

The League of the Old Men

By JACK LONDON

Imber rose feebly to his feet and swung back and forth. He began to speak in a low and faintly rumbling voice, but Howkan interrupted him.

"This old man, he is crazy," he said in English to the square browed man. "His talk is foolish and like that of a child."

"We will hear his talk which is like that of a child," said the square browed man. "And we will hear it word for word as he speaks it. Do you understand?"

Howkan understood, and Imber's eyes flashed, for he had witnessed the play between his sister's son and the man in authority. And then began the story, the epic of a bronze patriot which might well be wrought into bronze for generations unborn.

The crowd felt strangely silent, and the square browed judge leaned back on his hand and pondered his soul and the soul of his race. Only were heard the deep tones of Imber, rhythmically alternating with the shrill voice of the interpreter.

"I am Imber of the Whitefish people," he said in the interpretation of Howkan, whose inherent barbarism gripped hold of him and who lost his mission culture and venerated civilization as he caught the savage ring and rhythm of old Imber's tale. "My father was Otsboak, a strong man. The land was warm with sunshine and gladness when I was a boy. The people did not hunger after strange things nor bask in new voices, and the ways of their fathers were their ways. The women found favor in the eyes of the young men, and the young men looked upon them with content. Babes hung at the breasts of the women, and they were heavy lipped with increase of the tribe. Men were men in those days. In peace and plenty and in war and famine they were men.

"At that time there were more fish in the waters than now and more meat in the forest. Our dogs were wolves, warm with thick hides and hard to the frost and storm. And as with our dogs, so with us, for we were likewise hard to the frost and storm. And when the Pellys came into our land we slew them and were slain, for we were men, we Whitefish, and our fathers and our fathers' fathers had fought against the Pellys and determined the bounds of the land.

"As with our dogs, I say, so with us. And one day came the first white man. He dragged himself—so on hand and knee, in the snow. And his skin was stretched tight, and his bones were sharp beneath. Never was such a man, we thought, and we wondered of what strange tribe he was and of his land. And he was weak, most weak, like a little child, so that we gave him a place by the fire and warm furs to lie upon, and we gave him food as little children are given food.

"And with him was a dog, large as three of our dogs and very weak. The hair of this dog was short and not warm, and the tail was frozen so that the end fell off. And this strange dog we fed and bedded by the fire, and fought from him our dogs, which else would have killed him. And what of the moose meat and the sun dried salmon the man and dog took strength to themselves, and what of the strength they became big and unafraid. And the man spoke loud words and laughed at the old men and young men and looked boldly upon the maidens. And the dog fought with our dogs and for all of his short hair and softness slew three of them in one day.

"When we asked the man concerning his people he said, 'I have many brothers,' and laughed in a way that was not good. And when he was in his full strength he went away, and with him went Noda, daughter to the chief. We do remember my father, Otsboak, a strong man. His face was black with anger at such helplessness, and he took a stone—so and so—and there was no more helplessness, and two summers after that came Noda back to us with a man child in the hollow of her arm.

"And that was the beginning. Came a second white man, with short haired dogs, which he left behind him when he went. And with him went six of our strongest dogs, for which, in trade, he had given Koo-So-Te, my mother's brother, a wonderful pistol that fired with great swiftness six times. And Koo-So-Te was very big, what of the pistol, and laughed at our bows and arrows. 'Women's things,' he called them and went forth against the bald face grizzly with the pistol in his hand. Now it is known that it is not good to hunt the bald face with a pistol, but how were we to know? And how was Koo-So-Te to know? So he went against the bald face, very brave, and fired the pistol with great swiftness six times, and the bald face grunted and broke in his head like a bear's head, dripping the brains of Koo-So-Te upon the ground. He was a good hunter, and there was no one to bring meat to his squaw and children. And we were bitter, and we said, 'That which for the white men is well is for us not well.' And this is true. There be many white men and fat, but their ways have made us few and lean.

"Came the third white man with great wealth of all manner of wonderful foods and things. And twenty of our strongest dogs he took from us in trade; also, what of presents and great promises, ten of our young hunters did he take with him on a journey which fared no man knew where. It is said they died in the snow of the ice moon, where man has never been, or in the hills of silence, which are beyond the edge of the earth. Be that as it may, dogs and young hunters were seen never again by the Whitefish people.

"And more white men came with the years, and ever, with pay and presents, they led the young men away



"I am Imber."

without honor and respect, leaving the old time customs and laughing in the faces of chief and shamans.

"As I say, we were become a weak breed, we Whitefish. We sold our warm skins and furs for tobacco and whisky and thin cotton things that left us shivering in the cold. And the coughing sickness came upon us, and men and women coughed and sweated through the long nights, and the hunters on trail spat blood upon the snow. And now one and now another died swiftly from the mouth and died. And the women bore few children, and those they bore were weak and given to sickness. And other sicknesses came to us from the white men, the like of which we had never known and could not understand. Smallpox, likewise measles, have I heard these sicknesses named, and we died of them as die the salmon in the still eddies when in the fall their eggs are spawned and there is no longer need for them to live.

"And yet—and here be the strangeness of it—the white men come as the breath of death. All their ways lead to death. Their nostrils are filled with it, and yet they do not die. Theirs the whisky and tobacco and short haired dogs; theirs the many sicknesses, the smallpox and measles, the coughing and mouth bleeding; theirs the white skin and softness to the frost and storm, and theirs the pistols that shoot six times very swift and are worthless. And yet they grow fat on their many furs and prosper and lay a heavy hand over all the world and tread mightily upon its peoples. And their women, too, are soft as little babes, most breakable and never broken, the mothers of men. And out of all this softness and sickness and weakness come strength and power and authority. They be gods or devils, as the case may be. I do not know. There are no I, old Imber, of the Whitefish? Only do I know that they are past understanding, these white men, far wanderers and fighters over the earth that they be.

"As I say, the meat in the forest became less and less. It be true the white man's gun is most excellent and kills a long way off, but of what worth the son when there is no meat to kill,

when I was a boy on the Whitefish and there was moose on every hill, and each year came the caribou uncountable, but now the hunter may take the trail ten days and not one moose gladden his eyes, while the caribou come no more at all. Small worth the gun, I say, killing a long way off when there be nothing to kill."

"And I, Imber, pondered upon these things, watching the while the Whitefish and the Pellys and all the tribes of the land perishing as perished the meat of the forest. Long I pondered. I talked with the shamans and the old men who were wise. I went apart that the sounds of the village might not disturb me, and I ate no meat so that my belly should not press upon me and make me slow of eye and ear. I sat long and sleepless in the forest, wide eyed for the sign, my ears patient and keen for the word that was to come. And I wandered alone in the blackness of night to the river bank, where was wind moaning and sobbing of water and where I sought wisdom from the ghosts of old shamans in the trees and dead and gone.

"And in the end, as in a vision, came to me the short haired and detestable dogs, and the way seemed plain. By the wisdom of Otsboak, my father and a strong man, had the blood of our own wolf dogs been kept clean, wherefore had they remained warm of hide and strong in the harness. So I returned to my village and made oration to the men. 'This be a tribe, these white men,' I said, 'a very large tribe, and doubtless there is no longer meat in their land and they are come among us to make a new land for themselves. They are a very hungry folk. Already has our meat gone from us, and it were well, if we would live, that we deal by them as we have dealt by their dogs.'"

"And further oration I made, counseling fight. And the men of the Whitefish listened, and some said one thing and some another, and some spoke of other and worthless things, and no man made brave talk of deeds of war. But while the young men were weak as water and afraid I watched that the old men sat silent and that in their eyes fire came and went. And later, when the village slept and no one knew, I drew the old men away into the forest and made more talk.

"And now we were agreed, and we remembered the good young days, and the gladness and sunshine, and we called ourselves brothers and swore great secrecy and a mighty oath to cleanse the land of the evil breed that had come upon it. It be plain we were fools, but how were we to know, we old men of the Whitefish?

"And to hearthen the others I did the first deed. I kept guard upon the Yukon till the first dawn, and when it was two white men, and when I stood upright upon the bank and raised my hand they changed their course and drove in to me. And as the man in the bow lifted his head so that he might know wherefore I wanted him, my arrow sang through the air straight to his throat, and he knew. The second man, who held paddle in the stern, had his rifle bent to his shoulder when my spear smote him.

"These be the first, I said when the old men had gathered to me. 'Later will you bind together all the old men of all the tribes, and after that the young men who remain strong, and the work will become easy.'

"And then the two dead white men we cast into the river. And of the moose, which was a very good canoe, we made a fire, and a fire also of the things within the canoe. But first we looked at the things, and they were pouches of leather, which we cut open with our knives. And inside these pouches were many papers, like that from which thou hast read, O Howkan, with markings on them which we marvelled at and could not understand. Now I am become wise, and I know them for the speech of men as thou hast told me."

"A whisper and buzz went around the court room when Howkan finished interpreting the affair of the canoe, and one man's voice spoke up: "That was the last 'ol' man—Jeter James and De-jeter, bringing it in and last spoken at Le-Barge by Ma-we-wah-sagah, out the clerk scratched steadily away, and another paragraph was added to the history of the north.

"There be little more," Imber went on slowly. "It be there on the paper the things we did. We were old men, and we did not understand. Even I, Imber, do not now understand. Secretly we slew and could not understand. We had learned the swiftness of going without haste. When white men came among us with black looks and rough words and took away six of the young men, was ransoming them in peace, we knew we must slay wider and farther. And one by one we old men departed up river and down to the unknown lands. It was a brave thing. Old we were and unafraid, but the fear of far places is a terrible fear to men who are old.

"So we slew, without haste and craftily, on the Chilcoot and in the delta we slew, from the passes to the sea, wherever the white men camped or broke their trails. It be true they died, but it was without worth. Ever did they come over the mountains, ever did they grow and grow, while we, being old, became less and less. I remember, by the Caribou crossing the camp of a white man. He was a very little white man, and three of the old men came upon him in his sleep. And the next day I came upon the four of them. The white man alone still breathed, and there was breath in him to curse me once and went, but he died.

"And so it went; now one old man and now another. Sometimes the word reached us long after of how they died, and sometimes it did not reach us. And the old men of the other tribes were weak and afraid and would not join with us. As I say, one by one, till I alone was left. I am Imber of the Whitefish people. My father was Otsboak, a strong man. There are no I, old Imber, of the Whitefish? Only do I know that they are past understanding, these white men, far wanderers and fighters over the earth that they be.

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said Howkan.

But Imber was dreaming. The square browed judge likewise dreamed, and all his race rose up before him in a mighty phantasmagoria. His seed world and clad race, the lawgiver and world maker among the families of men. He saw it dawn red flickering across the dark forests and sullen seas; he saw it blaze, bloody and red, to full and triumphant noon, and down the shaded slope he saw the blood red sands dropping into night. And through it all he observed the law, pitiless and potent, greater than the notes of men, which fulfilled it or were crushed by it, even as it was greater than he, his heart speaking for softness.

PROMOTION BY RETORT.

Apt Answers to Quaint Questions Which Pleased Suvoroff.

The great Russian soldier, Marshal Suvoroff, was in the habit of asking his men difficult questions, sometimes foolish ones, and bestowing favors on those who showed presence of mind in answering him. On one occasion a general of division sent him a sergeant with dispatches, at the same time recommending the bearer to Suvoroff's notice. The marshal, as usual, proceeded to test him by a series of whimsical questions.

"How far is it to the moon?" was the first query.

"Two of your excellency's forced marches," the soldier promptly replied.

"If your men began to give way in battle, what would you do?"

"I'd tell them that just behind the enemy's line there was a wagon load of good things to eat."

"How many fish are there in the sea?"

"Just as many as have not been caught."

And so the examination went on till Suvoroff, finding his new acquaintance armed at all points, at length put a final poser:

"What is the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"The difference is this," replied the soldier coolly. "My colonel cannot make me a captain, but your excellency can."

Suvoroff, struck by his shrewdness, kept his eye upon the man and soon afterward gave him the promotion for which he had hinted.

FROST FAIRIES.

The Wonderful Designs That Window Panes Picture.

When the frost fairies have a material ready for original design they often produce in the hours of darkness most exquisite decorations. The window panes are their drawing paper, and the window frames serve as picture frames on those particular occasions. There are said to be no less than a thousand forms of snow crystals, every one of them of the finest finish and of unimpeachable symmetry. Some are like the patterns in lion's mane, while others are elaborated with geometrical patterns so complex that it is difficult to analyze them. But on the window panes the frost pictures are by no means confined to what are "standard patterns" in snowflakes, but show the most various and dainty schemes of ornament. Some are like starry flowers, set with stars in the center and with starry shafts and comets flying into space around them. Others take the shape of leaves arranged in set form by some human designers. The entire pattern is among the most beautiful, the curves and "motives" being often scarcely distinguishable from those in a goldsmith of the days of Louis XV. One of the most beautiful of these is the "motive" being often scarcely distinguishable from those in a goldsmith of the days of Louis XV. One of the most beautiful of these is the "motive" being often scarcely distinguishable from those in a goldsmith of the days of Louis XV.

A MOUSE THAT "SINGS."

Man Who Caught It Says It Warbles Like a Canary.

Singing mice are rare, but a correspondent writes from Yorkshire asking whether we can give him any information about a specimen he captured.

He adds, "It has been warbling just like a canary for the last month in our workshop, and although I have it in a cage it still continues to sing."

"That mice do occasionally 'sing' is undeniable. Such a mouse, which is more delicate than that of the canary, which one can believe quite easily. Others go so far as to compare it to that of a warbler or even a piping bullfinch. But the question as to why they lift up their voices in this unusual manner still remains to be answered.

These explanations have been suggested:

First.—That all mice are potential vocalists and can learn to sing, by imitation, from singing birds.

Second.—That many mice possess an exceptional talent for mimicry, together with a keen sense of the ludicrous.

Third.—That some mice are subject to bronchitis and that the so-called "song" is only the wheezing of rodents which suffer from the distressing complaint.

A certain amount of color is given to the last theory by the fact that a mouse which was caught by the neck in a wire trap not suffocated, but killed it "sang" while its throat was under compression, but never again during its subsequent life as a captive.—London Mail.

Old Time Carving Terms.

In an old number of a magazine I read more than a century ago we lighted upon a list of different terms used at "tables of elegance" in the days when Queen Charlotte came as the bride of the young and handsome king. From this list it would appear that nothing in the way of game was to be carved. The correct phrase was to "cut up" a turkey, to "rear" a goose, to "unlace" a hare or rabbit, to "wing" a partridge or a quail, to "alloy" a pheasant, to "dismember" a heron, to "thigh" a woodcock, to "display" a crane and to "lift" a swan. Beef and mutton were "carved" of course, and the sporting men prided themselves by using appropriate sporting terms when the spoil of their morning's work made its final appearance on the table.—Modern Society.

TRIBUTES TO WIVES

WORDS OF TENDERNESS UTTERED BY GREAT MEN.

The Romance That Tom Hood Paid to the Partner of His Days and Josselyn Paul Richter's Unmistakable Prose of Caroline Bruce.

Few great men have paid more enthusiastic tributes to their wives than Tom Hood, and probably few wives have been better deserved such homage, says the Chicago Chronicle. "You will think," he wrote to her in one of his letters, "that I am more foolish than any boy lover, and I plead guilty, for never was a wooer so young of heart and so steeped in love as I, but it is a love sanctified and strengthened by long years of experience. May God ever bless my darling, the sweetest, most helpful, angel who ever stooped to bless a man!" There ever, we wonder, lived a wife to whom a more delicate and beautiful tribute was paid than those verses of which the burden is, "I love thee, I love thee; 'tis all that I can say."

"I want thee much," Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to his wife many years after his long patience had won for him the flower "that is sent from heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul." "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me, and now I am only myself when thou art within my reach. Thou art an unspokeable beloved woman." Sophia Hawthorne was little better than a chronic invalid, and it may be that this physical weakness works all the more powerfully on the mind of the man. And he reaped a rich reward for an almost unrivaled devotion in the "atmosphere of love and happiness and inspiration" with which his delicate wife always surrounded him.

The wedded life of Wordsworth with his cousin, "the phantom of delight," was a poem more exquisitely beautiful than any his pen ever wrote. Mrs. Wordsworth was never fair to look upon, but she had that priceless and rarer beauty of soul which made her life "a center of sweetness" to all around her. "All that she has been to me," the poet once said in his latter days, "none but God and myself can ever know," and it would be difficult to find a more touching and beautiful picture in the gallery of great men's lives than that of Wordsworth and his wife, both bowed under the burden of many years and almost blind, "walking hand in hand together in the garden, with all the blissful absorption and tender confidence of youthful lovers.

It never needed "the wedding torch of a great sorrow" to make the lives of Archbishop Tait and his devoted wife "a perfect whole." Speaking of her many years after she had been taken from him, he said, "To part from her, if only for a day, was a pain only less intense than the pleasures with which I returned to her, and when I took her with me it was one of the purest joys given to a man to watch the meeting between her and our children."

When David Livingstone had passed his thirtieth birthday, with barely a thought for such "an indulgence as wooing and wedding," he declared humorously that when he was a little less busy he would send home an advertisement for a wife, "preferably a decent sort of widow," and yet so unconsciously near was his fate that only a year later he was introducing his bride, Mary Moffat, to the home he had built, largely with his own hands, at Malotsa. From that "supremely happy hour" to the day when, eighteen years later, he received her "last faint whisperings" at Shupanga, no man ever had a more self-sacrificing, brave, devoted wife than the missionary's daughter. In fact, they were more like two happy, light-hearted children than wedded partners. "I had under the magic of their meritment the hardships and dangers of life in the heart of the dark continent were stripped of all their terrors.

Jean Paul Richter confessed that he never even suspected the potentialities of human happiness until he met Caroline Mayer. "That sweetest and most gifted of women," when he was fast approaching his fortieth year, and that he had no monopoly of the resultant happiness is proved by his wife's declaration that "Richter is the purest, the holiest, the most godlike man that lives; he is to be the wife of such a man is the greatest glory that can fall to a woman," while of his wife Richter once wrote, "I thought when I married her that I had sounded the depths of human love, but I have since realized how unimpeachable is the heart in which a noble woman has her shrine."

WAYS TO ADVERTISE.

The Wise Man May Easily See Which Is the Best Method.

If you have goods to sell, advertise. Hire a man with a blackboard kettle and a brush, to paint your name and number on all the railroad fences. The cost of whitening is so fast that no one can read them, to be sure, but perhaps the obliging conductor would stop the train to accommodate an inquisitive passenger.

Have your card in the hotel register by all means. Strangers stopping at hotels for a night generally buy a cigar and read the register, and they need some inspiring literary food besides.

If an advertising agent wants your business advertised in a fancy frame at the depot, pay him about 200 per cent more than it is worth and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train he invariably stops to read that advertisement, and your card might take his eye.

Of course the street thermometer dodge is excellent. When a man's fingers and ears are freezing or he is puffing and "phewing" at the heat is the time above all others when he reads an advertisement.

Have thousands of little doggies printed and hire a few boys to distribute them. You will not have a junk dealer and paper and rag man will respect you.

A boy with a big placard on a pole is an interesting object on the street and lends a dignified air to your establishment. Hire about two.

Advertise on a calendar. People never look at a calendar to see what day of the month it is. They merely glance hurriedly at it so as to be sure that your name is spelled with or without a "p," that's all.

But don't think of advertising in a well established, legitimate newspaper. Not for a moment. Your advertisement would be nicely printed and would find its way into all the thrifty households of the region, where are the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman in other lines and into the families of the wealthy and refined, all who have articles to buy and money with which to buy them, and it would be read and pondered, and people would come down to your store and patronize you and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a larger block and more favorable location and do a bigger business, but of course it would be more expensive—and bring greater profits.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR THEIR STOMACH'S SAKE.

Sunday school treats must come round often in England than in the United States, for the dean of Bristol has included in his book, "Odds and Ends," many stories of the kind of such festivities on the juvenile heart and stomach.

The hand of a small boy wavered for an instant over a plate of cakes before he took one. "Thanks," he said, with his momentary hesitation, "I'm sure I can manage it if I stand up."

Another boy, still smaller, who had stuffed systematically, at last turned to his mother and sighed: "Carry me home, mother; but, oh, don't bend me!"

The average boy in Yorkshire knows why he attends those feasts and does not relish being furnished forth scantily. A solicitor's curate approached one who was glowering mysteriously. "Have you had a good tea?" the curate asked.

"No," said the boy, in an aggrieved tone, laying his hand on his diaphragm. "I don't hurt me yet."

Ducks and Drakes.

A schoolboy in Jewell City, Mo., was assigned to prepare an essay on the subject of "Ducks," and this is what he wrote: "The duck is a low, heavy set bird, composed mostly of meat and feathers. He is a mighty poor singer, having a hoarse voice caused by getting so many frogs in his neck. He likes the water and carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. The duck has only two legs, and they are set so far back on his running gait by nature that she came purty near missing his body. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails and are called drakes. Drakes don't have to set or hatch, but just loaf, go swimming and eat. If I was to be a duck, I'd rather be a drake every time."

It Was Just Possible.

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Youngmother, "why it is that baby won't go to sleep. Here I have been writing and singing to him for the last hour, and he keeps crying and seems just as wide awake as ever."

"Well," said her husband thoughtfully, "I don't know, of course, and perhaps I am wrong, but it may be that baby has a musical ear."

Reversible Snakes in India.

A snake not often heard of, at least in America, is the river colored snake with two heads, or perhaps they should be called mouths, though it does not have two mouths at the same time. They are reversible mouths, occupying the opposite end every six months. It lies with the two ends crossed on each other, as with folded hands. Every six months the change of the seasons reverses the functions of the two ends, the head becoming the tail and the tail becoming the head. The mouth at one end opens or closes up all but a small opening, while the opposite end becomes the mouth for the next six months.

Warning Away Wrath.

"I don't believe you love me any more," pouted she.

"I couldn't," replied he.

After thinking it over she smiled and told him she could make the same old dress do another season.—Houston Post.

Could Not Guarantee Them.

"Have you any eggs?" inquired the customer.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "I can bring you some eggs, but I want you to remember that this is a ten cent lunch counter."—Chicago Tribune.

A District of Literature.

"You are always more or less skeptical about what you see in print."

"Yes," answered the man who has his own ideas about things. "Truth may not be at the bottom of a well, but it isn't an ink well."—Washington Star.

A WISE OLD FOX.

One Who For a Long Time Cleverly Eluded the Hounds.

In common with other people who have looked after fox coverts I have often been puzzled by the disappearance of well known foxes and have become convinced that the more intelligent foxes, after they have been before hounds several times, often turn their wits to account to avoid being hunted. In a small covert that I know well there was always a fox. A fine big fellow he was. I have more than once met him when taking an early ride as he looped quietly homeward after his night's foraging. He never seemed to mind being seen. When the season opened he gave us one or two capital runs, on the second occasion only just saving his brush by scrambling into an unstoppered drain in our neighbor's territory. After that he was never to be found when hounds came. Yet he was seen about as usual at other times. One day when walking near the covert one of the terriers, who knew all about foxes, took a line to an old tree in the hedgerow and began to whimper and scratch at the roots. A careful examination showed nothing. The tree was not difficult to climb. It proved to have a hollow trunk, and there, at the bottom, was my friend curled up fast asleep. His mask smiles on me as I write. After a seven mile punt and on a good seating day he met his fate.—Country Life.

MARVELS OF MEMORY.

Feats of Famous Men That Seem Almost Beyond Belief.

Some examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible had they not been given to us upon the highest authority. Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could tell by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to 25,000. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew all his 80,000 soldiers by their right names.

Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 names in the order in which they were read to him, and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, 200 unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reverse order, proceeding from the last to the first.

Thomas Cramer committed to memory in three months an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the "Emeld," and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word. It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all of Homer, Virgil and Horace, besides many other works.

THE SCIENCE OF A LIGHT.

Cheap Acetylene Gas Was Discovered by an Accident.

Cheap commercial acetylene gas was discovered by accident. Wilson, a scientific experimenter, believed that nearly all metallic oxides could be reduced to a metallic state by heating them to an extremely high temperature by the voltaic arc in the presence of free carbon. Aluminum had been successfully reduced in this way. Mr. Wilson wished to obtain metallic calcium. He therefore mixed a quantity of quicklime with pulverized coke and brought the mixture to a high temperature by the action of the voltaic arc. He expected to obtain a white metal, but instead he appeared to produce nothing but slag. This was thrown into the yard, and one day at noon while the boys were having their luncheon they picked up these bits of slag and threw them at each other. One piece fell into a pail of water and produced a bubbling effect and a strong odor. This attracted Mr. Wilson's attention, and upon investigation he found that the strong smelling gas was extremely inflammable. Further investigation revealed that it was pure acetylene gas.—Sir Hiram Maxin in Harper's Weekly.

The Healthful Uphill Walk.

The best way to get oxygen into the blood is to walk a mile uphill two or three times a day, keeping the mouth closed and expanding the nostrils. This beats all other methods. During such a walk every drop of blood in the body will make the circuit of the lungs and stream, red and pure, back to its appointed work of cleansing and repairing worn-out tissue. Recreation piers are coming into use at seaports, and people are being advised to use balconies and face escapes in the fresh air treatment of consumption. The uphill walk, as a prophylactic and curative measure in many chronic ailments dependent upon a weak condition of the heart, lungs and blood vessels, would prove invaluable.—Medical Brief.

When Digestion Is Perfect.

Moderation in diet has more to do with prolonging human life than any other one thing. A proper dietetic regimen, once attained, brings all the rest in its train. Sleep, exercise, cleanliness, regularity of spirit, all hinge upon it. Life is not only prolonged, but is constantly enjoyed, most of its minor annoyances vanishing when digestion is perfect. Pay no attention to fads. They give rise to too much introspection, and that is bad for every one.—Roger S. Tracy in Century.

Face Powder In Cuba.

In Cuba there has never apparently been any dearth of face powder even among the lowliest. The Cuban woman, octogenarian as well as "sweet sixteen," considers powder a more necessary article of the toilet than soap and water and utterly indispensable to her attractiveness, which it is her absolute duty to preserve. All classes of the community are devoted to the powder puff, from the little six-year-old orphan in the asylum to the lady of high degree. In any Cuban school teachers and pupils are alike unparingly powdered, and a powder box is to be found in every desk and as likely as not keeping company with the chalk used for the blackboard.

Addendum.

Writer—He thinks he's still youthful. Well, you know the old saying, "There's no fool like an old fool." "Yes, sir," said the man who has his own ideas about things. "Truth may not be at the bottom of a well, but it isn't an ink well."—Washington Star.