

LIFE.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the means come
double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes
precious,
With the smiles to warm and the tears to
refresh us,
And joy seems sweeter when cares come
a-rising,
And a moan is the finest of follies for laugh-
ter;
And that is life!
—Paul L. Dunbar.

The
Peregrine Falcon
By W. Seward Wallace.

Lin Bristow lived in a small town on the Hudson, River shore. His home, where he lived with his mother and an elder sister, stood at one end of the town, while at the other end rose a great mountain called the North Cliff. Lin was fourteen years of age and knew more about wood and field than about arithmetic or history.

On the last August day Lincoln started for the North Cliff, his shot gun over one shoulder, and a lunch in his pocket. As his mother watched him go she gave a shake of her head and a long sigh; for her son was not turning out as she would have him, and they were very poor. However, she loved his manliness and knowledge of woodlore, and she hoped that some day he would turn toward practical things.

A tramp of an hour brought the lad out on top of the great hill. The view from this spot was wonderful; the town lay like a map at his feet, and beyond the great river stretched blue as the sky above. He could see his home across, but not the house, which was hidden by a grove of tall trees. He knew his mother was watching for his accustomed signal, and waved his handkerchief toward the town, knowing that his mother could see that tiny speck against the mountain green. As he turned away, a large falcon sailed slowly by far over his head. Lin at once sank into the shelter of a friendly cedar tree, his eyes following the bird. The falcon sank toward a nearby cliff, wheeling in wide circles.

"If I can only find her nest," thought Lin, "I may be able to get a splendid present for the school museum."

But it was so easy as gathering hazelnuts to follow that bird and he wormed his way along the cliff edge, little by little, as the bird flew onward. About midday, he was rewarding by spying the nest on a narrow shelf of the cliff, some way from the top. There were two little falcons in it, and the mother bird sat on the edge. It was a cruel thing to do to shoot them, but Lin was anxious to get a reward offered for these birds by the village authorities. They said the falcons destroyed chickens and Belgians, which was true. Lin crouched on the nearest point of rock, and took careful aim. Bang, bang! went both barrels of his gun. The echoes startled him, they seemed so loud, and the falcon dropped down behind the nest in a place almost inaccessible. It was dead. But how was he to get it? As he stood there, a great stillness followed the shot, and he distinctly heard the sounds from the distant village below. The bark of a dog, the whistles of the trains, and even the sounds of alarm bells, and the whistling of fire engines. There was a fire somewhere.

Lin's next thought was about the falcon. How was he to get down to it and bring it up. Below the ledge on which the bird had dropped a vertical precipice 500 feet to the river's edge. And the ledge was several feet below the top. But Lin was above all things able to climb about rocky places. So he tightened his belt and started to find a way down. A tow, gnarled cedar clung to a fissure a few feet below, and if he could reach that he might slide down the fissure. Lin cut off a piece of heavy grapevine that clung to a tree near by, and, using that as a rope, slid into the stunted cedar. Then he slid onward down the fissure to the bird. The young birds and the sticks that compose the nest he stued into his deep coat pocket—that was made to include the whole of the coat lining.

But to ascend was a matter Lin had quite omitted to consider. How could one slide up a fissure in a rocky wall? He was well boxed up. He decided after a while that the only way to get up was to be helped up. So he started to shout. At his third yell a head suddenly popped over the edge above him, and the owner said:

"Ah, there you are! And by the Great Horned Toad, if he has not got my bird, too. What's the matter; can't you get up again?" The man appeared to be a well dressed sportsman. He smiled as he understood Lin's predicament.

"No, sir; I'm trapped, but if you will please let down that long grapevine!"

"Just one moment—is this your gun up here?"

"Yes, that is mine; the one with the old stock," answered Lin.

"And you were trying to steal my bird, there, I suppose?" returned the sportsman angrily. Lin flushed at this and for a moment his anger prevented speech.

"Why, this—is this a public place, isn't it?" he stammered.

"Oh, yes; but as it happens I shot that bird myself. You fired at the eagle at the same time—but I hit her."

Lin remembered the loud echo and answered:

"I beg your pardon, but I think you are mistaken; I killed that bird myself with that gun, and it's not an

eagle, but a peregrine falcon or duck hawk. You can feel my gun barrels are still heated, I guess. Won't you please let down the grapevine, mister, it's terribly hot here? I feel sick from it now." The face of the man above grew red with anger, but after a moment's thought he produced a bit of string and said:

"Well, all right, but you had best send up the eagle—I mean, the falcon, first."

Lin was pretty keen of wit, and he laughed at this.

"No, no—I may have been a bit of a fool to get into this predicament, but I am not all fool. If you don't believe I shot the bird, mister, it will be easy to prove it from a look at the shot in it—the wound is too deep to find them now, but the bird-stuffer will, and there is no use in keeping me down here broiling all afternoon."

"I tell you what, my boy," said the hunter, presently, "I have a notion that you may be right—and whether you are lying to me or not, we will compromise the matter in this way. I'll buy the bird and then if the shot in it fit your gun you must return the money and I'll return the bird. But if the shot in it fit my gun, then the bird is mine, and I keep it and you are in that much money. Is that a bargain?"

Lin thought a moment. The money certainly would be more to him, and he would make more than by the reward of \$2 offered by the town board. He decided to accept it. Five minutes later it was agreed that \$5 was a fair price for such a common bird, and Lin was soon helped up the cliff. He gave his address and his name, and the gentleman gave him. The falcon and a \$5 bill changed hands and the two parted.

When Lin reached the street on which stood his home that morning he noticed there was something wrong. He missed the usual quietness of late afternoon. Instead, a large crowd of people were walking about. And when he reached his own garden, a cry of terror escaped him. His home lay a heap of smouldering ashes.

There were several firemen still around cooling the ashes off with a single stream of water. Lin was scarcely able to speak from the sobs of agony that shook him, but he managed to ask where his mother and sister were. Had they escaped?

They were at a neighbor's. Lin soon found them, both prostrated, and learned that the fire had occurred from an overturned pan of fat. They had lost everything they possessed in the world, except the clothing on their backs.

The \$5 bill was at first considered a welcome addition to their very small earnings. They lived in a boarding house, and needed every penny to make up enough for the bare necessities. But Lin remembered that he was not yet certain of who shot that bird. So he refused to use it until he had heard from the gentleman.

It seemed to him a long time before the letter came. It said:

My Dear Lincoln: I have found that the bird shot was yours after all; it contained BB2 shot, which I never use. Therefore, according to agreement, you must return the \$5, and I the bird. But as it happens, while a peregrine falcon, as you said, is a very rare variety, with peculiar ring covers. In consideration of this fact, and your honesty in dealing with me, I shall keep the falcon, and give you an additional sum in payment, to be determined after a more thorough examination by a friend of mine. Very truly,

ST. GEORGE MITCHELL.

Havenoaks, Aug. 29.

This unexpected outcome of his mountain adventure excited Lin greatly, and he thought of the young birds and the nest, which he had placed in the hands of an older boy, a neighbor, to prepare for the school museum. So he wrote again to Mr. Mitchell, a note of interest, telling of the nest and the two young falcons, and also mentioning how his mother's house had burned down. He introduced the latter, because he thought a letter should be longer than three lines. And he enclosed the \$5.

Three days later, two gentlemen called on Mrs. Bristow, and Lin introduced one of them as St. George Mitchell. The other was a friend of Mr. Mitchell's, and was an expert taxidermist. Both the gentlemen expressed great sympathy with the mother and her children who had lost their home. And then Mr. Mitchell surprised them all by proffering a check for \$70, saying that was a fair price for one very rare kind of peregrine falcon, with two young birds and a good portion of the original nest. And although Mrs. Bristow was at first too proud to accept it, the gentlemen showed her that it was only what anyone would have offered Lin for such a rare find.

"And further," said Mr. Mitchell, "I wish to make some reparation for having kept Lincoln in a dangerous and uncomfortable position on the North Cliff, while his home was burning down. Therefore I have seen the superintendent of the box factory, and he will have a good position where Lin can work half a day. He should go to school the other half."

Mr. Mitchell refused any thanks and hurried away with his friends, leaving the check in the trembling hands of the widow, who was too astonished and delighted to remember her usual polite way of nodding goodbye. But Lin did not forget his, and hurried after the gentlemen, thanked Mr. Mitchell awkwardly, but sincerely, and told him that he would go regularly to school thereafter, and work half a day in the box factory.

All this happened some years ago, but Lin kept his promise so faithfully that we have lately heard of him as the village postmaster, and owner of a fine new house on the site of the burned-down home.—Detroit News-Tribune.

THE DRUDGELESS LIFE.

Who will take the washerwoman's place at the tub? Will the ditcher's son fall heir to his father's spade? If not, how is the work of the world to be done?—The State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Who'll take the washerwoman's place Before the tub,
And scatter buttons with such grace?
That's not the rub.
The weekly wash will get its scrub,
And live up the scenery
On other lines (while at the club She is) all by machinery.

The ditcher's son will pass along
His father's spade;
He feels that he is overstrong
For such a trade;
By such means he would be delayed
In chasing hard for riches;
And engines, for that purpose made,
Will dig the ditches.

The handmaid is not such a need
Now as of yore,
For we must have much greater speed
Than heretofore;
All work by hand's an awful bore,
And very much too slow;
So very few things any more
Are real hand-made, you know.

—Indianapolis News.

WIT HUMOR
AND
SARCASM

Ted—Tom says it costs him more to run his auto than he expected. Ned—The repairs, I suppose? Ted—No; the costumes his wife wears when she goes out in it.—Puck.

Him—And you won't go with me? Her—No—I don't like your style. Him—Poo! You're as full of airs as a street piano. Her—Maybe—but I don't go with a crank.—Cleveland Leader.

Inscrutable Magistrate—Officer, why did you bring this prisoner up before me? Can't you see he's as deaf as a door nail? Policeman—Oh was told ye'd give him a hearing, sor.—Judge.

Lorraine—Is it true that you are engaged to Fred Clarice? No; I have not given him a definite answer yet. I want to wait and see how he looks after the football season is over.—Judge.

"One more question," said the Trust magnate to the applicant. "How is your memory?" "Very hazy," replied the latter. "Good," cried the magnate. "The job is yours."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you regard Biggins as a man of great depth?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne. "His conversation is hard to follow. But his is one of the natures that avoid seeming shallow by being opaque."—Washington Star.

"You never can tell," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "what lasting results may be accomplished by an earnest word spoken at the right time. Many a man has had the shape of his nose changed for life by calling another man a liar."—Chicago Tribune.

Bink—Stung again yesterday. Wink—You are always getting stung. What now? Bink—Answered an ad that said for a dollar they would tell me how to save plumber's bills. Wink—And the answer? Bink—Just two words—"File them."—Chicago Daily News.

"He's almost as wealthy as you are, isn't he?" asked Jigley. "Yes," replied Richley, "but he's awfully tight-ched." "Why, he said he'd give fifty dollars to that charity if you would." "Exactly; that just shows that he doesn't expect to contribute at all."—Philadelphia Press.

First, out of man's need, sprang Enterprise, alert, tireless, and presently so forgetful of its origin as to push on where no need was. But at length Enterprise was made conscious of its trousers, and how, by such fierce activity, it was bagging these. And that was the beginning of Gentility.—Puck.

Old coachman (exercising superseded carriage horses, on catching sight of automobile party)—Well, all I can say is, when the ladies went out with me, they used to take a pride in makin' themselves look nice; but when they goes out in that bloom'n' thing, they looks like patients out of one of them eye and ear hospitals!—Punch.

New Order of Merit.

How to arrest depopulation constantly taxes the minds of ingenious statesmen. The latest brilliant idea is a special decoration, with a special ribbon, of a special pattern and color, for fathers of large families. The weakness of Frenchmen for ribbons in their buttonholes is well known, and has been laughed at by none so much as Frenchmen themselves, but it may as well be turned to account, so the ingenious statesman in question proposes granting the new Order of Merit to fathers of six children at least. Less than that number would not be a qualification. The round dozen of offspring would entitle the happy sire to the highest rank in the order, with star or brilliants. But the strange thing is that no one seems to think of decorating the mothers.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Self-Disgraced.

In Boston, as every one knows, the Symphony concerts are viewed in the light of sacred ceremonials. In this connection the story is told of two little girls of a certain family who returned from the Music hall "in a state of mind." One of them carried an expression of deep scorn; the other an air of great dejection.

"What is the matter, girls?" asked some member of the household. "Was the concert fine?"

"The concert was all right," responded Eleanor. "The trouble was with Mary. She disgraced herself."

"Disgraced herself?"

"Yes, she sneezed in the middle of the symphony."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SCIENCE

A German statistician has calculated that the steam power in present use on this globe is equal to 120,000,000-horse-power. The coal needed to supply this steam for a year would make a freight train extending 10 times around the earth.

Another substitute for coal is reported from Galicia, where a native engineer has made a combination of crude petroleum, clinders and sand into brick or briquettes, "which may be used as fuel by any household in place of coal, a hundred kilos (224.4 pounds) to cost only \$1."

The punkah, or large fan, so necessary for securing a comfortable nap in tropical India, is operated by a native servant. Attempts to drive it mechanically have failed, but success at last is claimed for an electrically driven punkah that, by means of a lathe-shaped spring, gives the jerking or slapping motion needed to keep away the insects.

An English scientist gives some interesting figures regarding the occurrence and distribution of radium in the earth. The total amount of radium in the ocean is reckoned to be 20,000 tons. Regarding the sediments accumulating in the sea, it is found that those most slowly formed exhibit the greatest radio-activity. If all the deposits in the sea were as rich in radium as the globigerina ooze the total amount of this element in them would be 1,000,000 tons. With regard to the rate of change of uranium, by which radium is produced, it is calculated that the amount present in the earth 100,000,000 years ago was only 1 percent more than now.

In the Gulf of Capodistria there is a motor-boat specially designed and built for the scientific exploration of the Adriatic. The Adria, as she is called, is intended for the use of the zoological station at St. Andrea. She is a 44-ton vessel, nearly 70 feet in length, and fitted with a benzine motor of 105-horse-power. The boat is divided into four compartments, consisting of a saloon, a laboratory for scientific experiments, a dark-room for photography and quarters for the crew. A dynamo motor furnishes electric light and also the power for weighing anchor and lowering and raising the great nets. The Adria is the property of the Society for the Scientific Exploration of the Adriatic, which has its headquarters in Vienna.

NO DECREASE IN USE OF WOOD.

In Spite of Fire-Proofing Lumber is Chiefly Used in Building.

In spite of the advance in fireproof construction during the last ten years there has been no decrease in the use of lumber, according to a statement published by the Bureau of Forestry.

Both architects and builders admit, it says, that the forests of the country are likely to be the chief source of building material for many years to come. The heavy demand for lumber continues, although all of the various fireproof materials going into approved building construction are now used in greater quantities than was thought possible a few years ago.

The statement quotes from a report of the Geological Survey, showing that of the permits issued for building operations last year in forty-nine leading cities of the country approximately 61 per cent were for buildings of wood, while the remaining 39 per cent were for fire-resisting structures.

"These figures are more significant," the report adds, "when it is realized that they represent only the building activities in the largest cities. In towns and small cities wood is usually the predominating building material."

Teeth Have to Answer.

It is the teeth that the pathologist should first look for an explanation of those emotional crises in the lives of all of us which assume now the form of an exaggeration of the sentiment of romantic love, again an intensification of insomnia and sometimes a development of religious sensibility to the boundary line of mania.

In making good this theory the professor of diseases of the nervous system in the Western Reserve University, Dr. Henry S. Upson, ascribes many of the ordinary cases of nervous wreck met with in daily experience to a misunderstanding of the depth of mechanism of man. Not only is teeth the cause but disease of a dental nature involving no pain whatever to the victim works its havoc and leads men and women to madhouses, domestic miseries and every kind of excess.—Current Literature.

Underground Rivers of Australia.

There are comparatively few rivers of any size or importance in Australia, and a local learned professor of science has been explaining the reason. In consequence of the geological formation of the Commonwealth most of its rivers are at present imprisoned subterranean streams.

He declares that one of these underground rivers is the largest in the world, being no less than 200 miles wide and running right through the centre of the continent. If these vast supplies of subterranean waters were brought to the surface and properly utilized Australia would become the richest country in the world.—Westminster Gazette.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

As a rule, naughtiness does not come to naught.

A lazy man is always ready to hand you free advice.

The thread of many a discourse is in reality a yarn.

Your bottom dollar is always a sound financial basis.

Old age comes in a canter to the man who goes the pace.

The overthrow of many a man may be traced to a slip of a girl.

Among other pipe lines are those written in favor of smoking.

If women were mind readers, they wouldn't speak to some men.

It does seem queer that most "good fellows" have a lot of bad habits.

People in the social scale seldom find it necessary to weigh their words.

Our idea of a martyr is a man who poses as a good example in a small town.

Distance not only lends enchantment, but it doesn't expect to be paid back.

By standing up for yourself others may be prevented from sitting down on you.

There is something wrong with the minds of men who seek continuous pleasure.

It may be possible for a man to write a sensible love letter, but he never does.

A man may think he is killing time, but sooner or later time puts him out of the running.

The mere fact that a man doesn't pay his bills is no sign that he owns an automobile.

It sometimes happens that a man is as vain of his wife's actions as he is ashamed of his own.

Fortune is said to knock once at every man's door, but it's difficult to make some men believe it.

About the man who thinks he knows it all the worst thing is his inability to keep his mouth shut.

It takes an awful lot of self-control to enable a man to go up in the attic every time he feels like swearing.

The theatre box office window is larger than the church contribution plate. Perhaps that may account for it.

Did you ever notice the look of pain that doesn't show up on a doctor's face when a rival M. D. is spoken of contemptuously?

A health journal has an article on "How to Lie When Asleep." What we need is a few pointers on how to induce people to tell the truth when awake.—From "Humanisms" in the New York Journal.

A FAMOUS BATHTUB.

The Big Shoe in Which Marat Was Killed Now in a Paris Museum.

The bathtub in which Marat was killed by Charlotte Corday is still in existence. A man who has seen it in Paris, where it is now on sale, says that it is totally unlike the bathtubs with which we are familiar.

"It is shaped like a sabot, or shoe" he writes in the London Illustrated News, "and is covered except for a space where the bather gets in. It is not long enough for a man to stretch out comfortably. That would be impossible anyway, owing to the shape. The occupant must sit up, his head and shoulders coming out of the ankle of the shoe."

"On the upper part there are two hooks which could be used to support a desk. A sort of stool in copper is fixed to the bath which enables the bather to sit and write. Under this stool the heating apparatus was placed."

"That bath has not been used since the murder, and even now, perhaps, the blood marks of 'the friend of the people' can be seen. At least the sulphur and other chemicals used by Marat, who, as is known, suffered from a skin disease, have left their trace on the metal."

"After passing through many hands the bath came into the possession of the cure of Sargeau, who sold it to the Grevin Museum for 3,000 francs."

First Giraffe in Europe.

Dr. Johnson, as is well known, refused for many months to believe in the Lisbon earthquake, and Parisians formerly were just as sceptical as to the existence of the giraffe, a new specimen of which has just been added to the Jardin des Plantes.

The earliest specimen of these gentle creatures was seen in Paris in the reign of Louis XVI. We learn from a French contemporary that the giraffe was first heard of in 1787, when it was described by a Frenchman named Levalliant, who had journeyed in the lands of the Hottentots and Kaffirs. When the explorer referred to the animals with the long necks he was looked upon as a Munchausen and told that he was such in not the politest language. It was only when some living specimens arrived in the French capital that Levalliant's reputation for veracity was re-established, and then the animals for a long time formed the sensation of Paris, not only among the multitude but in all scientific circles.—London Globe.

Nature's Danger Colors.

The strong yellow and black marking of the European salamander is what is called a "warning" coloration, just as is the yellow and black outfit of the poisonous wasp. Animals learn to leave the yellow and black livery untouched, and tentative bites are thus avoided by the creatures so marked.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

A NEW ANIMAL HERO.

The Silver Fox "a Glorified Freak of the Red Race."

Ernest Thompson Seton's new story, "Domina Reynard of Goldur Town," the history of a silver fox, with many illustrations by the author-artist, begins publication in the "Century." This is the hero:

Only those wise in the woodlore of the North can fully know the magic in the name. The silver fox is not of different kind, but a glorified freak of the red race. His parents may have been the commonest of red foxes, yet nature in extravagant mood may have showered all her gifts on this favored one of the offspring, and not only clad him in a marvelous coat, but gifted him with speed and wind and brains above his kind, to guard his perilous wealth. And need he has of all such power, for this exquisite robe is so mellow rich, so wonderful in style, with its glossy black and delicate frosting, that it is the most desirable, the most precious of all furs, worth many times its weight in gold, the noblest peltry known to man. It is the proper robe of kings, the appanage of great imperial thrones today, as was the Tyrian purple in the days of Rome. This is indeed the hunter's highest prize, but so guarded by the cunning brain and the wind and limb of the beast himself, that it is through rare good luck more than hunter skill that a few of those fur-jewels are taken each year in the woods.

There are degrees of rank among these patrians. They range in quality even as diamonds range, and the hunters have a jargon of their own to express all shades between the cross and the finest silver black.

His quality may scarcely show in summer, and a silver cub, while in the nursery coat, might pass for a common fox. It is the approach of winter that brings out the beauties of the gifted one; and when that autumn wore away on Goldur Town with frostier nights, the Domino's darkening winter coat grew every day in richness and in length, the great tail fluffed out white-tipped, the black markings across the eyes turned blacker, like a mask, with an emphasis of silver hair enfaming it about. Then the head and neck grew glossy black; then, like bright stars besprinkled on the night, came shining tips of white on the inky depths, and those who had seen only the dusky cub of July, would never have recognized him in November, for the noble was wearing his splendor now, the Domino stood in his winter robe, a magnificent silver fox.

Runaways from Russia.

Every now and again the Russian quarter in the east end of London is stirred up by the arrival of prison-breakers from Russia. They are not criminals, but men and women who have been sentenced for political reasons.

The accounts of their escapes very often hardly seem credible. For instance, London is now harboring one of a party of ten who brought off a coup in Warsaw. The Pavik prison there is one of the strongest in the world. Its head received a telephonic message from the military governor that ten of the prisoners were to be transferred to the citadel, for which purpose he was sending an officer with a sufficient guard.

In due course, an officer, accompanied by six policemen, produced an official looking document authorizing the transfer of the ten men, who were fully described. The prisoners were driven away in a prison van, and never seen again. The van and uniforms were found later on the outskirts of the city.

The Akatui prison, eastern Siberia, provided London with another runaway. This man managed to secrete himself in a pickled cabbage barrel, and was stored away in a cellar under the governor's house. He tunneled through the foundation, was met by friends with a sleigh, and safely reached a refuge, where he planned the trip to the metropolis.—Tit-Bits.

Onion Millionaires Now.

Not many years ago it was not uncommon to have one point to this millionaire and that and say: "He made his money in oil." Up in Texas they are developing men along the Rio Grande who may in a short time be referred to as "onion millionaires."

So great has been the success of the men who have been growing onions along the boundary line that experts declare the Bermuda onion produced there is really superior to the Bermuda onion produced in its native soil. Last summer the agent of the South Texas Truck Growers' Association visited the Bermuda Islands and the Canary Islands and secured a big consignment of seeds. These seeds have produced this year's onion crop in Texas, of a greater size and of a fine quality. Whereas, it was formerly estimated that the Bermuda growers shipped 1,000,000 crates of onions to the United States annually, it is now estimated that their shipments this year amounted to about 380,000 crates.—Mexico Record.

What Happened to the Phone.

Kathryn (fluttering in)—"I'm so glad I've found you home, dear! I tried to call you up, but central said your phone was out of order."

Glady's (weakly)—"I suppose it is. About an hour ago Jack called up father and asked him for my hand."—Puck.

Forty dollars an ounce is said to have been the price paid in New York by Mrs. John T. Windrim of Philadelphia, for a dog weighing 25 ounces.