AT 2 o'clock on a winter's night, the Narka, a fresh fisherman of about 60 tons, spreading her sails to a brisk nor' west breeze, slid between the high bluffs at the mouth of the little cove, and putting her bows into a heavy southeast swell—the aftermath of a recent gale—plunged out to sea.

The night was clear and crisp. Overhead an oval moon shone bright and cold in a star-studded sky. On the starboard bow, Chebucta Head, grim and forbidding, lifted its bald crown against the stars, while the big combers, rolling in from the Atlantic, broke against its granite base with a dull, ominous roar, and leaped in furious fountains of flashing foam, high up its gaunt sides.

Ahead, half a mile or so, seven or eight small schooners, their sails gleaming white in the light of the moon, were standing out to sea. The fishing fleet out of Herring Cove were bound to the fishing grounds.

The Narka had been the last to leave.

As the schooner passed out by Sambro, the skipper relinquished the wheel to the cook and went forward to the fo'cas'le, where the rest of the crew, having finished their early morning coffee, were sitting around on the lockers enjoying a smoke.

"Fine night, boys," observed the skipper, as he poured himself a steaming mug of coffee. "Quite a change since this time yesterday. If this weather will only hold for a while and let us have a few days' good fishing, we'll be able to celebrate Christmas in proper style, an' stop home for three or four days, whether it blows, high or low.

The Narka was a trawler, carrying four dories and a crew of twelve, all told—skipper, cook, eight dory-men, and two boys. A single trawl line is usually about forty fathoms in length and is provided with about sixty hooks. At intervals of about four feet along the main lines, smaller lines, about three feet in length, are spliced; these are called "snoods" and support the hooks. The Narka's crew handled from seven to ten miles of trawl lines, and from 10,000 to 16,000 hooks. They started to bait up about 8 o'clock, and by the time they had their gear snugly coiled in the tubs ready for use, it was getting along toward daylight. Meanwhile the schooner had passed the rest of the fleet, and run off shore about thirty-five miles. Presently she luffed up in the wind, and the second hand, taking a cast of the lead, reported a depth of fifty fathoms.

"Put the starboard boats over, boys."

Two boats were hoisted over the rail, lowered into the sea, and their gear—trawl tubs, anchors and buoys—were placed in them. Their crews—two men to each—sprang aboard. The schooner filled away, leaving one boat behind, and towing the other. When she had run about three-quarters of a mile to the eastward, she dropped the other boat. She put out her remaining dories in like manner, some distance apart, and then, coming about,

"WHY DIDN'T YOU FELLOWS HOLD ON TO YOUR ANCHOR?"

stood back to where she had left the first boat.

So, while the East grew gray with the dawn, the men in the dories, tossing erratically over a confused tumble of ragged seas, went to work to set their trawls. The boat skipper, the after oarsman, throws out a little anchor, to which is attached the main trawl line, and a conical buoy with a staff through it, bearing a flag. Then the bowman rows, the skipper pays out the trawl, dexterously throwing the hook clear of the main line. A man, unaccustomed to the work, would soon have half a dozen hooks caught in his hands and the trawl in a hopeless tangle, but an expert fisherman will coil up or pay out mile after mile of trawls without pricking a finger or entangling a snood. As the line goes over the stern, the boat skipper, at intervals of forty fathoms attaches a small weight, usually a small stone of about ten pounds, prepared for the purpose, and when he comes to the end he throws over another anchor and buoy. Each dory sets about two miles of trawl in one string; and by that time it is sun-up. The schooner picks up her boats in the same order she dropped them; and the men have breakfast. Then, almost immediately she drops her dories again to "under-run," or look, the trawls.

The nor' west wind is raw and cold, and the water is not warm, but the bowman, though his hands be numb, is soon sweating with his exertions, because hauling a trawl in fifty fathoms of water, in a sea way, is hard work.

Comes the head of a cod. "Dog-fish about," grunts the bowman. The skipper, in silence, unhooks it, throws it overboard, and renews the bait. The bowman jerks a limber, but villainous-looking fish into the boat. This gluttonous rascal, a member of the shark tribe, generally swallows the bait, and, owing to the peculiar formation and position of its mouth, it requires considerable skill to extract the hook. The skipper grasps the snood with his left hand, thrusts the gob-stick down the ugly throat, and with a dexterous twist or two removes the hook, and throws the writhing squalus overboard.

Then, for an hour the bowman, grunting disgustedly, hauls in dog-fish after dog-fish, and now and then the head of a cod, whose body had provided a banquet for the marauders of the deep. The skipper's exasperation steadily increases.

The Narha comes along, and the captain hails: "How are they comin', boys?" The boat skipper straightens up, and abjures the luck, in language, lurid and emphatic. The captain's face darkens; then he calls out, quietly: "Take up your trawls; we'll try somewhere else."

When at last they got her boats and trawls aboard for the night, the short December day had long since drawn to a close. The weather continued moderate and clear, but the sky, which had been of a deep blue color, had taken on a pale, sickly hue. A change was imminent, but it wouldn't be immediate.

The Narha remained outside all night, hove-to, with two men, relieved at intervals, on watch on deck. At 3 o'clock all hands were called, and after coffee, went to work, baiting up the gear. And before daylight the dories were hoisted out, and sent off to make a set.

After daybreak the sky began to look gloomy, and was soon overcast with grayish vapor. The nor'west wind freshened in gusts, and lifted up a short, swift running lop of a sea. When the dories went out to the under running, they found the trawls fairly loaded with fine cod and haddock. They returned to the schooner dangerously deep before they had underrun half their lines, forked the catch aboard, and went immediately to look the rest of their lines.

The day wore on, growing gusty and cold. The other vessels of the fleet, distrusting the look of the weather, began to take up their gear and start for home. A big barkentine, bound in to Halifax, passed under a press of sail, burying her deep-laden hull in the short-plunging seas.

At noon the Narha was alone under the lowering sky, on the gray waste of sea. She kept her boats out and shortened her trawls. At any moment a snow squall was liable to sweep down upon them, but the fishing was good, and the men toiled on cheerfully. The little dories bounded and bucked madly in the seas. When laden with fish, the scumming surges dashed in spray over them, and sheathed them outside and in with shell ice. The men, despite their oil-skins, were wet to the skin, and very cold; and over them, like the shadow of death, hung the leaden sky. But they worked on, careless of cold and danger, wresting a hard harvest from the miserly and treacherous sea. Christmas was coming—was only two days off—and they would make it a merry one for their folks ashore.

In the northwest, the heavens crowded up with dense, blue-black, hard-edged masses of cloud, which, twisting and turning, spread zenithward, rapidly. The air grew colder—the wind blew harder—and a thin frost-fog rose from the sea. A snow storm was sweeping down out of the north. The Narha signaled her boats to pick up their trawls without delay.

She had taken three boats aboard, and filled away to pick up the fourth and last. She fairly flew, but it soon became evident that the snow squalls would be upon her before she could reach the boat.

"If they'd hung on to their anchor, we'd surely have run across them. I had their bearings and steered a straight course. They must have let go, and drifted to leeward. Anyway, we're past where they ought to be. Haul down your jib. Then I'll let her come about."

The schooner cruised about for half an hour, showing a flare-up, and sounding the fog horn. Suddenly the squall slackened its force; the snow thinned, and the horizon widened around. And as the men on the schooner looked about them, they saw down to leeward hardly a hundred yards away, the dory rising and sinking bravely to the swing of the smoking seas. The schooner ran down, rounded to, and the dory rowed under here lee. The little craft was badly iced-up, and the men, to lighten her, had jettisoned fish and trawl gear. As she was hoisted aboard, the captain came forward and fronted the men who a moment before had been fighting for their very lives, and who but for a whim of the wind that made the snow to lift, would have gone down to death in the deep—the skipper faced them angrily:

"Why didn't you fellows hold on to your anchor?" he demanded, irately. "Expect me to pick you up—rowing and drifting all round the ship?"

"We were hanging on to our mooring, skipper," answered the boat skipper. "But the rope parted, and before Gordon could get his oars out she nearly filled on us. I had to throw everything overboard, and bale.

"Well, you're mighty lucky," he observed. "If it had kept on snowing half an hour longer, we'd never have got you. * * * It's going to be a wild night I'm thinkin', an' we'll have a job to beat her in. Turn to now, and close reef her fore and aft. It'll come down again in a few minutes, blowing hard enough to lift us out of the water, and cold enough to freeze icicles. So we'd better get her reefed down before everything is froze hard."

As the night wore on, the gale developed into a blizzard. The schooner, he'd up to it by the shred of try sail, wallowed wildly in the infuriated sea. The tops of the seas, torn off by the wind, swept over her in icy showers, and now and then bodies of broken water tumbled aboard and surged around the decks. She made ice everywhere, fast and hard, and the weary, half frozen crew had to pound continuously to keep her clear—to keep her from sinking under the weight of it. At times, despite their efforts, three inch ropes grew as stout as a man, the bowsprit became as big as a church steeple, the bows, as far as the foremast, filled up level with the rails, and her sides above the water line sheathed over with ice three feet thick.

At dawn the blizzard blew itself out suddenly, the sky cleared off, and the wind dropped dead. In the clearing light, the Narka's men saw, half a mile to windward, a barquetine, under close-reefed mainsail and main staysail. She was in a sorry plight, her masts, yards and rigging being coated with congealed spray, and sleet, and her hull from jib-boom to taffrail, apparently a mere mass of white ice.

"That's the fellow who passed us yesterday," observed the skipper. "He's been making bad weather of it. The poor beggars aboard of her suffered some last night, I'll bet—comin' right out of warm weather."

The schooner's sails were cleared of ice and hoisted, and presently a light breeze bringing up from the north, she trimmed her sheets for a beat to harbor. The barquentine, after a time, got her fore and aft sails up, and sent men aloft on the yards to clear the ice off the gear. The Narka, making a short tack, passed under her lee, and the skipper sang out:

"A wild night, Cap'. You must have been pretty near in when it struck down, wasn't you?"

"Ay!" answered the master of the barquentine, a big, bearded man. "I was abreast of Sambro, when I got it. Couldn't stand up to it, at all. Thought I'd have to run her off for the Gulf Stream. She's got a little ice on her, hey? Got to rig up dummy braces to get my yards round. Think I'll get a chance to buck her in to-day.

"It doesn't look too promisin', Cap. Looks to me as if we were goin' to have some more dirt before night. So long."

"Talk about miserly luck," growled the skipper lugubriously. "We seem to be having a fair share of it. But there's one consolation—we won't have to wait long for wind hereabouts this time of year. Like as not it'll be dead ahead when it comes, but whether or no I'm goin' to buck her into port. I promised the wife I'd be home for Christmas eve, and home I'm goin' to be if this packet holds together long enough to take me there."

At noon a nor'east wind came blustering down, and it started to snow. The schooner, under her four lowers, crashed through the choppy seas, reeling off twelve knots an hour. The skipper grew good-humored, and started to sing cheerily—

"Strike eight bells, cal lthe watch,
Relieve the wheel and chain!
Oh, won't we have a merry time
When we get home again."

Night came again—a black blind night. The schooner was working into smoother water—was getting well inshore; and a man could not see his hand before his face. She was crawling up to a coast, fringed with outlying shoals and isolated rocks; feeling her way through the utter dark with the lead. Ordinarily the skipper would have waited for the weather to clear, and let him see where he was; but tonight was Christmas eve and he had promised his wife to spend it at home. So he beat her in through the smother, groping his way by luck and lead up Chebucto Bay.

Presently, as she roared along on the starboard tack, they heard the report of a gun and the sound of a tug whistle coming faintly through the whirring snow.

"Chebucto head, boys," cried the skipper. "Tack ship. We'll make the cove next leg." The schooner stood away on the port tack, for a few miles. Then, as she came about and stood in toward the land again, the snow thinned, and they saw ahead, a point on her lee bow, the glimmer of a red light—the harbor light of Herring Cove. And presently the Narka shot between the high bluffs at the harbor entrance—out of the boisterous fury of a midwinter's gale into the calm of her desired haven.

A fortnight thereafter the Yarmouth barquentine, battered and leaking, with half her sails blown away, and half her crew frozen and helpless in the fo'castle, crept wearily into the harbor of Halifax.—Montreal Star.

"THE LITTLE DORIES BOUNDED AND BUCKED MADLY IN THE SEAS."

When a woman has nothing else to do she washes her hair.

HER LETTERS.

"I think I'll never learn to write,"
Said Dorothy, one day,
"The kind of writing grown folks do;
Mine's such an easy way.
I just make little lines and dots
Instead of words, and then
I make three crosses for my name—
That's Dorothy Hope Wrenn.
I make big rounds for kisses, too,
With straight marks on each side
That mean my arms go round your neck
And squeeze you hard, beside.
My grandma says most other times
She needs her specs to read,
But when a letter comes from me
She doesn't—no, indeed!"
—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, in the Youth's Companion.

PAYING FORFEITS.

It is very convenient to have a number of forfeits ready for use when needed in playing a game, and the following might be preserved or memorized:

Two persons are ordered to "sail the ship. Their feet are braced together and they must swirl rapidly around, and then slowly come to a standstill. The gait of the "sailors" immediately thereafter will suggest rough weather and a heavy sea.

A piece of paper is pinned to a curtain or a portiere, and the forfeit-payer, blindfolded, is told to find and remove it.

One is told to kiss himself, or herself—which may be done on the reflected image in a mirror.

A cane or unbrella is given to the forfeit-payer, who rests it on the floor, putting both hands on its top and resting his forehead on his hands. While in this position he must turn around three times, and then, with head erect walk straight ahead.

A boy is told to lie on the floor full length and rise with his arms folded.

A German band is announced as about to give a performance. Three or four forfeit payers are requested to imitate the sound of some musical instrument in concert, to some familiar air.

Blindfold a person and then let each person of the company give him a spoonful of water from a glass, until he guesses who it is that is feeding him..

Stand two forfeit-payers at opposite sides of the room each holding a lighted candle. They advance slowly and gravely look into each other's face. When they meet one says:

"The Princess Hugger-Mugger is dead, defunct and gone."

"Can it be possible? Alack and alas!"

Then they walk back to their starting point with the same solemnity. They must not smile or laugh at any time. Philadelphia Record.

A GUESSING MATCH.

A guessing match may be made one of the pleasantest forms of entertainment at an informal evening party. Arrange on a table several articles of familiar use, all being numbered. On cards provided for the purpose writes numbers corresponding to those on the articles, and give one card, with a pencil, to each guest.

Certain details about these articles are to be guessed by the players, and the guesses written opposite to the numbers. The correct answers should be in the possession of the one who is chosen to act as umpire.

One or more prizes should be offered, to be awarded to the players whose guesses are the best. Here are some questions that will suggest the scope and nature of the match:

1. What is the height of a man's silk hat?
2. How many seeds in an apple?
3. How many seeds in an orange?
4. What is the weight of an egg?
5. How many peanuts in a pint?
6. How many spots in a pack of cards? (Answers without taking time for computation.)
7. Draw the face of a clock. (Most persons will make IV for the fourth hourmark instead of IIII.)
8. How many pins in a paper.
9. How many safety matches in a box?
10. What is the exact diameter of a half-dollar?
11. How many arrows in the eagle's claw on a quarter-dollar?
112. How many leaves on the olive branch in the eagle's claw.
13. How many spokes in a wheel?
14. How many grains on an ear of corn?
15. How many marbles in a bag?

THE WISE MAN AND THE KING.

A pretty story is told in the Talmud of how a wise man rebuked a heathen king.

The king was seated in his court, surrounded by his lords and ladies in all their glittering splendor. Turning suddenly to the wise man, with whom he had been holding a discussion, he said:

"You talk of this great king of yours; let me look but once on his face, and see that his power is greater than mine, and I shall no longer doubt your truth."

"Come," said the wise man, "follow me."

And he led the king out into the fields, where the sun beat down without pity.

"Look up," he said.

"I cannot," said the king, "the sun blinds me."

"What!" cried the wise man, "you cannot look into the face of the herald of my king, and yet dare to say that you would look at Him!"

Then the king, abashed and dumb, turned and walked back to his court buried in thought.

LINCOLN'S MOTHER'S TRIBUTE

Though so fond of his books it must not be supposed that he cared only for work and serious study. He was a social sunny-tempered lad, as fond of jokes and fun as he was kindly and industrious. His stepmother said of him: "I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything I asked him. I must say that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expected to see."

INDIAN ENTRY A RINGER.

White Man Who Wanted to Win Their Money Duped by a Real Racehorse.

The Winnebago Indians at the agency in Thurston county, Nebraska, turned a neat trick on a party of Sioux City sporting men the o her day. Like all other Indians, the Winnebago are inveterate gamblers. If there is one thing they like better than poker it is horse racing, and Bald Eagle, their famous pony, has won many a race in the last few years.

Not long ago it was announced that the Indians would shortly receive $100,000 from the Government as a part of the money due them for land and the whites determined to get some of it. Last week a horseman from Sioux City came down and sought to arrange a race. He brought with him Pat O'Ryan, a runner that has been capturing every race at the county fairs in northwest and Iowa this fall. O'Ryan was known to be faster than anything on the reservation, and the whites expressed a desire to race him against any horse the Indian had.

The defi was at once taken up. The Indians named Bald Eagle, and a stake of $1,000 a side was put up, with any number of side bets. It was decided to run the race at Pender.

When time was called there were 2,000 Indians in or about the enclosure and about 2,000 whites. The horses were brought out and given a warming up. O'Ryan was shining in his coat of black and looked very inch the racehorse. Bald Eagle, beside him, seemed a bag of bones. A Sioux City jockey was selected to ride O'Ryan, and Little Ben, the crack rider of the nation, was put up on Bald Eagle.

There was nothing to the race but Bald Eagle. He took the lead inside of three jumps and beat O'Ryan under the wire by a sixteenth of a mile. The Indians demanded the stakes, and as there were about forty of them to one Sioux City man they got it.

Later the Indians told how it happened. As soon as it was certain that they were to receive a lot of cash from the Government they formed a syndicate and sent a horseman down to Kentucky with instructions to buy a first class runner that bore a marked resemblance to Bald Eagle. It cost $2,500, but for that sum they got a good one.

An Edison Experiment.

When Thomas A. Edison was a boy, selling papers on a train between Huron and Cleveland, he became so interested in electricity that he has never been able to let it alone since. Unfortunately, his spare time off duty was not enough for his experiments, says the World's Work. He urged his father to allow him to sit up nights and play with the telegraph; but Mr. Edison, senior, believed in early rising and early going to bed, and Thomas was sent to his room promptly at nine, while his father sat up two hours longer to read the papers the boy had brought home.

Those two hours tempted the boy and at last he hit on a plan for securing them. His chum lived about two hundred yards away, beyond an intervening orchard. The two boys rigged up a telegraph circuit between their rooms. Young Edison made batteries of preserve jars. The day after it was in order he gave the extra papers to his chum and when night came there were none for his father to read.

Mr. Edison seemed much disturbed by the loss of his daily reading matter, and by nine o'clock when it was time for Thomas to go to bed, he was very restless. Then the boy made a suggestion.

"All the papers are down at Dick's," he said. "But Dick and I have a telegraph line between our rooms. I think perhaps I can call him up and get the news."

Accordingly they adjourned to the boy's room, and soon had Dick on the wire. Then while beyond the orchard Dick read from the paper and sent messages by telegraph, young Edison took down bulletins and handed them to his father. Bedtime was forgotten, and it was after eleven o clock before the father was ready to quit.

After that he seemed to have no more worry over the effect of late hours on his son, and young Edison had his time to himself for electrical experiments.

Wettest Place in the World.

The wettest place in the world, according to the Russian Meteorological Journal, as abstracted in the Revue Scientifique, is Cherrapunji, in the Indian province of Assam. From 1895 to 1903 the average annual rainfall was 11.223 metres (nearly thirty-seven feet.)

Next came the environs of Bombay, with 6.83 metres annually. But it should be noted that at the station of Debundscha, in Kamerun, 10.454 metres (thirty-four feet) of rain fell annually, chiefly in summer. The wettest year in Cherrapunji was 14.789 metres (forty eight feet) in 1851, and in Debundscha, 14.133 metres (forty-six feet) in 1902. In the latter place there fell in the one day of June 16, 1902, 456 millimetres (over one and a half feet) of water—more than the whole annual average in the Parisian basin.

The neighborhood of warm seas and high mountains is the principal cause of these extraordnary precipatations. It may be expected that the extension of meteorological observation will show other zones of rainfall more intense than has been hitherto believed, as in Java and Sumatra.—Literary Digest.

The Japanese lamp chimney factory in Swatow is doing a good business.

SPECIALIST A CALAMITY.

London Doctor's Indictment of a Modern Tendency as Narrowing.

"The inherent dangers and advantages of the almost universal tendency to specialize on the part of physicians and surgeons" was the main thesis of a recent address, delivered by Dr. G. C. Franklin. Perhaps the most startling fact of the day in connection with medical education, said Dr. Franklin, is the apparently inevitable development of the specialist. One might be inclined to ask whether the general practitioner will, as such, continue to exist, when one contemplates the subdivisions of work that are undertaken by the specialist. Thus there were not only special men for the eye, ear, spine, skin and throat, but for almost every organ in the body, says the London Mail.

Two main reasons might be assigned for this state of things—first, the severe competition which awaits a well-qualified man when he is about to start in practice; and, second, the demand of the public. The public did not believe in universalism as applied to the practice of medicine, but they pinned their faith to some specialist who had taken up some particular ailment or organ of the body. "A healthy specialism," continued Dr. Franklin, "has been described as the practice of a special branch of treatment, the study of a special domain of knowledge of a natural and gradual growth, in the varied experience of a practitioner. Something like this has always existed in medicine, greatly to its advantage, and is very different from the specialism of what I have heard described as the 'mushroom growth' variety, where chicanery and humbug reign triumphant.

"There can be no doubt that honest specialism has advanced the science and art of both medicine and surgery, particularly during the last thirty or forty years, but as has often been observed in many other lines of human activity, subdivisions of labor, while advancing the best interests of the people at large, have great disadvantages for those engaged in the work. There is then the danger that this modern development of specialism may tend to produce a narrower type of medical men, who, like the mechanics, will only know their own departments of work, and be unable to understand properly the relations of special portions of the field of medicine to others, or to the system at large.

"From my experience of practice and patients I make bold to declare that the public might derive more help and benefit than they do if they knew what to have and what to avoid in the way of specialism. Now, here is the opportunity and a well-defined duty for the well-educated practitioner. He will see to it that his patients shall not, if he can help it, patronize the false specialist, legally qualified or not. Before leaving this subject I may take the opportunity to express my regret that nothing seems to be able to be done to check the advertising specialists—enterprising advertisers who claim to cure diseases without seeing the patients, who claim to do, in fact, what is impossible of accomplishment, and who use the daily press, religious and magazine publications for fraudulent purposes—for that is what it amounts to."

NURSES IN THE NAVY.

Surgeon General Rixey Recommends Employment of Women.

The surgeon general of the navy has made a strong plea for the employment of women nurses in the naval medical service. "That women nurses are by natural endowment and aptitude," says he, "superior to male nurses for much of the duty required in the care of sick and injured men is generally admitted. Every war of modern times has demonstrated this fact. The medical department of the army is now provided with a crops of trained women nurses, and their adaptability to service conditions in the naval hospitals, insures for the sick of the navy as careful nursing as is now given to the sick of the army.

"Valuable assistance, moreover, in teaching and training the men of the hospital corps their special duties of attendance on the sick could be rendered by them, and, in the event of war, besides being utilized on hospital ships, they could, in large part, take the place of the men in the naval hospitals, thereby releasing the latter for service with the force afloat where they would be needed. In the opinion of the bureau, provision should be made for one superintendent of nurses to supervise the discipline of the corps, and as many chief nurses, nurses and reserve nurses as may be needed, in the discretion of the Secretary of the Navy. In time of peace the number of such trained women nurses would be very small, but the organization should be such as to admit of ready expansion to met extraordinary needs without delay or confusion. The recommendation of the bureau that Congress be asked to authorize the appointment of trained women nurses has heretofore met with the approval of the department, but necessary legislation has so far failed of enactment, the bureau has renewed its recommendation that legislation authorizing the employment of trained women nurses for the navy be requested of Congress."—Washington Star.

A Swell Club.

A young American staying for a time in an English provincial town, and being the only representative of his nation there, was the victim of considerable "guying." But he took it all with such good nature that he generally managed to come off with flying colors, despite his inferiority in numbers to his tormentors.

At an evening gathering he wore his coat lapel a pin in the form of a tiny American flag. Several of the guests pretended not to recognize the Stars and Stripes.

"Ah,"—a supercilious young woman raised her lorgnette and gazed at the emblem,—"you belong to some—ah—secret society or organization?"

"Yes," said Uncle Sam's nephew, amiably, "it's my club, you know; and at last reckoning there were over eighty millions of us."

One Enough.

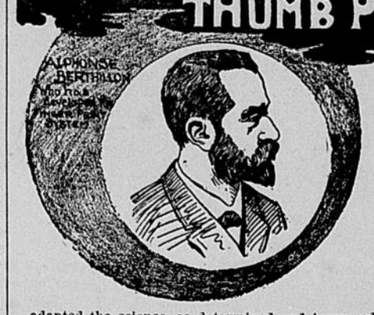
"Yes, we stopped at a big hotel when in New York," said Uncle Reuben's wife, "and the charges for food there were suthin' just awful. Why, when we dined, the first course came to almost $2.50."

"And what did the second cost?" was asked.

"Oh, we didn't get as far as that. One course was enough for us."

The white man's burden: The lilies of the field who toil not, neither do they spin, and yet live well.

FERRETING OUT CRIME BY THUMB PRINTS



"By their finger prints ye shall know them."

So greatly impressed are police authorities of the world with the modern system of identification that it has taken its place permanently by the side of the practically infallible Bertillon plan of measurements. While M. Alphonse Bertillon is not the father of finger-print identification, as he is of anthropometric measurements, he adapted the science, so determined and improved its methods as to make it the present almost infallible detective agency of the law. It is much more simple of operation than the system of anthropometric measurements. More than a little care is required to obtain the measurements of a criminal with any degree of accuracy, and the slightest mistake ruins the efficiency. The slumslest constable could not fail to obtain an accurate finger print.

In America the finger-print system has been adopted by the National Bureau of Identification, which includes among its members the chiefs of police of all the big cities, and it is soon to be placed in active operation. Already many of the larger detective agencies in the United States and Canada are employing it. In a little while every big city in the country will have a finger-print gallery, just as they now possess galleries of photographs of the faces of rogues and their measurements.

Dangerous criminals are constantly being traced and brought to justice through the voiceless witness of their finger prints. Last year five thousand identifications were made in England alone through this agency.

Only recently two men charged with burglary and murder were extradited from England to France solely upon the incriminating testimony left by their hands at the place of the crime. Prisons are crowded with criminals who bemoan the latter-day shrewdness of the police and the systematic researches of Professor Francis Galton, who called attention to the value of this plan, he asserting that the chance of two sets of finger prints being alike is less than one in 64,000,000.

So certain and indisputable is finger print identification that not a few criminals have confessed when confronted by no other evidence.

For unknown ages finger prints have been used as a means of identification. The science is of the wisdom of the Orient, and Western peoples have been laggards in taking it up.

During several centuries the wily Chinaman has insisted that the lines of the holder's hand shall be impressed upon the government passport, thus blocking surreptitious transfer.

In Japan, state documents bore, as token of imperial sanction, the red-hued print of the Emperor's thumb. India has long employed the thumb print as a check to forgers and land grabbers. The Hindoos, when registering a transfer of land, insisted upon affixing to the document the unchanging attestation of their thumb prints.

Not until 1823, however, did Europeans awake to the fact that there were definite and distinctive markings upon the finger tips, which arranged themselves in pronounced and unmistakable patterns. And it was not until forty years later that an eminent English scientist and jurist called attention to the practical infallibility of the finger print as evidence of identification.

"THE OLD GRAY OWL."

Allison, "Most Useful Man of Any Age in Any Legislative Body."

There has never been, writes a Washington correspondent, a more useful man in public life than Hon. William Boyd Allison, who has served longer and done more hard work and accomplished more useful legislation than any other man who ever sat in the United States Senate or any other legislative body in the world. He may not be as big as Alexander; he may not have made as much noise in the world as Julius Caesar or Constantine the Great, or so much trouble as Napoleon, but none of those men ever passed as many laws or appropriated so much money, or performed more solid, useful, everyday service for his country and mankind, as "The Old Gray Owl" from Iowa. If the total of the appropriation bills that have passed through Mr. Allison's hands since he became chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations were to be added up, it would make a bigger sum than all the wealth of the world many times over, and no one has ever suggested or suspected or even dreamed that he was guilty of a dishonest act or thought.

They have several pet names for Hon. William Boyd Allison out in the cornfields of Iowa. They used to call him "Blue-eyed Billy" before he got so shaggy and so gray; they formerly called him "Old Pussy-Foot," too, because of the quiet and unobtrusive way he has of doing things. I have also heard the term "Rubber-Tired Statesman" applied to him for the same reason. These nicknames are intended to describe his characteristics. Senator Allison never travels with a brass band. He never yearned for glory. Early in his career he discovered that "soft words turn away wrath, and grievous words stir up anger." He learned with Solomon that "in vain doth the hunter spread the net in the sight of any bird," or words to that effect, and he has worked on that theory for nearly half a century.

Monkeys as Charms.

London has achieved a fresh charm. It has just made its appearance, and is called the Mikko monkey or peace charm, says the London Mail. To wear it signifies "I see no evil, I hear no evil and I speak no evil," hence nothing could be more appropriate, apart from occultism, as a record of the harmony that once more reigns in the East, owing to the peace that has been proclaimed between Japan and Russia.

Mikko, the monkey, is not a beautiful beast, but chiseled in solid gold he is, as a charm and as proof of the art of goldsmithery, valuable indeed.

He is worn in trios, dangling from a safety-pin brooch, or squatting back to back in the form of a pendant from a neck chain or bangle.

To banish the dire elements of tumult that work such havoc in happy homes, Mikko the peace-bringer is a fetish worth consideration.

A rigid bracelet, absolutely unadorned, made in exact imitation of the fetters worn by a slave, is another amulet now being bought to secure good fortune. It is a favorite ornament among the newly-affianced, and is worn by both sexes as a sign of the abnegation of self and the bondage of love the betrothal symbolizes.

President Eliot's Simple Life.

President Eliot, of Harvard, lives a life of the greatest possible simplicity. After seventy years of life, more than half passed as head of the university, he declares that one of the most desirable satisfactions of his life comes from having had nothing to do with the attainment of wealth. Erect, light of foot and alert as a youth, he eats well, sleeps well, walks rapidly with his shoulders thrown back, and is as eager to get new facts as when he entered Harvard as a student fifty-six years ago. "I am satisfied with the rewards of my life," he said, simp

HON. WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

RAILROAD CONDUCTOR WHO GOT $10.000 JOB.

Gov. Higgins of New York made a sudden transformation in the position of Henry N. Rockwell, a railroad conductor, by appointing him a member of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners, a post paying $10,000 a year. Rockwell, who has been in railroad service 40 years, was at his usual work on the Empire State Express when it pulled into Albany, and as he swung off to get his orders, a delegation headed by the Governor's secretary, approached and handed him an elaborately decorated document which made him railroad commissioner. He is 56 years old. As a boy he was an office boy in a railroad office, where he learned telegraphy. He became successively operator, assistant dispatcher, assistant conductor, and conductor in the service of the New York Central. In an interview he said he does not believe in government ownership of railroads and that in his belief a railroad operative gives the best service after he has reached 40.

H. N. ROCKWELL.

Not Yet Gone.

"The age of miracles has gon
clared the Cynic.

"No, is hasn't," said the
"My husband told me th
that he noticed I was
year's hat, and gave me
a new one."—Baltimore

The average man thinks
worst thing in the world b
bill until he meets an undert