down stairs, as no one was in the kitchen, she stepped out into the garden. Then she stopped in sudden dismay. She had expected to find another girl, and here-she got no farther in her thought, for a pair of firm hands were holding hers and a cordial volce was saying:

"So this is the little niece Mrs. Baker has been looking for so eagerly! I'm not going to wait for an introduction-a morning like this is an introduction fit for a king, don't you think

Mary Louise looked up shyly; then she forgot her shyness. It was such a bright, eager face, with such reserves of joy behind it!

'I'm going to like her!' thought, with a curious little thump of her heart. She did not know that that was the way hundreds of homesick girls had felt when this woman smiled into their faces.

was about the most discontented giri you ever saw. I lived in the coun try and I supposed I'd Mave to live in the country all my life, and it seemed to me that I just couldn't endure itnever going anywhere or seeing anything. That summer a geologist boarded with us for a while, a professor from Harvard, and one evening, very quietly, without my realizing what he was doing, he drew from me my ambitions and discontent. Then he began to question me about the country round me-the rocks and flowers and birds; I couldn't tell him anything. I never had cared enough to study them. I never shall forget the sudden way he turned on me, and the change in his voice as he exclaimed: 'My dear child, how do you think you will ever be able to see God's world abroad if you have not learned to see the beauty of God's world about you? Wherever you go,

you will have to carry your own eyes with you.'" Mary Louise drew a long breath. And that was the way you began to like things?" she asked, timidly.

"That was the way. He opened my eyes to my own ignorance. All my life I never can repay what I owe

him.' Mary Louise turned her earnest face toward the shining hills. Words were never easy for her, that was why she did not try to say anything; but in her heart was the resolve that she, too, would try to learn, and not walk blindly all her days.

It was two weeks later that Mr. Claflin arrived unexpecteury at his sister's house "To take me home!" Mary Louise re

peated when, after the first delighted greetings, they went out for a stroll together. Her father glanced down at her quiz zically. "Well, not precisely, that is,

not for long. The fact is, Uncle Walter has to run over to England for three months. Aunt Felicia declares that nothing less than a year abroad could induce her to cross the sea, but Evelyn is going and he offers to take one of our girls at the same time. And the general consensus of opinion at home seemed to be that this was the opportunity for which Mary Louise had been longing all her life."

"But Emily, or Felicia!" cried Mary Louise in a daze.

"Emily doesn't seem to be pining for ocean experiences, and Felicia says that she has been away three times already, and it's your turn now."

From Mary Louises eyes the daz zling vision was clearing. She looked up at her father unfinchingly.

"I can't put it into words well," she said, "but I didn't understand before I thought it was things that ought to be different when it was really me; I guess it's better to get yourself ready even if you never go, than to go and not be ready. And besides, Felicia's the oldest and it's her right."

A flash of keen pleasure came into her father's eyes; Mary Louise looked away.

"You are sure that you won't be corry?" her father asked.

"Yes, sir, I am sure," Mary Louise answered, sturdily. "I've found a friend, and I've learned how much there is to learn in the world, and I think that's a good deal for one summer, don't you?"

"Yse," her father answered, "I do." You are right; it's better than going abroad."-The Youths Companion.

### Name of Flowers.

It is interesting to know how certain flowers get their names. Many were named after individuals. For instance; Fuchias were so called because they were discovered by Leon-ard Fuchs. Dahlias were named for

DUST SHOWN TO HAVE ITS USES.

Particles in the Air Serve to Pension Attorney and Real;Estate Agent. Moderate the Temperature---A RAYMOND E. BROWN, Blanket For Earth.

We are apt to think of the dust that the air contains in greater or less quantities as simply an annoyance, and perhaps a source of disease, but the researches of scientists have of late years revealed atmospheric dust to us in new lights. It appears that when the air is very

thick and hazy it may contain dust particles to the number of from 19. 000 to 20,000 in every cubic centimetre, while a cubic centimetre of very clear air may contain only from a dozen up to a few hundred particles.

The observations of the best authorities indicate that there is a relation between the quantity of dust and the temperature of the air. A great amount of dust, it is averred, increases the temperature in the daytime and checks the fall of tempera-

ture at night. The reason apparently is that the presence of dust serves as an obstruction to the free radiation of heat through the air. The sunbeams pass through very pure, clear air without lending much heat to it, and at night the heat received by the ground during the day readily escapes through the same air, but if the atmosphere is heavily laden with dust the sun's rays are partially arrested by the particles which, becoming heated, in turn warm the air, and in like manner

heat radiated from the earth at night is retained in the hazy layers of air in contact with its surface. Without its atmosphere, which

serves as a coverlet to protect it against the fearful cold of space, the surface of the earth would be frozen like that of the airless moon. But the latest researches seem to show that the beautiful atmospheric blanket wrapped round our planet varies in its power to retain heat in proportion to the amount of dust particles

It contains. This is an instance of the unexpected importance that the most minute phenomena of nature frequently assume when their true significance has been ascertained .- Philadelphia

Record.

The Children's Friend. Mr. C., a distinguished lawyer of Boston, was on his way to Denver to transact some important business. During the afternoon he noticed, in the opposite section of the Pullman, a sweet-faced, tired appearing woman traveling with four small children. Being fond of children and feeling sorry for the mother, he soon made friends with the little ones.

Early the next morning he heard their eager questions and the patient "Yes, dear," of the mother as she tried to dress them, and looking out he saw a small white foot protruding beyond the opposite curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite: "This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef: this little pig had none; this little pig cried wee wee all the way home." The foot was suddenly withdrawn and a cold, quiet voice said: "That is quite sufficient,

thank you." Mr. C. hastily withdrew to the smoker, where he remained until the train arrived in Denver.-Good Housekeeping.

Real estate agent, patents secured, col-petions made promptly. Office in Syndicase wilding, Reynoldsville, Pa. MITH M. MCCREIGHT. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary public and real estate agent. Objections will receive prompt attention. Office in the Reyholdsville Hardware Oo. building, Main street Reynoldsville, Pa. DR. B. E. HOOVER. DENTIST, Resident dentist. In the Hoover building Main street. Gentleness in operating. DR. L. L. MEANS. DENTIST Office on second floor of the First National bank building, Main street. DR. R. DEVERE KING. DENTIST, office on second floor of the Syndicate build ng, Main street, Keynoldsville, Pa. HENRY PRIESTER UNDERTAKER. Black and white funeral cars. Main street. Reynoldsville, Pa. MARKETS. PITTSBURG. 33 33 Ryo-No.2. Corn-No.2 yellow, ear..... No.2 yellow, shelled...... Mized ear Oata-No.2 white. 95774980 5 96 88 75 53 5 90 Oats-No. 2 white. No. 3 white. Flour-Winter patent. Fancy straight winters. Hay-No. 1 Timothy. Clover No. 1. Feed-No. 1 white mid. ton. Brown middlings. Bran, bulk. Straw-Wheat. 13 00 11 50 29 50 26 00 14 00 12 59 50 00 27 03 24 50 8 00 8 00 Straw-Wat 70)
70) Dairy Products. -Eigin creamery ...... 20 24 19 14 14 Butter 32 50 50 15 15 Ch Poultry, Etc. Fruits and Vegetables, 8) 1 35 2 00 BALTIMORE. 5 90 Eggs. Butter-Ohio creamery......

BUSHABAS OMRDE.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

BROOKVILLE, PA.

E. NEFF

G. M. MCDONALD,

# PHILADELPHIA.

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Flour-Patents	5 80	5 93
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Oats-No. 2 white	54 50	15
Butter Creamery	27	83

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CATTLE Extra, 1450 to 1600 pounds... Prime, 1300 to 1400 pounds... Good, 1200 to 1400 pounds... Tidy, 1950 to 1150 pounds... Common, 709 to 900 pounds. Rulls 35108 390 300 8 350 1603 6 500 Bulls..... Cows. HOOS Prime, heavy ..... ..... 6 00 3 6 2)

Mary Louise sprang up eagerly. Many a difficulty had been cleared away in a walk with father: but as she threw open the door the light fell upon the dripping figure of one of their neighbors.

"I guess I'm too wet to come in," he returned, in answer to Mary Louise's invitation. "I just thought I'd leave your mail, since 'twas on my way; thought likely wouldn't any of you be going down to the office tonight."

Mary Louise took the handful of mail-two or three newspapers and one letter-and holding the door open. lighted the neighbor down the path. But the strain upon her politeness was evident by the slam with which the door blew shut; she knew by the envelope that the letter was from Aunt Felicia and the consciousness of what It migh contain coming so close upon her cry, thrilled her to her finger-tips. She carried it to her mother, and then stood waiting.

"Aunt Felicia says," he mother answered Mary Louise's beseeching eyes, "that she wants one of the girls to spend August with her at Long Island. She wishes that she could invite two of you, but as she expects several other guests, including Miss Gates, she has not room this summer. But whichever one of you decides to go, she promises the happiest month that she can give."

Mary Louise grew white with excite-To meet Miss Gates, the celement. brated writer! Mary Louise, in her wildest dreams, had never thought of anything so wonderful. Had not Miss Gates been for two years past the ideal of all her most exalted ambitions? And to see her-talk with herto live with her for days! Then Mary Louise awoke to the eager planning of the girls.

We must make her the prettiest travelling dress we possibly can contrive," Felicia was saying. "It's Mary Louise's first journey, and she must be fitted out properly."

"I'll see to her hat," Emily promised. "No, you needn't look at me, Mary Louise; you haven't any say in this whatever; the going is your part, but the getting you ready is ours."

"But," Mary Louiss stammered,

very greatly disappointed, and begged her to consider it only a postponement of her visit; she must come to New York in the fall.

The letter reached Tom last; he read it and gave a long whistle. "If fate hasn't made a muss of it again!" he exclaimed. "You'll have to take my advice, Polly, and go to East Winstead: there's nothing else left." Felicia longing to comfort her sis-

ter, darted an indignant glance at him, but Mary Louise, turning from the window, said soberly:

"I think I will."

There was a moment of consternation too great for words; then the chorus broke out.

"O Mary Louise, not really!"

"You never could stand it in the world, child, 'way up there on the top of nowhere!"

"I know it's hard, dear, but we'll make the summer as pleasant as we can, and after all, October will be here in two months."

But Tom marched solemnly across the room. "I should esteem it an honor to be allowed to shake hands with you, Polly-Lou," he said, approvingly, "That's what I call grit."

That evening, sitting up on the old trunk with mother's arms about her. Mary Louise confessed that it wasn't grit at all.

"It seemed as if after I'd got all ready, I'd rather go to the Desert of Sahara than not to go anywhere at all!" she cried. "I've missed Miss Gates anyhow, but I do so want to see something different for once in my life, if it's nothing but a different colored barn. And I can't put any faith in October-something else would be sure to happen."

Of course she had her way, and the letter to Aunt Mary was written that night. The response was immediate and full of pleasure. Mr. Claffin read it several times with a stirring of old memorles.

"I'm afraid we haven't been fair to Mary to neglect her so," he said. "I never meant to, only I didn't want to force any of you children to go there, and I never could seem to get away myself. You'll find her a good aunt, I think. I'm glad you're going."

The next day Mary Louise, on her

"Only," Mary Louise reminded her, "I don't know your name-not any farther than Margaret."

Her new friend laughed. "That was brilliant of me, wasn't it?" she replied, "However, there isn't much more of it -only Gates."

Mary Louise stared, doubtful of her own ears; she fairly stammered in the confusion of the revelation. "You are not-you can't be-not the one that was going to Aunt Felicia's!" she cried.

Miss Gates smiled down into the excited face. "I think I must be," she answered. "Mrs. Tremont invited me, but so did Mrs. Baker; they are both old friends of my mother's, you know. And I thought Mrs. Baker is lonely sometimes, that perhaps she needed me a little bit, and so I came here. We didn't know then that Mary Louise vas coming."

Mary Louise looked at Miss Gates solemnly. "I didn't deserve it," she said. "I didn't come for Aunt Mary's sake. I came because I was disappointed that I couldn't go to Aunt Felicia's. deserved a horrid time!"

Miss Gates laughed. "We will give Aunt Mary the loveliest month!" she said.

As long as she lives, Mary Louise will never forget that morning. Aunt Mary promptly banished them after breakfast, positively refusing their offers of help, and so, answering the call of the day, they set off on a tramp. Every step led Mary Louise farther and farther into wonderland; worlds within worlds, she found, had dwelt beside her door, and she had never known it. She stopped at last, almost weary with excitement.

"I never imagined that just places were so interesting," she cried, as they sat resting on a big boulder. "I always wanted to know things, but I supposed you had to travel and see plctures and museums and buildings and everything."

Miss Gates understood Instantly: When I was fifteen," she said,

Andre Dahl, who brought them from Peru. The camelia was so called for a missionary named Kamel, who brought some magnificent specimens of the flower to France from Japan. He called it the rose of Japan but his friends changed it to camelia. Magnolias were named in honor of Prof. Magnol de Montpellier, who first brought the beautiful tree to France from America and Asta. Because they trembled with the wind is the meaning of the anemones. The Latin word to wash is lavare, and lavender re ceived its name because the Romans put the flowers into water when they washed to perfume their hands .- New Orleans Times Democrat.

#### Sharks Increasing on Coast.

Further evidence of the increase of sharks in Massachusetts Bay was furnished by the officers of the Indra Line steamship Indrashama, which arrived at Mystic wharf last night. Captain Evans reported that he passed schools of sharks as he approached the coast. They began to appear when the steamer approached within one hundred miles of Boston Light, and swarm ed around the vessel for miles. The water was quiet and the animals appeared to be sluggish, hardly moving enough to get out of the steamer's path. But they followed her, evidently expecting to be fed. The crew said they had never seen so many of the big fish even in tropical waters, and their testimony is borne out by recent tales of the fishermen, whose move ments the sharks have seriously impeded.-Boston Transcript.

if these prohibitionists keep going, it'll be worse than that."-Washington

# Quite So.

"A botanist runs across many quee specimens of vegetation." "So does a man who boards."-Hou ton Chronicle.

Flippancy Easy.

Ripley Hitchcock, the brilliant critic, at a dinner in Bar Harbor attacked flippancy in criticism.

"It is so distressingly easy to be flippant," Mr. Hitchcock said. "Without any difficulty one can take up a beautiful work of art, apply a little flippancy to it, and, lo, it becomes silly and ridiculous.

'A good example of this is Ruskin's criticism of Kingley's beautiful lines:

'They rowed her in across the rolling foam, The cruel, crawling foam."

"Ruskin in a lecture recited those excellent lines in a scornful voice, then made the comment:

"'Gentlemen, the foam is cruel, neither does it crawl.'

"Now, that was very telling in a flippant way, but don't the lines remain beautiful for all?"-New York World.

## An Essential to It.

One morning, a few weeks ago, as a South Jersey country physician was driving through a village, he saw a man, slightly under the influence of liquor, amusing a crowd of spectators with the antics of his trick The doctor pulled up and dog. watched the fun a while and then said:

"My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog that way? I can't teach mine a single trick.'

The man addressed looked up, and with that simple rustic look replied: "Well, you see, it's this way: you have to know more'n the dog or you can't learn him nothin.' "-Philadelphia Ledger.

## **Under** Other Circumstances.

Pat got a job moving some kegs of powder, and to the alarm of the foreman was discovered smoking at his work. "Gracious!" exclaimed the foreman. "Do you know what happened when a man smoked at this job some years ago? There was an explosion which blew up a dozen "That couldn't happen here." men." returned Pat, calmly. "Why not?" 'Cos there's only me and you," was the reply .-- London News.

5 10 3 5 90 5 1 1 1 5 5 90 5 1 5 1 5 3 5 35 4 7 3 1 5 00 Prime, 1 weight .... Best heavy Yorkers..... Light Yorkers.... Piga. Roughs. 401 4175 SHEEP

4 10 3 1 25 3 15 3 400 3 00 3 50 1 50 3 50 4 00 3 50 5 00 3 775 Prime wethers ..... Fair mixed ewes and wethers..... Culls and common. Spring lambs. Veal calves. Heavy to thin calves......

SPORTING NOTES.

Yale has thirty-five candidate positions in the hockey team.

W. K. Vanderbilt heads the list of winning owners on the French turf with a total of \$263,640.

Hal Chase may be compelled to re-turn to the New York Americans or retire from professional baseball.

Arthur Curtiss James has been named to succeed Cornelius Vanderbilt as commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

Mrs. C. T. Stout, the national champion of 1901 and 1902, with a card of eighty-nine, won the gross score prize in the women's golf tournament at Fox Hills.

The Boston Americans have sold outfielder Chadbourne and pitcher Glaze to the American Association for \$1500 each. This is the first weeding out sale of the winter.

That the French Jockey Club will raise a bar to professional horsemen from America to prevent a rush of horsemen to that country was announced as a settled fact.

It is said that Harry Wolverton, who handled the champion Williams-port team in the Tri-State League this year, will manage the Newark Eastern League team next season.

Joe Tinker, the Cubs' great short-stop, has gone on the stage. He is stop, has gone on the stage. He is playing the part of Bud Hall, coach of the college crew in "Brown, of Harvard," now touring the Western cities.

It has been definitely settled that the finish fight between Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship of the world will take place at Sydney, N. S. W., on December 26.

There is going to be a bitter fight to restore racing at Hot Springs, Ark. The business men there have com-bined in favor of the sport, and they say they hope to be successful in their efforts.

Extending Zone. "Tteacher says,' exclaimed the precoclous child, "that we live in the temperate zone." "Yes," answered Col. Stilwell; "and

Star.