

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 friendly sort o' way!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Just an Iron Rod.

By C. A. STEPHENS.

When tidings reached us that in 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 school-mate, named Murray Bartlett, who went West from Maine two years ago to embark in the lumber business in that vicinity.

men came down the road, riding their team horses. "The fire's crossed the river up here in the woods!" one of them shouted to me. "It's a hot one! You'd better be on the move!" "What do you think, Elsie?" said I.

burns; the stench of his burnt hair was dreadful. "Then came another of those awful 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 Confessions of a Fakir.

By James Andrews.

NEVER even guessed that I was a seer until the spur of poverty drove me into prophecy. Then I happened to light upon the advertisement of a wholesale dealer in prophesying machines at an address in Brooklyn—of all places!—and he sold me an outfit for a low price. Advice he gave free.

The First of Living Irishmen.

By Sydney Brooks.

IT 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.

Our Foolish Ambassadorial Rank

By Henry M. Hyde.

THE carefully trained diplomats sent abroad by foreign countries—where diplomacy is a regular profession—are letter perfect as to the gymnastic and sartorial details of their jobs.

Nature's Stamp of Approval Is Sugar

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

WHY do we always couple "sweetness and light"—with sweetness in the lead—as our highest conception of spiritual development? Why is it that in all literatures and legends "sweet" is invariably associated with "sound," wholesome—the scent of flowers, the song of birds, the golden sunlight—with everything that is pure and fresh and sound?

Mexican Brigandage.

By Dillon Wallace.

THE 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 all brigands who would come in and enlist as Rurales.

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.

LONG DISTANCE MARKETING.

Rural Telephone 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.

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, "Musig hath jarms," and smiled.

Needless Year of Roads.

A county surveyor protests against the habit which many motorists have of doing the majority 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.

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 Watchdog.

Counterfeit vs. Genuine.

But the worst enemies of religion are not those who turn 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.

Europeans have discovered that American sirup barrels, once used, are better than new ones. They are used especially for the pickling of meat, and if of hard wood, even in the United States, bring better prices than new ones.

Taking the average for the world, there is one newspaper for 32,000 inhabitants. A purchase in a German tobacco shop entitles you to one telephone call.

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