IN A FRIENDLY SORT OF WAY.

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue. An'the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through, It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a feller just to lay His hand upon your shoulder in a triendly soft o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the teardrops start, An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of your heart. You can't look up and meet his eves; you don't know what to say, When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall, With its cares and hitter crosses, but a good world after all.

An' a good God must have made it—leastways that is what I say, When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Just an Iron Rod.

By C. A. STEPHENS.

team horses.

the hand.

and

tank to me.

less I kept it wet.

eaves to the ground.

the fire out.

on them.

house.

shouted to me.

" 'The fire's crossed the river up

What do you think, Elsie?

"Let's save our house!" she ex-

"We went on soaking the house and

what was coming; if we had, we

wetting the ground round it for ten

or fifteen minutes more, the smoke

heard a woman crying up the road

ing to run, earrying one child in her

arms and pulling another along by

to the door. It was one of the Hun-

save that a great fire was coming. 1

did not know what to do about hav-

ing her stop there; for in case our

house burned, it was wasting time

for her to tarry there with those

"While Elsie was talking to her

pushed inside, jabbering ex-

and set him to passing water from the

"Thus far there had been no fire

in sight, merely a storm of thick

smoke and ashes driving past. Then

all at once flames appeared every-

where in the woods, on both sides of

the river and all about us! Such a

flerce wave of heat made itself felt

that we all ran inside and shut the

door. It was so hot that I knew the

house would soon dry and burn un-

"I set a box on top of a table,

grabbed an ax and cut a hole through

the roof large enough to put my head

and shoulders out. Elsie and the

Chinaman passed up buckets of water

to me and I sluiced the roof. If the

not have done much, of course, but

"We heard pitiful cries at the door

and Elsie opened it a crack. There

lay two more Chinese, who had

crawled there through the smoke and

fire; their clothes were burning, their

very hair was singed! We pulled

them in at the door and threw water

"The roar of the fire and the wind

outside was now awful-like a great

furnace roaring up its chimney. But

soon above it all we heard a fright-

ful squealing. Four horses, with

which some teamsters had been draw-

ing a load of lumber up the river,

came galloping along the road, with

water on our house, Instinctively

they rushed to the door and crowded

their bodies against the dripping

'Shall I let them crowd in?'

head in as she spoke.

Elsie looked out at the door.

'O the poor creatures!" she cried.

"'We can't,' I said. 'There's no room!' But one of them thrust his

"I rushed to push the door to, but

the horse pushed harder than I could

managed to shut the door. Two of

the other horses perished just out-

another woman, a stranger to us,

came running, and with her was a

When she saw us throw-

should have run with the others.

getting thicker all the time.

'It's a hot one!

here in the woods!' one of them

You'd better be on the move!"

When tidings reached us that in , men came down the road, riding their the great conflagration of last August Fernie and other new towns of the Crow's Nest Pass region in British Columbia had been destroyed, my first thought was of an old schoolmate, named Murray Bartlett, who went West from Maine two years ago to embark in the lumber business in that vicinity,

According to the reports first telegraphed, hundreds, if not thousands, of the people about Fernie had pertshed; and for some time we feared that Murray and his young wife, whom we had also known well, were among the victims of the fire.

I rejoiced, therefore, when twelve and pretty soon saw her coming, trydays later a letter came, written by Murray himself.

"We are still alive," so his letter epens, "but it was touch and go with ing water, she turned in and came us one day. I had seen forest fires before, but we never had anything garian miners' wives and we could like this in Maine. I could give you no idea of it if I tried—the heat, I mean, and the great waves of flame that rolled through the sky!

Just one little thing saved our fives and the lives of eight others who took refuge in our house-just | children, one little iron rod.

That will sound so queer to you that I shall have to explain it.

"Our house is on the Elk River about five miles out of Fernie. built it myself. It was just a shack of squared logs, thirty-two by twenty, with a shingle roof-good enough in a new country for Elsie and myself.

"I had trouble about getting a well citedly. I gave him Elsie's bucket there on account of ledges. For over a year I used to bring all the water we used in buckets from the river. The Eik River comes down a great valley between the mountains west of the Crow's Nest Pass and empties into the Kootenay, which is a large tributary of the Columbia,

"But I grew tired of fetching water so far, so last May I put up a windmill at the riverbank, one of those small fron 'turbines' such as sell for fifteen dollars. A slender steel tripod, or tower, thirty feet high, came with it. The only woodwork about it was the long pump-rod, and that was broken coming up on the cars from Spokane. So I replaced it with a little iron rod which I pieced together at the sawmills where I work. I mention this because I suppose we all owe our lives to that half-inch rod. If the wooden pump-rod had not happened to get smashed on the ears, well, you would not be reading this letter, that's all!

The windmill worked all right. I got two hundred feet of pipe, and swept overhead. Hot, blazing cinthen nailed together a wooden tank ders came in at the hole; I had to in the kitchen, where Elsie found it soak a blanket and stuff it in to keep at convenience to have plenty of water handy.

"All through the last week of July ft was very smoky. This whole Elk River valley was heavily wooded; and since lumbering began, there were, miles and miles of dead, dry treetops and brush. Not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks. You can fmagine how dry all this waste stuff became. It was like so much tinder Even the forests over the mountains were very dry.

"On Saturday, August 1, I went to the mill, as usual, at seven o'clock. I noticed that the wind was blowing pretty hard. But in the mill we were all busy with saws and planers. Not much attention was paid to things outside till toward noon, when two Welsh miners ran in and shouted that a big fire was raging on the other side of the river. While they were talking, five Chinese came running down the river road, their pigtails streaming out behind them, they were so scared. They yelled to us in the mill as they ran by and made excited gestures up-stream.

"My house was up in that direction and without saying anything hold. He forced his way in among more to any one, I threw the belt off my machine, grabbed coat and hat and ran for home. The smoke was driving down so thick that my eyes smarted; the air, too, felt very hot,

When I came in sight of my water on the roof.

'O Murray!' she cried, when she saw me. 'Help me wet the house down. They say there's a big fire coming this way! I'm afraid we'll se our house!"

"'Not if we can both help it,' said I; and catching another bucket, I began throwing water.

The wind appeared to be rising: the gusts roared through the woods. That Mtle windmill of ours was just whirling for all it was worth, and smart stream of water was coming into the tank. I should say I threw fifty bucketfuls on the roof and on the walls. I meant to soak the whole outside of the house if I could. The air was so hot and dry that the house med like a boiling pot.

"Just then three or four lumber-

burns; the steach of his burnt hair was dreadful.

"Then came another of those a ful waves of fire. The heat of it nearly suffocated us. I knew the house must soon catch and burn and soaking a table-cloth for my head, I got up to the hole in the roof and began throwing out water again as fast as Elsie and the old Chinaman could pass it to me. With every third or fourth bucketful I soaked that tablecloth and kept it over my head and shoulders. When the gusts of flame came I had to draw down

till they passed. "The gale had been blowing from the west, but now the gusts seemed to come from every quarter; they were like whirlwinds, sucking this way and that. Most of all, the windworried us. If that stopped whirling the water would stop coming into the tank. Then nothing could save us. The water was our only hope. When these counter gusts began to come the windmill would stop and whifile round and Eisle would cry out, 'It's stopped! Oh, it's gone!' Then up at the hole I would strain my eyes to see if the windmill had blown down.

"Often I could not see It for smoke, I expected it would blow down, for it eemed as if nothing could stand those gusts. But every time, when the claimed. But neither of us realized smoke cleared a bit, I saw the faithful thing whirling again. How it stood it I don't know; but it did, twirling first this way, then that. If it had been of wood it must have

burned with that first wave of fire. "I kept dipping my hands in the water and splashing my face; but I was blistered and smarting, although in the excitement I hardly noticed that. The logs at the north end of the shack took fire three times, but watching my chance, when the gusts slackened, I rushed out and dashed water on them. White steam rolled not understand much that she said, up in clouds off the whole house.

"At length the counter gusts were so conflicting that the windmill stopped pumping for some minutes, The clouds of smoke and fine ashes, too, were now so thick that we could not see down to the river. Elsie is a plucky girl, as brave as need be, but for a moment or two she was in despair.

boy ten or twelve years old. They "'It's all over with us, Murray, also turned in; and close behind she whispered, for she knew as well them a badly frightened old Chinaas I that the house must burn if the man made his appearance from over windmill stopped. the river. He, too, ran to the door

"But just then I caught sight of it again, twirling round in the smoke, the tall bobbing this way and that It looked lopsided, it was getting such rough usage and I could see that it wabbled as it started to turn again. But turn it did; and a moment later Elsie came running from the kitchen and shouted up to me that water was coming once more. But I can tell you that those were anxious moments for us!

"It went on much like that for nearly two hours; and then I began to notice that the fire and smoke were thinning out-for the very good reason that everything combustible had burned up, evergreen trees and old stumps clear down into the ground, with nothing left but ashes. So great had been the heat that when once it was gone it was all gone, with no shack had been a large house I could coals nor brands left to smoke or

being so small, I kept the roof wet "Miles away we could see that the and a sheet of water running off the confiagration was still raging, but round us it was over. Terribly desc-"Within three minutes it grew so late, too, the whole region looked hot that I could not keep my head with all the green forest gone. The out at the hole. Waves of clear flame outside of our shack was actually charred black.

"What with that burned horse and our shack that I got them all out of doors as soon as the ground was cool enough to step on. Two of the Chinese had their clothes nearly burned off them, and were in a sad condition, whimpering from their burns. The children, too, were crying and the women lamenting that they had no homes left and nowhere to go.

We soon learned that Fernie had wholly burned, as also the lumbermills and nearly everything else along the river. Luckily we had flour and other groceries in the kitchen. Elsie began cooking; and we fed and did what we could for our queer refugees for two days, till broken harness flying. The luckless the relief trains began to come in beasts either saw or smelled the from the outside world.

"But that afternoon, as soon as we were able to stir out of the house, Elsie and I went down to the riverbank to look at that windmill. The paint was all blistered off the vanes and the tripod. It 'limped' and squeaked as it turned, for the oil had burned out of the cogs. It was a wreck, yet it still turned and kept water going up to the shack.

"Elsie shed tears over it. "'Oh, you poor dear, brave thing!" us, his mane all afire, his whole coat she cried. 'I know you're nothing smoking! We had to get out of the but a piece of iron, but I should like way and make room for him. But I to pat you!" "-Youth's Companion.

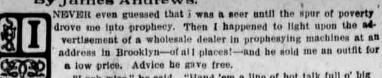
Europeans have discovered that side; the fourth ran a little way American sirup barrels, once used, house. I saw Elsle out throwing down the road and fell and died are better than new ones. They are used especially for the pickling of "There was hardly space to stir meat, and if of hard wood, even in inside our little front room. The the United States, bring better prices horse squealed and groaned from his than new ones.

Counterfeit vs. Genuine.

But the worst enemies of religion are not those who turn ay in disgust from its perversions. "Not they are profane away in disgust from its perversions. "Not they are profane who reject the gods of the vulgar, but they who accept them," says Lucretius. Yet it may be partly a question of words. If men stop their ears to shut out harsh and jarring sounds, it will not do to conclude that they hate music. They may love it all too well to listen. And, if I hold up some theological daub, and tell them that it is a portrait of Deity, will it be strange if some take me at my word, and cry out, "Then we are atheists?" Yet when did men ever deny or doubt the reality of the universe, merely because science gave absurd or inadequate explanations?—Charles G. Ames

The Confessions of a Fakir.

By James Andrews.



"Look wise," he said. "Hand 'em a line of hot talk full o' big words. They'll fall easy."

The machine has been seen by millions of Americans and trusted implicitly by hundreds of thousands. It is to be found at nearly every seaside and mountain resort in the country. What met the eye of the victim was a swarthy, hol-

tain resort in the country. What met the eye of the victim was a swarthy, hollow, bodyless head of papier-mache, mounted on a tail tube that sprang from a pedestal. The head was wrapped in a turban, and the dreamy eyes peered afar into the future over a scrubby plantation of black Oriental beard. That head was my familiar, and I was Abdul Aziz Khan. Had I, too, been of swarthy and Oriental appearance, that fact might have been some paliation of the folly of the gabies who flocked around the cheat. But, far from suggesting the mysterious East, I am a blond, blue-eyed, thin, nervous American, impossible to be mistaken for a citizen of any land east of Cape Cod. The stupidity of the dupes was gross and unpardonable.

Madame and I collected the nickels and distributed the blank sheets of

Madame and I collected the nickels and distributed the blank sheets of paper among the dupes, asking each joiterhead whether he or she preferred an answer in English, French, German, Spanish or Italian, and giving one & sheet bearing the prophecy aiready written in the language chosen. My loyal partner never permitted herself the luxury of a smile at the gross credulity all around us. Each dupe wrote hisinitials with lead pencil on a proper blank sheet of paper handed to him, and when thirty or forty or fifty sheets had been collected I put them in a solid block in the metal box, and mumbled a jumble of polysyllables at the crowd, while the invisible words were stewing into visibility. This done, I tapped the box with the wand most majestically, opened it to the accompaniment of an incantation, and distributed the sheets, each to its right-Shall I ever forget those scenes, always alike, the quick gasps of surprise, the gleam of of staring eyes, the hastening off to a remote corner, there to read in obscurity the oracular hodgepodge I had cooked for them? Sometimes I could have sworn that I heard the papier-mache head laughing Poor old Ab! He did the work and got none of the nickels.—Harper's Weekly.

The First of Living Irishmen.

By Sydney Brooks.

is twenty years since Sir Horace Plunkett entered Irish public life. He entered it with all the advantages of a fresh eye and mind and a keen, untrammelled outlook acquired by years of ranching and roughing it on the Western American plains. In political opinion he leaned to the Unionist side, but he quickly saw that the Irish problem was only incidentally one of politics or

of "race" or of religion, and that at bottom it was a human prob-lem, a problem of the Irish mind and character. He admitted altogether—no Nationalist could do so more completely—the results of history, of long centuries of English persecution and misgovernment, and of the failure of either people to understand the other. But he held that "great as is the responsibility of England for the state of Ireland, still greater is the responsibility of Irishmen"; that the Irish through their absorption in a peculiarly rhetorical form of politics, their habit of living in the past, their overconfidence in legislation as a cure for economic ills, and the defects of their character and temperament their "lack of moral courage, initiative, independence and self-reliance"-had aggravated the effects of English misrule; and that their duty now was to overcome these defects, to cultivate a salutary individualism, and to turn their thoughts to the ways and means of practical improvement. To do this what was needed was a positive Irish policy, springing from the people and dependent for its success upon their own powers of application and energy. The form such a policy should take was prescribed by that characteristic of the Irish peo-ple which Sir Horace was the first both to appreciate and to utilize—their clannishness, their faculty for acting in common. They had pre-eminently, he argued, the associative qualities; then let them associate. The Irish problem on its economic side was predominantly agricultural; then let them associate in agriculture. Such was the central idea, simple as all great ideas are, of the Plunkett policy.—Harper's Weekly.

Our Foolish Ambassadorial Rank

By Henry M. Hyde,

E carefully trained diplomats sent abroad by foreign countrieswhere diplomacy is a regular profession-are letter perfect as to the gymnastic and sartorial details of their jobs. Born with the mildew of caste in their veins, they glory in the triplicated kowtow and gloat over the backward glide.

Diplomacy, the French say, is the art of tying one's nicktie and, under that definition, foreign diplomats are its masters. But in handling men, in adjusting really important affairs in promoting international amity and understanding, in dealing with those quick crises which are the true test of diplomacy, the wider training, the broader outlook, and the more diversified experience of the American ministers made them unequaled.

Meanwhile the stupidity or the cowardice of Congress—statesmen are welcome to the choice—which was responsible for the creation of the ambassa-

dorial rank without providing funds for its support, will stand in the way of applying either possible remedy to the impossible situation. And so the American people must continue to sponge on the private fortunes of ambitious mil-lionaires who are anxious to buy for themselves and their families some temporary glitter and glory abroad, until the National Legislature either makes suitable provision for ambassadorial support or—quickened and inspired by the living memory of Abraham Lincoln-returns to the old ideals of republican simplicity.-Success Magazine.

Nature's Stamp of Approval Is Sugar

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

HY do we always couple "sweetness and light"-with sweetness in the lead—as our highest conception of spiritual development? that tune—no, no," and he rubbed Why is it that in all literatures and legends "sweet" is invariably the back of his head. associated with "sound," wholesome-the scent of flowers, the song of birds ,the golden sunlight-with everything that is pure landlord; "he's just done a month's and fresh and sound? Why is a sweetheart the most delightful hard labor for stealing a clothesline form of cardiac motor that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen Why don't we say "sour as a May morning," "alkaline" as the

breath of kine, "bitter" as the nightingale's song, "nutritious" as the new-mown hay? Because deep down, instinctively, in the heart of us, we feel, no matter what the preachers or philosophers or the health journals may say that, to paraphrase Browning's defense of beauty,

If you get sweetness and naught else beside,

You get about the best thing God invents. Sweetness is to the taste what beauty is to the eye—nature's stamp of approval and certificate of wholesomeness. It is one of the most universal flavors of foodstuffs known. Over one-half of our real foods taste sweet or sweetishthat is, they contain sugar in some form .- Success.

Mexican Brigandage.

By Dillon Wallace.



HE Rurales, or mounted police, have pretty nearly put a stop to brigandage. Several years ago, during the presidency of Comonfort, the government recognized the wisdom of the old adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief," and offered pardon and protection to al! brigands who would come in and enlist as Rurales. Most of them took advantage of the offer, and with these men on the side of law and order, holdups soon became infrequent, and the Rurales

developed into a wonderfully efficient mounted force to hunt down bandits. They are fearless riders, they know every mountain pass and fastness, and when they once start after a man he is pretty sure to be caught or killed—gen-

The Rurales of Mexico compare favorably in bravery and reckless daring with that wonderful organization, the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada, and are by far the best armed force in Mexico. Their calling gives them opportunity for wild adventure, and thus satisfies the craving for a life of danger, which led many of them to be brigands in the first instance. They are a free and easy lot, quite in contrast to the peaceably-inclined policemen of the towns, and the slow-moving, indolent soldiery of the regular army.—From "Beyond the Mexi-can Sierras," in The Outing Magazine.

Taking the average for the world, | there is one newspaper for 82,000 in-

A purchase in a German topacco shop entitles you to one telephone

........................ To Carry Freight by Air-ship.

Germany will soon be leading the world in air-ship construction if the enthusiasm over the sport, or industry as some consider it, continues to be as wide-spread as it is to-day. The Zeppelin air-ship made several notable performances before its mishap; the Wright Brothers are urged to give some exhibitions with their aeroplane at Berlin; a company was recently organized to promote an inter-city aerial passenger service in Zeppelin machines; and now a dirigible balloon for the carrying of freight is proposed.

Professor Schuette, of the Technical High School at Danzig, Prussia, is the inventor of the new cargo balloon soon to be constructed at that place. The gas bag will be 310 feet long, with a diameter of about fifty feet. and the skeleton frame is to have double diagonal wooden ribs instead of the customary aluminum ones. A car 120 long by twelve and a half feet wide will be carried, and the power for driving the propeller will be generated by two gas motors of 150 horse power each. By the substitution of wood for aluminum, the ability of the machine to carry weight is much increased, and, in addition to the equipment and crew, 4000 to 4500 pounds of freight may be taken. It is estimated that an average speed of fifty miles per hour attained by the new dirigible.-Harper's Weekly.

LONG DISTANCE MARKETING.

Rural Telephones a Business Necessity to Every Farmer.

Practically every business man in the city has a telephone. No one who deals with his commercial colleagues would think of doing without the phone-it pays to have one. That's true in the city-but do you realize just how much more valuable the telephone is to the farmer? Those with whom he deals are often miles away. To him it is an absolute necessity, and to do without would be worse than uncomfortable

For instance, take the stock raiser who wants to sell some animals, What a job it is to drive them along the road, to find his man, and, if the bargain is not made, to drive them all back again. If he has a telephone, arrangements are made for a meeting, or even a dicker can be made over the long distance wire

What a relief it is to the farmer to be able to find out how prices are in town-to watch for a good market and sell at best advantage to himself. Yes, a relief, but not only that, a saving of money-real, jingling coin in his pocket.

A glance at the sales reported this season gives an idea of the growing popularity of this great medium of comfort and convenience. The Westerr Electric Company, the largest manufacturers of telephones and telephone apparatus in the world, supplying the entire Bell system with appliances, reports having sold no less than 50,000 rural telephones in the past sixty days.

Did Not Like the Tune.

A poor foreign musician was doggedly wrestling with his trombone outside a village inn. He knew that "The Last Chord" was somewhere in that instrument, but the latter seemed loath to part with it. At length the landlord appeared at the door. The poor musician bowed, and, doffing his cap, said, jarms," and smiled. "Well, not always," he said: "but

try that tune outside that red brick house and I'll give you sixpence " Three minutes later the trombon-

ist was back again, mud bespattered and forlorn. "You vos right," he said, slowly

and sadly; "musig hath jarms not always-no. A mad vellow out ov dat house came and me mit a brigg he knocked down-yes. He not like

"I thought he wouldn't," said the from a back gallen."-Dundee Ad-

Needless Var of Roads.

A county sur. or protests against the habit which may motorists have of doing the ma, buty of their driving on the crown or centre of the road. This method of driving means that one portion of the road takes all the wear, and naturally of course gets worn into ruts and ridges.

If the traffic would spread itself and make all that portion of the road from gutter to the top of the crown take a share of the wear, road surfaces would last much longer and would require less frequent repair. In these days when roads are made almost flat there is no excuse for this habit of clinging to the crown, but where roads are made with a great deal of camber it is perhaps excusable, as driving on a continuous slope is the reverse of pleasant.-Gentle woman.

How Elephants Sleep.

In captivity elephants stand up when they sleep, but in the jungle, in their own land, they lie down.

The reason given for the difference between the elephant in captivity and in freedom is that the animal never acquires complete confidence in his keeper and always longs for liberty. -The Watchword.

The newest department store in New York will have a bank of fifty