

ON AN AUTUMN SKETCH.

Thanks to the artist, ever on my wall
The sunset stays; that hill in glory
rolled,
Those trees and clouds in crimson and in
gold,
Burn on, nor cool when evening shadows
fall.
—James Russell Lowell.

"There is a season that's brimful of glad-
ness and joy,
When the heartstrings of life gladly
ring;
'Tis the bright golden Autumn unknown
to alloy,
When the little brown squirrels are king.

When the bushy-tailed fellow is lord over
all,
The woods are decked gaily to greet
him,
While scarlet tinged leaves from the
maple trees fall,
And dance o'er the meadows to meet
him.

Through woodlands he scurries, through
rainslets he hurries,
To the hickory tree in the wood;
And as happy is he as a king ere could
be,
Though he wears not a circlet of gold.

Helgho to the monarch of dingle and hol-
low!
His praises let everyone sing:
For we must needs be merry, be happy
and cheery,
When the little brown squirrel is king."

Adverting to John

John Willoway gazed from the de-
sign on the Bristol board in his hand
to the flushed face of his fair visitor.
"Excellent, Miss Dobb," he said. "A
sure seller. You are a positive genius
in advertisement designing. Now I have
sent for you with the object of entering
into a permanent arrangement with re-
gard to your services. I find there are
not enough working hours in my day,
and I wish to relegate the advertise-
ment department to a capable special-
ist. Salary £250. What do you say?"

The young lady laughed delightedly.
"You really mean that you will pay
me £250 a year for supplying this sort
of thing to order?" she said.

"Don't disparage it," she smiled. "I
have certain proof of its effectiveness,
and I'm a business man. Publicity is
the lifeblood of our enterprise, and I
want good stuff. Say you'll accept."

"I'm glad you think so highly of my
efforts," the girl returned. "I never
imagined when I posted you that first
essay that it would lead to this. It
struck me as I read your advertise-
ments in the magazines that I could
possibly produce something worthy,
and, having time on my hands and
knowing 'Zalvo' to be everything you
claimed for it, I made the attempt.
You were good enough to accept it and
to invite more. Your check made me
feel quite proud of myself, and I will-
ingly complied. As to any permanent
arrangement, however, you must not
think me ungrateful, but circumstances
would not permit of my joining your
staff. If you will favorably consider
my efforts as a free lance I will un-
der- take to continue the supply for my
own gratification. I feel quite some-
body. I can assure you, when I see my
ads. in the papers. You must under-
stand that this work is done surrepti-
tiously. My people don't suspect me
of a hobby, and I'm afraid they
wouldn't be altogether pleased to know
my particular form of madness."

"You underrate your capabilities, be-
lieve me," said John. "I may take it
then that a permanency is out of the
question. Frankly I'm disappointed,
but I will bind you to your undertak-
ing, and I shall expect you to bring
me fresh designs whenever the afflatus
moves you."

She rose and held out her hand.
"Thank you," she said, returning his
smile. "I will certainly come."
For some time after she had gone
John Willoway sat before his desk in
a pleasant reverie, conjured up by
her charm of manner and appearance.

The secret of the composition of
'Zalvo' had been given to him but
four years previously, when he was
earning a modest livelihood as a jour-
nalist, and, realizing its possibilities,
he had launched the business. From
small beginnings he had, by sheer work
and the application of the greater per-
centage of his profits to publicity, de-
veloped the enterprise until 'Zalvo'
had become a household word through-
out the kingdom.

At thirty-two he was well on the
high road to fortune.
The claims of business in those four
years had held him chained; and,
though in bearing and appearance, he
was a man who might have wooed suc-
cessfully, he had not sought the society
of the fair sex, and was, consequently,
entirely heart-whole.

"I guessed it was hopeless from the
first sight of her," he mused, as he
gazed at the design. "Her whole ap-
pearance proclaims refinement, taste
and wealth. This kind of a thing is
but a passing whim—a stolen pleasure
to be snatched furtively for fear of dis-
approving parents who, doubtless,
would regard dabbling in trade as a
blot on their escutcheon. Quant that
I should pitch on 'Zalvo.' But, by
George! she can produce the real stuff.
I wish she had to earn her daily
bread."

He found himself smiling at the
thought. Again and again while he
applied himself to the day's work the
memory of her laughing, flushed face
and charming personality arrested his

pen and switched his thoughts from the
prosaic to the ideal. The seed of ro-
mance, which had hitherto blown past
him, had at length struck soil, and his
pleasant musing was evidence that it
was exceedingly likely to germinate.
As he banged down his roll-top desk
that night he hoped that she would
soon repeat her visit.

The desire to see her again grew
stronger as the days passed. In the
hours when business did not claim his
thoughts her picture was a recurring
memory. On the seventh day after her
coming, hoping to hasten her call, he
ventured to write a brief request for
the promised few designs.

When her card was brought to him
the following morning some new
strange sense of gladness seemed to
permeate him, and he met her with
hand outstretched and smiling face.
That second visit proved the precursor
of many, with intervals which gradu-
ally lessened, until the day dawned on
him when the hope that he might not
ask in vain filled him with joy.

That morning, for the first time, she
had thrown aside her incognito and, as
he learned her father's name, despite
the fact that he was a Baronet, a feel-
ing of distinct confidence was instilled
within him. She had looked for some
expression of surprise, instead of which
she laughed, as a man laughs who is
sure of ultimate victory.

"Your father looks down on trade,
I suppose," he said, becoming sudden-
ly serious. "He would be angry if he
knew that his daughter had soiled her
hands with business."

"Father is broad-minded," she re-
turned. "He hasn't always been a
Baronet, you know. But mother's
proudest boast is her pedigree. I'm
afraid her feelings would be terribly
outraged."

"She wouldn't recognize the 'Zalvo'
man, eh?" he said. "Freeze his pre-
sumption with an icy glare through her
lozengette, eh?"

She smiled at the picture.
"That reminds me," she said. "The
fount of inspiration will dry up for
three weeks. We're off to Brighton to-
morrow."

"That reminds me," he laughed. "I'm
feeling the want of a holiday myself.
Would you recommend Dr. Brighton in
my case?"

"I think the treatment might benefit
you," she returned, archly.
"Which hotel would you suggest?"
he asked.

"I should say the Metropole would
suit you admirably," she replied.

Sir Thomas Carham was having a
waru ten minutes. His lady was evi-
dently highly incensed.

"The thing's apparent," she was say-
ing. "The man is always with her.
Everybody in the hotel is talking about
it. It must be stopped at once, and it
is for you to settle his pretensions."

"Very decent chap, my dear," he ven-
tured, mildly. "I must admit that I
rather like him."

"Your liking or disliking has nothing
to do with it," snapped the lady.
"You know very well I have other
views for Kitty. Saphead dotes upon
her, and I will not have the match
spilled. The way she galls about with
this 'Zalvo' fellow is absolutely
disgusting."

"Why don't you speak to her?" he
observed dryly.

"What an insane question!" she re-
turned. "The very way to make her
think more of him. It is for you to
speak to him, and in unmistakable lan-
guage. Zalvo indeed!"

"Very good stuff, my dear," he said.
"I've known it cure some obstinate
cases, and, besides, it must be a mint
to him."

"Don't be asinine!" retorted the lady,
her generous form quivering with
anger. "You will please understand I
expect to send him to the rightabout
this very night."

"Very well, my dear, very well," he
returned, as he pulled on his dress coat.
"I'll talk to him after dinner. Ah, there
they come across the promenade. Hand-
some chap he looks, too. I like his face.
Got the right stamp. All right, my dear,
don't excite yourself. Go and dress;
I'll talk to him."

The girl went by the bedroom door
to her own room humming a snatch of
song.

Sir Thomas caught it, and stood
stock-still, gazing with apparent ab-
straction through the window.

"Sounds distinctly unpromising," he
said to himself. "If I still possess the
faculty of putting two and two together
I'm afraid I'm in for a hard case. And,
when I think of that bright specimen
of nobility, Saphead, I'm blessed if I
feel inclined to entuse over the job.
This other is a man. I wish to good-
ness Maria would tackle him herself."

The dinner through the tuane re-
marks of the irrepressible Saphead,
who dined with them, bored him ex-
ceedingly. The smiles with which his
wife rewarded his feeble witticisms en-
couraged him to shine, and he was well
content. Politeness compelled Kitty
and himself to interpolate a word now
and then, but he fancied, as he noted

her wayward glances towards a certain
table, that she wished herself else-
where.

Before she passed to the drawing-
room he contrived to have a word with
her.

"Kit," he whispered. "I've got orders
to send Mr. Zalvo to the rightabout."
She looked at him and smiled compla-
cently.

"I believe he wishes to speak to you,"
she said. "See; he's coming now. Be
gentle with him."

"Good evening, Sir Thomas," John
greeted him. "Are you for a smoke?
If so, I should like to join you."
"Very pleased," said the baronet;
and, together, they made for the smoke-
room.

Ensconced in a retired corner of the
cosy divan they puffed contemplatively
at their cigars for a spell in silence.
Both had something vital to say, and
both were equally at a loss how best
to commence.

"This 'Zalvo' of yours is a good
thing, eh?" observed Sir Thomas, tem-
perizing.

"Excellent, both for humanity and
peculiarly for me," returned John.

"Ah; costs about twopence and,
with the stamp, sells for 1s. 1½d. In-
gredients simple, but efficacious. The
rest is advertising," rejoined Sir
Thomas. "It strikes me as a very lucra-
tive thing when once the name is
known."

"You summarize the position fairly
correctly," said John. "Ingredients sim-
ple, but remedied undoubtedly efficacious.
Advertising may sell a had thing once,
but it's only the good ones which sell
all the time."

"I remember my mother possessed an
old recipe for a salve which was won-
derful in its effect," went on Sir John.
"She used to dispense gallipot right and
left, and was never so pleased as when
she heard of an obstinate case being
cured by it, but she guarded the secret
of its composition most zealously. A
dear old lady, my boy, though well over
70, still healthy and happy."

"To such a dear old lady, the best
friend I ever knew, I owe the secret of
'Zalvo,'" said John, quietly.

The baronet eyed him thoughtfully.
"There was that in his face that prom-
ised a revelation.

"Tell me about it," he said, presently.

"I was a journalist at the time,"
said John. "Chance gave us acquaint-
ance, and she was good enough to take
an interest in me. I think some of the
pleasantest hours of my life have been
spent in her society. Having person-
ally proved the efficacy of her recipe,
I ventured to urge upon her that I
was selfish to keep it from the commu-
nity, and, eventually, persuaded her to
give me the secret. The rest you know.
From the very first sale she has been
the recipient of a royalty of one penny
per pot, which, I believe, she religiously
disburses in various charities, having
a sufficient income to keep her in com-
fort. It was only on this condition that
she would accept anything."

The suspicion which had been incited
in the mind of the baronet was now al-
most certainty.

"Where did you say the lady lived?"
he queried.

"I did not mention the town," said
John, smiling. "It was Leamington."
"Ah!" ejaculated Sir Thomas, and
was silent.

Presently he knocked the ash from
his cigar, and leaning forward, said
abruptly:

"Willoway, why aren't you a Lord, a
Baronet, or at least a Knight?"

"I take it that I may travel that
road," John responded gravely.

"I like you. Hang it, but I do!" ex-
claimed Sir Thomas impulsively.

"That's good news," said John. "It
encourages me to state the request
which I brought you here to urge."
"What was the dear old lady's
name?" queried Sir Thomas.

"Mrs. Carham," returned John.
"My mother!"

"So I believe," said John noncha-
lantly. "I want her to be my grand-
mother-in-law."

"What does Kit say?"

"I have good reason to believe she
would advocate the legal relationship,"
said John, calmly.

"Let's go and talk to her mother,"
said Sir Thomas, rising and taking his
arm.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Great Stone Face.
Colonel James P. Robertson, of the
English army, declares in "Personal
Adventures" that the history of his
face alone would fill a chapter. When
quite a small boy he had the present
of a toy cannon. He found the cannon
nearly full of paper, and to get that out
he took a bit of strong wire, made
it red-hot, and tried to burn the paper
out. Bang! went the cannon, and the
wire shot through the lobe of his left
ear.

When I was trying to blow up a
wasp's nest, he continues, the mine of
coarse blasting powder went off in my
face, and peppered it full of unex-
pected large grains of powder.
I went to my room, and with a gold
pen dug out every grain, and cleaned
the wound with my nail-brush. It was
a most painful operation, but if I had
left the powder in I should have had a
blue face for life.
A fall which occurred when I was
out hunting smashed the bone of my
nose into little bits, and on another oc-
casion I fell on a rock, and my two
front teeth came through the skin be-
low the under lip.
My mother used to say, "O liddle,
liddle, you'll come to some awful death
if you don't take more care of your-
self!" But at the age of 84 I am able
to take a twenty-mile run on my
"bike," and am without mark or dan-
age on my face.

Science AND Invention

The Nile is noted for the variety of
its fish. An expedition sent by the
British museum brought home 9,000
specimens.

The hands of female mummies
found in the tombs of Egypt are liter-
ally covered with rings, in many in-
stances there being from two to six on
every finger.

The Lafond Railroad, which crosses
the Arctic circle in Scandinavia, en-
joys the reputation at the present time
of being the northernmost line of rails,
but this is soon to be eclipsed by the
construction of a line to Spitzbergen,
10 degrees farther north. The prin-
cipal object of the new line is to reach
the coal deposits which have been re-
cently discovered in this vicinity.

The American Ethnological Society
announces that it is about to begin a
series of publications of authentic mat-
erial collected among native American
tribes. It is pointed out that hitherto
little has been collected in their
own language concerning the customs,
beliefs and ideas of the natives. Yet
authentic records of information given
by the Indians are regarded as of
prime importance for a thorough study
of the ethnology and early history of
the American continent. The Indians
are believed to possess much valuable
knowledge not yet recorded.

The difficulty now found in bonding
together new and old concrete has been
obviated by a recent patent. This bond
consists of an extract of coal tar, used
instead of water, as the mixing agent
for neat Portland cement. The mix-
ture is laid in one-eighth inch to one-
quarter inch layers on the old concrete
surface, and immediately followed by
new concrete or mortar. The inventor
claims the compound to be entirely in-
soluble, and to form a complete and
monolithic bond between the old and
new works. It is furnished to cus-
tomers free, they paying the freight
and cost of barrels, the cost being cov-
ered by a certain royalty per square
foot paid to the patentee of the process.

Reports gathered by the Japanese
since the war with Russia indicate
that northern Manchuria possesses
large stores of valuable minerals, such
as gold, silver, copper, lead and iron.
Under the operation partly of Chinese
officials and partly of native companies
and small capitalists the average an-
nual output has been about \$10,000,
600. But a large part of the deposits
have not even been touched. Gold is
found both in quartz and in placers.
The country drained by the Hulufao
River is reported to be rich in gold,
silver, copper, lead and coal. The min-
eral regions are accessible by means
of the Yalu, the Hulufao, the Sungari,
the Liao and other rivers and their
tributaries.

As everybody knows, the famous
comet of Halley, the brightest of all
comets known to pay periodical visits
to the neighborhood of the sun, is ex-
pected to reappear in the sky within a
few years. Astronomers all over the
world are now interested in the prob-
lem of predicting the precise time of
its perihelion passage, or nearest ap-
proach to the sun. Several predictions
have already been published. The lat-
est is that made by Messrs. Crommelin
and Cowell between the Royal Astro-
nomical Society in January. Calculat-
ing the probable effects of the inter-
ference of the various planets with the
comet's progress in its orbit, they think
that the date of the next perihelion
will fall before the middle of May,
1910. The last previous perihelion
passage of the comet was in November,
1835.

They Love the Empress.
It is doubtful if any royal consort is
more loved by her people than is the
empress of Japan. Educated according
to feudal ideas and skilled in all the
accomplishments befitting one of her
social eminence, her majesty strongly fa-
vors the broadness of the new educa-
tion for woman, and from her private
purse gives large sums toward the
maintenance of women's schools and
universities. During the war with
Russia the empress visited the hospi-
tals many times and every day passed
hours making bandages. The effect of
these bandages upon the wounded sol-
diers has been of deep interest to med-
ical and scientific men, for the soldiers
honored by them seemed to rally un-
der a peculiar mental influence. All
other bandages were destroyed after
their first use; those made by the em-
press were sterilized and used again
for the simple reason of their effect on
the recovery of the soldiers.—St. Paul
Pioneer Press.

Her Mourning.
Maud—Why is that lady over the
way in black? Is she mourning for
any one?
Bess—Yes; a husband.
Maud—I didn't know she'd been mar-
ried.
Bess—No, but she's mourning for a
husband all the same.

Of Course.
Professor (a little distracted)—I'm
glad to see you. How's your wife?
"I regret it, professor, but I'm not
married."
"Ah, yes. Then of course your wife's
still single."—Flegende Blatter.

The only time a boy has any use for
a peace conference is when he realizes
it is up to him to cry "Enough."

RENOWNED JAPANESE SOLDIER.

General Baron Nogi, who was thrown
from his horse at Tokio and seriously
injured, won undying fame through his
capture of Port Arthur from the Rus-
sians. He is a Samurai, and is 57
years of age. He first achieved mili-
tary renown in the war with China in
1894, when he also figured in the cap-
ture of Port Arthur from the Chinese,
the men under his command storming
successfully the famous Itzeshan fort.
After he had wrested Port Arthur from
General Stoessel, in the last war, he
marched north with his troops, and
materially assisted in the capture of
Mukden, and the utter defeat of Kouro-
patkin. Baron Nogi is noted as a strat-
egist and organizer, and has served as
Governor of Formosa. Before taking



GENERAL NOGI.

command at Port Arthur he partici-
pated in the brilliant Japanese victories
at Kinchow and Naushan Hill. After
the war opened he is alleged to have
expressed the hope that none of his
three sons would survive; and, strange
to say, all fell victims to Russian bul-
lets.

AN INDIAN MOSES.

Creek Chief Would Lead His Follow-
ers to Settle Mexico.

Chitto Harjo, better known as Crazy
Snake, a full-blooded Creek Indian, is
planning to become the Moses of his



CRAZY SNAKE.

people. All his life
he has been fight-
ing the government
in a vain endeavor
to prevent the ab-
sorption of his
home and the lands
of his people by
the whites and
now old and broken
in spirit he sees the uselessness
of the struggle and
would flee from the long-dreaded in-
evitable. For five years he has been
the leader of the more discontented
and resentful Indians of the Five Civil-
ized Tribes. Now he is trying to dis-
pose of all the land in the Creek na-
tion that is held by his followers and
lead them to Mexico to colonize there.
There he believes they can lead a nat-
ural primitive life undisturbed by
the white man. Crazy Snake is 70 years
old, so that the task before him, even
if neither the United States nor Mex-
ico interposed objection, would be an
arduous one.

Pardon for an Old Crime.

France has just pardoned a criminal
who enjoyed a moment of notoriety
thirty-nine years ago, but who has since
been practically forgotten. He is Berz-
owsky, who in 1871 fired a pistol at the
Czar, Alexander II, as he was review-
ing the French troops in the Bois de
Boulogne.

The shot missed the Emperor. It
struck a woman among the spectators,
but she was only slightly wounded. The
would-be assassin was a Polish work-
ingman. He was sentenced to deporta-
tion and life imprisonment and was
shipped to New Caledonia in short or-
der. He was really insane. The fact
was recognized by the juries. He has
grown worse as the years passed. His
delusions took the form of inventions,
one of which was a perpetual motion
machine, and he used to try to bargain
with the governor of the penal colony
for freedom in exchange for the secret.

For some years he has enjoyed rela-
tive freedom on the island. On reach-
ing his 70th year he was allowed to
live in a little cottage outside the pris-
on and to dispose of his own time. The
government still provided for his sup-
port and he amused himself cultivat-
ing mechanical projects. Lately his
case was taken up by the Humanitarian
League and his complete pardon was
the result. The Parisian papers speak
of it as a doubtful mercy. It is hard
to see what shelter he can find in
France now except in an insane asy-
lum.

Good Show Except—
The show was all right, except there
were too many guns, too many indiffer-
ent actors, too many climaxes, too
many weak lines and too many be-
whiskered jokes; otherwise the show
was good. The best part was played
by the scenery, which said nothing, and
the worst by the actor, who said the
most. The gallery was topheavy and
the parquet fair.—Emporia Gazette.

The Hideous Dress Coat.
Conscience, which makes cowards of
us all, is being abolished, but the dress
coat, which makes waiters of us all,
persists.—Puck.

A man never fully realizes how
home he really is until he has his pic-
ture taken in a group.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked
to Repentance.



The good we
ought to do will
never be done un-
less we do it.
The devil may
sometimes get a
new hook and line,
but he keeps on
fishing with the
same old bait.

The man who
prays to be nothing, generally is.

Whenever you made a mistake, make
it teach you something.

It has been the dreamers who have
kept the world in motion.

Until fire touches gunpowder, it is
as well behaved as sweet milk.

The man who would be considered
wise often turns out to be otherwise.

The lower we go down to help men,
the higher stand we are taking for
Christ.

It is better to have little talent and
noble purpose, than much talent and
no purpose.

The Lord can work with dull tools,
but he doesn't like to do it any better
than we do.

The golden opportunity comes in on
the slow freight, and goes out on the
lightning express.

Balaam's ass was an L. L. D. com-
pared to the man who knocks his
brains out with a jug.

In the same breath in which Jesus
said, "Let not your heart be troubled,"
he also said, "believe."

It is a hard to find a man who will
stand up like a man and take the blame
for his own wrong doing.

BACKWOODS DENTISTRY.

To be in the woods, miles from civil-
ization, with an aching tooth is an
experience which befell Antoine,
a guide, who camped with Fred Mather,
the author of "Men I Have Fished
With." When he had borne the pain as
long as he could, he insisted that Mr.
Mather pull the aching tooth.

"You gat pull dis toot," announced
Antoine.

"Antoine, I haven't got a tool to pull
a tooth with. I can't do it; it's no use
talking."

"Now looka here. See how I fix da
bullet-mo' for pull a toot." He showed
me how he had ruined a good bullet-
mold to make a poor pair of forceps.

I looked the thing over with conflict-
ing emotions. Here was an instrument
of torture which in expert hands might
relieve suffering, but in mine seemed
sure to increase it. One thing was
certain—Antoine was in earnest.

The offending tooth was a premolar
on the right side of the lower jaw.

Antoine laid himself on the floor, and
I sat with my back to the logs of the
cabin. If they did not give way, I was
all right. I pulled him up to me, put
a wooden plug between his molars, to
keep his mouth open, planted both feet
on his shoulders, and pulled.

There was a howl as I pulled with
arms and pushed with legs, but the
"pullicans" slipped from my hands.
They were all right as far as a grip
on the tooth went, but they were not
made for a strong pull on their handles.

Antoine rose and looked at me, "more
in sorrow than in anger," and I hast-
ened to say, "The mold slipped in my
hand. There is no grip on the handles,
but if you can stand another go of this,
I will fix the thing so that I will bring
out the tooth or your jaw-bone. What
do you say?"

Antoine merely nodded assent, and I
put the handles of the bullet-mold into
the fire and then turned them outward
so they could not slip through my
hands. When the handles were cool
and all was ready, I looked at Antoine.
He rose and said, "Come on; I be all
a-ready." And he lay on the floor in
the proper place.

Carefully pushing the "pullicans"
down as far as I could get them, I
gripped the handles, straightened my
legs, and with a snap the tooth came
out, and my head made a tunk on the
log behind that seemed hard enough to
have left a dent in either head or leg.

Antoine jumped up, and yelled with
joy. He took the tooth and threw it
in the fire, and after a comforting rest
we went to bed.

One Day Late.

Ernest had been to a children's party
and eaten all that he could possibly
put beneath his little blouse, but it
nearly broke his heart to think he
could not do greater justice to the
feast of good things before him. A
bright idea came to him. Early next
morning he went around to the scene
of the festivities, and on being asked
by Mrs. Johnson what he would like,
replied, "I'd like all the things I
couldn't eat yesterday, please."—Har-
per's Weekly.

So Was the Tip.