

THE FRIENDLY SEASONS.

I'm friends with all the seasons, no matter how they go.
I'm thankful for the summer, an' I jest rejoice in snow!
An' nevvemore this world shall be a wilderness of woe
While dreamin' of its harvests in the mornin'!

I'm thankful in the darkness for the dreams that whisper "Light!"
For the thought that mornin's comin' with a wreath o' roses bright;
For the harbor that's off yonder, with the rest of it in sight—
When the ships will ride at anchor in the mornin'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE OVERLAND EASTBOUND

MEER name was Eulalie, but everyone in Elkton called her Dottie. "Old Man" Lebrun, her father, had started Elkton. He came down as a hunter and trapper in the old days when the territory was as primeval as was his own Canadian frontier, but when the wild game was pretty well hunted out and the white emigrants and the soldiers commenced to come he turned freighter, and later, when the copper camp started at Goose Creek, he blazed a stage route thither and founded the traffic that made him rich—for a frontiersman. When Mrs. Lebrun died Dottie was a chubby, big-eyed elf of four, and so the women, who were few, and the men, who had never more than one tender side in their make-ups in those harsh days, petted the child and made life very sweet and radiant as she grew. Now she was twenty, with the eyes of a doe, so lustrous and wondering; brown skin peeling a little from her oval face from the whipping, sand-spattered winds of the plains, the form of a stately woman and the heart of a yearning child. She had been "through school," had taught it for a term and was esteemed as the most learned inhabitant of Elkton "next to Parson Davies and Squire Beeno," and, perhaps, Professor Swinton, who was, however, a newcomer, and therefore yet on probation.

Professor Swinton "stopped" at Lebrun's. He was a New Yorker, frank, boyish, unaffected, gentle and generous. He laughed deprecatingly at the "professor" idea, for he was only "principal" of the three-room school, and he had that admirable desire to be called by his given name that is strong in all young, ingenious natures. His coming had made quite a "difference" with Eulalie, and they had come along so well in their acquaintance that she now called him "Mister Maurice" and he said "Miss Eulalie." He had told her many wondrous things about New York and the world that lies beyond and apart from the sand-girt silences of her home, of the splendor and the folly of the pageantry and the mockery, of the cannon-like streets, the glories, the squalor, the resonance and the emptiness of the life he had left to grow up, as he said, with the free West. Sometimes he told her love stories, of which she forgot to ask him "How do you know?" and silent and eager-eyed, like the child in the nursery at night, she only listened and hoped that his legends might never come to an end.

If she had been a wise girl she might have asked more questions, pertinent, personal, intimate probes as to himself, and then, being so frank, he might have told her all and more than she could have wished to know about himself. But she was content to know him as he was in Elkton, and, so knowing him, she said he was good to know and to see and to hear. Sometimes, when the sun was gone, they rode their ponies away into the short grass, endless plateaus, that dip and rise above the mesa walls of the little town, sometimes they galloped through the narrow trails of the remoter hills, but always she listened, smiling half sadly, half raptly, and always he told his quaint jokes, his true tales of real fairies and his romances of the Babylons she might never see.

One day he got a fat letter from the East, and when he had read it, and laughed over it and held up the check which it brought, he ran into the hallway and called for Miss Eulalie. She had ridden into town, her father said, "to trade." Maurice went to the corral and saddled his pony. It was Saturday, his holiday. He galloped gaily down the dusty road, sniffing the hot wind and twirling his quirt like a man with good news. He met Eulalie in the main street, just mounted upon her old white pony, and waved his letter at her.

"Aunt Von Werdon is dead, Miss Eulalie," he said, stopping and looking at her merrily.

"That one that gave the tea party to the cats and kittens? But you're sorry, ain't you, Mr. Maurice?" she asked, wondering at his levity.

"Yes—and no. You see, she had only two reasons for living—cats and me. She preferred cats, and—then she was old beyond computation—but I will say that she did better by me than I had a right to expect. See? She has left me \$500! I shall have money to burn." And his eyes looked wistfully up the heat-scourged street, with its reeking barrooms, its empty wooden sidewalks and its dreary sameness of frame shanty stores. "Will you wait till I cash this check, Miss Eulalie?" he added, "I'd like to ride home with you."

She rode into the shade of the town well and let her pony drink while he went to the bank. But when he came

back she said: "It's train time, Mr. Maurice" (with a pouting little grimace); "you know I love to see the trains go past. The Overland side-tracks here, and I'd like to look at the people. Then you might see somebody you know."

He laughed again at her childlike curiosity, and they paced down the street toward the station. The Overland whistled as they rode into the space by the depot and down by the side-track where the red water tank steamed in the burning sunlight. He thought she looked very beautiful as they waited there, for he was accustomed to the rough buckskin gloves she always wore, and he knew that the grace which made her home-spun gown seem picturesque and appropriate was none of the dressmaker's art. The choking sand swept down from the red mesa and dusted her ebony hair as it fluttered abroad in the blistering wind. The little drops of perspiration that started and trickled down her brown cheeks made muddy streaks upon her handkerchief as she wiped them away.

The train, groaning and trembling, as it slowed down past them, brought with it a tornado of dust and paper that hid from him the sweet mouth of the girl beside him, but when he looked up he saw that his face was near the window of a private car. Within he could see the white and silver splendor of the traveling palace. In the sconces of the walls were cut flowers and lush vines trailing between the windows. As the hiss of the engine ceased he could hear the tinkling music of a serenade that he had not heard since he left New York.

"Let's ride up to the forward window, Miss Eulalie," he said. "Somebody is playing the piano."

When they were opposite the window they could see a woman seated at the instrument, but as their shadows fell across the light she rose and came, facing them, as if to draw the shades. Eulalie saw the lily whiteness of her face, the great blue eyes, the yellow hair, the soft, light hand that rested an instant on the window's sill. She must have dreamed the smile, it was so beautiful, and the voice, bell-like and tender, as the lady raised the sash, and beaming like the morning, said:

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, that is you, isn't it?"

Eulalie had not turned her eyes to him before Swinton was down, flushed, eager and trembling. He held out the end of his bridle to Eulalie and she took it mechanically, her lips apart, wondering as she always wondered. The angelic face had vanished from the window and Maurice had gone into the car, but Eulalie sat there in the furnace breath of the sun and held his pony. She did not hear the locomotive bell nor the voice from the platform shouting "All aboard." She was yet dreaming. But the windows slipped silkily past her, and presently she was staring after the rushing cars, yet wondering if Maurice would tell her some stories about this fairy, the first that she had ever seen from that wonderland of his. But though she waited for an hour, he did not come back. She asked the stationmaster if he had left the train. Nobody had seen him since he and she had been sitting on their ponies together.

"The next stop east is Brussels," said the agent. "If he gets off there he'll be back on the night local."

So she left his pony at the depot, rode slowly home through the dust, and came back to the night local. He did not come. He never came to Elkton since, and Eulalie no longer wonders. She knows.—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Things the Physician Sees.

Sir Frederick Treves has spoken wisely and truly of the romance of medicine, viewing the subject from the standpoint of the physician's own life and discoveries. It has always seemed to us surprising that this fact has not been more emphasized, but that which is of the supremest importance to men and women is, by an old law of progress, precisely the last to which attention is directed. More wonderful, however, than this aspect of the physician's life is the fact of the tragedies, comedies and romances of which he becomes the spectator. No one is allowed to see so deeply and frankly into the hearts of people, into the very heart of the world, as he. By the nature of his calling there can be no secrets kept from him, even if desired, and the strange longing of the human heart for a confessor becomes an aid in the revelation which even to the priest can never be quite so complete. In these days when novelists spend half their lives in seeking "local color" and a knowledge of the realities and conditions of the lives of their fellows, it is remarkable that they have so little sought the sad, the bright, the true truth of life, which presents itself every day to the kind and conscientious doctor. There is more romantic and tragic material here going to waste—so far as relates to chronicling—than all the literature makers are finding elsewhere. This concerning the Dichtung, and when it comes to Wahrheit, no historian or psychologist has yet dreamed of the extent to which, consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, sickness dictates and dominates the actual lives of nearly every one of us.—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

Holophane Glass.

Holophane glass is a pressed glass resembling cut glass, having vertical prisms on the inside for diffusing light and horizontal prisms on the outside for directing the light.

The largest stage in the world is that of the Grand Opera House in Paris. It is 103 feet wide, nearly 200 feet in depth, and eighty feet high.

LAKES ALWAYS FROZEN OVER.

Skating the Year Around on Two Bodies of Water in Oregon.

Two lakes covered with ice at all times of the year have just been discovered in Baker County, Oregon. C. M. Sage, of Baker City, on Sunday, July 27, crossed two good sized lakes in the Granite Mountains, some miles northeast of Cornucopia, on hard frozen ice.

Mr. Sage, with a party of friends, went on a hunting and pleasure trip to the almost inaccessible mountain peaks back of the town of Cornucopia, in the Panhandle district. The mountains are high and rugged, and before passing the timber line the explorer must find his way through a primeval forest. A packhorse is the only means of getting into this district, except to trudge along on foot, which, to say the least, is uphill business. One part of the road is so encumbered with fallen trees that it is almost impossible to get through. In order to get supplies to their claims, two prospectors were obliged to cut a trail through this tangle of fallen trees, and it was by means of this trail that Mr. Sage and his friends were enabled to ascend the mountains, until they finally discovered the two frozen lakes referred to. The lakes are near the summit on the north side of the mountain, and in order to reach them the party traveled over ice and snow for a distance of five miles.

The bodies of water are small. One is about 150 feet across, and the other is between 600 and 700 feet in diameter. They are well defined lakes, or pools, however, covered with a thick coating of ice, clear as crystal and as smooth as glass, which is so thick and strong that the exploring party did not hesitate to ride across on horseback.

Mr. Sage says so far as he is able to judge the ice on the lakes never melts, because they are so situated between two tall peaks that the sun's rays never strikes them with sufficient power to make any impression on the snow and ice. This land of perpetual snow and ice is within a day's ride of Baker City by the present means of transportation, part way on a buckboard, and the rest on horseback. It would scarcely be more than a ride of an hour and a half on an electric railroad. Mr. Sage is of the opinion that from the lay of the country other larger and more picturesque lakes with perpetual ice will be discovered.—Portland Oregonian.

Mud Daubers.

An interesting tenant of the farm is the mud-dauber, the best known of the solitary wasps, whose nests are found stuck to the rafters in the attic and outbuildings, or to a nail in the wall or in an old coal-seal behind the door. She places several cells about an inch long side by side or on tiers above another without any regard to regularity. As she tills she sings squeaky little solos in a high key which sound like a tiny circular saw as it issues from a piece of hard wood. The moment the industrious little mason has completed the cell she sets about to fill it with spiders, all of the same species, of which it takes eighteen on an average. On one of these an egg is deposited which soon hatches into a grub and immediately begins to devour the feast of paralyzed spiders. When it has eaten all, it spins a dark-brown covering for itself which is about transparent. At the proper time it breaks through the walls of its mud house and proudly jerks its pretty steel-blue wings with the same graceful flit as did mother while she was busily engaged with her nest building.—Country Life in America.

Unless Titles of Royalty.

Members of all European royal families delight to travel incognito whenever they can, for it spares them a great deal of tiresome etiquette, and contributes to their comfort in many ways. When Queen Victoria wished to be incognito she adopted her title of Countess of Balmoral. King Edward, when he was Prince of Wales, used the title of Earl of Chester frequently when on the Continent. The Empress Eugenie travels as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds, a title chosen from a favorite shooting lodge in the Forest of Fontainebleau. The King of the Belgians is Count Ravenstein when he pays an informal visit to London or any other capital where he wishes to be unrecognized. The Queen Regent of Spain, who is just now enjoying her first real holiday out of Spain for some years, hides her identity under the title of Countess of Toledo; the Queen of Portugal, when she stays with her relatives in the country, is the Marquessa de Villacoza; and the King of Portugal uses the incognito title of Count de Barcellos.—London King.

Your Share of Money.

Have you \$28,067? If you have not you are short your per capita share of the money circulation of the United States, and some one has what would be coming to you if the money that is in circulation were equally divided. This statement is made without reservation, on the authority of the latest report of the Treasury Department.

Another thing; you are entitled to seven cents more than you were one year ago, according to this same report, even though there has been allowed for an increase of 113,000 in the population, for in that same time there has been an increase of more than \$65,000,000 in the money in circulation. So you see you are better off than you were a year ago—if you get your dues.

In fact, you are getting better off all of the time. What has happened since 1879? The population has increased fifty-eight per cent, and the money in circulation has increased 176 per cent, and more than one-half of that increase in circulation has been in gold or in gold certificates.—New York Herald.

AUTOS HURT ROAD HOUSES.

They Are Said to Be Driving the Horsemen Off the Country Roads.

There are dark days ahead for many of the road houses on the principal highways leading out from this city in all directions, and according to the proprietors, the trouble is due to the automobiles largely.

Road houses first came into being when the highways were used by travelers in stage coaches or on horseback. Many of the houses built at that period are still standing and are well-known landmarks. When the railroads came into existence some of the road houses went out of business.

A few years ago when cycling was a craze prosperous times came for the wayside inns. The old-time houses were not able to accommodate all the people who came their way and hundreds of new inns were erected. Then cycling went out of fashion over night and many innkeepers found expensive establishments on their hands with no patronage except that derived from the driving public.

Road driving began to pick up a year or so ago, and the road house proprietors began to take a rosy view of the future as their receipts increased. There was more money in one driver than in several cyclists. But at this turn of the tide of the hotel owners' affairs the automobiles began to whizz and snort past their places.

The result has been to scare the road driver away, the innkeepers say. Men have either abandoned driving altogether or have sought the back roads or highways, where they are free from the annoyances of the automobiles. Their patronage is lost to the hotel keepers. The owners of the autos give them no compensating patronage.

The proprietor of one road house sat on the front veranda of his place the other night having absolutely nothing to do. For many years his house was a popular resort in Queens County. In the summer time it was always thronged with visitors. In speaking of the conditions that have overtaken men of his business he said:

"We had a good thing of it when cycling was all the go. When that died out we missed the cyclists, but driving picked up, and we could have made out on what we got from the horsemen. But the automobilists are putting us out of business."

"They have driven the horsemen from the roads, and they themselves seldom stop within twenty miles of their starting place. The cold fact is that road house business is a thing of the past."

"My lease expires next year and down comes my sign. It has been hanging up there for three generations. This house has a great reputation. My father made money here and my grandfather before him. I am able to give better accommodations than either of them, but there is no trade to cater to."

—New York Sun.

International Telegraphy.

Paris is the centre of an international telephone wire net; its extreme ends are London, Hamburg, Berlin, and (in connection with the French-Italian line about to be opened) Turin and Milan. The Paris-Berlin line is the longest, with about 625 miles of wire. The Paris-Hamburg line is about the same. The distance from Paris to Turin, measured by an air line, is about 375 miles, and that between Paris and Milan about 470 miles.

But all these lines are eclipsed in length by that between Paris and Cologne, not by the direct line, but by indirect connection, often rendered necessary by breaks in the other service. In such cases a person in Paris desiring to speak to Cologne is connected via Berlin. This roundabout way increases the wire distance about 375 miles, making the total about 1000 miles.

The Cologne Gazette states that this does not impair the distinctness of the message, and no loss of time is noted in using this increased distance.

Fatal Tossing in a Blanket.

The Kent Coroner opened an inquest at the hospital at Shorecliffe camp on the body of William Foden, a private in the North Staffordshire Militia. The evidence showed that the deceased's barrack room companions tossed him in a blanket and he fell on the floor, sustaining severe injuries to his head, and death resulting from choking while unconscious. The Coroner said there was no question as to the cause of death, but it appeared that the deceased's companions were engaged in a pastime which was prohibited by the rules governing the barrack room, and therefore every one of them was doing an illegal act and in consequence guilty of manslaughter. He adjourned the inquest for the production of the standing orders and the attendance of the officer responsible for the conduct of the room.—London News.

Polish Jews For Canada.

The attention of passengers using Paddington station is frequently attracted by groups of Polish Jews—men, women and children—who are being "assisted" to Canada with the funds provided by the late Baron Hirsch. They come by steamer to London docks, are conveyed to Paddington in omnibuses and afterward sent on to Liverpool. They frequently have to spend several hours at Paddington, and two waiting rooms are set apart for their accommodation. The company contemplates erecting new waiting rooms for their special use. The people are miserably poor, of weak physique, and altogether are not the class which one would imagine are most wanted in Canada.—London Mail.

An elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that the animal can scent a human being at a distance of 1000 yards.

FORESTRY A NEW PROFESSION OFFERS FINE OPPORTUNITIES

IT IS IN MANY RESPECTS AN IDEAL PURSUIT
IT AFFORDS FREE AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIFE
IT IS NOT CROWDED
IT PROVIDES CHANCES FOR WEALTH
IT DEALS WITH NATURE'S GREATEST BEAUTIES



NEW profession has been opened in the United States. It deals with a subject that is not only vital, but one whose vast importance to both personal and national interests has become thoroughly recognized. It is the profession of forestry.

Of course, there have been forestry experts in this country for many years. But most of them were Government employes in one way or another, and Government control of forests meant generally only the conserving of tracts that were set aside by State or Federal authority, to be immune from the lumberman and to be preserved as parks and forest reserves.

Until the new science shaped itself slowly out of the war of conflicting interests, forestry in the United States, as interpreted by the public, practically meant only the question of saving American trees from the axe. But while all this superficial fighting went on between lumbermen and their supporters on one side, and idealists and theorists on the other, the true science was shaping itself.

Young men, some sent by the Government, others studying on their own account, were learning in Europe what real forestry was in the lands where, despite ages of lumbering, the forests still stand thick and beautiful.

In the past few years these men have been returning to tell America how to combine profitable cutting with profitable preservation, and with the knowledge that shows forest owners how to draw income from their property and yet keep it, in other words, how to eat their cake and have it too, the new commercial profession of forestry has become an important and lucrative one.

In many respects it is an ideal pursuit. It offers unequalled opportunity for living a free and healthful outdoor life. It deals with nature's greatest beauties. It is a profession that is not crowded. It offers chances for wealth, since the trained eye of a forester can see chances in the wilderness which the untrained man, and even the trained but unscientific woodsman, would not guess. It is a business that promises ample salary, for the forester can show his employers where they can save or earn thousands of dollars that without him would be lost.

While the American forester must perfect himself in his science by studying European forestry, American conditions differ so radically from those of Europe that forestry in the United States is a profession of its own, and the American has little to fear from his older colleagues on the other side.

Henry S. Graves, superintendent of working plans of the Department of Agriculture, explains this by saying that the American forester must direct his efforts, not to the immediate introduction of European methods, but to devising systems which can be adopted by land-owners at once, and which are capable of development as the conditions of the market allow them. In many cases these systems will differ radically from any practiced in Europe.

A great field where practical foresters are needed badly and at once in America is in the vast woodlands owned or controlled by paper manufacturing concerns. Many of them are confronted with the problem of a coming loss of their source of wood pulp. Their one hope is to introduce such a system of lumbering that they can cut successive crops of wood every twenty or thirty years; that is, to plant trees and aid young trees now in the sections where they are lumbering, so that by the time they have cut their way through their property new forests shall have grown up in the old sections.

There are millions of acres of land devoted to trees for wood pulp manufacture. There are more millions devoted to lumbering, where practically the same conditions prevail—that is, the owners realize that they must conserve forests if they expect to get any future benefit from their property. A great proportion of these woods are on land that may never be available for anything else. Consequently, if lumbering is done with no provision for new growth of trees, the investments will be wiped out the moment the last tree is cut down.

The State of New York now holds in reserves 1,100,000 acres of forest lands in the Adirondacks, and is acquiring more as fast as appropriations can be obtained. At present the law prohibits cutting of any kind, and the system of forestry is confined to protecting the forests from fire and theft. But in time it will become absolutely necessary to cut down a proportion of the older trees, not for profit necessarily, but because the science of forestry includes the thinning of forests in order to give the majority of the trees the opportunity for development that is denied to them by the excessive growth of the big and aged trees.

It is not only the product from the forest that interests the owners to-day. They have discovered that if they leave the small trees when lumbering they can sell the lumbered tracts to sportsmen at high prices, providing the cutting has been done so wisely as to leave real woods. To do this the services of the forester are indispensable. The American lumberman, as a rule, knows all about the best methods of cutting, but he knows nothing about conserving.

Scientific forestry has received a great impetus in the last year from the preserves that have been established by such men as W. C. Whitney, George Vanderbilt and Dr. Seward Webb, and from the work of foresters like Gifford Pinchot.

Mr. Whitney has a great tract of 68,000 acres in the Adirondacks, in which he is working out the problems of forestry and game preservation. He has already introduced moose, and at present W. C. Harris, the ichthyologist, is studying the problem of fish supply there for him. Besides his own foresters, of whom he has a regiment, the foresters of the United States Government have been studying his tract and have laid out a method of conservative lumbering. This was done in accordance with an offer made by the Department of Agriculture to all owners, public and private, of forest lands, under which the United States authorities volunteered to make studies of certain tracts which presented favorable opportunities to illustrate forest management, prepare plans for the work and to supervise the execution of them. The owners need merely to pay the necessary expenses of the Federal employes assigned to the work.

Dr. Webb also had his tract, which contains about 40,000 acres, examined by the Government. The Government experts went through the woods with hatchets on the face of which the initials "U. S." were cut. Every tree that was selected as a proper one for felling was blazed with this below the stump, and the lumberman had orders to chop down no tree unless it was so marked.

The results of the introduction of scientific methods were surprising. The net cost to the owner of going through the Webb tract and marking the trees was \$547.70. Among the wasteful methods discovered in the tract and checked by the examination was that of leaving high stumps. The lumbermen do not care to cut the trees near the ground, because the work is much harder and tires their backs. By careful measurement, the foresters demonstrated that on a tract of 40,000 acres the net loss from leaving high stumps was \$4800, which could be saved readily each year.

They also drew up a plan for cutting the tops instead of leaving them in the woods. As a rule, the lumbermen lop off from four to twelve feet of the tops, and this debris always has been one of the great sources of forest fires. Lumbermen have objected to carrying the tops out because, they declared, they were unsalable waste and represented nothing but loss, and that consequently it would be ruinous to go to the extra expense of transporting them.

The foresters showed that the tops that were left in the woods of a 40,000-acre tract would be worth \$3800. Thus improvident lumbering not only had caused a constant menace from fire, but actually thousands of dollars had been left in the woods to rot each year.

Thus, with the introduction of practical forestry, the problem of the forests will be in a way to be solved satisfactorily and practically in the United States. Lumbering need not be prohibited, but merely guided wisely, and there will be no more danger of American lands being denuded of forests.—New York Sun.

Ethics of Consultations.

The utility of consultation has often been questioned on the score that they mean little or nothing for the patient. The practitioner in a difficult case is supposed to need indorsement for his course, and he is said to obtain it in the unqualifiedly approving verdict of his counsellor. It is further claimed that the true ethics of the profession admit of no other alternative.

From the patient's standpoint this is true enough, and as it is so it should be in view of the necessity of preserving confidence in the medical attendant. The consultants have, on the other hand, every opportunity to differ in their private conference; but it is obviously unnecessary to do so in the presence of the family. Any disagreement that may exist as to diagnosis and treatment should be suitably adjusted before a conjoint verdict is rendered. If this course is impossible each one concerned should give a separate opinion and allow the patient or his friends either to choose what suits them best, or seek other advice. Under no circumstances should such different views be offered until after the freest possible interchange of views in the consulting room.—Medical Record.

A New Use For Paper.

Paper gloves and stockings are now being manufactured in Europe. As to the manner in which the former are made little is known, but the stockings have been carefully examined by experts, and they are loud in their praise of them. Let no one assume, they say, that these stockings, because they are made of paper, will only last a few days, for they will really last almost as long as ordinary stockings.

The reason, they point out, is because the paper of which they are made was during the process of manufacture transformed into a substance closely resembling wool, and was the woven and otherwise treated as ordinary wool. The price of these paper stockings is low, which is natural, since paper is much cheaper than cotton or wool.