JAPANESE POSSESSING A COMMANDING HEIGHT NEAR PORT ARTHUR.

The herculean endeavors that the Japanese have made to capture Port Arthur are portrayed in the drawing. Here a body of soldiers are seen pulling a huge siege gun to a height from which the Russians have been driven. It has been noted throughout the war that the Mikado's forces are indefatigable in mounting artillery, rapidly and with great labor, in seemingly inaccessible places. The illustration is copied from the London Graphic. It was drawn by M. Matania from material supplied by a wounded Japanese officer.

AUTUMN IN THE COUNTRY.

Pumpkin pie and apple cider!
Cut 'er loose and open wider!
Ain't no time like fruitful autumn;
Hick'ry nuts in river bottom!
Who said fall was melancholy?
Just the time to be real jolly!
Stir that steaming apple butter;
Fry them doughnuts—hear 'em sputter!
See them trees with apples laden;
See the buxom country maiden!
Scenes of plenty, bliss Arcad'a.
Sparkling eyes and rosy features!
Joyous, blessed, happy creatures;
Apple snits and pumpkin slices;
Eggs and butter bring good prices!
Gran'ries full and runnin' over;
Bulging haymows sweet with clover.
Country sausage! Goodness land sakes!
Hurry up them backwheat pancakes!
My, oh, my! But don't we pity
Poor folks livin' in the city!
—Punxsutawney Spirit.

The Avenger.

THE windows of the grill room were open, and through them came the grateful coolness of the salt breeze and the less welcome clatter of the streets below.

In one corner, at a table, under the great stag's head, Thomas Weldon listened with a smile more or less cynical to the eager voice of young Fenton Tisdale on the other side of the table.

Presently Tisdale's almost pleading tones ceased. Weldon coolly lighted a cigar and took several whiffs before he essayed a reply.

"Fenton," he said, looking at the other sharply, "are you sure this is not purely personal enmity?"

Tisdale regarded his interlocutor steadily.

"I'll admit, Tommy," he said, "I was one of the first to succumb, and I may as well confess I was pretty hard hit; but the enormity of the thing didn't strike me until Jonesy started for the Lord knows where in South America; and Ted Brine remembered—rather suddenly—some relatives of his in Alaska, where he might find a haven of oblivion.

"The worst, though, was when Snow—good old George Snow—got his coup-de-grace. He sat around for two days. Then all at once he went—no one knows where.

"Think of what she's done to the 'stag-corner coterie,' Tommy. Think of dinner this winter and no Ted to tell a story; with no Jonesy to find fault; with no George Snow to mix a salad. She's scattered them like chaff before the wind, there's only you and I left."

As Weldon listened the smile broadened.

"And you suggest," he said slowly between puffs, "that I go up there and avenge your wrongs—encounter this Circe and sail away with a laugh, as it were? Fenton, have you stopped to think the laugh might be with her instead of at her? It's a 100 to 1 shot that I fail."

"No, Tommy," Tisdale said, "I've weighed the chances, and I think you are bound to win. In the first place, the woman isn't born who could make you look at her twice. That is a drawing card in your favor, especially with such women as she is; then there's your money, and, finally, that devil-may-care way of yours, which you can put on and off like a cloak.

"What with these and your good looks—no, I'm not flattering you. I'm quite frank—you should make an easy conquest of it."

Weldon shook his head.

"It all sounds very plausible, but it's not honorable it seems to me," he observed.

"Honorable!" Tisdale burst out hotly. "Was it honorable of her to send the others of our clique packing from Alaska to South America? Was it honorable to encourage poor, inoffensive old George and then send him to the woods, and leave use saladless all winter? I tell you, Tommy, it's your bounden duty to go. There's no way out of it for you."

* * *

When Thomas Weldon reached the hotel on the shores of the lake late that August eevning, he was tired and disgruntled by a hard day's travel.

The object of his coming seemed to him at that moment fantistic and absurd in the extreme. For a moment he was tempted to take the stage back to the station and and catch the night train to town.

Then he remembered George Snow's face, and squared his shoulders. About the others he cared not a whit. Jonesy and Ted Brine wore their hearts on their sleeves, while Fenton Tisdale had a new tale of love and sorrow as often as the seasons changed.

George Snow was a different proposition. If he had offered a woman the best there was in him and she had laughed at the offer, she deserved to be punished—yes, even brutally, by low intrigue.

The next day Weldon met her and the game began in earnest. Thereafter, to all appearances, he was her slave.

The gossips, who congregated every afternoon on the hotel veranda to make doilies and regulate the affairs of the place, began to wag their heads sagely whenever Weldon and Helen Lawton appeared together, which was frequently.

And before two weeks had passed Weldon caught himself wondering why he had never before taken an interest in women; which mental attitude alarmed him into repeating, "Remember George Snow!" an absurd number of times, and started him off—at 11:30 p. m.—for a solitary walk along the lake, at war with himself and all the world.

In the gray of twilight the following evening Weldon, with sure, strong strokes, sent the canoe skimming along the edge of the lake, where the somber pines were reflected vaguely in the still water.

The girl reclined on the cushions in the bow, looking at him quizzically. Suddenly he stopped paddling and looked at her steadily until her eyes fell. Then he heard his own voice speaking very softly:

"I pitied them once, but now I envy them—Jones and Ted Brine, and, yes, even George Snow. It is worth while even to be spurned by you. And so, Helen, I offer myself as the fourth."

She looked up. He saw a strange, wonderful light in her eyes that brought his heart to his throat and set his temple throbbing madly. She leaned toward him, and the gray twilight seemed suddenly to reek with gorgeous colors.

Late that night in the grill room, at the table under the great stag's head, Fenton Tisdale opened a telegram, read it and swore softly under his breath.

"We have met the enemy," it ran, "and we are hers—completely hers."

It was signed "Weldon."—Indianapolis Sun.

WOMEN AS WORKERS.

Some Figures that, After All, Are Not Discouraging.

A statistician has gone to the trouble to ascertain that 55 per cent of all the divorced women, 32 per cent of the widowed and 31 per cent of the single women are engaged in gainful pursuits, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Only about 6 per cent of the married women are similarly situated. While the great body of married women are at home attending to the domestic duties which are naturally set down for them, there is some hope still that the old order of things is not going to be completely overthrown. The world will not be without homes. The figures indicate that 94 per cent of the married men are supporting their wives, though the women are, of course, doing their full share in maintaining domestic establishments which are bulwarks of morals and good order and which keep the race from dying out.

On surface analysis it may seem wonderful that 94 per cent of the married men find enough to do to support families, when so many women are in men's occupations, but the earth is big and the ordinary attempt at comprehending the things to be done and the number of people to do them is puny indeed. In the long run there appears to be room for everybody—the home woman, the "new" woman, etc., likewise for the womanish man and the men who depends on the labor and shrewdness of their wives to keep them going.

The mixture of the sexes in the active business affairs of to-day would have scared writers on political economy twenty-five years ago. It seems plain enough, for example, that when a man on a salary gets work for his daughter in the same occupation at perhaps smaller compensation than he receives, he is sapping the foundation of his own employment and prosperity; that, in the long run, he will be simply dividing up his salary among the members of his own family and driving other men out of employment.

The results of widespread changes of this sort look, apparently, to an entire revolutionizing of society. But people are not stopping to study the textbooks. They are going ahead with the fashions of the time, leaving the pessimists and those who have nothing to do but study to read up on political economy. A great many wise books have been impracticable in relation to business affairs. If society is going wrong in putting the gentler sex in the lines of employment that were formerly exclusively for men the mistake will manifest itself some day in a serious way. Money panics result from overwrought ambition to get rich quick and then follows the travail of liquidation. And so it is with other affairs.

LIVING FOREVER.

The Dream of the Ages that Will Never Be Fulfilled.

The other day we received a copy of a book entitled, "How to Live Forever." While not pining for continuous longevity, we glanced through its pages, and, as expected, found a compilation of well-worn rules for hygienic living, with a brief dissertation concerning the influence of mind on body. There were no new or startling aids toward centenarianism. We had scarcely laid down the book when a news item with glaring headlines attracted the eye: "Perpetual Youth Possible. The Microbe of Old Age Discovered. Elixir of Life at Last Within Our Grasp." And the item read: "Dr. Metchnikoff, the bacteriologist of the Pasteur Institute, has discovered the microbe of old age. There now remains only the discovery of a serum which shall act upon this microbe and senility will be annihilated." Several days have elapsed, but nobody seems to have found the much-desired serum, and we fear the fountain of perpetual youth will prove as elusive to the present generation of investigators as it did to the ancient optimistic voyagers.

There are few better ways of fooling Father Time than following the old advice to "keep the heart young." It is astonishing how young a fellow can look and feel who maintains a fresh and lively interest in sports and pastimes or has some hobby which he can ride in leisure moments. Anybody who has his health can keep young. Ill-health is the only excuse for age, and even this handicap in life's race can be overcome in large measure by a cheerful, contented mind.

That the length of human life is gradually increasing statistics show. It is not increasing by leaps and bounds, nor is there any indication that perpetual youth shall ever be our portion. As we learn better how to live, we shall live longer and happier lives. We cannot hope to live forever, and time spent in planning this impossibility is time wasted.—Robert Webster Jones, in Housekeeper.

PORTRAITS OF ANCESTORS.

Where Many of the Pictures Come From.

"Some enterprising and aspiring people in this city recently had a splendid opportunity to add to their family portrait gallery," said an artist of local renown to a Washington Star writer. "There was a sale of the effects of a portrait painter and it included scores of portraits in oil of men and women with distinguished looking features. A great many people wondered what value such portraits could have to people who had no personal interest in them and who did not even know who they were.

"But they had a value that was known to some of the wiser ones. They were bought up at cheap prices and already adorn the home of some of our citizens who were a little shy on family portraits. A dozen or so portraits in oil of distinguished looking men and women do not go begging when their value in adding to the social standing of people is considered.

"I once heard of a funny instance of a family that had a liberal display of family portraits. A friend of mine was visiting their home and glancing around the room he spied a portrait that he had had painted of himself, but which he had declined to accept because it failed to portray his likeness well enough for his most intimate friend to recognize it.

"Whom does that portrait represent?" he asked his friend.

"'Well, you see,' he replied, 'our family portraits are so old that I cannot now tell who they all are. They have been in the family a long time, you know. But they are all numbered and noted on a list that is filed away somewhere. That, I think, however, is a picture of my great-great-grandfather on my mother's side of the family. The picture was painted when he was 40 years of age by a celebrated artist——'"

By that time the guest was so greatly interested in another portrait that he heard no more. Later he learned that the rejected portrait of himself and many more of the same kind had been bought up by his host to do duty as family portraits at his home.

Good Place for Tobacco.

Foreman—I see tobaccer is going to be purty cheap this year.

Manager—Well, what of that?

Foreman—I was wondering if it wouldn't be a good idee to put a little in our cigars.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

FARMING BY INOCULATION.

Full Instructions Sent by Government with Every Package of Germs.

A portion of inoculating material as it is mailed to the farmer by the government consists of three different packages. Package No. 2 contains the cotton with its millions of dried germs. Packages 1 and 3 are the media or food by means of which the farmer can multiply the germs. The department incloses explicit instructions how to use the bacteria, as follows:

DIRECTIONS FOR USING INOCULATING MATERIAL.

(Method patented in order to guarantee the privilege of use by the public. Letters Patent No. 755,519 granted March 22, 1904.)

Put one gallon of clean water (preferably rain water) in a clean tub or bucket and add No. 1 of the inclosed package of salts (containing granulated sugar, potassium phosphate and magnesium sulphate). Stir occasionally until all is dissolved.

Carefully open package No. 2 (containing bacteria) and drop the inclosed cotton into the solution. Cover the tub with a paper to protect from dust, and set aside in a warm place for twenty-four hours. Do not heat the solution or you will kill the bacteria—it should never be warmer than blood heat.

After twenty four hours add the contents of package No. 3 (containing ammonium phosphate). Within twenty hours more the solution will have a cloudy appearance, and is ready for use. To Inoculate Seed:

Take just enough of the solution to thoroughly moisten the seed. Stir thoroughly so that all the seeds are touched by the solution. Spread out the seeds in a shady place until they are perfectly dry, and plant at the usual time just as you would untreated seed. The dry cultures as sent from the laboratory will keep for several months. Do not prepare the liquid culture more than two or three days previous to the time when the seeds are to be treated, as the solution once made up must usually be used at the end of forty-eight hours.

To Inoculate Soil:

Take enough dry earth so that the solution will merely moisten it. Mix thoroughly, so that all the particles of soil are moistened. Thoroughly mix this earth with four or five times as much, say half a wagonload. Spread this inoculated soil thinly and evenly over the field exactly as if spreading fertilizer. This should be done just before plowing, or else the inoculated soil should be harrowed in immediately.

Either of the above methods may be used, as may be most convenient.

Enough germs are sent in each little package to inoculate seeds for from one to four acres. The package can be carried in your pocket and yet does more work than several carloads of fertilizer. It costs the government less than 4 cents a cake, or less than a cent an acre, and saves the farmer thirty or forty dollars, which he would have to spend for an equal amount of fertilizer. Different cultures are sent for different crops. The results have been surprising.—Century.

Would Take $4.50.

"The people who complain about the ordinary mosquito don't know what mosquitoes are," said a civil engineer the other day. "The Evanston mosquito is a positive joy compared to the blood suckers we have in the Northwest. In North Dakota you couldn't possibly sit out in the evening without chain armor or a smudge fire to protect you, and along the line of the Canadian Pacific the workmen wear gloves and veils. When I was out there a year ago, looking after the building of a short branch road, we had only one man in the gang who did not mind mosquitoes nor even horse flies. He was a big Swede with a hide like sole leather. His impregnability to the assaults of stinging things was the wonder of the camp, and one day he offered to bet my assistant that he could sit half an hour in a 'slough' and not wince once while the gallinippers drained his life blood. My assistant had a $5 bill which said the Swede couldn't do it. The Swede stripped to the waist, folded his arms, and let the bloodthirsty insects do their utmost. Ten, fifteen minutes passed, and my assistant saw his $5 leaving him. He took out a sun glass and focused it on the Swede's back. The big fellow began to squirm. His back was toward us, and he could not see what was going on. His back began to smoke. He writhed for nearly three minutes, then he twisted his head over his shoulder and called out:

"'Ae tak off 50 cents if you kill that horse fly.'"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Sense of Sight.

Like every other sense, that of sight improves by use under healthy conditions, and therefore the people who have the greatest exercise of their vision in the open air under the light of the sun have the best eyesight. Generally speaking, savage tribes possess the keenest eyesight, acquired through hunting. Natives of the Solomon Islands are very quick at perceiving distant objects, such as ships at sea, and will pick out birds concealed in dense foliage some sixty or seventy feet high. Shepherds and sailors are blessed with good sight.

Eskimos will detect a white fox in the snow a great distance away, while the Arabs of the deserts of Arabia have such extreme powers of vision that on the vast plains of the desert they will pick out objects invisible to the ordinary eye at ranges from one to ten miles distant. Among civilized peoples the Norwegians have better eyesight than most, if not all, others, as they more generally fulfill the necessary conditions. The reason why defective eyes are so much on the increase in this country and in Europe lies in too much study of books in early life and in badly lighted rooms.

For Long Years.

"He gave me his promise to pay."

"Did he keep his promise?"

"No; but I did.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The top bureau drawer in the average woman's room is full of Fountains of Youth which she has tried and discarded. Complexion brushes, face washes, lotions, powders, etc.

Johnny's First Week in School

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

Johnny couldn't make up his mind whether to laugh or cry. It was great to be able to go to school like the rest and all that, but there was a sinking sensation all over him. He sat swinging his legs from the biggest chair in the house, and twisting his new cap nervously. Biff, the fox terrier, believing from all customary signs that Johnny was ready to go out, scampered about him, but he got only a quavering little "Oh, shut up!" "All ready!" said his mother, and he caught hold of her hand, and made up his mind he wouldn't cry if he bit his tongue off. Along three blocks they went. Somehow the familiar landmarks looked different to him than ever before, as he was led till they reached the front of the big dingy looking schoolhouse.

There was a little catching in the mother's throat at the thought of a first parting from the baby of the household. Another minute and they were in the broad, bleak schoolroom, where many other mothers and many other Johnnies and their sisters were already assembled. Our young friend was duly introduced to the sweet-faced sympathetic teacher, his mother whispered to him to be brave, Johnny never said a word. His face was white and his little soul was torn with unflinching doubts. It was all very fine to be a man, but he'd a heap rather be a baby again. He heard two sharp yups in the street, looked out, and saw the faithful Biff staring in astonishment at the schoolhouse. Johnny laid his head on the desk and sobbed as if his little heart would break. In two minutes the desolate boys and girls in the room were moaning in sympathy, and Biff outside, catching the sounds of grief, lifted his head to the skies and howled in company.

The young teacher stood facing this panic of grief, distressed and uncertain. Then she hurried over to the second grade room, brought out a dozen children and set them to work singing and playing games among the frightened herd of little ones.

Like sprites of Fairyland drawing frightened children into the sweet mountain paths from dreary city highways, they accomplished what no teacher could have done, and began to draw the other little ones into the paths of learning before they knew anything about it.

With the newness beginning to wear off from their surroundings, the teacher asks for volunteers to tell stories in the class, and gets a response that keeps her busy selecting the performers. Johnny now stands up smiling and tells the class all about two little girls who went out walking one day, an' one had golden hair and one had blue eyes, an' they saw a house on top of a hill an' they wanted to it, an' a witch lived there, an' they wasn't never seen in the world no more, an' next morning the whole hill was covered with goldenrod an' asters—an' that's all.

When Johnny took his seat the teacher sent all the class to the blackboards round the room and told them to draw a picture illustrating the wonderful tale, which everybody proceeded to do.

Then one of them was sent out of the room while the teacher secreted a rubber ball. When the child came in to seek it the rest gave evidence of whether he was "hot" or "cold" by gentle or loud clapping. No better plan could be devised for ascertaining in a short time the characteristics of any pupil. The bright, the dull-witted, the awkward, the graceful, appeared in turn. This simple game of hide and seek is one of the most certain ways a teacher has of ascertaining the true mental status of each child under her care.

When this game was over the first day of school was over, too. All round the door, as the children bade the teacher an affectionate goodby, were clustered older brothers and sisters waiting to take their charges away. A very few minutes afterwards in homes all over the district eager and delighted little ones were giving a breathless account of their first experience.

A few hours afterwards when Johnny's father came home the whole eventful story was told over again. The grave man of business listened apparently bored, just as if he had not a dozen times during the day broke in on interviews with valued clients to tell them that his youngest hopeful had been packed off to school that morning for the first time.

Johnny will be going to school for a long time before he gets acquainted—if indeed he ever does—with the bugaboos faced by his father in his school days. He will be there six months before he is even permitted to use a pencil. He will be developed naturally, not artificially, along well thought out lines of least resistance. And under the guise of childish play he will gradually imbibe more real knowledge and secure better training than we ever did.

UPSETTING A PORCUPINE.

One hot August afternoon two men were paddling along the edge of a lake, each in a small dugout canoe. W. D. Hulbert, one of the travelers, tells in "Forest Neighbors, of an adventure which befell his companion. They had noticed a porcupine asleep in the sunshine on the near-by horizontal trunk of a tree, the roots of which had been undermined by the waves till it leaned far out over the lake, hardly a foot from the water.

My friend, by the way, writes Mr. Hulbert, is the foreman of a lumber camp. He has served in the British army, has hunted whales off the coast of Greenland, married a wife in Grand Rapids, and run a street car in Chicago. He is quite a chunk of a man, tall and decidedly well set up, and it would take a pretty good prizefighter to whip him, but he learned that day that a porcupine at close quarters is worse than a trained pugilist.

"Look at that porky!" he called to me. "I'm going to ram the canoe into the tree and knock him off into the water. Just you watch, and you'll see some fun."

I laid my paddle down and awaited developments. Bang! went the nose of the dugout against the tree, and the porcupine dropped, but not into the water. He landed in the bow of the canoe, and the horrified look on my friend's face was a delight to see.

The "porky" was wide awake by this time, for I could hear his teeth clacking as he advanced to the attack.

"Great Scott! He's coming straight at me!"

The porcupine certainly was game. I saw the paddle rise in the air and come down with a tremendous whack, but it seemed to have little effect. If my friend could have hit him across the nose it would have ended the matter then and there, but the canoe was too narrow and its sides too high for a crosswise stroke.

My friend couldn't even kick, for he was kneeling on the bottom of the dugout, and if he tried to stand up he would probably capsize.

Just then the canoe drifted round so that I could look into it and I beheld the porcupine bearing down on my helpless friend like Birnam Wood on its way to Dunsinane, his ruffle of quills erect, fire in his little black eyes and a thirst for vengeance in his whole aspect. My friend made one or two final and ineffectual jabs at him and then gave it up.

"It's no use!" he called. "I've got to tip over," and the next instant the canoe was upside down and both belligerents were in the water.

The porcupine floated high, and quickly made his way to the beach and disappeared in the woods. My friend righted his canoe and we resumed our journey.

When a gray hair shows up in a pompadour, it looks mighty cold.

THERE WAS DANGER.

The ruddy, blue-eyed elderly man in the blue serge coat, who was addressed as "captain" by his two friends in the smoker, was commenting on a recent newspaper account of the sufferings of some shipwrecked men who were taken from an open boat by a passing vessel.

"Of course, on a well-traveled track like that there's always the chance of being picked up," he said. "I'd sooner be in a shipwreck than a railroad wreck. There's nearly always an opportunity to launch a boat or lash some gratings before a ship goes down, or to grab a life belt, but if anything hits us now at the rate we're going what chance would we have?

"I was cruising in the south seas about twenty years ago," he continued, reflectively. "We were clear out of any of the trading routes, after an uncharted island that was said to be one part coral and ten parts guano. There came up a stiff gale one night and the seas rolled in on us mountain high. We had shortened sail as much as we dared, considering the seas, and we scudded along before the wind all night. We were driven clear out of our course. At noon the sun came out a little and our skipper took an observation and made out that we were in the exact middle of nowhere and 1,000 miles from any land.

"Toward evening the wind dropped enough so the skipper thought it would be safe to carry sail and get back to where we belonged. While we were doing this a big sea broke over our quarter and washed a Norwegian sailor overboard. He was a powerfully built fellow and a good seaman, and we were short handed, so as soon as the skipper saw him go he roared out to heave to and lower a boat. But as soon as he gave the order he realized that no boat could live in that sea, so he regretfully countermanded it and we had to let the poor fellow go."

The captain paused to relight his cigar, but the first two match heads broke.

"Was he rescued?" asked some one.

The captain checked himself in the application of the third match. "What's that?" he asked.

"Was he rescued?"

The captain looked reproachfully at the speaker. "Now that's an awful foolish question to ask," he said. "Didn't I tell you that he was washed overboard 1,000 miles from anywhere and away from the track of any sort of vessels in a sea that no boat could have lived in? Why, how could he be rescued? That fellow couldn't even swim. Must have gone down like lead.

"No, that incident only goes to show that sometimes it's about as dangerous at sea as on a railroad."—Chicago Daily News.

NEW YORK SUBWAY STATION.

The stations of the great New York underground railway are models of subterranean architecture. They are roomy and well ventilated, being provided with an electric air circulating system which keeps the atmosphere pure and free from the heaviness which has hitherto made underground ways places to be shunned. The ceilings and walls are of light-colored glazed brick, and the platforms are spacious and will be kept free from all obstructions. The stations will be kept in perfect order, and no advertisements will be permitted on the walls. The subway itself is the longest tunnel in the world, opening with twenty-three miles and leaving as much more to be completed in the future.

Knew His Mother Tongue.

Several years ago W. Bourke Cockran found himself in need of a new office boy. The lawyer's secretary was left to make a selection from the horde of applicants. His choice was a bright young lad of fourteen or fifteen, who was sent in to have an interview with Cockran.

After a number of questions, which the boy answered successfully, the lawyer inquired:

"Are you well acquainted with your mother tongue?"

"Yes, sir," the lad replied, "'cause my mudder jaws me most every night."

A calico dress can now be bought for a few cents—yet there are men who persist in remaining in the bachelor class.