

"A LASS AM I."

A lass am I, and I wait my day;
To some 't will be may, but to one 't will be ye;
When the time comes, I shall know what to say.
The winter goes, and the warm wind blows,
And who shall keep the color from the red, red rose?

A lass am I, neither high nor low;
My heart is mine now, but I'd have the world know,
When the wind's right, away it will go.
The brook sings below, and the birds sing above,
And sweeter in between sings the lover to his love.

—John Vance Cheney, in the Century.

THE PARTNERS

RUDY COVE called Eli Zitt a "hard" man. In Newfoundland that means "hardy"—not "bad." Eli was gruff-voiced, lowering-eyed, unkempt, big; he could swim with the dogs, out-dare all the reckless spirits of the Cove with the punt in a gale, bare his broad breast to the winter wilds, travel the ice, wet or dry, shoulder a barrel of flour, he was a sturdy, fearless giant, was Eli Zitt of Rudy Cove. And for this the Cove properly called him a "hard" man.

When Josiah Bunker, his partner, put out to sea and never came back—an off-shore gale had the guilt of that deed—Eli scowled more than ever and said a deal less.

"He'll be feelin' bad about Josiah," said the Cove.

Which may have been true. However, Eli took care of Josiah's widow and son. The Cove laughed with delight to observe his attachment to the lad. The big fellow seemed to be unable to pass the child without patting him on the back, and sometimes, so exuberant was his affection, the pate wore such a character that Jacky lost his breath. Whereupon, Eli would chuckle the harder, mutter odd endearments, and stride off on his way.

"He'll be likin' that lad pretty well," said the Cove. "Nar a doubt, they'll be partners."

And it came to pass, as the Cove surmised, but much sooner than the Cove expected. Josiah Bunker's widow died when Jacky was 11 years old. When the little gathering at the graveyard in the shelter of Great Hill dispersed, Eli took the lad out in the punt—far out to the quiet fishing grounds, where they could be alone. It was a glowing evening—red and gold in the western sky—the sea was heaving gently, and the face of the waters was untroubled.

"Jacky, by?" Eli whispered. "Jacky, lad! Does you hear me? Don't cry no more."

"Aye, Eli!" sobbed Jacky. "I'll cry no more."

But he kept on crying, just the same; for he could not stop; and Eli looked away quickly to the glowing sunset clouds.

"Jacky," he said, turning at last to the sobbing child, "us'll be partners—just you an' me."

Jacky sobbed harder than ever.

"Won't us, lad?"

Eli laid his great hand on Jacky's shoulder. Then Jacky took his fist out of his eyes and looked up into Eli's compassionate face. "Aye, Eli," he said, "us'll be partners—you an' me."

From then on they were partners, and Jacky Bunker was known in the Cove as the foster son of Eli Zitt. They lived together in Eli's cottage by the little cove, where Eli had lived alone since many years before his mother had left him to face the world for himself. The salmon net, the herring seine, the punt, the flake, the stage—these they held in common; and they went to the grounds together, where they fished the long days through, good friends, good partners. The Cove said that they were happy, and, as always, the Cove was right.

One night Eli came ashore from a trading schooner that had put in in the morning, smiling broadly as he entered the kitchen. He laid his hand on the table, palm down.

"They's a gift for you under that paw, lad!" he said.

"For me, Eli?" cried Jacky.

"Aye, lad—for my partner."

Jacky stared curiously at the big hand. He wondered what it covered.

"What is it, Eli?" he asked. "Come, show me!"

Eli lifted the hand, and gazed at Jacky, grinning the while, with delight.

It was a Jack-knife—a stout knife, three-bladed, horn handled, big, serviceable; just the knife for a fisher-lad. Jacky picked it up, but never said a word; for his delight overcame him.

"You're wonderful good 't me, Eli," he said at last, looking up with glistening eyes. "You're wonderful good 't me!"

Eli put his arm around the boy, who'd a good guess, lad," he said. "You're a wonderful good partner!"

Jacky was proud of that.

They put the salmon net out in the spring. The ice was still lingering off shore. The west wind carried it out; the east wind swept it in; variable winds kept paws and bergs drifting hither and thither, and no man could tell where next the ice would go. Now the sea was clear, from the shore to the jagged, glistening, white line of the near horizon; next day, the day after, and the peak was grinding against the coast rocks. Men had to keep watch to save the nets from destruction.

The partners' net was moored off Breakheart Point. It was a good berth, but a rough one when the wind was in the northeast, the waters off the point were choppy and covered with sheets of foam from the breakers.

"'Tis too rough 't haul the salmon net," said Eli, one day. "I'll be gettin' over the hills 't Sou-west Harbor for a sack o' flour. An' you'll be a good 't 't I gets back?"

"Oh, aye, sir!" said Jack Bunker. "It was a rough day; the wind was blowing from the north, a freshening, gusty breeze, cold and misty; off to sea the sky was laden, threatening, and overhead the dark clouds were

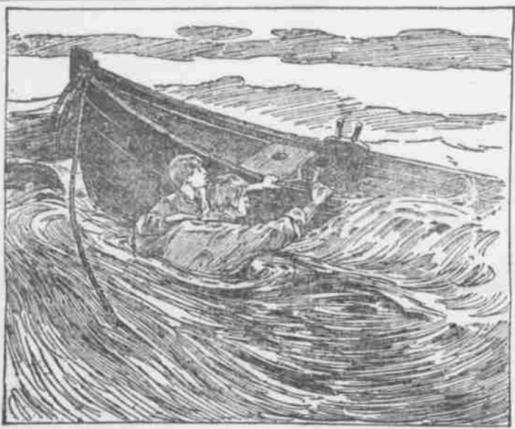
drifting low and swift with the wind; the water was choppy—rippling black under the squall. The ice was drifting alongshore, well out from the coast; there were a berg and the wreck of a berg of Arctic ice, and many a pan from the bays and harbors of the coast.

With the wind continuing in the north, the ice would drift harniless past. But the wind changed. In the afternoon it freshened and veered to the east. At four o'clock it was half a gale, blowing inshore.

"I'll just be goin' out the tinkle 't have a look at that ice," thought Jacky. "'Tis like I'll come ashore."

He looked over the punt carefully before setting out. It was wise, he thought, to prepare to take her out into the gale, whether or not he must go. He saw to it that the thole pins were tight and strong, that the bail-bucket was in its place, that the running gear was fit for heavy strain. The wind was then fluttering the harbor water and screaming on the hills-tops; and he could hear the sea breaking down the harbor to the mouth of the tinkle, whence he commanded a view of the coast, north and south.

The ice was drifting toward the Breakheart Point. It would destroy the salmon net within the hour, he perceived—sweep over it, tear it from its moorings, bruise it against the



"FOR THE THIRD TIME, THE LITTLE PARTNER WAS HELPED ABOARD."

rocks. Jacky knew in a moment that his duty was to put out from the sheltered open where the spume was flying and the heave and fret of the sea threatened destruction to the little punt. If he was a true man and good partner he would save the net.

"He've been good 't me," he thought. "Aye, Eli 've been wonderful good 't me. I'll be true partner 't him!"

So when Eli, returning over the hills from Sou-west harbor, came to the Knob of Heart-break, he saw his own punt staggering through the gray waves toward the net off the point—tossing with the sea and reeling under the gusty wind—with his little partner in the stern. The boat was between the ice and the breakers. The space of open water was fast narrowing; but a few minutes more and the ice would strike the rocks. Eli dropped on his knees, then and there, and prayed God to save the lad.

"Or Lad, save my lad!" he cried. "O, Lad, save my lad!" he cried.

He saw the punt draw near the first moorings; saw Jacky loose the sheet and let the brown sail flutter like a flag in the wind; saw him leap to the bow, and lean over with a knife in his hand, while the boat tossed in the top, shipping water every moment; saw him stagger amidships, ball out like mad, snatch up the oars, pull to the second moorings, and cut the last net-rope; saw him leap from seat to seat to the stern, grasp the tiller, haul taut the sheet, and stand off to the open sea.

"Clever Jacky!" he screamed, wildly excited. "Clever lad! My partner, my little partner!"

But the wind carried the cry away. Jacky did not hear—did not know, even, that his partner had been a spectator of his brave faithfulness. He was beating out, to make sea-room for the run with the wind to the harbor; and the boat was dipping her gunwale in a way that kept every gully-cleft to keep her afloat. Eli watched him until he rounded and stood in for the tinkle. Then the man sighed happily and went home.

"'Tis'll grapple for that net the mornin'," he said, when Jacky came in. Jacky opened his eyes. "Aye," he said. "'Tis best on the bottom. I thought 't'd safe out it adrift 't save it."

"I seed you," said Eli, "from the Knob. 'Twas well done, lad! You're a true partner."

"The knife come in handy," said Jacky, smiling. "'Tis a good knife."

"Aye," said Eli, with a shake of the head. "'I thought 't for a good one."

And that was all.

Eli set about rearing young Jacky in a fashion as wise as he knew. He exposed the lad to wet and weather, as

judiciously as he could, to make him hardy; he took him to sea in high winds to fix his courage and teach him to sail; he taught him the weather signs, the fish lore of the coast, the "marks" for the fishing grounds, the whereabouts of shallows and reefs and currents; he took him to church and sent him to Sunday School. And he taught him to swim.

On the fine days of that summer, when there were no fish to be caught, the man and the lad went together to the Wash-tub—a deep, little cove of the sea, clear, quiet, bottomed with smooth rock and sheltered from the wind by high cliffs; but cold—almost as cold as ice-water. Here Jacky delighted to watch Eli dive, leap from the cliff, float on his back, swim far out to sea, here he gazed with admiration not unmixed with awe at the man's rugged body—broad shoulders, bulging muscles, great arms and legs. And here, too, he learned to swim.

When the warmest summer days were gone, Jack could paddle about the Wash-tub in promising fashion. He was confident when Eli was at hand—sure, then, that he could keep afloat. But he was not yet sure enough of his power when Eli had gone on the long swim to sea. Eli said that he had done well, and Jacky, himself, often said that he could swim a deal better than a stone. In an emergency, both agreed, Jacky's new accomplishment would be sure to serve him well.

"Sure, if the punt turned over," Jacky innocently boasted. "I'd be able 't swim 't you righted her."

"That was to be proved."

"Eli, by," said old James Blunt, one day in the fall of the year, "do you take my new dory to the grounds 't Oldy. Sure, I'd like 't know how you likes 't."

Old James had built his boat after a south-coast model. She was a dory, a flat-bottomed craft, as distinguished from a punt, which has a round bottom and keel. He was proud of her; but somewhat timid; and he wanted Eli's opinion on her quality.

"'Tis a queer lookin' thing," said Eli. "But me an' my partner'll try she, James, just for luck."

That afternoon a full gale caught the dory on the Farthest Grounds far out beyond the Wolf's Teeth Reef. It came from the shore so suddenly that Eli could not escape it. So it was a beat to harbor, with the wind and sea

rising fast. Off the Valley, which is half a mile from the narrows, a gust came out between the hills—strong and swift. It heeled the dory over—still over—down—down until the water poured in over the gunwale. Eli let go the main sheet, expecting the sail to fall away from the wind and thus ease the boat. But the line caught in the block. Down went the dory—still down. And of a sudden it capsized.

When Jacky came to the surface he began frantically to splash the water, momentarily losing strength, breath and self-possession. Eli was waiting for him, with head and shoulders out of the water, like an eager dog as he waits for the stick his master is about to throw. He swam close, but hung off for a moment—until, indeed, he perceived that Jacky would never of himself regain his self-possession—for he did not want the boy to be too soon beholden to him for aid. Then he slipped his hand under Jacky's breast and buoyed him up.

"Partner!" he said quietly. "Partner!"

Jacky's panic-stricken struggles at once ceased; for he had been used to giving instant obedience to Eli's commands. He looked in Eli's dripping face.

"Easy partner," said Eli, still quietly. "Strike out, now."

Jacky smiled, and struck out as directed. In a moment he was swimming at Eli's side.

"Take it easy, lad," Eli continued. "Just take it easy while I rights the boat. It's all right. I'll have you aboard in a jiffy. Is you—as you—all right, Jacky?"

"Aye," Jacky gasped.

Eli waited for a moment longer. He was loath to leave the boy to take care of himself. Until then he had not known how large a place in his heart his little partner filled, how much he had come to depend upon him for all those things which make life worth while. He had not known, indeed, how far away from the old, lonely life the lad had led him. So he waited for a moment longer, watching Jacky. Then he swam to the overturned dory, where after an anxious glance toward the lad, he dived to cut the gear—and dived again; watching, and yet again; watching Jacky all the time he was at the surface for breath.

The gear cut away, the mast pulled from its socket. Eli righted the boat. It takes a strong man and clever swimmer to do that; but Eli was clever in the water, and strong anywhere. Moreover, it was a trick he had learned.

"Come, Jacky, by!" he called. "Jacky swim to my side. Eli swam to meet him, and helped him

over the last few yards of choppy sea, for the lad was almost exhausted. Jacky laid a hand on the bow of the dory. Then Eli pulled off one of his long boots and swam to the stern, where he began cautiously to bail the boat. When she was light enough in the water he helped Jacky aboard and Jacky bailed her dry.

"Ha, lad!" Eli ejaculated, with a grin that made his face shine. "You is safe aboard. How is you, by?"

"Tired, Eli," Jacky answered.

"You bide quiet, where you is," said Eli. "I'll find the paddles, an' I'll soon have you home."

Eli's great concern had been to get the boy out of the water. He had cared for little else than that—to get him out of reach of the sea. And now he was confronted with the problem of making harbor. The boat was slowly drifting out with the wind; the dusk was approaching; and every moment it was growing more difficult to swim in the choppy sea. It took him a long time to find the paddles.

"Steady the boat, Jacky," he said, when the boy had taken the paddles into the dory. "I'm comin' aboard."

Eli attempted to board the dory over the bow. She was lurching about in a choppy sea, and he was not used to the long ways. Had she been a punt—his punt—he would have been aboard in a trice. But she was not his punt—not a punt at all; she was a new boat, a dory, a flat-bottomed craft; he was not used to her ways. Jacky tried desperately to steady her while Eli lifted himself out of the water.

"Take care, Eli," he screamed. "She'll be over!"

Eli got his knee on the gunwale—no more than that. A wave flipped the boat; she lurched; she capsized. And again Eli waited for Jacky to come to the surface of the water; again he buoyed him up; again he gave him courage; again he helped him to the boat; again he bailed the boat—this time with one of Jacky's boots—and again helped Jacky aboard.

"I'm wonderful tired, Eli," said Jacky when the paddles were handed over the second time. "I'm fair done out."

"'Twill be over soon, lad. I'll have you home by the kitchen fire in half an hour. Come, now, partner! Steady the boat. I'll try again."

Even more cautiously Eli attempted to clamber aboard. Inch by inch he raised himself out of the water. When the greater waves ran under the boat he paused; when she rode on an even keel, he came faster. Inch by inch he humored the cranky boat all the time. He lifted his right leg. But he could not get aboard. Again, when his knee was on the gunwale, the dory capsized.

For the third time the little partner was helped aboard and given a boat with which to bail. His strength was then near gone. He threw the water over the side until he could no longer lift his arms.

"Eli," he gasped, "I can do no more."

Eli put his hand on the bow as though about to attempt to clamber aboard again. But he withdrew it.

"Jacky, by," he said, "would you not manage 't pull a bit with the paddle? 'Til swim alongside."

Jacky stared stupidly at him.

Again Eli put his hand on the bow. He was in terror of losing Jacky's life. Never before had he known such dread and fear. He did not dare risk over-turning the boat again; for he knew that Jacky would not survive for the fourth time. What could he do? He could not get aboard, and Jacky could not row. How was he to get the boy ashore? His hand touched the painter—the long rope by which the boat was hoisted ashore; he would tow the boat ashore!

So he took the rope in his teeth and struck out for the tinkle in the harbor.

"'Twas a close call, by," said Eli when he and Jacky sat by the kitchen fire.

"An' 'twas too bad," said Jacky, "I less the gear."

Eli laughed.

"What you laughin' at?" Jacky asked.

"I brought ashore something better than the gear."

"The dory?"

"No, by," Eli roared. "My little partner."—*Montreal Herald.*

The Right Job, at Last.

The natural disposition of the ordinary Highlander, writes Sir Archibald Geikie in "Scottish Reminiscences," would not often lead him to choose the heavy work of railway construction; but during the building of one of the lines through the Highlands a man came to the contractor and asked for work.

"Well, Donald, what can you do?"

"Deed, I can do anything."

"Well, there's some spade and barrow work going on; you can begin on that."

"I wadna just like to be workin' wi' a spade and a wheelbarrow."

"Oh, well, there's some rock that needs to be broken away. Can you use a pick?"

"'Twas never usin' a pick."

"Well, my man, I don't know anything else I can give you to do."

So Donald went away crestfallen. But being of an observing turn of mind, he walked along the track, noting the work of each gang of laborers, until he came to a signal box, wherein he saw a man seated, who came out now and then, waved a flag and then resumed his seat.

Donald inquired about the hours and his rate of pay, and returned to the contractor, who, when he saw him, good-naturedly said:

"What! Back again, Donald? Have you found out what you can do?"

"Deed, I have, sir. I would just like to get a'ween shillings a week, and to do this," holding out his arm and gently waving the stick he had in his hand.

Setting a Difficult Task.

"Jack, dear, I do wish you would get another photo taken."

"How often have I told you I will not?"

"But why not?" (Then, thoughtfully, after a pause) "are you afraid of being asked to look pleasant?"—*Punch.*

After a man has married, his first glance at every caller at his office is in the caller's hands, apprehending a bill in them.

ANGER IN VIOLENT EXERCISE.

Timely Caution to Participants in Fierce Athletic Games.

Now that students all over the country are in the midst of hard training for athletic games, some of the utmost violence, the opinion of medical experts upon the effect of violent exercise upon growing persons is especially timely. The opinion of the doctors upon this point was emphasized at the recent meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City. Doctors are pretty generally agreed that violent exercise seriously affects the health of growing persons. It is a notorious fact that great athletes as a rule are not long-lived. As they arrive at full age with especially vigorous constitutions they might be expected to live to be much older than the average healthy person. But such is not the case. They sacrifice longevity by the effort required in their contests and in the training preparatory thereto.

It is a medical maxim that men are as old as their arteries. If one's arteries show degeneration, however few one's years, he is becoming an old man. On the other hand, while his arteries retain their original elasticity and health, the man is still young, no matter how many years he may have counted. He has an expectancy of many years of life. Physicians generally agree that the great cause of arterial degeneration is hard physical labor. This is especially true of labor among growing children. If the boy between 15 and 20 is obliged to exert his physical powers to the utmost he is pretty sure to initiate arterial degeneration. When that boy is 40 or 45 his arteries begin to thicken, become rigid and tortuous. They fail to perform their function in the circulation of the blood and cause an undue tax on the heart, with the result of heart disease or senility. The luitatory impulse in this case has probably been given in youth by violent exercise.

Great feats of strength or wearing physical labor forces the blood into the arteries until it distends them. Sometimes it means a lesion and sudden breakdown through aneurism or heart trouble. If this effect does not follow it starts the deterioration of the arteries, which finally ends in degeneration. Thousands of young boys who are obliged to engage in severe physical labor for a living must pay the penalty by premature old age. There is no help for them. But with college athletes it is optional whether they shall shorten their lives for a little brief prowess on the field. If medical men are right they will surely do so by hard training and violent physical exercise.—*Baltimore News.*

QUEER STORIES

The faint meowing of a cat nalled in a box in the center of a three hundred pound bale of cotton wove for two weeks led to her discovery at Passaic, N. J., the other day. The bale came from Worcester, and had been smashing and banged about in freight trains for days.

Some boys at Minneapolis were caught trying to rob a mail box in a novel way. They had a big grasshopper tied to the end of a bit of thread. They lowered the insect into the little box, and it caught a letter with its claws and hung on to it while being drawn out. The boys had taken several letters from the box in this way before they were caught.

General von Wahl, the new governor general of Finland, has a reputation for being fully as severe as Robt. K. When he was chief of police at St. Petersburg he dealt with the student disturbances with a high hand. Later the Czar found that some of these disturbances had been stirred up by the police so that Von Wahl could ingratiate himself with the Czar.

The distinction of being the shortest monarch belongs to King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, who measures five feet two inches in his boots. Next comes the Mikado, with five feet six inches, and then gradually increasing in height, the Czar (five feet seven inches), the Kaiser (five feet seven inches), King Edward VII. (five feet eight inches), the King of Portugal (six feet two inches). The tallest, though not the greatest monarch, is King Leopold of Belgium, with six feet six inches.

A German traveler claims to have discovered in the forests of Borneo a people who still wear the tail of our primitive ancestors. He does not write from hearsay; he has seen the tail," says the London Chronicle. "It belonged to a child about 6 years old, sprung from the tribe of Poenans. As nobody could speak the Poenans tongue the youngster could not be questioned, but there was his tail, sure enough—not very long, but flexible, hairless and about the thickness of one's little finger. The Poenans are reported to be very simple, honest folk, with a primitive system of barter. They deposit in public places the goods they wish to exchange, and a few days later they find there the equivalents they desire. Nobody dreams of stealing. This is almost as remarkable as the vestige of the ancestral tail."

A Phenomenal Tree.

There is a peculiar tree in the forests of Central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle, and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects been seen upon it.

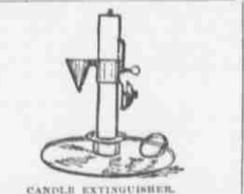
To Keep Them.

A novel scheme to induce birds to stay with us all winter, instead of going south, is suggested by a well-known New England ornithologist. He thinks that if there were a general building of birdhouses, suitably arranged, they would be used as places of shelter.



CANDLE EXTINGUISHER.

A great many people who live in the larger cities and towns, and therefore can obtain gas for lighting and heating purposes, do not realize that there are many who live in the country or the outer sections of the cities who still have to depend on candles or lamps to furnish artificial light. The novel contrivance shown in the illustration will be of especial interest to the latter, but it should, nevertheless, on account of the simplicity and



STORM SHIELD FOR CARRIAGES.

novelty of the arrangement of the parts and the unique way in which they work, he is interesting to others. There is always great danger in carrying a lighted lamp, especially in going up or down stairs, and so many people realize this danger that they prefer to use candles. The device shown here is simply an extinguisher for candles, being adjusted to extinguish the candle after a predetermined amount of the light has been consumed. An alarm bell is attached to the extinguisher, so that it may be sounded a few minutes before the extinguisher can operate to enable the user to adjust it. The cap on the left of the handle is in the form of a hollow cone, pivotally hinged to the cylindrical bracket which is secured to the candle. A small prong projects upward from this bracket, resting against the candle, while another pivot pin on the opposite side presses into the candle a short distance above the prong. This pivot pin works in connection with a striking head for the bell, so that when the candle burns to the pivot pin the latter is released, permitting the head to strike the bell. When the candle burns further down to the prong, a coiled spring releases the cap, which rises and disengages over the flame of the candle, extinguishing it.

George Stevenson, of Dunedin, New Zealand, is the patentee.

Storm Shield for Carriages.

Driving, when the weather is fine and clear, is certainly beneficial to old and young alike, and also an excellent recreation for those who are fortunate enough to be able to enjoy such pastimes. It is also a pleasure, when the weather is propitious, to those who are compelled, to drive around from place to

place on business, but on rainy or stormy days it is entirely a different matter, as it is practically impossible to keep dry and comfortable. For doctors and others whose duties necessitate their going out in a carriage every day, no matter what the weather may be, the storm shield shown in the illustration would be of great value. The construction is such that it can readily be attached or detached from a buggy top, and when lowered excludes the rain and wind, at the same time giving the driver free access to the reins outside the storm shield. This shield can be made of any suitable material and is supported on uprights, as shown in the picture, fastened by means of hooks on the tops and sides. A rubber drawing string in the bottom of the shield holds it taut. On the front of the buggy top two hooks are placed, to which the shield can be attached by means of straps when not in use, and also when the occupants of the carriage desire to get out.

Edward S. Lynd, of Orleans, Ind., is the patentee.

Guide for Barbers' Customers.

A barber has not much use for devices of any kind, as all he needs is a razor and some soap and he is ready for business. Still, the apparatus shown here would be of benefit to



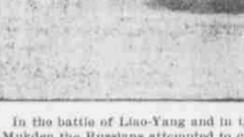
GUIDE FOR BARBERS' CUSTOMERS.

the barber and customer alike. Its object is to indicate and display conspicuously who is entitled to the "next turn," so as to allow of an mistake. It is designed to improve the methods at present employed in barber shops for serving customers, and to insure the serving of customers in the order of their entry in the store, a feature being a ticket holder, from which numbered tickets are withdrawn and distributed to the customers for their designation, and also for displaying successively consecutive numbers denoting the service. When a customer enters the store he secures his ticket indicating his number "in turn." Each time the barber finishes with the customer in hand he turns a small lever on the machine, which rings a bell and at the same time changes the number, which indicates who is next entitled to the chair. There is no chance of a mistake being made, and it would be unnecessary for the customer, as is usually the case, watching and keeping in mind who is ahead of him and when his turn comes.

The patentee is John U. Shanahan of Worthington, Minn.

RUSSIAN PRACTICE WITH LAND MINES.

In the battle of Liao-Yang and in the general engagement in the vicinity of Mukden the Russians attempted to check the Japanese advance by mining the ground over which the assailants were expected to charge. Several attacks upon Port Arthur were repulsed in like manner. The above picture shows the effect of an explosion of a land mine.



RUSSIAN PRACTICE WITH LAND MINES.

TEXAS LEADS IN RAILROADS.

Has Most Mileage of Any State—By 1905 Should Lead in Population.

It is southwestward that the star of empire takes its way, for Texas has this year passed Missouri in population, and there are now only four States that contain more people—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio. In area Texas is nearly a third larger than all four of them. At the present rate of increase of population Texas will pass Ohio before 1920, Illinois before 1930, Pennsylvania by 1940, and New York by 1950, and become the most populous State in the Union. If it were as densely settled as New York now is, it would contain 41,000,000 souls; and, when it becomes as densely populated as England or Germany now is, it will contain 95,000,000. By the act of Congress admitting it into the Union, the State may be divided into as many as five States whenever the people desire division; but division has never been seriously proposed.

Since 1890 Illinois has had more miles of railroad than any other State till this fall; but on Sept. 1 Texas exceeded it, having now 11,517 miles of main track. The exports from Galveston are now greater than the exports from Philadelphia, Baltimore or Boston. Only New York and New Or-

leans make larger out-bound shipments, and Galveston will exceed New Orleans in a very short time, and become the second exporting city in America. Texas produces about one-third of our whole cotton crop. More wheat is now shipped thence than from both New York and New Orleans. Galveston is nearer the transmississippi wheat fields than any Atlantic port; and the Panama canal will bring it very much nearer than it now is to the Pacific ports both of North and South America.

The growth of the Southwest is indicated by the steady moving of the center of population during the last census decade fourteen miles westward and three miles southward; and moving from Western Mississippi across the river. The development of our Southwest is a fair parallel, in some respects, to the rapid growth of what was once called the West; but it goes on less noisily, because transportation is cheaper and more rapid—World's Work.

After daughters marry and leave home, they become so jealous that if the parents have a greater favor for one than the other, they have to put on gum shoes while they extend it.

Children who say smart things soon grow up and are lost in the shuffle.