

SHADOWS.

"Shadows we are; and shadows we pursue."
What are the shadows black that talk,
Mimicking men in their daily walk?
We hear them not, feel not, nor long we see—
Are they the ghosts that the men shall be?
They idly glide to the darkling door,
To vanish there, and appear no more.
Do they hide away in the grave and night,
With their shady fellows to sleep or fight?
We shall go after our shadows soon,
No more to be seen by night or noon.
Like them shall we go, and leave no trace
On this earth where we ran our mortal race?
Can our perishing hands find no work to do?
Our lips no utterance brave and true?
May our future motions weave no web
Of deeds and thoughts that shall long be left.
A legacy rich, from our life outworn,
To the coming souls that shall still be born?
When we lie to death's open green room door,
Shall we quite go out, and our act to be o'er?
Oh, brother men, when your shadows you see,
Think: How much is my shadow like to me?
—Springfield Republican.

A Bit of Human Experience.

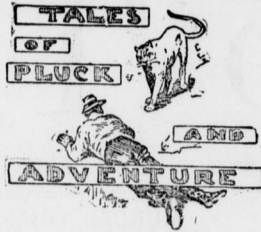
NOBODY knew where she had come from or anything about her beyond the fact that the stage which brought the weekly mail over the mountain to Rougemont, late on Saturday night, had dropped her and her tiny bundles at the door of the little French inn. She wanted a room, she told the old woman who came in answer to her knock—not the best one, she could scarcely afford that, and she shouldn't mind how small it was so long as she and her baby might have it quite to themselves.
Old Marie mumbled as she hobbled along before: "Mon Dieu, but what a child it is! And so pretty, too. Where's her husband?"
Then she held the door of the room open and the young woman passed in; her sharp old eyes noticed that she wore no wedding ring. Marie shrugged her shoulders significantly, then hurried down stairs to inform her colleagues of the fact. As for the young woman, once the door was closed she laid the baby down upon the bed and walked to the bureau, upon which stood a lighted lamp. She raised her left hand and looked at it closely. Directly below the knuckle of her third finger the flesh had been compressed and reddened, but both the marks and color were now gradually dying away.
"By this time to-morrow every trace of it will have gone. As far as looks go, it will be exactly as though I never had any ring at all."
The cure called the next day. He was an old man and had seen queer things even in that quiet place, but he believed in her instinctively. "You must take me on trust for a little while," she said to him in her gentle way, when she caught his eyes wandering to her hands. "It doesn't matter what you call me—Brown, Jones or Robinson—anything. I was married a year ago, but it doesn't matter to whom. That's why I've come here, I wanted to get somewhere where neither my baby nor I need be known by her father's name."
She was English, but she spoke French excellently, and her gentle manners won his sympathy.
As he was leaving he called Marie to one side and pressed a coin into her hand.
"That's for you, Marie—on one condition. You must see to it that they all call her Madame."
"Mais, Monsieur le Cure."
"Enough, Marie! Do as I bid you now, and say no more about it."
The days went by, but none of the village people came to see her. They never "called" in that vicinity; they were far too primitive for that. But, nevertheless, had things been otherwise than as they supposed, they would have soon shown her, after their own fashion, that she was a welcome guest. One day the cure came and found her knitting upon a long, white, fleecy cloud.
"Look," she cried, holding it up for him to see. "Isn't it pretty? Tell your people—all of them down in the village there—that if they will pay me I will make them clouds and mittens and all sorts of things far prettier than they have ever seen. I don't ask them to know me; I only want to earn my own living."
So the cure told them of it, and put in a word parenthetically upon the little mother's behalf. "Go and see her," said he. "She can't harm you. It's lonely up there alone, and your older women could help her so with the baby."
But the good people would have none of her; if she worked well they would pay her well, but with her they would have no fellowship.
One night about two months later old Marie came hobbling down to the cure's house and told him Madame was ill. When he came to her she handed him the envelope in which she kept her slender earnings. On the envelope she had written the name of a well known pawn broker in the city, forty miles away. "There's just enough," she said. "I have counted it. Take it to him yourself, or send it by some one whom you can trust, and who will lose no time. They will give you a little box with my ring inside it—my wedding ring, you know. I had to pawn it to pay my fare on the stage the night we came. Even if I am not here when you get back, you must put it on my finger and show it to them for baby's sake.

My name and the date of my marriage are written inside of it."
The cure waited to hear no more. "I will go there myself," he said.
It was snowing that night when he drove away, and all through the day that followed the snow continued to fall. Early the next morning the cure returned. Marie met him at the door and he saw at once that she had been crying.
"Madame is dead," she said. "She died just a little while after you went away."
She led the way into the room, where they laid her in a plain, pine-boarded coffin. Some of the villagers had gathered there, as well as the cure's servant, Paul.
"Paul," cried the cure, "ring the church bell, and when they ask you what has happened, tell them that you ring for a marriage, a burial and a christening all at once. Tell them also that the cure wants them here."
The cracked old bell rang out on the frosty air, and the people, startled by the unusual sound, hurried to the inn. They crowded into the little room, men and women, and stood there in awed silence as the cure took the cover off the little cardboard box. A plain gold ring lay inside of it, and he held it up between his finger and thumb, so that all of them might see.
"Look!" he exclaimed, as he read the inscription on the inside of the ring. "Here is her marriage certificate and her Christian name: 'Rosie—September 20, 1900.' If any of you do not believe me, come and look for yourselves."
There was a dead silence throughout the room as, after waiting for a moment to see if any one would reply, he walked to the coffin, and lifting the little, cold, white hand, he slipped the ring upon her finger. "See how it fits," he said; "you must all call her Madame now."
Presently he spoke to them more in the tone which he was accustomed to use in the pulpit.
"On Sunday the child shall be christened. We will name her Rosie, after her mother, and Rougemont, after our village. You know best whether you owe anything to her or not," he continued, pointing toward the coffin.
"But in case your conscience pricks you, Paul will stand at the church door after the christening to receive what you may wish to give."
And that's how it happened that just at the entrance of the graveyard, where they laid Madame, there stands a plain white marble slab. There are only three words on it:
"Rosie was good."—New York News.

When Dogs Go Mad.
"Speaking of mad dogs," said a man who deals with members of the canine tribe for the various ailments to which they fall heir, "the popular belief that dogs go mad because they cannot get a sufficient quantity of water is not altogether correct. No doubt a lack of water at certain seasons of the year has a great deal to do with it. Dogs need a certain quantity of water, and they must have it, else they will suffer that kind of mental impairment called rabies. But the most potent factor in producing rabies, or madness in dogs, is the lack of meat, the lack of blood in the food they eat. The dog is carnivorous. He must have meat. His system calls for a certain amount of blood food, and when he fails to get this it is denied that which is essential to his being. More dogs go mad on this account than for any other reason. They are not given the right kind of food. I recall one instance of a dog in a mountainous region in Arkansas that went mad. He had simply starved on account of a lack of blood. Before he became violent, and utterly crazy, he had attacked a calf and had fearfully lacerated one of the calf's legs. He was wild for the taste of blood. We find in this an explanation of that ferocity the dog shows in the earlier stages of his madness in attacking animals of various kinds. He is blood-mad. If dog owners would see to it that the dogs get more blood, more of the kind of food the dog nature demands, there would be fewer cases of times with the rabies."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Is the Horse a Fool?
I have spent much of a long life in the observation of horses. I have reared them, broken them, trained them, ridden them, and driven them in every form from the plow to the four-in-hand. The result of these years of study is summed up in one sentence: I believe the horse to be part maniac and part idiot. Every horse at some time in his life develops into a homicidal maniac. I believe any man who trusts himself or his family to the power of a horse, stronger than himself, to be lacking in common sense and wholly devoid of ordinary prudence. I have driven one commonplace horse every other day for six years over the same road, and then had him to go crazy and try to kill himself and me because a leaf fluttered in front of him. I have known scores of horses apparently trustworthy, apparently creatures of routine, go wild and insane over equally regular and recurring phenomena. No amount of observation can tell when the brute will break out. One mare took two generations of children to school over the same quiet road, and then in her nineteenth year went crazy because a rooster crowded alongside the road. She killed two of the children. If any one can tell me a good reason why man should trust a horse, I should be glad to know.
—Harper's Weekly.

The National City Bank of New York City averages \$162,000,000 of deposits. The Bank of England a little more than \$20,000,000 average deposits.



Cradled by an Iceberg.
A thrilling story of a vessel's encounter with an iceberg was told by Captain Chester of the schooner Elwood to a San Francisco Chronicle reporter. While the schooner was on a fishing cruise in the northern waters Captain Chester sighted an immense iceberg apparently fast on a reef known to exist just off Hoonah. "It's a lucky find!" thought the Captain, as he headed the Elwood for the berg, that he might fill the hold with ice to preserve the fish that he expected to catch.
When the schooner was within a few yards of the berg the anchor was dropped. The vessel swung around until she came alongside the berg, to which she was made fast with lines. The tide was at the full; a gangplank was thrown over to a ledge on the ice and the men began breaking off chunks of ice and hoisting them aboard. All went well until evening, when thirty tons of ice had been stowed in the hold.
Meanwhile the falling tide had caused the berg to settle upon the reef and to tip toward the side opposite the vessel. The gangplank rose in the air and had to be made fast to a ledge nearer the water to keep it horizontal.
Captain Chester, suspecting that all was not going to be well, ordered the crew to make sail. Before they could man the yards the iceberg, with a grinding roar, rolled off the reef and started to turn over.
A jagged spur of ice, which had formed the bottom of the berg, rose on the starboard side of the vessel and beneath it. The ice struck the keel and the vessel, lifted out of the water, rested in an ice cradle. Chester ordered his men to get into the boats and out of harm's way. Cutting the lines that held the schooner to the berg, the men pulled to a safe distance and waited.
The anchor held fast and the schooner tugged at the chain. The tide dropped a few more inches, the iceberg careened still further, and the Elwood rose higher. This proved the schooner's salvation.
The tendency of the iceberg to roll over and raise the vessel brought such an enormous strain upon the anchor chain that something had to give way. Something did, and to the joy of the fishermen it was not the anchor or the chain.
The iceberg lurched, and the schooner was seen to slide several feet along the crevice in which it rested. There was another lurch and another slide. Then the vessel reached a downward grade and the next instant shot off the iceberg and into the sea, bows on, like a rocket.
She shipped a heavy sea as the result of plunging her nose beneath the surface, but quickly righted, and after stumbling over her anchor chain and tugging viciously to get away, settled down to her original state of tranquility, to all appearances unhurt.
Thrilling Fight with a Shark.
Harry M. Spearman, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was bathing almost a quarter of a mile out, beside the Steeplechase Pier in Atlantic City, N. J., the other day, when he saw what he thought was the body of a man floating near the surface. He swam to the object, which was slowly sinking, and dived down after it, clutching at the supposed body. To his consternation he found he had grabbed a lively eight-foot shark by the tail. The fish resentful interference and turned to attack Spearman, who struck out lustily for the shore, the shark after him.
Fortunately the jaws closed with Spearman outside by a narrow margin, and he shouted for help and swam as he never swam before. The fighting blood of the shark was up and its appetite was keen, and it made another rush for the bather, who was helpless, having no weapon but his hands to fight with.
Some of the affrighted spectators on the pier and the beach ran to the life guards' station and told Slep Calhoun and James Neill of the unequal combat being waged, and they put out in their lifeboat to Spearman's rescue. They were none too soon. Spearman had received several staggering blows from the shark's tail, and was so weak that he was keeping afloat with difficulty. The shark made a final rush at the bather, turned on its back like a flash and this time caught him. The big open jaws closed like a vise on Spearman's left arm and the water above them was tinged with blood.
It would have been all over with the bather had not the lifeboat arrived just at this moment. Spearman was sinking, faint from pain and loss of blood as Neill leaned over the side of the boat and caught him by the hair. He was dragged into the boat, and as the shark came on Calhoun stood with a heavy boathook poised and skilfully harpooned the monster just as he turned on his side and made a snap at the boat.
Spearman was rowed ashore and received medical attention. The life guards went out again with a towing rope and brought the body of the shark to the beach. The man from Fort Wayne, who will carry his arm in a sling for several weeks, claimed the shark, and said he would have it

stuffed and shipped to his home.—New York World.

Bruin Sells Life Dearly.
A huge black bear was brought to Bluefield, W. Va., recently and sold to local butchers. Its weight was 430 pounds and in capturing it a young man sustained possibly fatal injuries.
For some time past the farmers living in the "Wilderness" in Bland County, Va., have missed their sheep. Thursday the partly devoured carcass of a fine ewe was found. A party was organized to hunt down the carnivorous animal. The country was scoured for hounds, and a fine pack was gotten together.
The hounds soon struck the beast's trail, and in a short while one of the hunters, Charles Burton, got a shot at the animal. The bullet took effect, but did not check the bear's flight.
However, others of the party fired with equally effective aim, and the bear, after carrying ten rifle balls around with him for over an hour, was finally brought to bay by the hounds.
In his eagerness to be one of the dispatchers of the brute, John Burton, aged twenty-two years, got too close to the bear, and before he could get a shot was bowled over by the bear's heavy paws. His face was badly lacerated by the blow, and after he had fallen to the ground he received another blow which broke his left arm.
The bear then bit nearly through Burton's left leg and was gnawing at his stomach when the party came up. A shot, fired by a man named Ramsey, ended Bruin's earthy career.
The young man was removed to the home of his father on Kimberland Creek, where he lies in a critical condition.

Bear on the Hand Car.
The Railway and Engineering Review has the following: Some years ago Mr. Jerry Sullivan, then of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, told of blowing a bear out of a culvert with sticks of dynamite. After that no other railroad bear stories were told for a long time. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer now relates the particulars of a meeting between a grizzly bear and a section gang of the White Pass & Yukon Railway, which, while perhaps not as violent in some respects as the affair in Colorado, will nevertheless pass at this period of time. According to the reporter's account the men were running a hand car around a curve, when suddenly a large grizzly was seen on the track. The car was stopped about a rail's length from Bruin, when the men jumped off and gave the car a push. When the car struck the bear he jumped upon it and held possession while it was getting up to speed on a down grade, when he jumped off and let it go. About this time a hunter happened along with a rifle, but he had only two shots left, and as these were not well directed, Mr. Bear suited his own convenience about quitting the right of way, but he finally slid-stepped into the snow and made off. After the affair was over it was "up to" the section gang to find their car.

River Rescue by a Woman.
A rescue that was out of the ordinary happened in the North River at New York City, when Mrs. Thomas Simpson, with her street clothes on, jumped in the river and pulled out a young man and a boy who were drowning. Mrs. Simpson, with her husband, conducts a public bath house near where the barge Birmingham was moored. John Campbell, aged four, fell from the barge into the water, and William McDermott, seventeen years of age, who was working on deck, went over the side after him. The child sank, but McDermott dived after him and seized him. McDermott rapidly became exhausted and he began to drift down stream when Mrs. Simpson went to their rescue. She did not wait to take off her shoes or any of her clothes, but jumped into the water just as she was and struck out for the struggling pair. Coming up to them she got hold of McDermott with her left hand, and then made for the pier. McDermott still holding onto the child. The woman's strokes were powerful, and she towed her human burden to the pier with seeming ease. Young Campbell was unconscious, but he revived after Dr. Wolf had worked over him an hour.
Mrs. Simpson has saved a number of persons from drowning, among them her own husband.

American Soldiers' Bravery.
The War Department, at Washington, has been informed of services of unusual bravery performed by enlisted men at Santa Rita barrio, San Luis, Pampanga, Philippine Islands, recently.
A native, frenzied by drink, created a panic in the barrio by wielding his bolo with such terrible effect that three or four natives were killed, and six or seven others wounded. Chief musician George S. Thompson, Twentieth Infantry, and Corporal King, of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, happened to pass through the barrio in charge of horses belonging to the regimental officers. In answer to the appeals of the natives, both enlisted men used their rifles, Thompson killing the madman.
Corporal King mounted his horse and rode fifteen miles in the dead of night through the roughest sort of country, to the army post at Calumpit, where Lieutenant Hennessy and Dr. Byers were roused from their beds and, equipped with surgical instruments, galloped back to Santa Rita to minister to the wounds of the wild Philippine victims.
Nearly one-third of the United States, or about 550,000,000 acres, is vacant public land.

Farm Topics
Feed For Lambs.
As soon as the lambs will eat, give them a little ground oats, bran, shorts, corn meal or a mixture of all of them, varying the composition of the feed to suit the taste of the lambs. Only a small amount will be eaten at first, but gradually it will be better liked. See that the feed is always fresh. If any is left over give it to the pigs.

Pig Feeding.
Skim milk may form the largest part of the feed of young and growing pigs with advantage and economy.
For the fattening of swine weighing on the average over one hundred pounds each, live weight, it is economical to give an allowance of skim milk not exceeding five pounds a head per day.
In every case the swine fed with part of their ration of skim milk were lustier, more vigorous and of a more healthy appearance than swine fed wholly on a ration of grain.—Canadian Experiment Station Report.

Rats and Mice Easily Destroyed.
Some years ago my attention was called to a granary in Maryland under which a large number of rats had burrowed into the ground. The building was double, set on posts raised about eighteen inches above the ground, with a driveway between. The earth underneath was completely honeycombed with burrows. Two pounds carbon bisulphid were secured. Wads of cotton, varying in size from a hen's egg to one's fist, were saturated and thrust into every burrow that opened on the surface. The holes were securely closed. Only in two instances were the holes opened by their occupants, and these were quickly destroyed by a second dose. Wherever a burrow is found about any building it can be treated in the same way.—American Agriculturist.

Sorting Eggs.
In handling eggs, a contrivance of the kind illustrated is useful. Eggs above or below a fair medium should be rejected for either market or for hatching. Small eggs are often infertile, while extra large eggs are nearly always useless for hatching. If sent to market, a few big eggs do not increase the value of the lot, but rather seem to dwarf the appearance of the other eggs. Eggs packed in one box should be of same size. The perforations in the boards should be made to fit eggs weighing seven to nine to the pound. To make the measuring holes, bore with an augur and enlarge and shape with a keyhole saw.—New England Homestead.

Robber Bees.
The strongest bees are put on duty for guards, it is these guard bees that dart out at you. With the Italian bee or the milder Cyprian, if you do not notice them they will merely buzz near your face a moment and leave you. But often the cross black bees will come at you with the intention of stinging you, especially if there is rain brewing, or they are short of resin in the hive, or your clothes are perfumed with some scent they dislike, tobacco, for instance. On account of these guard bees, and the keen scent they employ to single out enemies—as they know every bee of their own hive by this scent as well as sight—it is almost impossible for strange bees to pass them into the hive. But the robber bees do not come single handed, they come when the worker bees are far afield, and killing the guard and nurses barring their way, they buzz in and clean out the hive. Sometimes the worker bees stay at home to resist the attacks and the strongest side is victor, but it usually ends in the demolition of the colony and the fighting, robbing spirit spreads to other colonies. It is strange about bees in this line; if they find a starving bee they will feed and care for it tenderly, but in case of a weak colony they are almost sure to sneak in and steal their small store. They are very much like nations of human kind in this respect.
Ants and those fly bees which look so much like a bee that even bees are sometimes deceived by them, they usually rid themselves of. But the bee keeper must keep a close watch. Ants are bad in this country, and most bee stands are made with tapering legs and set in cans or crocks of water. Last winter I saw a fine stand of bees brought to starvation because the owner neglected setting the stand legs in water. In every hive the bees starved before half the winter was over, and all on account of the fall inroads of ants.
As the bee must go into over 100 blossoms to get just one load of honey, it would be natural for a big brained thing like a bee, to get it some easier way if it could, and often in the height of the honey season the smell of the honey in other hives than their own tempts them to threpe a little from them. The beekeeper in taking honey from the hives sometimes leaves enough dripping around to set them wild to follow the trail on into the hive. About the only way you can break them of the robbing habit is to put screens over the entrance ways of the robbed hives so that not more than one bee can go out or come in at a time.—I. S., in The Epitomist.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL
Several factories have been built in Germany for the manufacture of "forest wool" out of pine needles. It is used for making underclothes and for stuffing mattresses and furniture.
Artificial woodwork will probably soon be made on a large scale, as a process has been discovered for forming sawdust into a solid substance more durable than mahogany or ebony, and capable of quite as brilliant a polish.
Wire glass, it is claimed, adds much to the fireproof condition of buildings. In the presence of great heat the common glass of a window will crack and break and admit the flames into an otherwise fireproof building. Wire glass, on the other hand, may crack, but it cannot break and leave openings.
The use of heavy lubricating oils is made easy for automobiles by an oil can provided with an air-pump, a few strokes of which produce sufficient pressure to cause the heaviest oils to flow rapidly and evenly. The flow of oil is governed in quantity by a feed valve attached to the base of the spout.
Various objects usually invisible may be seen under unusual conditions. The flight of a cannon ball may be viewed by an observer favorably placed for sighting along its course, and the sea bottom along coasts can be studied by persons in balloons. It was while trying to learn whether submarine vessels can be seen from a captive balloon as far away as a mile or two that a French officer lately fell into the sea and was drowned, leaving his secret yet to be revealed.
An analysis of the chemical properties of the millions of tons of volcanic dust which now cover the islands adjacent to Martinique has been made to discover the effect which the dust will have upon the soil. There is a tradition that a similar dispersion of volcanic dust in the eruption of 1812 was wonderfully beneficial as a fertilizer. The findings of the Government laboratory in Barbadoes, however, show that the substance thrown out in the recent eruption is entirely deficient in fertilizing value.
A Swedish Consul at Bombay, India, says that "because of their fear of sanitary inspection and modern methods of preventing and curing disease the natives of India in vast numbers are the victims of plague. In consequence of the hatred and fear of hospitals and medical men the population of Bombay has decreased 40,000 in the last ten years, while the increase in the whole of India in the same time was about fifteen per cent. Bombay now has 700,000 people. The hospitals and general medical service in India are of the best and do much good in the affected districts in spite of the prejudice which prevails against such things. The plague is generally fatal without the most skilful medical attention. The natives in their ignorance seek only to be left to die in peace. The ancient traditions of the country are extremely difficult, almost impossible, to eradicate."
Love and Bamboo in Java.
The young shoots of the bamboo are covered with a number of very fine hairs that are seen, under the microscope, to be hollow and spiked like bayonets. These hairs are commonly called bamboo poison by the white men resident in Java, for the reason that murder is frequently committed through their agency. When a Javanese woman takes a fancy to a European she will either have him or poison him if she gets the chance. She seeks any and every opportunity of mixing these infinitesimal hairs among his food, and they serve the purpose of irritating the whole length of the alimentary canal and setting up malignant dysentery. It may take a long time and many doses of this so-called poison to effect the purpose, but the native woman does not tire, and death will surely result. The male native will also try this method of revenge for an affront.—Japan Mail.
Origin of Perfume.
The first perfumes were obtained by the combustion of aromatic woods and gums, and their original use was in sacrifices, to counteract the offensive odors of the burning flesh. Hence the Latin—per and fumare, "through smoke." Every man to his own perfume—and the dogs and horses recognize in every man that individuality of effluvium without which neither could track its master. The highly educated pointer on the farm, the all-around hunter, takes his orders to find quail to-day, rabbits to-morrow, turkeys the next day, and so on, and when after one kind of game never allows another to interfere with his duty. It is all very wonderful.—New York Press.
The Longest Driver and the Rubber Ball.
I am told that Mr. Edward Blackwell, perhaps the longest driver living, plays constantly with a rubber-cored ball, and finds that he has added greatly to his length both with wood and iron. This coincides with my own recent observation, and therefore disposes of the other idea at first entertained, viz., that the new balls gave no advantage to the long driver but only benefited the short.—Golf Illustrated.