

### UNCERTAINTY.

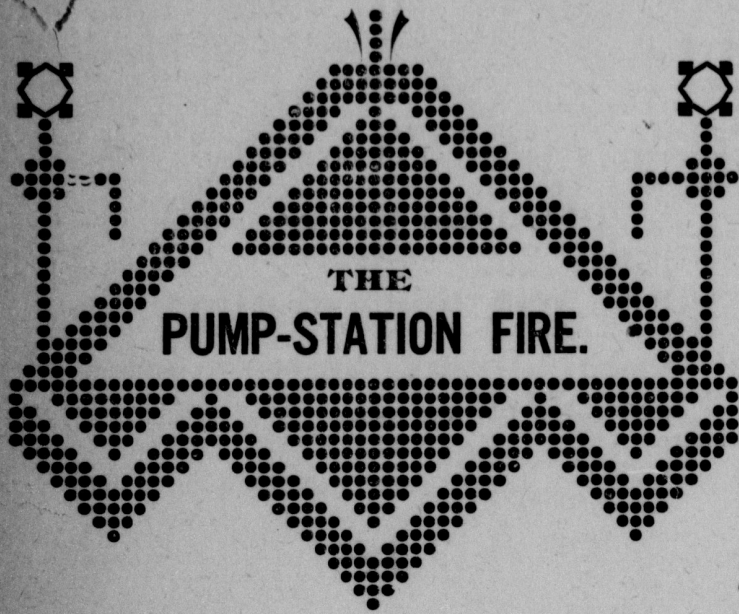
Of all uncertain tasks of life,  
Round which are clouds of doubt,  
And keep one worrying or know  
The way they will turn out,  
The most uncertain of them all,  
I'll risk a dollar stake,  
Is just the task she sets herself,  
When Nellie bakes a cake.

The simple recipe is there,  
The book's before her eyes;  
And yet her constant worry is  
A fear the cake won't rise.  
It may be sad. She never knows  
When'er she starts to bake,  
For all uncertain is I'm sure  
When Nellie bakes a cake.

She knows just what is right to do,  
Of that there is no doubt;  
But still there is no certainty  
About its turning out.  
It may not rise, or it may fall,  
The oven may not bake;  
So many things can turn out wrong,  
When Nellie bakes a cake.

At once to know so much, and yet  
To know so little, too;  
To know you know it and to find  
You don't when you get through,  
To do just what is right and find,  
'Twas just a big mistake;  
This is the fate that Nellie meets  
When'er she bakes a cake.

—Detroit Free Press.



Jimmy donned his rubber coat,  
lighted his candle and stuck it in his  
cap peak. Then he sat down in the  
hoist room and waited for his work-  
ing partner, Charlie Fields. It was  
time to go down and take the night  
shift on the pump station, but Char-  
lie was not in sight.

The hoist cage came up with load-  
ed ore on both decks. The cars were  
rolled off and replaced with empty  
ones. The cage hesitated a moment,  
waiting for the head pumpman, but  
as he did not appear dropped down  
the long dark shaft into the bowels  
of the mountain.

Presently Kirk, the big superin-  
tendent, appeared. "Where's Char-  
lie?" he asked of the boy.

"Don't know," Jimmy answered.

Kirk opened his watch. "He's five  
minutes late and the pump station is  
unmanned. Do you have any idea  
where he is?"

"Yes," Jimmy answered, hesitat-  
ingly. "This is pay day, and you  
know where many of the men are."

"Oh, yes, at the Gray Goose, of  
course, drinking up their hard earned  
money," the superintendent replied  
quickly.

Kirk started to walk away, then  
turned on his heel and said: "Jimmy,  
run down and get Charlie. Bring  
him up if he isn't too drunk. The  
pump station must be manned at  
once."

Jimmy darted down the trail to  
obey. But when he drew near the  
door he hesitated. The Gray Goose  
was the one place in Gold Bug that  
the boy had never entered. The boisterous  
drinking place possessed no  
attractions for him. His firm refusals  
to drink had made him all the  
more admired by the men.

For a moment the boy stood on  
the trail and considered whether it  
was best for him to disobey the su-  
perintendent's command. "No, I'm  
on duty now," said the boy to him-  
self. "Kirk said I must get Charlie,  
and I will get him."

The boy pushed open the swinging  
door and entered the saloon. On  
this night the place was unusually  
noisy. It swarmed with a crowd of  
red shirted, heavy booted men.

As he had expected Jimmy found  
Charlie drinking heavily, and treat-  
ing the miners, who were in constant  
line at the bar. Though a strong  
man physically, tall and straight as  
a young pine, Charlie was possessed  
of one great weakness, and that was  
his thirst for drink.

The boy walked up quietly and  
touched the drinking man on the  
arm. "Charlie," said he, "it is time  
to go down. Kirk sent me after—"

"Get out of this, you little rat!"  
the drunken man yelled angrily,  
turning suddenly on the boy. "Why  
didn't you ring the doorbell instead  
of sneaking in like a coyote?"

At this facetious remark the crowd  
laughed boisterously.

"Kirk wants you, Charlie," the  
boy repeated, paying no heed to the  
jeers and taunts, and taking a firmer  
hold on the man's arm.

"What does he want with me?  
He's got no strings on—"

"You're late. Our shift's on  
now," Jimmy interrupted. "There's  
no one on the pump station."

"What do I care?" the drunken  
man roared. He turned again to the  
bar.

Just then a mucker rushed into  
the saloon, all out of breath, and  
yelled: "Where's Charlie and Jim-  
my?"

"Right here; what's the trouble?"  
the boy replied.

"Fire's broke out in the pump sta-  
tion. The men are all out of the up-  
per levels, and the whole mine will  
burn out unless the blaze is checked.  
Kirk wants two men to go down with  
him."

"The station's on fire, Charlie!"  
the boy urged loudly. "Come quick!"  
He pulled and tugged at the tall  
man's arm.

Then the daze of the liquor passed  
from him and the big miner under-  
stood. "What's that!" he cried.  
"Fire in the pump station! And  
what! It's my fault." He charged

out of the saloon and up the trail  
with Jimmy close at his heels.

The men of the night shift were  
standing in huddled groups about the  
hoist, their candles flickering from  
their cap-peaks. Smoke was pouring  
from the shaft in great black rolls.  
Kirk was running to and fro like a  
mad lion, angered to frenzy because  
none of the men would go down with  
him.

"It's sure death," they declared,  
and none of them would budge.

"You're a lot of cowards," he  
yelled, as he seized the hose coil and  
threw it on the cage deck.

"No, we're not," Charlie answered,  
reeling aboard the cage. Jimmy  
stepped on beside him.

"Don't let that man go down," the  
crowd protested, "he's drunk."

But Kirk did not hear. He pulled  
the bell wire and the cage cut a hole  
through the black smoke as it shot  
downward. At the pump station the  
cage stopped suddenly, bringing the  
three alongside the burning station.

The fire was roaring like a smelter  
furnace. The heat stung like vitriol.  
All three would have been suffocated  
instantly had they not dropped  
quickly to their hands and knees and  
pressed their faces to the floor.

Kirk attached the hose to the  
pump hydrant and the water dashed  
through the nozzle into the flames.  
The whole station was oil-soaked and  
the fire ate the wood greedily. The  
draft started up the shaft, sucking  
up fire and smoke in thick coils and  
twists.

In spite of their heroic work the  
flames gained headway.

"There's just one way to put it  
out," said Charlie, "and that's to  
crawl through and release the pump  
on the other side."

"Crawl through! Who would dare?  
It was to wade through fire. Even  
the fearless superintendent protested.  
But Charlie dropped to the floor and  
squirmed under the flames to the  
pump. Jimmy also fell flat, and  
dragged through after him. It was  
the only chance of saving the mine.  
Kirk remained on the cage deck and  
played the stream over them.

The floor was of steel and burned  
their hands like an oven. Overhead  
roared the flames. Burning cinders  
and coals dropped on them as the two  
crawled through, and they reached  
the opposite side with their hats and  
jumpers aflame.

Both leaped into the sump tank to  
extinguish their burning clothing,  
then released the water. Hissing  
wildly an avalanche rushed down the  
sides and through the ceiling to the  
station.

For a moment the flames sput-  
tered like a monster frying pan. With  
long shrieks the fire left the timbers  
and burned out wood fell in chunks  
from the roof. By the time the tank  
was half emptied the fire was  
quenched.

At last Charlie's whiskey dazed brain  
was no longer controllable. When  
he attempted to step across the sta-  
tion floor he reeled backward, and  
would have fallen headlong into the  
sump had not Jimmy caught his arm.  
At the same moment a charred and  
burned-out timber dropped from the  
roof and struck the boy on the head,  
carrying him down like a shot and  
pinning him to the edge of the tank.

Once more Charlie gained control  
of himself. Kirk found him ducking  
Jimmy's head in the sump tank.  
"He's just about gone," said Charlie.  
"I've caught a timber that would have  
killed me. Say, but he's a brave boy.  
I wish I had his pluck."

The two men tottered through the  
wreck, carrying Jimmy between them.  
He was limp and unconscious. Blood  
flowed from his head and face. Kirk  
jerked the bell wire, and the cage  
shot up into the open air—the  
cool night air that soaked through  
their parched lungs like nectar.

They laid Jimmy on a cot and  
called the camp physician. An hour  
later the boy regained consciousness.  
Charlie and Kirk were stooping over  
the bunk when the boy first opened  
his eyes.

"Jimmy," said Charlie, "it's all  
right. You're safe. You've done a  
brave deed."

had your pluck. Let's be partners.  
Anyway, won't you forgive my bad  
talk down at the Gray Goose? I  
didn't mean it."

"You were drunk," said Jimmy,  
with a feeling of pity.

"I know it, my boy, I know it,"  
the tall man replied, tears dripping  
from his eyes. "If I will promise to  
quit drinking will you forgive me?"

"Of course I will, Charlie," said  
Jimmy, like a real man, extending  
his hand, which the miner grasped  
eagerly.

"It's agreed, Jimmy, my boy. No  
more drinking for me. We're part-  
ners from this time on, you and I."—  
Religious Telescope.

### HOME OF BUDDHISM.

#### Religion of Anomalies—Chief End of Man Nirvana or Non-Existence.

Burmah is the home of the purest  
form of Buddhism, the religion which  
some once thought originated in a  
blundering attempt to copy the Chris-  
tian religion, so striking are the  
many points of resemblance. At the  
same time there are things about this  
religion that seem odd to the Occi-  
dental mind, because of their strik-  
ing contrast. Ranking next to Chris-  
tianity in point of numbers, it is now  
known to be older, the supposed date  
of its foundation being fixed at about  
the middle of the sixth century B. C.  
It is what might be termed an athe-  
istic religion, for it recognizes no god.  
The founder of the religion, accord-  
ing to the Buddhist books, was a  
prince named Siddhartha, son of a  
petty rajah living on the southern  
border of the district of Nepal. He  
was a person of contemplative, as-  
cetic disposition. His father, anxious  
to prevent him from deserting his  
high station and taking to a religious  
life, married him to a beautiful  
princess and surrounded him with all  
the splendors of which the mind  
could conceive. It was of no avail.  
Siddhartha continued to think of all  
the evils to which flesh is heir and of  
the ways of evading them. He had  
his long hair, the mark of his high  
caste, cut off as a sign of his severance  
from all secular ties. The shorten-  
ed hair turned up, and therefore  
his images represent his hair as curly.  
After much thought upon the subject  
of old age, misery and death he  
reached the logical conclusion that  
if one was not born one would not  
suffer the ills of life. He reached  
the further conclusion that ignorance  
is the ultimate cause of existence.  
Therefore, if a man becomes wise he  
will have fewer and fewer desires as  
his wisdom grows, and in his repeat-  
ed reincarnations will approach near-  
er and nearer to the goal of existence,  
Nirvana, or complete obliteration.  
According to the manner of a per-  
son's life when he died he would be  
reincarnated in the higher or lower  
form of life, birth being only a pas-  
sage from one form of existence to  
another. In each form of existence  
the being had an opportunity to  
struggle toward perfect wisdom and  
annihilation. Siddhartha was said to  
have attained this perfect wisdom,  
his final triumph, one night while sit-  
ting under a tree about five miles  
from Gava, near Patna, India. It is  
said that this tree, known as the bo-  
tree, or tree of wisdom, was standing  
1200 years later, or in the seventh  
century. A young tree now stands in  
its place. Oddly, while Buddhism or-  
iginated in India and spread all over  
Asia, the monastery at Gava is the  
only home of the faith in India proper.  
"Buddha" is a title applied to  
Siddhartha in his state of perfection.  
It means "enlightened" or "he to  
whom truth is known." The worship  
of Buddha who is supposed to be non-  
existent, having attained Nirvana, is  
really the veneration of a memory.

Buddhism has a set of ten com-  
mandments which are called "pre-  
cepts of aversion." A good Buddhist  
must not kill, steal, commit adultery,  
lie or become drunk, and if he is  
making a special effort to attain Nir-  
vana he must abstain from dances, theat-  
rical representations, songs and music,  
personal ornaments and per-  
fumes, a lofty and luxurious couch  
and from taking gold and silver. It  
has been said of Buddhism that "for  
purity, excellence and wisdom it is  
second only to the Divine Lawgiver  
Himself."

In the Presidency of Bombay, India,  
are about nine hundred Buddhist  
rock temples which have excited the  
wonder of all who have seen them.  
They are a relic of the suppression of  
Buddhism in India in the fourth or  
fifth century. It is believed that the  
Buddhists being driven from the cit-  
ies, fashioned these cave temples.

Buddha, the perfect wisdom, is  
represented in the statues which are  
found in the temples as a figure seated  
on crossed legs. This attitude is  
intended to represent contemplation.  
In Burmah they never tire of plaster-  
ing these statues over with gold  
leaf.—New York Tribune.

### Life of a Bank Note.

During the hearing of a case at the  
Old Street Police Court yester-  
day, Mr. Ernest Codrington, an in-  
specter of bank notes at the Bank of  
England, was questioned as to the  
life of bank notes.

He said that the average life of a  
£5 note was sixty-two days, of a £10  
note fifty-eight days, of a £20 to £100  
note thirty days, of a £200 to £500 note  
eleven days, and of a £1000 note fifty-  
five days. He said that they could  
never tell when a note would come  
back. It might be many years. They  
had in their possession a £5 note that  
was out for 111 years. Misers and  
old ladies were very fond of hoarding  
up bank notes. Hundreds and thou-  
sands of notes never came back at  
all, and that was all profit to the  
Bank of England.—London Daily  
Express.

## THE VICTOR SEX.

### Progress of American Women in Trade and Industry.

(From the Technical World Magazine.)

Out of the 305 gainful occupations  
enumerated by the census of the  
United States there are only eight  
in which women do not appear. In  
all the other 297 there are accredited  
representatives of the coming sex  
in numbers ranging from two to 600-  
000.

The eight occupations in which  
women do not appear fall into two  
classes.

In the first of these classes the ab-  
sence of woman is due to the tyranny  
of man. There are no women sold-  
iers in the United States army.  
There are no women sailors in the  
United States navy. There are no  
women marines in that navy. And  
there are no women firemen in the  
municipal fire departments of Ameri-  
can cities. All this is simply because  
women have been ruled out. With  
different regulations there might be  
different results. In Sweden there is  
a fire department in which women  
are frequently enrolled. And the  
fighting done by women at the siege  
of Saragossa in Spain during the Na-  
poleon wars has always stood as a  
spectacular and sufficient proof of  
feminine valor.

In the remaining four of the eight  
womanless occupations in this coun-  
try the absence of women cannot be  
so readily explained away. It must  
be simply due to feminine neglect  
that at the time of the last census  
there were no women apprentices  
and helpers to roofers and slaters,  
no women helpers to brassworkers,  
no women helpers to steam boiler  
makers, and no women street car  
drivers. The next census will prob-  
ably repair this defect. There is no  
reason why women should not en-  
ter these four trades. Already they  
can be found in trades which are  
similar but more difficult. Already  
there are women roofers and slaters,  
women brass workers and women  
steam boiler makers. It is hard to  
see why they shouldn't be helpers in  
these trades if they can be full  
fledged mechanics. And if, as is the  
case, there were two women motor-  
men in 1900, there is no reason why  
there should not be women street car  
drivers in 1910 in cities where horses  
are still used for local transporta-  
tion.

Only four occupations, therefore,  
are to-day beyond the reach of wom-  
en in the United States. They can-  
not be Federal soldiers, Federal sail-  
ors, Federal marines or municipal  
firemen. Everywhere else they have  
knocked and they have been ad-  
mitted.

The total number of women en-  
gaged in gainful occupations in 1900  
was 5,319,397. This was an enor-  
mous advance over the number of  
women similarly employed in 1890.  
If the same rate of progress has been  
maintained since 1900 there cannot  
be the slightest doubt that at the  
present time there are fully six mil-  
lion women at work in various trades  
and occupations in the United States  
of America.

What this means it is impossible  
to realize until the total number of  
women in the United States is taken  
into consideration. In the year 1900  
there were some 28,000,000 Ameri-  
can women over ten years of age.  
Many of these women were, of  
course, mere children. Many of them  
were so old as to be beyond the  
working age. Millions of them were  
engaged in the task of keeping house,  
of bringing up their children, of  
providing homes for the present gener-  
ation and of laying the foundations  
of the character and of the culture  
of the future. In other words, they  
were discharging woman's historic  
mission. Yet with all these deduc-  
tions there were in the year 1900  
more than 5,300,000 women who  
were engaged not only in spending  
money but in earning it; not only in  
managing the expenditure of wealth,  
which is the acknowledged function  
of woman, but in creating it, which  
is supposed to be the duty of man.

In other words, in the year 1900  
out of every five American women  
over ten years of age there was one  
who was going outside of her family  
duties and who was taking part in  
the gainful work of the working  
world.

Just about 1,000,000 of America's  
5,300,000 gainful women in 1900  
were engaged in what the census  
calls agricultural pursuits. Among  
these 1,000,000 women agriculturists  
there were 665,791 farm laborers and  
397,788 farmers, planters and over-  
seers. There were also 100 women  
lumbermen and raftsmen and 113  
women woodchoppers.

In the professions women are ac-  
cepted more as a matter of course  
than they are in agricultural pur-  
suits. And among all the professions  
that of teaching is the most thor-  
oughly feminized. It is not surpris-  
ing, therefore, to learn that in the  
United States in 1900 there were  
more than 325,000 teachers. It is  
decidedly surprising, however, to  
wake up to the fact that there were  
only 6418 actresses. It is clear that  
it takes about 1000 teachers to make  
as much stir and get as much space  
in the newspapers as one stage lady.  
And who would suppose from the  
relative amounts of comment made  
upon actresses and women clergymen  
that the latter are more than half as  
numerous as the former? Yet there  
were 3405 women clergymen in the  
United States in 1900 and they were  
actively engaged in the religious life  
of many different denominations.

Engineering is properly regarded  
as the most difficult profession for  
women. The engineer has to do  
rough work in educating himself and  
he has to do still rougher work when  
he begins to practice. Nevertheless,  
in 1900 there were forty women civil  
engineers, thirty women mechanical  
and electrical engineers and three  
women mining engineers.

Incidentally, there were fourteen  
women veterinary surgeons.

And women should not forget that  
modern library science, with its in-  
tricate technique, is providing them  
with a new and expanding field of  
professional effort. In 1900 there  
were 3125 women librarians in the  
United States.

There were also 2086 women sal-  
oon keepers and 440 women bar-  
tenders.

Coming down from the professions  
of cataloguing books and of mixing  
drinks it is observable in a perusal  
of the census statistics that a man  
who wanted a new residence might  
conceivably have all the work done  
by the women who have gone into  
the mechanical trades. In 1900, be-  
sides the 100 women architects, who  
come more properly under the pro-  
fessions, there were 150 women  
builders and contractors in the  
United States, 167 women masons,  
545 women carpenters, forty-five  
women plasterers, 1758 women painters,  
glaziers and varnishers, 126 women  
plumbers, 241 women paperhangers  
and two women slaters and roofers.  
A complete structure in honor of the  
sex might be erected by these repre-  
sentatives of its modern ingenuity  
and activity.

The most notable advance made by  
women in the decade from 1890 to  
1900 was in stenography. In 1890  
there were 21,270 stenographers and  
typewriters. In 1900 there were 86-  
118. This was an increase of more  
than 300 per cent.

The only occupations in which wom-  
en are going backward compared  
with men are those in which they  
might be expected to go forward,  
namely, sewing, tailoring and dress-  
making. There were fewer seam-  
stresses, tailoresses and dressmakers  
in proportion to the number of men  
in these occupations in 1900 than  
there were in 1890. Work with the  
needle seems to be becoming too  
feminine for women.

On the whole, however, the in-  
crease in the number of women in  
the trade and industry of America is  
not only satisfactory but more than  
satisfactory. It is alarming. While  
in 1890 there were 5,300,000 such  
women, in 1900 there were only  
about 4,000,000. The number of  
women at work increased thirty-  
three per cent. during the decade  
from 1890 to 1900. In that same  
period the total number of women  
in the United States increased only  
twenty-two per cent. In other words,  
the number of women at work in-  
creased half again as fast as the total  
number of all the women in the coun-  
try. Roughly speaking, it may be said  
that while in 1890 one woman in  
every six went to work in 1900 the  
proportion had increased to one in  
every five.

### CUCKOOS AND COWBIRDS.

#### A Bad Lot—Other Birds Are Driven to Desperate Measures by Them.

With all its vagabond ways the  
cowbird is scarcely as bad as the  
English cuckoo. It has all the sins  
of the cuckoo, to which is added the  
worse one of turning the legitimate  
birdings out of their nest.

It begins as soon as it is out of its  
shell, and never gives up till all have  
been thrown over the edge of the  
nest. The strange thing about it is  
that the parent birds care so faith-  
fully for the selfish intruder, be it  
cuckoo or cowbird.

The presence of a young cowbird  
in a nest usually means that the  
smaller birds are either smothered or  
starved to death on account of its  
voracious appetite.

Some little birds, notably the yel-  
low warbler, are wise enough to rec-  
ognize the strange egg, and to build  
a second story to their nest, thus  
shutting it away from warmth  
enough to hatch it. Sometimes, says  
a writer in Good Health, they even  
build a third story to cover up an  
egg that has been deposited in the  
second story. But enough birds are  
duped and imposed upon annually  
so that the cowbirds hold their own  
in numbers with other birds.

### The Lady Cow.

Marjorie was on a visit to her  
grandparents on the farm, and her  
enjoyment of country life was some-  
what marred by the apprehension of  
being horned by the cows. One day  
her mother asked her to run to the  
barn and call grandpa to dinner. She  
started out, but spying a cow in the  
lot, one of the mooley kind, ran back,  
crying: "Oh, mamma, there's a cow  
out there!"

After a glance out of the window  
at the meek looking bovine her moth-  
er said:

"Why, Marjorie, that's a mooley  
cow. She can't harm you, for she  
hasn't any horns."

"But, mamma," exclaimed the  
child, "she might butt me with her  
pompadour!"—Harper's Weekly.

The strong feature of the New  
South Wales liquor law is when a  
person is found on licensed premises  
during prohibited hours he must go  
before the court and prove himself to  
be a traveler or regular boarder, or  
submit to a fine.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance, Nervous Diseases per-  
manently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve  
Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free.  
Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Almost 15,000 women work about  
the mines in the German Empire.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children  
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-  
tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle

The latest innovations in English  
church work are "apple dumplings  
suppers," which have proved a great  
success.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are  
the only successful Dropsey Specialists in the  
world. See their liberal offer in advertise-  
ment in another column of this paper.

Cyclists in Roumania, to facilitate  
identification, are compelled by law  
to have their names on the lamps of their  
wheels, so as to be legible at night.

The 20th Century Limited.  
To Chicago in 18 hours. Leaves New  
York 8:30 P. M., arrives Chicago 8:30  
morning—a night's ride by the New York  
Central Lines, "America's Greatest Rail-  
road." A dozen other fast trains to Chicago  
and St. Louis. A perfect service.

The custom that prevails in Greece  
of carrying a body to the grave in a  
coffin which allows the face to be  
visible is said to have originated  
when the Turks dominated the land.

### STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY.  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he  
is senior partner of the firm of F. J.  
CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City  
of Toledo, Ohio, and that he is one of  
the owners of the CATARRH CURE,  
which said firm will pay the sum of ONE  
HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every  
case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by  
the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in  
my presence, this 6th day of December, A.  
D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,  
(Seal.) Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,  
and acts directly on the blood and mucous  
surfaces of the system. Send for testimo-  
nial free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The greatest Alpine avalanche that  
which in 1827 swept away the  
town of Biel and killed nearly ninety  
persons.

### One of Dublin's Glories.

The Old Irish Parliament House,  
which according to rumor may be oc-  
cupied by a national council under a  
devolution scheme ere long, is one of  
the architectural glories of Dublin.  
In its exterior aspect it remains the  
same as it was when in the possession  
of the lords and commons of Ireland,  
but internally it has been knocked  
about to meet the requirements of  
the Bank of Ireland, into whose hands  
it passed after the act of union. The  
legislative hall of the commons, which  
once resounded with the eloquence of  
Grattan, Curran, Plunket and Flood,  
has been practically destroyed and  
the present public banking chamber  
occupies part of its site. But the  
House of Lords remains intact, just  
as it was at the time of the union,  
and is the most interesting and at-  
tractive part of the building to visit-  
ors.—London Chronicle.

### Rifle Practice for Marines.

The Navy will shortly issue orders  
providing for an increase in pay for  
expert marksmen in the Marine  
Corps, placing them on a footing with  
the expert marksmen of the army. As  
the Marine Corps has no ranges at  
its northern posts, General Elliott  
proposes to arrange with the Bay  
State, New York State and New  
Jersey State Rifle Associations to al-  
low the marines to shoot on the  
range near Boston, at Creedmore,  
New York, and at Sea Girt, New  
Jersey. The marines at Portsmouth,  
Boston and Newport will use the  
Boston range, those at New York  
will go to Creedmore, and those at  
League Island to Sea Girt. The mar-  
ines at Washington and Annapolis  
will probably use the range at  
Williamsburg, Virginia.

### NEW YEAR'S CALLS

#### A New Drink to Replace the Old Time "Apple-Jack."

Twenty-five years ago the custom  
of making New Year's calls was a de-  
lightful one for all concerned, until  
some of the boys got more "egg-nog"  
or "apple-jack" than they could suc-  
cessfully carry.

Then the ladies tried to be charita-  
ble and the gentlemen tried to be as  
chivalrous as ever and stand up at  
the same time.

If anyone thinks there has not been  
considerable improvement made in  
the last quarter of a century: let  
him stop to consider, among other things,  
the fact that the old custom of New  
Year's calls and the genteel tipping  
is nearly obsolete.

The custom of calling on one's  
friends, however, at the beginning of  
the new year, is a good habit, and  
another good habit to start at that  
time is the use of well-made Postum  
instead of coffee or spirits.

A Staten Island doctor has a sensi-  
ble daughter who has set Postum be-  
fore her guests as a good thing to  
drink at Yule Tide, and a good way  
to begin the New Year. Her father  
writes:

"My daughter and I have used  
Postum for some time past and we  
feel sure it contains wholesome food  
material."

"I shall not only recommend it to  
my patients, but my daughter will be  
most pleased to give a demonstration  
of Postum to our Christmas and New  
Year's callers." Read "The Road to  
Wellville," in pg. 24. "There's a rea-  
son."