

## RIGHT SHALL RULE.

Short is the triumph of evil,  
Long is the reign of right,  
The man who wins by the aid of sin,  
The nation that rules by might,  
The party that lives by corruption,  
The trickster, the knave, the thief,  
May thrive for a time on the fruits of  
crime,  
But their seeming success is brief.  
Sneer, if you will, at honor;  
Make virtue a theme for jest;  
Reflect on the man who strives as he can  
To seek and to do the best;  
Make goodness a butt for slander,  
And offer excuse for vice;  
Proclaim the old lie, the corruptionist's  
cry,  
That every man has his price.  
Yet know that the truth shall triumph,  
That evil shall find its doom,  
That the cause of right, though subdued  
by might,  
Shall break from the strongest tomb;  
That wrong, though it seems to triumph,  
Lives only for a day,  
While the cause of truth has eternal  
youth,  
And shall rule o'er the world for aye.  
—J. A. Edgerton, in Christian Egoist  
World.

## A HALF-HOUR WITH "EPHRAIM."

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

"During the late winter and spring of '52," said my trapper friend, "I was out alone a couple of hundred miles west of Laramie.  
"I went up there in a light snow, with my mule hitched to a travvy that carried all my effects in a sixty-gallon cask—a big stout barrel which had been freighted in at Fort Laramie.  
"The mule was a Government animal, all right but for a spavin on one fore leg, which unfitted him for the heavy freight service. I had bid him in at a trader's auction. Moses, as I called the beast, suited me better than a pony, and for eight years he and the big barrel served my purposes in the way of travel.  
"Moses was the most successful forager I ever owned. When he couldn't dig up grass, he could thrive on willows or almost any kind of brush, and he wasn't scared of anything on earth, alive or dead.  
"That winter, which was open and mild, I built a light pole shack up on the side hill for myself, and an open shed near the creek bank for Moses.  
"I found the trapping prime. The water in all streams was very low, there having been no rains the year before, and when March came in the beavers began migrating down stream, hunting for more water.  
"That made easy trapping, for every shallow was a runway where you could set your traps between the boulders just deep enough to catch a beaver by the hind legs. I took a lot of pelts, and was getting on finely when the silvertips crawled out of their winter quarters and made trouble for me.  
"For some days they took my beaver about as fast as I could catch them. Neither they nor any other four-foot thieves ever trouble a trapper when he is taking his catch in water deep enough to drown his beaver.  
"I put in my time hunting bears for three or four days, and killed four within the range of my trapping ground.  
"One morning, just at daylight, I met a big fellow in the creek channel within 200 yards of my shack.  
"Twasn't light enough for good shooting, but the rascal was picking the bones of one of my beaver, and I took a chance at forty yards, and fired at him. The result was that I barked Ephraim's jaw, and instantly had a mad grizzly charging after me.  
"One shot was all I carried in those days, and I dropped my rifle on the rocks and ran for my shack. I was light on my feet in the fifties, and good at sprinting, otherwise I should never have beaten that lean old bear in an uphill race. As it was, I slammed and latched my flimsy split pole door in Ephraim's face. Knowing that wouldn't stand up against a single stroke of his paw, I dived for my barrel, the only hiding place I had. The big cask, with half a head in one end and a whole one in the other, served me both as a provision chest and a table.  
"I whirled it over, tumbled out the contents, and with a bowie knife in my teeth, backed into it. I managed to roll it so that the open end was next to the wall, and in that refuge I awaited Ephraim's movements.  
"The bear didn't smash in my door, as I feared he would, but proceeded to climb up on my turkey pen. The walls were laid up like a worm fence, a little notched at the joining, and the cracks were stuffed with moss. The roof, too, was covered with light poles and with bark and moss, weighted down by stones.  
"The whole structure was not as stout as a good rail pigpen, but there wasn't a tree big enough to climb on that whole slope, just a scattering chaparral of small timber, and the shack was my only refuge.  
"Sometimes a bear is afraid of a pen like that, especially if he has ever been pinched in a log trap, but this one wasn't, as the books say, sophisticated.  
"I heard the poles creak as he mounted, and one of them, clawed out of its joint, rattled an end on the ground.  
"When he came to leave himself up on the roof the poles flew apart and the bear slumped in head first. He was mad at finding himself caged, and the way he broke loose was damaging.  
"In less than a minute he knocked the shack into smithereens. Then he climbed out of a wreck of poles and began snuffing around the premises. A half-dozen or more poles lay crisscross over my barrel, and I had high

hope, for a moment, that I might escape discovery.  
"But no; Ephraim either smelled me or the bacon and sugar that I had turned loose, and back he came, grunting and clawing into the woodpile. When he raked my barrel out of the wreckage and poked his muzzle in at its opening I let him have the knife. Then things happened to the barrel and me.  
"The grizzly threw himself upon the cask as upon a living thing, ripping at it with teeth and claws, and roaring like a mad lion. Scared lest his cuffing would spill me out, I wedged myself in with the back of my head and shoulders against the half head, and my feet braced at the whole end, while one hand pushed against the staves opposite my face, and the other held my knife, ready for a jab. And so, well braced, I took my punishment.  
"The cask was of the stoutest material, hooped, at six-inch spaces, in iron, and no animal of less strength than an elephant could have crushed its staves.  
"When the bear reached a paw in at the opening I drove the point of my knife into his palm. There was a sudden exit of the paw, and a whining roar of pain, but he only fell upon my defenseless cover with increased wrath.  
"Sometimes I was stood on my head, again on my crossed legs, but more often I was rolled about flatwise or spun round and round as the bear cuffed and clawed at the barrel.  
"He got the cask presently clear outside the wreckage of the shack and banged it about among the small growth. No loser at a prize fight, I reckon, was ever more outrageously thumped during his battle than I was while that grizzly mauled my barrel. Ugh! It seems as if my backbone and my shins are sore yet when I get to thinking about it.  
"After a minute or two of such pounding the barrel was tumbled into an open space, and away it went down the slope. What happened in the next minute is a fit of delirium to me. Somewhere between the shack and the mule shed the barrel hit an obstruction, mercifully spilled me out and went whizzing on into the creek.  
"I suppose it was only for some seconds, but it seemed to me an age that I lay on my back, with the hills, some clouds and a piece of red sky doing a dance around me.  
"Then I staggered to my feet, wondering where I was and what had happened, and was brought to my senses by a squeal of rage from Moses, followed by a cracking thump, and a roar from Ephraim.  
"Then I knew the grizzly had charged after the barrel, had somehow missed me in his rage, and had brought up at the mule shed. Instantly I was scared for Moses' safety. Tied as he was the mule would be helpless and have no chance to get away. For the minute, I forgot my own danger.  
"I ran to the back of the shed, which was the side nearest me, jerked the moss out of a crack, reached in with my knife, which I had picked up when I was spilled, and cut the rawhide which tethered Moses.  
"The mule was fighting the fight of his life to keep Ephraim from clawing his rump. He was pulling back at his rope when I slashed it, and he backed his fighting quarters into outdoor territory as quick as scat.  
"I climbed up on the shed, grabbed a pole, and stood ready to put in my licks. Then—well, I came pretty near getting even with that bear. I was in time to see Moses slam his heels into the grizzly's chest with a sounding thump that was good to hear.  
"It was simply astonishing—the amount of punishment that silvertip was willing to take. Blinded by lightning strokes and beaten back again and again, he rushed to the fray with jaws open, only to have his teeth kicked down his throat.  
"There was no need for me to take part in that fight. From the beginning Moses had things his own way. With an eye to the rear, his forefeet gathered close, the mule's spine curved like a willow whipped in the wind. In vain the bear tried to get past his battery, to rush in under his flying heels.  
"When the grizzly was finally and ignominiously tumbled over the creek bank the fight was ended. He gathered himself up, grumbling, crossed the creek and slunk off among the bushes.  
"When Moses cooled off enough so that I dared overhaul him, I found some ugly cuts on his flanks and hams, and some nasty bruises on his lower legs, but they were only such superficial hurts as good bathing and a little grease would cure in the end."  
—Youth's Companion.

### Penetrability of Matter.

In a lecture at the Royal Institution recently, Professor Sir James Thomson said that matter is neither continuous nor homogeneous. He showed by an experiment that hydrogen can be passed into a vacuum bulb through an incandescent platinum window. In a similar way sodium can be passed into the tube to absorb the residual oxygen. Bellati, the Italian physicist, has shown that hydrogen can pass through cold iron. Matter may therefore be generally regarded as full of holes.  
—Youth's Companion.

Travelers through Serbian villages often see dolls suspended in the windows of cottages. The dolls have nothing to do with child life, but signify that a marriageable daughter or a widow lives in the house.

## Testing Plant Life on Fort Brown Land

### Remarkable Results of Experiments—Foreign Growths, Including Cork Oak and Bamboo, Raised—Cotton Plants Crossed

The military reservation at Fort Brown, which served the United States a useful purpose in troublesome times during periods of border warfare, is now being put to a still greater and far more beneficial use, writes the Fort Brown (Texas) correspondent of the New York Tribune. The abandonment of Fort Brown as a military post as a direct result of the shooting up of the town of Brownsville on August 13, 1906, left the War Department with this valuable property upon its hands. Soon after the abandonment an investigation of the agricultural possibilities of the land was made under the direction of the Department of Agriculture. It was decided that it would be an ideal site for the establishment of a United States plant testing and introduction garden. It was found that it was the most southerly locality in the United States where such a garden could be established. In point of climate and in other respects it offered opportunities for conducting experiments and investigation in the growth of a wide variety of products that could not be undertaken in any other section of the United States. There were two other government plant testing and introduction gardens in this country, one at Miami, Fla., and the other at Chico, Cal.

Professor E. C. Green was put in charge. His first step was to clear the land and install a system of irrigation. The water for irrigation purposes is obtained from the Rio Grande by means of one eight horsepower gasoline engine, which drives a centrifugal pump of a capacity of six hundred gallons a minute. A small engine provides the agricultural colony with its own electric lights and domestic water supply.

These gardens at present embrace an area of fifty acres, but the remaining hundred and fifty acres will be brought under cultivation as rapidly as possible. Even with the fifty acres in use more than twenty-five hundred different varieties of plant life are growing or have been grown since November, 1907. A detailed account of what has already been accomplished in these gardens would occupy many columns. Seeds and plants have been brought from all over the world and are being experimented with in order to discover whether they are adapted to the soil and climate of the lower Rio Grande Valley, as well as to other parts of Texas and the South generally.

As an illustration of the possibilities in this direction, one variety of cotton which was obtained from Nicaragua produces squares which hang downward. It is a proved fact that the boll weevil is a clumsy insect and that it clings with difficulty. Therefore it would have difficulty in hanging on to the Nicaragua cotton. The Nicaragua variety is being successfully grown in its native country despite the fact that that is the country whence the boll weevil originally came. It is Professor Green's idea to cross the Nicaragua cotton with the best long staple cotton of the South in the hope that the trait of the squares hanging downward may be retained and at the same time the yield of the staple increased.

One of the most important experiments is that of growing the cork oak. The acorns from which these trees sprang were brought from Spain. A barrel of the acorns are being planted each year. The trees are of slow growth, but are valuable when they attain a commercial size, which is at an age of about twenty years. It is from the cork oak that the cork supply of the world is obtained. There is one of these trees on the Jagua ranch, near Fort Brown, which is flourishing at the age of sixteen years. It is stated by Professor Green that when a cork oak has at-

tained the age of twenty years it is good for one hundred years of production. The cork oak trees which are now growing in the Fort Brown gardens are doing splendidly.

The growing of bamboos is another feature of these gardens. Owing to the strong Gulf winds, which prevail almost constantly in the lower Rio Grande Valley, the need of windbreaks to protect the growing crops is felt upon the farms, particularly where certain delicate kinds of garden truck are raised. It is the opinion of Professor Green that bamboos are the coming windbreaks of the valley. When planted from the seed the bamboo stalks make a growth of twelve feet in one year. The second year's growth is twenty to thirty feet, and, with irrigation, the stalks grow to a height of sixty to a hundred feet. The timber is from four to eight inches in diameter, and is hard and straight. This bamboo timber is good for use as rafters in houses, and is valuable in a thousand other ways. By moistening and splitting, handsome and durable furniture and matting can be made from it. The bamboo stalks which are growing upon the gardens here demonstrate that they are well adapted to this soil and climate.

The experiments and investigation that have been made in growing date palms in the Fort Brown gardens show that the raising of this fruit is a domestic proposition in the lower Rio Grande Valley. The trees thrive and produce an abundance of fruit. It is probable that these gardens will have more than 1000 date palm trees ready for distribution next year.

Exhaustive experiments are being made with cacti. There are now 225 varieties of cactus growing in the Fort Brown gardens. Of this number sixteen or seventeen varieties are perfectly spineless. The enormous production and great value of the cactus as a forage product are well known to the stockmen of the Southwest.

Much attention is given to growing native fruits, vegetables and grains in these gardens. A Mexican variety of corn, which has unusually long and thick husks, that protect it from the weevil, is being grown. This corn is said to be well adapted to Texas.

### A Quincentenary.

Among the many seats of learning which will shortly be celebrating centenaries is the University of Leipzig. This foundation will celebrate its 500th anniversary toward the end of July next, and its 1000th session. The program will include a service in the university church, the Pauliner Kirche, a meeting in the new theatre with an address by Prince Frederick August of Saxony, a fete camptre at Palmengarten, a historic procession, gala performances in all the theatres, and a "commerz" in a specially constructed hall, at which 10,000 will be present. The arrangements are in the hands of the rector and professors, assisted by the various students' societies. —London Globe.

### A Musician and His Dolls.

Dragonetti, the famous double bass, had two weaknesses—one for snuff taking and the other for dolls, of which he owned a large number. They were not beautiful and were most quaintly dressed, especially the large black one he called his "wife," but the whole wooden family accompanied him whithersoever he went and he would find amusement for hours talking to them. —Home Notes.

The total number of negroes in the United States in the year 1800 was 1,000,000, speaking in round terms, and in 1900, 8,841,000.

## AN "ELABORATE DINNER."

### Modern Table, Decked Out For Festive Occasions, a Formidable Affair.

The man who declined to eat at a formal dinner because he was not hungry showed unusual independence. Indeed, the modern table, decked out for a festive occasion, is a formidable affair. Few, even the most expert, know exactly what they are eating. In a book called "Old Kentucky," Mr. J. F. Cook describes an elaborate repast which he attended some years ago while on a visit to the East.

"Perhaps what food satisfies one depends largely upon taste and habit. Had Mark Twain been permitted to enjoy the evening meal—they called it dinner—at Sherry's, in New York, he would not have been so frank in expressing great admiration for Southern cooking.

"It was said that it took four thousand dollars to provide the supper—for four hundred people—and how much money was spent on other things was not estimated.

"It was a great occasion, and to an old Kentuckian who had spent a quarter of a century in the West, it was naturally an occasion of great expectation.

"All of us were seated by number. Finally the trouble began. An elaborate way-bill, called a 'menu,' was presented to each one, and if ever that way-bill has been read thoroughly by any one to this day, I have not heard of it. It was principally

French, mongrel-English, and outlandish expressions.

"Without attempting to name the different articles, I will say that it seemed they had swept the ponds, the swamps, and all strange places to get the materials for dinner.

"Never having tasted terrapin, I thought that when we came around to that I certainly should be delighted. We had gone through with the frogs and different kinds of soups, and then came the terrapin and canvasback duck.

"I had eaten among the Indians, among the negroes, among white folks and among the Dutch, but I had never tasted anything like that terrapin. It seemed to be mixed up with little chips and gristle, small bones, speices, flavoring extracts, sage, rue and hair oil.

"I tackled it boldly—I had tried several other dishes and soups and failed—but the first mouthful of this discouraged me. I turned to my neighbor and said:

"How do you like this?" His answer fully concurred with my judgment. I then knew he was a wise man.

"It took till very late in the night to go through with the whole business, but I hung on because I wanted to hear the speeches."

## Pluck and Adventure.

### A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

When the revenue cutter Bear reached Alaskan waters in 1887 the captain of the whaling ship Hunter handed the commander of the Bear a message which had been delivered to him a few days before by the natives of Cape Behring. It consisted of a piece of wood, on one side of which was rudely carved, "1887 J. B. V. Bk. Nap. Tobacco give." On the other side was cut, "S. W. C. Nav. M 10 help come."

The riddle offered by this had baffled the whaler, but it was speedily solved by the revenue officer. The bark Napoleon had been wrecked in 1885 off Cape Navarin, and only fourteen of thirty-six men on board had reached port. Of the unlucky twenty-two, says the author of "The Sea Rovers," a few had reached the Siberian shore, but nothing had been learned of their ultimate fate. The officer therefore reasoned that the sender of the message was a member of that crew who had found shelter with the natives to the southwest of the cape, about ten miles, and was anxiously awaiting rescue. This reasoning was correct, and within two weeks they had the full story from the rescued man, James B. Vincent, of Edgartown, Mass.

The Napoleon, caught in a storm, had been wedged in the ice, and its crew was compelled to take to the boats. These, four in number, were soon separated, and thirty-six days of fearful suffering elapsed before the boat containing Vincent reached shore.

In the meantime nine of the eighteen persons had died, and several others had been driven insane by their sufferings. Vincent was the only man who could walk when they reached land. Five more soon died, and the other three were helpless from frost bites when they fell in with a party of natives.

Some of the natives lived inland, and took Vincent with them when they returned to their homes. The following spring, when they visited the shore to fish, he found his three shipmates barely alive; they all died soon afterward.

When the fishing was over Vincent went back to the mountains with his native friends, and during the following winter carved the message which brought about his rescue, and entrusted it to some wandering natives from Cape Behring.

At the opening of spring, the second year, he again started for the seashore. A few weeks later he was attracted by the shouting of the natives, and looking up discovered, to his great joy, white men who had come to rescue him. The Bear conveyed him to San Francisco, whence he went overland to his home.

While among the Eskimos Vincent was kindly cared for by an old native, whose wife received him as her son. After a year the husband died, but his last instructions to his wife were to care for and keep their guest until he was rescued. When relief at last came the old woman, with tears in her eyes, said she was ready to die, for she had done as her husband wished. Warm and tender hearts can be found even in Siberian wastes.

### A GAY REVOLUTION.

In 1848 a revolutionary movement threatened Austria, and from the window of his office in Vienna, the well known author, Grillparzer, had a view of the opening scenes of the revolution. He speaks of the behavior of the people during the first days of the revolution as "charming." It was the gayest revolution imaginable, he wrote. Favored by the most beautiful spring weather, the entire population was in the streets from morning till night.

When the crowd reached the vicinity of the Imperial Burg, where the military with their cannon had been stationed, there arose loud shouts of joy, which those within the Burg interpreted as threats against their lives; so that they conceded everything demanded by some impudent fellows, who represented themselves as deputies of the people. In fact, it became the fashion for any one who chose to do so to demand admission into the Burg, bring his fist down upon the table, and insult the archdukes to their faces.

Those who were inspired by the sincerest conviction, and who at the same time acted most absurdly, were the students, who considered themselves the heroes of the occasion. As there seemed to be some hesitation about granting a constitution, they wanted to storm the Burg. They thought less of victory than the glory of dying for the cause of liberty. They scrambled for the honor of leading in the assault.

I have myself seen how the younger and weaker ones among them asked to be placed in front, so that, after they had been shot down, the older and stronger might be able to hurl themselves upon the guns before there was time to reload them.

At last the promise of a constitution was given. The Emperor drove through the streets. He was everywhere greeted with shouts of joy, cheers, expressions of love and devotion, the outbursts of true and loyal hearts.

### HUNTING SEA ELEPHANTS.

The chief danger attending the killing of the sea elephant is in approaching too near his terrible jaws, which are capable of biting in two an iron rod the thickness of one's finger. The hunter, however, must get pretty

close, as the thick hide and blubber have rendered the animal practically impervious to attack, the only vulnerable point being a spot about the size of a walnut above each eye. Careless hunters have at times got within reach of the brute's teeth and have escaped only by dexterously wriggling from their clothes. I had occasion once to shed my coat with great agility, one of the smaller beasts having caught me by the sleeve.

Our afternoon kill had been about forty animals, some of which had given me and my four hunters considerable trouble. This was mainly due to the treacherous footing and the heavy nature of the work, not only in killing, but in stripping the ponderous brutes. We were anxious to make the afternoon kill an even fifty, and night was fast coming on.

In cutting out two particularly hard fighters, a male and female, I had overlooked a young bull partly hidden behind an ice hummock. We had stripped both animals and, walking over to the hummock where our guns were stacked, I was leaning to pick mine up when, with a bellow of rage, the young bull reared and whipped his tail-like flippers at me. Luckily the guns were stacked so as to form a temporary barrier, but unluckily one thick paw was impaled on a bayonet. Rearing in fresh rage the animal lunged at me with incredible speed, snapping the gun between his javelin teeth as though it were a straw. I leaped backward, but slipped.

Instantly he clutched at my body, but missed in the semi-darkness, lunged and clutched again, catching my right arm in his powerful maw. His awkwardness enabled me to regain my feet, but, with a ripping tug the animal fastened on to the sleeve of my heavy skin jacket, out of which I slipped just as one of my men drove a harpoon into him just above the eye.—Captain Benjamin D. Cleveland, in Hampton's Magazine.

### BOSTON'S MAN OF MYSTERY.

Even in our own country a secret passage is now and then come upon. There was such a tunnel in Boston, Mass., which led from the water front back toward Copps Hill. No one ever had the courage to investigate it but once. Then two young men accompanied by their dog ventured in some hundred feet. But their candle was snuffed out and they retreated. As they hurried out they called their dog with them. It refused to come, but stood with bristling back, snarling into the dark, finally running straight into the tunnel, and that was the last ever heard from it. Later the tunnel was closed, but before that the weird history of its maker was brought to light. His name was Gruchy—bold, inscrutable and with his pockets full of Spanish doubloons.

The little that is known of him even now is that one day he appeared in Boston. He seemed to have no particular business; he finally set up a store as a merchant, and offered many strange and valuable things for sale at an extremely low rate. And where they came from was nobody's business. Gruchy had a way of leaning against his counter and one hand akimbo on his hip and within easy reach of his old horse pistol, of looking at a man who questioned him as to where he secured his goods that was a quick bar to such free and easy questions. He prospered to such an extent that he soon bought the famous house owned by Sir William Phips, and soon after constructed a wharf, which rested on the hulks of two sunken ships lying at right angles near the shore. But there was one odd thing about this wharf—no vessels were ever seen to approach it. There were rumors, to be sure, of strange craft afloat in the harbor at nightfall and the sound of muffled oars still later in the evening. Gruchy was a lavish entertainer. His house was the scene of many a good dinner, where he had as his guests not only Colonials but English army officers. No one in all Boston offered such choice wines or such delicate viands. Practically nothing more is known of him or his end.

Old Christ Church to-day is indebted to this man for candelabra and various other things of solid gold and silver—not purchased in the Colonies. —Sunday Magazine.

### CHEETAH IN INDIAN VILLAGE.

A large cheetah, evidently from the jungles near Malapuram, descended a few days ago on the village of Tirur and caused a panic among the village folk.

Entering a Molpah hut, the beast pounced upon a woman, killing her and then eating away a portion of the face and body. The poor woman screamed for several minutes, but the terrified neighbors could not find sufficient courage to go to the rescue, and on the cheetah emerging there was a general stampede.

The brute went out, savagely attacking all it came across, and some thirteen persons were severely mauled, four of them succumbing to their injuries. Eventually the cheetah concealed itself in a pit, where it was followed by a railway inspector, who shot it. The first shot did not tell, and the cheetah sprang on Mr. Noronha, the official, who managed to evade it. A coolie and Molpah villager going to the rescue were attacked, the villager being dragged down by the cheetah.

Mr. Noronha then shot the beast through the heart. When the villagers found that it was dead they rushed up and belabored the carcass with stones and any weapons they could pick up.—Madras Mail.

The German available army numbers over 5,000,000 men.