

LIFE'S TRAGEDIES.  
Thou art not to be pined, who hast known  
The threat of midnight when the fore-lands moan  
And all the winds are out;  
Dread and despair and anguish—the great things  
That sit like crows upon the brows of Kings  
Or that Queen weep about  
—If by these only thou hast been accused  
Grieve not too much; for these are not the worst.  
It is the slow and softly dropping tears  
That bring the furrows to man's face;  
The years  
Falling and fall'n in vain,  
That turn the gold to gray upon his head;  
And the dull days of disappointment  
And pain that follows pain  
That make life bitter in the mouth,  
And strew  
The dead with roses, but the quick with yew.  
Better a wide and windy world, and scope  
For rise and downfall of a mighty hope,  
Than many little ills;  
Better the sudden horror, the swift wrong,  
Than doubts and cares that die not,  
And the long  
Monotony that kills;  
The empty dawns, pale stars, and narrow skies,  
Mean hopes, mean fears, mean sorrows,  
And mean friendships.  
—Gerald Gould in the Spectator.

## A MILLINER'S DAY.

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Miss Marie Seby rustled into the smart Fifth avenue shop, where it was her daily custom to assist a fashionable milliner to dispose of her goods to deluded women at fabulous prices.  
Miss Marie had not the ensemble of a working woman. Her black tulle silk frock was smartly made, her beautiful burnish hair creped and pompadoured in the latest mode. She possessed an air at once condescending and affable and was considered one of the most successful "jollies" in the place.  
She could wheedle more plain women into buying hats than were fashioned for beauties than any other saleswoman in the shop. She had an unexcelled knack of settling a bonnet on the head of a friend, and then stepping back and falling into a paroxysm of rapture at the spectacle.  
She calked dollars from pocket-books and, in consequence, was a pet of the haughty dame whose name on the lining of a hat was the hall mark of elegance and style.  
"Miss Marie," said the pompous individual, coming forward ablaze with diamonds and rustling quite as loudly as her assistant, "I would like you to redress the window."  
Miss Marie laid aside her own stylish hat and hastened to display novel and amazing confections upon the shimmering pink and white waxen models in the show window. This was work she doubly enjoyed. It gave her an admirable opportunity to observe what was going on in the street; moreover, it gave the male passerby a rare chance to gaze at an attractive girl.  
Therefore it must be confessed that Miss Marie dawdled a bit over her work, from which she was finally summoned to wait upon a customer.  
This was a woman with a face as long as that of a horse and hair appropriately the exact shade of hay. Miss Marie "sized her up" at a glance, and, after seating her with a great flourish before a pier glass, brought forward a frisky turban of velvet and lace and fur. She pitched it rakishly over one eye of the victim and then fell back with an exclamation of enchantment.  
"Ah, Madam! If you could but see the effect from the back! It's so swell! Just the thing for your style!"  
The horse's head bridled with pleasure. "But how about the front view?" she asked, a trifle anxiously, for the mirror gave no such assurances as did Miss Marie.  
"Let me tell you, Madam," returned this clever young woman, "that you might look New York over, and nowhere could you get such a result."  
"Which was quite true."  
"It certainly is a great thing," said the shopper, craning her neck to look at her profile. "What is the price?"  
"Let me see," said Miss Marie, removing the hat and examining it critically. "That hat, madam, was originally \$45. It's imported and absolutely a novelty. But as it's so becoming to you, I will make it \$25.50."  
"Isn't that rather expensive?"  
"Oh, dear me, madam, consider the materials; consider the style; consider it on her own shapely head; consider how it becomes you."  
"Well, I'll take it," said the wretch, and Miss Marie winked at Miss Ethel and Miss Gladys, who stood near watching the transaction.  
"Did you ever see anything so awful?" asked Miss Marie, after the shopper had bowed out. "Did you see her try to look coquettish? I declare the result was so frightful that I closed my eyes and breathed a prayer."  
Their witticisms were instantly hushed as a man and a woman entered the shop. They were plainly from the rural district, and as plainly bride and groom. The bride was faded, but kitchin; the husband proud and sheepish. Miss Marie deftly placed upon the head of the bride a structure calculated to make her head and gone ancestors turn uneasy in their tombs.  
"Now, how do you like that, pet?" asked the bride, tenderly.  
"Pet" fondled his whiskers and looked foolish. "I'm blowed if I can see anything handsome in that," he remarked.  
"That settles it," said this spouse, quickly removing it. "I shan't buy no bonnet you don't like." Miss Marie sweetly. She lifted the hideous and flamboyant cartwheel and set it upon her own head. She was such a jauntily impudent vision in it that the bridegroom stared greedily.  
"I fear," paused the little stunner.

"That you do not appreciate the beauty of this confection. This is really one of the most desirable shapes we have this season," and she circled slowly before the entranced countryman.  
"I guess it's all right, after all," he stated. "What's the agger?"  
Miss Marie reflected a moment. "Twenty dollars, to you, sir."  
"Shuttering old man!" ejaculated the customer. "Twenty dollars for a hat? Why, I can buy a horse rake for that."  
"Yes," said Miss Marie, smiling to his eyes. "Yes, but your wife could not wear a horse rake on her head, could she?"—still smiling—a long, slow, alluring smile.  
The poor man was hypnotized. He pulled out his worn wallet, drew from it the money and handed it over without further parley. Then Miss Marie transferred the terrible hat to the head of his wife and the pair departed, he casting alarmed and doubtful glances at his consort. It looked so different on her head.  
"Miss Marie, you are just awful," said Miss Ethel. "How could you sell that poor old fellow that hat? She is enough to scare the very dogs in the street."  
"She would scare them in anything," philosophically replied that young woman, "and why not in one of our hats?"  
This reasonable explanation being duly accepted, Miss Marie turned her attention to two ladies, who came in at this moment. She soon discovered that these customers were not amenable to cajolery. Hat after hat and bonnet after bonnet were tried on; nothing pleased their fastidious tastes. Miss Marie was on her mettle. She was seldom outflanked. She flattered and wheedled and coaxed. When on the verge of defeat, this Machiavellian young milliner determined upon an audacious move.  
"I really ought not to show this to you," she said, in a mysterious tone; "it's an order from Mrs. Van Rensselaer Stuyvesant. We've just finished it. We might duplicate it for you for \$50."  
"Oh, Amy," cried the other customer, "isn't that exquisite? Whatever you do, get that for the victor."  
So Amy bought it for the victor, and the two departed, casting condescending glances at the other despondent and rejected hats.  
Then Miss Marie stepped behind a screen and executed a dance of glee. "I've sold her a last season's child's hat. Ha, ha! Wear it in the victor, indeed! Did you remark the victor? A rickety old phaeton, drawn by a sorry horse! Well, I'm even with that from now on."  
Late in the afternoon a young woman came in to look at hats. With her was her husband, a mild, amiable appearing man. Miss Marie greeted them as easy prey. She placed a hat decorated with cooked feathers upon the wife's head. The very good looking young lady admired herself.  
"Where's the comb and the feet?" suddenly demanded the inoffensive appearing husband.  
"Oh, Edward, you don't like it," said his wife, reproachfully.  
"My dear, it's beautiful," he returned, "but if you are going to have a fowl on your hat, have the whole barnyard!"  
Miss Marie glared at him in dismay. "That's a bright, cheerful sort of hat," he remarked, "it reminds me of a circus coming to town."  
Miss Marie removed it with heightened color. Then she brought a stunning pink hat of gray velvet, with lace ties and drooping marabout plumes.  
"Looks just like the bonnet my great-aunt Hannah used to wear to church," announced the amiable critic, "I've seen it in the window of Aunt Hannah's. It's a certain hanging down the back, like a valance round a four post bedstead. Maybe you could put a curtain on that. That would be so nice."  
"Miss Marie was getting in a rage. When the matter was this to come in and spoil her trade by making fun of the charming confections she was setting forth? But she tried again—this time a large black hat with clusters of waving black feathers.  
"Now, isn't that an elegant hat?" she asked with her most engaging smile. What was her bewilderment when this wretched man suddenly took out his handkerchief and pretended to weep in it.  
"Edward," exclaimed his wife, "whatever is the matter with you?"  
"Why, my dear," he said, with a lugubrious snuffle, "it looks so like a hearse that I am trying to live up to it."  
Poor Miss Marie! She had met her match. She snatched off the hat, and said disconsolately, "Perhaps, sir, you will give me an idea of what you would like?"  
"My dear girl," said that gentleman, "if you have any plain little hats—just ordinary sort of hats, you know—hats you can't hear more than a mile away—hats that are not decorated with fowls of the air and beasts of the field—we will look at them."  
"They are not wearing such hats this season," said Miss Marie, haughtily. "The hats are all very much trimmed."  
"Then I'm afraid we shall have to look elsewhere," said this degenerate. They departed, leaving Miss Marie in a white heat. And to add insult to injury this unfeeling monster looked back and laughed as he passed out the door. Miss Marie felt assured that this man saw through all her pretty little shams and poses and recognized the charming little humbug that she was.  
"That young Miss Marie died with her best young man. She was not the chatterbox she usually was, but, on the contrary, rather silent and distrustful."  
The best young man rallied her on her depression. "One would think you had lost a friend or a fortune," he said.  
"I lost a sale today," she said, gloomily, "through the machinations of a wicked man."  
"Great Scott!" said the best young man.  
Thereupon Miss Marie repeated her tale of woe.  
To her amazement and chagrin the best young man suddenly burst out laughing.

## FARMERS' CORNER

Relative to an inquiry concerning skim milk and pigs, will say that when two weeks old the young pig will begin to take skim milk from a separate trough. Of course, only a little will be consumed at that time, but it should be supplied two or three times daily at first, and twice daily later. At first skim milk alone may be given, but later cornmeal, barley meal or middlings should be added. Allow the young pig to eat practically all it will of the combination. Often it is best to have the trough from which the pigs feed in a special inclosure where the pigs feed gradually wean themselves without two weeks old, or at least there will be no trouble in finally separating them from the dam.  
Carefully conducted experiments at this station have shown that to get the largest returns from both milk and meat, not over three pounds of skim milk should be given for each pound of cornmeal or other grain. Where one has large quantities of milk he may feed as much as six from six to nine pounds of milk with each pound of grain, but in that case the returns are not so good as when the milk does not run over three pounds for each pound of grain.  
There is no better single feed for pigs than skim milk. Often where large numbers of pigs are handled there are runts or pigs of condition, undersized, etc. Always separate these from the main lot and fed them separately, giving special care. One will be surprised to see how the unlikely specimens will improve with a little care and extra allowance of milk and grain.—Prof. W. A. Henry, 14 Hoard's Dairyman.



FEED TROUGH FOR SHEEP.

rack itself. The rack is built by nailing the slats in apart on pieces 3 inches wide and 12 feet long, and are then hinged to the side of the trough so that they rest on the edges of the trough when closed. Two hinges on each side (strap hinges of course) will be sufficient. At about the middle of the trough a bar is fastened so that when the racks are in place they may be held so by turning the bar over to the other side over a staple and holding it in place with a bit of wood. In this arrangement the racks may be let down and the trough thus filled from either side.

About the Back Yard.  
This item will be found quite as useful to the farmer as to the man in town with the typical town back yard, for the former is quite as often given to using the space back of the house (his back yard) for the accumulation of ashes and rubbish as is the town man, who, perhaps, has no other place for his refuse.

PLACES TO AVOID.  
Here Are a Few Regions in Which Life is Not a Joy.  
As places of residence neither the Bahrein Islands, in the Persian Gulf, nor the City of Yakuisk, Siberia, have much to offer in the way of climate, says the Washington Post.

In Bahrein you cook and in Yakuisk you freeze. Yakuisk is said to be the hottest place in the world. The thermometer often registers between 110 and 120 degrees, night and day, for months at a time. This rather heats Fort Yuma, Ariz., which is considered the hottest place in the United States.

Yakuisk is called the coldest city in the world, Veldoyansk, in northeastern Siberia, claims to be the coldest inhabited place on the globe, the thermometer registering 90 degrees below zero in January.  
It also claims to be the place possessing the most variable climate, for while it is 90 degrees below in January, it is 86 above in the shade in August, during the day, with a drop equal to freezing every midsummer night.

The wettest place in the world is Greytown, Nicaragua, where the annual rainfall is 260 inches.  
The driest place in the world is probably the rainless coast of northern Africa. They have a shower there about once in every ten years.  
About once in every ten years the Grand Canyon on this desolate strip of barren coast, and the dreary towns from which the nitrate and the minerals mined in that region are shipped depend on the subsistence upon food brought to them in the ships from the fertile strips to the north and south of the desert.

Northern Russia and the shores of the French Congo are said to be the coldest places in the world and for there is no region like the Grand Banks, the southern coast of Newfoundland, and the waters of Nova Scotia.  
This region is one of fog for a large part of the year, and the very home of the fog is the island of Grand Manan, at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, where, the sailors declare, the natives manufacture fog. When a bank of especially thick fog is seen approaching over the waters, the mariners turn to each other and say "The Grand Manners are at work."

Why the Japs Are Strong.  
The Japanese are allowed to be among the very strongest people on earth. They are strong mentally and physically, and yet practically they eat no meat at all. The diet which enables them to develop such hardy frames and such well-balanced and keen brains consists almost wholly of rice, steamed or boiled, whole the better-to-add to this Spartan fare fish, eggs, vegetables and fruit. For beverages they use weak tea, without sugar or milk, and pure water, alcoholic stimulants being rarely indulged in. Water is imbibed in what we should consider prodigious quantities—to an Englishman, indeed, the drinking of so much water would be regarded as madness. The average Japanese individual swallows about a gallon daily in divided doses.

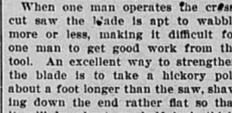
The Japanese recognize the beneficial effect of flushing the system through the medium of the kidneys, and they also cleanse the exterior of their bodies to an extent undreamed of in Europe or America.  
Another—and perhaps this is the usage on which the Japanese lay the greatest stress—is that deep, habitual, forcible inhalation of fresh air is an essential part of the acquisition of strength, and this method is assiduously practiced until it becomes part of their nature.—Medical Record.

"Little" Japan Not So Small.  
Most of our maps of Asia, says the World's Work, are drawn on a small scale, and on such maps the Japanese archipelago fills little space. But she is larger than England and more populous. She has 6,000,000 more people than France. She sent six armies over sea within six months, and she has a navy which was as big as either army that met at Waterloo. She has sent to Manchuria twice as many soldiers in six months as England sent to South Africa in two years.

full powers given to 10,000 pounds of milk from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of milk yearly; her production does not exceed half this amount.

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One-Man Cross-Cut Saw.  
When one man operates the cross-cut saw in the same manner as with more or less, making it difficult for one man to get good work from the tool. An excellent way to strengthen the blade is to take a hickory pole about a foot longer than the saw, shavely the end that fits on the saw blade so that it will be about one-half inch thick. Saw a slit in this end of the pole slip it over the saw blade close to the handle and wire it to the handle after making two holes, one on either side of the slit in the pole. The other end may be traced in the same manner with a notch may be cut in the handle of the saw and the shaved end of the pole go against this notch and be wired to the handle.  
If the pole is a good one this device will save the end of the saw blade so that one man can operate the saw with good results. The illustration shows the details as follows: Figure 1 shows how the end of the pole is split and slipped over saw blade and wired to the handle. Figure 2 shows the pole ready for wire and figure 3 shows one of the handles of the saw with a slight notch cut in it to receive the end of the pole.—Indianapolis News.



A ONE-MAN SAW.

Enormous Trust Profits.  
The paramount issue in this campaign is the curbing of the criminal trusts and the revision of the tariff to that end. There is one way to curb the trust which is persistently evaded by the administration, that the anti-trust law plainly provides for, and that is the criminal prosecution of those who conspire to restrain trade. When the Supreme Court decided the Northern Securities case, Justice Oliver-Wendell Holmes indicated that the criminal section was the certain way of getting relief. There is no doubt that two or three criminal trust magnates in stripes would effectually deter the balance from their criminal depredations on a long suffering people.  
When the Standard Oil trust pays 40 per cent dividends does any one believe that such enormous profits are legitimate. When the Steel trust, with its stock watered three times over, made for the first three years of its existence an average of over \$110,000,000 a year, or about \$100,000,000 a month, does any one think such enormous profits could have been realized without the fostering care of the protective tariff. All the criminal trusts are entrenched by monopoly of some kind, not only the tariff, but the special rates on the railroads, ownership of private cars, with rebates on the millage they travel, or monopoly of transportation and terminal facilities, like the Standard Oil trust, or of receiving and distributing facilities like the Beef trust controls, besides the private car take-off.

Best Egg Preservers.  
In a test with various egg preservatives at the Ontario station the two leading successful substances were lime water and water-glass solution. Eggs put up in lime water scored for one out of a possible fifty, and those in water-glass in proportion of one part to seven of water scored 43.2 out of a possible fifty. The addition of salt to the lime water failed to secure as good results as the lime water alone and greased eggs put up in salt were not equal to the others mentioned.

Poultry Hints.  
Young geese are not good breeders. Goose eggs do not hatch well when shipped quite a distance.  
Pure refined grain oats have not an equal among cereals for the best disinfectants for the poultry yards.  
Young ducks should be kept away from swimming water until they are well feathered.  
Ducks may be advantageously raised on many farms where they have never yet been tried.  
A goose yields about \$1 a year in feathers, the market price being about 40 to 50 cents a pound.  
Soft-shelled eggs are seldom found where hens are supplied with cracked bone or small bits of oyster shells.  
Poultry is raised on 88.8 per cent of the farms in the United States. It would be interesting to know what per cent use high grade fowls.

Feeding Value of Alfalfa.  
It is within a few years since special attention has been paid to alfalfa and farmers have been slow in testing it. Perhaps the undisputed statement that a ton of alfalfa properly cured has nearly the same feeding value as a ton of wheat bran will convince farmers that the crop is worth their attention. Unlike clover it is not difficult to get a catch of alfalfa and it does not readily winter-kill. One cannot rely on the crop as a portion of the leisure days than in finding out all possible about alfalfa and its culture.

Better Dairyman Needed.  
A writer says: "When I see a cow with a good, sharp back, a deep body, a clean head, and prominent bright eyes, two large milk veins, a double extension milk vein, and those about the size of a finger, I say at once: What a pity that this cow did not have an owner as well bred as I, in order that her bodily functions might have been developed and her

## POLITICS OF THE DAY

Qualities of the tariff revised, there must be a Congress elected which is favorable to revision. The dominant faction of the Republican party is heart and soul with the protectionists, and the only revision of the tariff they would attempt would be to revise it higher. If the Republicans control the next Congress they will organize the Ways and Means Committee, through which sieve all tariff bills must pass, so that no reform bill will be reported and allowed to come to a vote. If the Republicans have only a small majority in the next Congress they will fear to allow any bill affecting the tariff to reach the stage of discussion, for there will be some few Republican members, like McCall of Massachusetts, who will vote with the Democrats for reciprocity with Canada, and perhaps also for amendments which would prevent the trusts from selling abroad cheaper than here.  
So the only hope of revision is that the Democrats will have the majority of the House of Representatives and send a reasonable bill to the Senate that will put the members of that body on record either for or against the most gross inequities of the tariff. Two or three bills revising the tariff, and a few bills revising the tariff, are the only bills that are likely to pass by a Democratic House of Representatives, there is good reason to believe that several Republican Senators would think twice before voting against such measures of relief from trust taxation. Public opinion would also have its effect upon that coteries of trust auxiliaries—the Republican members of the Senate Committee on Finance—of which Senator Aldrich is chairman, who may be retired to private life, if the independent voters of Rhode Island do their duty.  
In spite of his former tariff reform proclivities, President Roosevelt has surrendered to the protectionists, so those voters who feel the burden of trust high prices, or who for ethical reasons favor reform, should vote for Judge Parker. With a Democratic President and Congress, there will be some hope of tariff reform and a certainty of a thorough investigation of the trusts in all departments of the government and retrenchment in the present extravagant expenditures.

Spot of Office Caused Slocum Disaster.  
The administration has convicted itself of being the cause of the Slocum disaster by removing the government steamboat inspectors. If the Platt and Odell machine had not been allowed to control the appointment of the steamboat inspectors and instead of the ward beavers they dictated, Mr. Roosevelt had insisted on competent and trustworthy men, the awful part of the disaster would not have occurred. The fact that the whole federal patronage of New York has been used to nominate Mr. Roosevelt and is now doing the same service to elect him is the crying evil. Removing two or three of the officials that are proved to be the primary cause of the terrible loss of life and appointing others out of the same gang will hardly make the public believe that the public service is run on the high plane that is claimed for it by the Republicans.

Pen Stammering.  
The discussion of the question of "pen stammering" suggested by Dr. Bertillon, of Paris, and in which some reference was made to Ribot's discussion of the same subject, reminds me that "pen stammering" had been not only recognized, but named, some time before either of these gentlemen came upon the scene of human activity to observe and analyze the various conditions of mankind. The fact is that Sir Walter Scott, whose writings have delighted so many persons, was a sufferer, as shown by the following excerpt from the "Life of Scott" by Lockhart, tenth volume, second edition: "January 10, 1831—I cannot say the world opens pleasantly for me this new year."  
"There are many things for which I have reason to be thankful, especially that Cadell's plans seem to have succeeded to a certain extent, and that next two years will well high clear me. But I feel myself decidedly wrecked in point of health, and am now confirmed I have had a paralytic touch. I speak and read with embarrassment, and even my handwriting seems to stammer." His statement carries the "pen stammering" habit much further back than the discussion up to this point had carried it, and no doubt there can be found authentic cases still further back than 1831.  
The fact that the "pen stammering" probably came into existence a short while after men began to write. It is, at any rate, quite reasonable to assume that the ailment followed quickly on the heels of the writing habit, and it was probably more extensive in the early days than it is now, because it marked a departure in the uses of the hand.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Was Only the King.  
King Leopold of Belgium, who has been at Biarritz, taking a vacation from the worries of kingship in general and Congo and Gabon in particular, has given the figure in an amusing incident which was a fashionable French watering-place laughing.  
The democratic monarch bathed there as did every other man, privately and unostentatiously. One morning as he came out of the water he changed to collide with a portly man, who evidently did not know a king in a bathing suit.  
"What do you mean, sir?" he snorted savagely. "Be more careful. I would have you to know I am a member of the Biarritz City Council."  
"Then I offer a thousand apologies," replied Leopold at once. "I am only the King of the Belgians."  
Slightly Different.  
"But," protested the homely behest, "he assured me he loved me for my own sake."  
"You misunderstood him," replied his friend. "He told my brother he loved you for your own sake."  
Philadelphia Ledger.

And There Are Others.  
Husband—There are two ways of living, my dear.  
Wife—What are they?  
Husband—One is within our means as we should live, and the other is beyond our means, as we shouldn't, but do.  
Reversing Things.  
"An Iowa woman has a popular nervous malady that obliges her to walk backward when she wants to go forward."  
"I'll bet that's a woman who would get off a street car the right way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ultra-Fashionable.  
"And are they really so rich?"  
"Well, they can afford the three C's."  
"What three C's?"  
"Chauffeur, connoisseur and chef."  
About Even.  
"How are you making out in writing for the magazines?"  
"Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."  
The Next Step.  
"Is your country place finished yet?"  
"Oh, yes. Why, I have already begun alterations on it."  
The generous heart should score a pleasure which gives others pain.—Thomson.

## A Little Lesson In Patriotism

Perhaps every school boy who has studied American history best remembers Israel Putnam, "Old Put," by the story of his adventure with the wolf. Now his farm in Pomfret, Conn., a wolf had preyed upon the neighborhood until the farmers prayed for deliverance from his terror. Putnam, finding her den, entered it alone by creeping into the narrow opening at its entrance and shot and killed the wolf as she was advancing to attack him.  
But this is not the only adventure which illustrates the personal courage of the man who fought at Bunker Hill. He by his own bravery saved Fort Edward from being destroyed by fire. Again when his company in the colonial service was attacked by a party of French and Indians he guided them to safety through the rapids of the Hudson.  
It was his reputation for personal bravery that induced the British to approach him at the outbreak of the revolution with promises of money and a command in the British army if he would enter their service. Indignantly rejecting them, he organized a regi-



ISRAEL PUTNAM.

ment of his own and marched to Cambridge.  
It was in a great measure due to his wish that a general engagement be fought on while the spirit of the troops was high and hopeful that the determination was taken to fortify Bunker Hill. In the battle that followed he took a conspicuous part, being the ranking officer on the field. When Washington arrived at the camp in July to take command of the army, he brought with him four commissions for major-generals, one of which was for Putnam. But to Putnam alone did he deliver the commission, withholding the others on account of the general distasteful to the command.  
"He dared to lead where any dared to follow," is the inscription upon his monument. Upright, staunch, rigidly patriotic, unwavering in his ideals of right and justice, "Old Put" was indeed a citizen of the Old Dominion, a country, where he left his plow to take his sword.—Chicago Journal.

FRANKNESS OF MANNER.  
A Delightful Trait in Young Admired by Everybody.  
There is no more delightful trait in the young or the old than absolute frankness and openness of nature, that transparent character which lets us see the best and the worst in them, their strong and their weak points, without any effort at concealment, says Success.  
Everybody admires the open-hearted, the people who have nothing to conceal, and who do not try to cover up their faults and weaknesses. They are, as a rule, large-hearted and magnanimous. They inspire love and confidence, and by their very frankness and simplicity invite the same qualities in others.  
Secretiveness repels as much as frankness attracts. There is something about the very inclination to conceal or cover up which arouses suspicion and distrust. We cannot have the same confidence in people who possess this trait, no matter how good they may seem to be—as in frank, sunny natures. Dealing with these secretive people is like traveling on a stage coach on a dark night—there is always a feeling of uncertainty. We may come out all right, but there is a lurking fear of some pitfall or unknown danger ahead of us. We are uncomfortable because of the uncertainties. They may be all right and may deal squarely with us, but the more we know of them the more we cannot trust them. We are always polite or gracious a secretive person may be, we can never rid ourselves of the feeling that there is a motive behind his graciousness and that he has an ulterior motive in view. He is always more or less of an enigma, because he goes through life wearing a mask. He endeavors to hide every trait that is not favorable to himself. Never, if he can help it, do we get a glimpse of the real man.  
How different the man who comes out in the open, who shows us who he really is, and who reveals his heart to us, and who we all love and trust him! We forgive him for many a slip of weakness, because he is always ready to confess his faults and to make amends for them. If he has had qualities, they are always in sight, and we are ready to make allowances for them. His heart is sound and true, his sympathies are broad and attractive. The very qualities he possesses—frankness and simplicity—are conducive to the growth of the highest manhood and womanhood.

But Not He.  
It's the West for eloquence. One Methodist pastor from that section was preaching here a Sunday or two ago on the eternity of the soul. He started on a long recital of his emotions while gazing on the wonders of nature in the Far West, and practically he electrified his congregation thus: "I looked at the mountains and could not help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' And to the ocean I said, 'Mighty as you may be, you will dry up, but not I.'"  
Likely to Be Expensive.  
He—Don't you think you could learn to love me?  
She—I doubt if you have enough money to pay for my education.—Boston Globe.

We are in favor of a law providing that books may be sold only by catalogue and newspaper advertisement.