

**LONESOME IN TOWN.**

The long day wanes, the fog shuts down,  
The eave-trough spouts and splutters;  
The rain sighs through the huddled town  
And numbles in the gutters.

The emptied thoroughfares become  
Long streams of very light;  
They issue from the mist and, dumb,  
Flow onward out of sight.

The snarling trolley grumbles past,  
Its snapping wire glows;  
Again where you pale light is cast  
The hackman's horses doze.

In vain the bargain windows wink,  
The passers-by are few;  
The grim walls stretch away and shrink  
In dull electric blue.

A stranger hurries down the street,  
Hat dripping, face aglow;  
O happy feet, O homing feet,  
I know where mine would go!

For oh, far over hills and dells  
The cows come up the lane,  
With steaming flanks and fog-dulled bells  
A-tinkle in the rain.  
—Youth's Companion.

**The Woodman**

"Now, little mother, if you say 'Roger' to me again I'll refuse to make his acquaintance when we get back. It's had enough to hear the girls rave over him and his good looks, and to be asked silly questions about his life abroad, and if he really is engaged to Lady Westbrook in London. How do I know? I told Laura the other day I didn't know him, had never seen him, and have a great mind to disown him as a relative. For heaven's sake, don't mention Roger's name again!"

Myrtle's mother, who was reading a novel in a comfortable chair while her maid brushed her handsome gray hair, looked up and laughed easily. "You can't help meeting him, child, and knowing him this fall. He's the lion of the house since his book on the Central American explorations came out. He is a very nice, good-looking young man; I really don't see why you would disclaim him for a cousin. I am sure he wrote you quite a pleasant note when he got back. If you had accepted his invitation and gone on his touring car, you would have enjoyed it immensely. His auto—"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Myrtle, laughing. "It is the finest motor car ever seen in these parts. Laura told me all about it, and how delightful Roger made himself, if he wants to preserve his self-respect and retain proper understanding of himself and his merits, he had better go back among his Aztec ruins and the tombs of dead kings, and get away from all these women who flatter him and from our sensational social whirl. I believe it is more his millions than his book that makes him so dreadfully popular. Please don't mention him again."

Mrs. Carston smiled at her handsome daughter, who was putting on her gloves to go out, and agreed.

"Very well. We'll taboo Roger and keep him at a distance. I daresay he found the ancient civilization as good as ours. The Aztecs lived in Mexico, you know. Remember, we leave at the end of the week. Do drive to—"

Then followed a list of commissions, to which Myrtle listened dutifully. But when in her coupe, driving down the avenue, Myrtle thought of Roger more than of her shopping.

It was a relief the week following to get away from friends and intimates (so dreadfully prone to gossip and scandal), the noise and dust of the city and its manifold and sometimes wearing social exactions, of which Myrtle had had rather a surfeit all through the winter and the equally gay spring.

She and her mother agreed that two months of a quiet life on the very top of the mountains, where they would see no one and would spend the cool summer days driving long distances or rambling idly through the great primeval forest, would be pleasurable by way of contrast, besides being extremely recuperative.

One special June day Myrtle, coming down a path, saw a young fellow in rough garb, fannel shirt, leather belt, rough trousers, boots and a felt hat, pulled down over his face, cutting down a towering hemlock, which had been partly killed by lightning.

"Best looking mountaineer I've seen yet," thought Myrtle, sitting down on a fallen and decayed log to watch him and see the fall of the tree.

The tall hemlock quivered and shook under the sharp strokes of the cleverly wielded ax, and it was evident its fall was approaching.

Pausing and looking up to shape the direction of its crash, the woodman for the first time saw Myrtle sitting on the log and watching him.

Seizing her by the arm, he dragged her rapidly to one side, and none too soon.

Quivering in its great length and bending, first slowly and majestically, then coming down with lightning speed and a tremendous crash, the forest giant accepted its doom and fell to the earth. Its sparse branches spread around, covering the very spot where Myrtle had sat.

"I suppose my hat and sketch book are gone forever. I'll never get them out from under those branches. I don't mind the hat, but I would hate to lose my sketches," Myrtle said ruefully.

"You came near losing something much more valuable," the mountaineer said, smiling down at the purple-blue

**A NEWS ITEM OF THE SEASON.**



**Pete Parsnips of Pickeral Run Is Taking in Summer Boarders.—Pickeral-Co. Banner.**

eyes and long black lashes. "What made you sit so near? Did you not see the tree was going to fall in your direction? You would have been crushed if I hadn't pulled you to a place of safety. I hope I was not too rough. Did I hurt your arm?"

"You certainly did. But as I owe you my life I won't quarrel with you over that. Indeed, I am most grateful. If you hadn't been so quick I would be where my hat is now, under that huge trunk. How frightfully big a tree looks when it is down; just see how it has crushed the smaller ones."

"Sit on the stump while I try to unearth your book. You look quite pale," he said, brushing off some chips with his hat to make a more presentable seat.

"A remarkable looking man," Myrtle thought, as he sprang over the fallen trunk and pulling aside the branches, tried to discover the sketch book.

Returning presently with some torn leaves he presented them to Myrtle. "That is all I could rescue, I am sorry to say. Did you draw those sketches? The view of the valley and hill is certainly excellent."

The woodman and Myrtle met again, this time at the weir above the mill. Myrtle sat on a rock fishing for speckled trout, and the woodman came sauntering down to the water's edge.



**I OWE YOU MY LIFE.**

possibly to inspect the forest growth around.

The woodman seemed distinctly pleased to see her, and Myrtle saw no reason why she could not be polite and gracious to a man who had saved her from a horrible death a few days before, so they chatted pleasantly, and Myrtle was surprised to find it was growing late before she knew it. They shook hands and parted.

"It's a horrid bore, but I suppose we'll have to go, little mother. They will be dreadfully offended if we decline. Who wants to dance a cotillon at a mountain hotel? It's as bad as bridge," sighed Myrtle.

At 8 that night they drove up to the Green Park hotel. Getting out of the trap and walking leisurely up to the porch, Myrtle stopped suddenly, and laying her hand on her mother's black lace sleeve, said with a short gasp, "Mother!"

"What is it Myrtle? You frighten me to death! Are you ill?"

"The woodman! The man who rescued me when the tree was falling on me."

"Where, Myrtle? Show him to me. I wish to thank him," said Mrs. Carston, raising her lorgnon. "Why, if that is not Roger! What in the world brought you to these wilds? So glad to see you, Roger, my daughter Myrtle. Perhaps you don't know it, but you are distantly related. How well you are looking. Do look after us and save us from the hot-pollot."

Mrs. Carston was soon surrounded by the inmates of the hotel, being a pleasing and fashionable woman.

Roger led Myrtle to a comfortable sofa on the porch.

Mrs. Carston was gracious and animated.

"So it was Roger who saved Myrtle's

life! It is preordained!" she reflected with suppressed jubilation.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**EMPERESS PLIES NEEDLE.**

**Kaiserin Spends Hours Sewing on Cruise of Hohenzollern to Corfu.**

The imperial voyage to Corfu was one long delight to the Empress of Germany, not, however, solely on account of the change of scene, but because she was able to devote so much time during the cruise of the Hohenzollern from port to port to an occupation not often connected with queens—that of needlework, says the Philadelphia North American. Day after day, seated under an awning on deck, she passed hours plying the needle, the Emperor from time to time approaching and watching with interest the progress of her work.

Her majesty is a clever needlewoman, but favors chochet work rather than sewing. All the embroidery of her personal linen is of her own handiwork.

She is also an expert in the use of knitting needles, and on one occasion, several years ago, surprised the Emperor on his birthday by presenting him with a pair of woolen stockings which she herself had knitted. These his majesty, however, has never worn, but he appreciated the gift so highly that the stockings have occupied a prominent place in his private apartments at the palace ever since.

While the imperial yacht was in course of preparation for her voyage to Corfu, a case was brought aboard, with orders that it should be unpacked and placed in the Emperor's cabin. It contained her majesty's workbox—her only one—which she had used ever since her marriage.

The only daughter of the imperial family, Princess Augusta Louise, is following in her mother's footsteps. The young princess, who as yet has a very limited allowance of money at her disposal, has to depend upon her own handiwork in order to make birthday and Christmas presents to her father and mother and the other members of the imperial family, by whom her small gifts are highly appreciated.

**ROYAL SEAMSTRESS.**

**Italy's Queen Delights in Making Clothes for Her Babies.**

Although Queen Helena of Italy is now the mother of a good-sized family, consisting of three girls and a boy, she seems to enjoy preparing the most elaborate layettes for each new arrival. The wardrobe for the latest little daughter, Princess Giovanni, is even more elaborate than the one made for the first child, whom the whole nation devoutly prayed might be a son and heir, but who bears the name of Princess Yolanda.

Many of the little garments were made by the Queen herself, who is an expert needlewoman, like several other European queens. She designed some of the embroidery and the monograms which mark each piece in the layette. The crown is always in the monogram. Sometimes it is embroidered on the hem of the little dress or petticoat, sometimes under the coat collar and in other conspicuous places.

Queen Helena also made the soft, exquisite pillow on which the babe was placed soon after birth and presented by the ministers to the members of the court. According to law the ministers must become sponsors to the nation that the child is really royal and not a strong plebeian smuggled in to take the place of a puny one. This pillow was fashioned so that the babe could be slipped cozily into the case and tied in. It had a white satin cover under a slip of sheerest linen and Valenciennes lace, and the babe's head rested against an embroidered design of the crown and a dove carrying in its bill an olive branch, the symbol of peace.

**Different.**

"Did he propose to you last night?"

"No."

"But I heard you say, 'This is so sad den!'"

"He was paying me some money he owed me."—Houston Post.

**Science AND INVENTION**

The British government in India is considering a project to link together the rivers Indus, Jhelam, Chenab, Beas, Ravi and Sutlej, in order to equalize the flow of water for irrigation purposes. Thus when there is a flood in one of the rivers a part of the water can be diverted to a point where it may be more needed. In this way it is believed that the district of the Punjab, a name which means the Five Rivers, can be assured a sufficient water-supply at all seasons.

The Philippine Journal of Science recently published a list of 68 kinds of trees growing in the Philippine Islands, producing wood of commercial importance, belonging for the most part, to families and genera but little known to the botanists of the temperate zone. The list includes only dicotyledonous woods, and not the palms, bamboos and screw-pines which also abound in the islands. An interesting fact is that growth rings seem to be characteristic of only a part of the Philippine trees. Many show rings of seasoned growth when young, but not afterward.

An important phenomenon of recent recognition in bacteriology, says Dr. Simon Flexner, is that of the "microbe-carrier," by which is meant an individual who harbors disease-germs while apparently suffering no ill effect himself. The existence of such cases has been known for some time with regard to the bacteria of diphtheria, but more recently the phenomenon has been shown to exist for the germs of typhoid, dysentery, plague, cholera, and many other infectious Protozoa. Bacteriologists are also learning, says Doctor Flexner, that while the forces of immunity may be in active operation as far as tests with blood made outside the body indicate, the very bacteria from and against which such forces have developed may be still surviving in the body.

Commenting upon a recent German book on the interior state of the earth, Dr. A. C. Lane, well known for his researches on this difficult subject, makes a very interesting remark. He says that without making a sweeping statement at the start, as to the gaseous interior of the earth, it is perhaps safe to say, in view of what we know, that "some of the elements of the earth's interior are in a gaseous condition, and the earth, for them at least, might be likened to a toy balloon, but one in which the gas was so condensed, under such pressure, that one could easily dent a steel ball than it. Under conditions of temperature not easy to disprove, that should be the condition of all the earth's elements toward the center." Dr. Lane adds that the study of seismic vibrations will probably settle this question.

The average citizen, it is safe to say, has a very hazy idea concerning the size and constitution of the United States Army. A writer in Harper's Weekly gives some interesting facts bearing upon this matter. The government dreams of an army numbering 70,000 men. The present strength is 57,000. Of the theoretical 70,000 soldiers the fifteen regiments of cavalry, which never lack their full complement, comprise nearly 14,000 officers and men; the six regiments of field artillery, 5,500; the coast artillery corps close upon 20,000; the thirty regiments of infantry, 27,000; the engineers, 2,000, and the remainder consist of the staff corps, Indian scouts, and a small number of native soldiers in Porto Rico and the Philippines. The total number of commissioned officers amounts to about 3,900.

**LONDON POLICE.**

**Poorly Paid Britishers Who Cannot Be Bribed.**

The police of London, England, have just been through a severe investigation by a royal commission which is a sort of glorified legislative committee. All sorts of people came forward with charges against the police, but only two or three alleged that they had bribed policemen, and in every case the charges were lacking in proof and were regarded as merely spiteful by the members of the commission. Nearly every police magistrate in London gave evidence, and they all agreed that the police were incorruptible.

High tribute was paid recently to British police court methods and British policemen by Police Magistrate Hogan, of New York, who not long ago was a London visitor. He said: "Everybody is treated alike, and I like the way your police do their duty. They don't seem to forget things overnight, as many members of the New York force often seem to do. I should say that the London policeman is remarkably honest and far too good for the job, considering the pay he gets."

The magistrate, whom the cops consider their worst enemy in the London police courts, is Mr. Plowden. Mr. Plowden's treatment of policemen, prosecuting in the witness box, is one of the sights of the town. But even he does not believe that the English policeman would accept a bribe not to do his duty.

The saloon law is very strict in England, and the opportunity is large for the species of "graft" said to be plentiful in many American cities.

The pay of the English police force is miserable compared with American police salaries. In London \$6 a week is a cop's pay after a year's probation. With this in view possibly there might

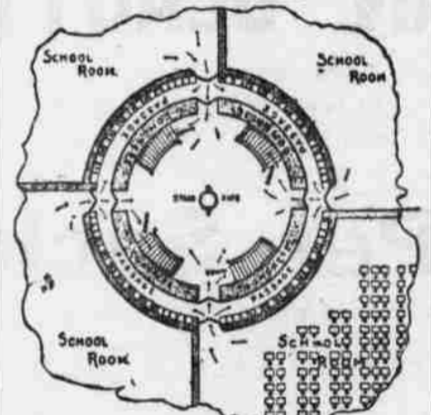
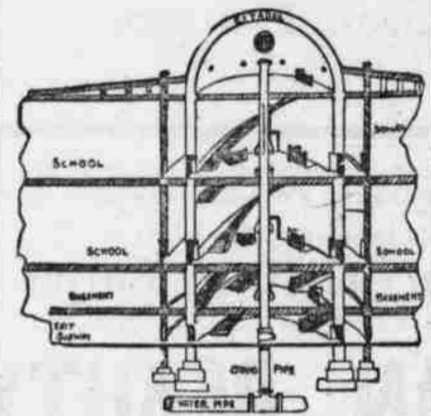
be more bribery and corruption, more open "graft," but for the organization and discipline of the force. These are simply superb. The roundsman, sergeant and inspector in England really work. The constable on the street dares not get off the beaten track. The punishment meted out to erring policemen is intensely severe. There are no mere reprimands. The English cop must be without blemish or—instant dismissal without any red-tape or appeal results.

**CEMENT SCHOOL BUILDING.**

**Collinwood School Horror Leads to Citadel Scheme.**

Following the recent Collinwood, Ohio, school fire horror, in which 169 children lost their lives, an unusual type of cement construction for school buildings is proposed in the Cement Age. Use of the new construction, it is insisted, will absolutely guard against perils of fire and panic, such as occurred at Collinwood.

The main feature of the new type is a circular, central citadel, extending from basement to roof, an independent structure around which school rooms can be built. These are connected with the citadel by fire doors. Inside the citadel, which is to be fireproof, are stairways of sufficient capacity to



**PROPOSED CEMENT CITADEL.**

provide for the ready exit of the children. Once inside the citadel, the children can take their time in leaving, as it is heat and smoke proof. A stand-pipe, running from the water mains to the roof, gives firemen an opportunity to work in a protected position, the walls being punctured with numerous loop holes through which the hose can be operated.

**WHY DID SHE LOWER THE GAS?**

**Man Who Proposed in the Sign Language Is Puzzled.**

A certain gentleman, who is an expert in the sign language, relates that one morning lately he was on the top of a tramcar when he became interested in a discussion between two mutes, says the Bystander.

"I want your advice," said one of them, using his hands as vocal organs. "I shall be happy to oblige you," said the other.

"Are you well up in the tricks of women?" inquired the first one.

The second man modestly admitted that he knew something of the gentle sex, although he disclaimed being an oracle.

"Well," resumed the one who wanted advice, "you know I am in love with Mabel. At last I made up my mind to propose to her. Last night I made the attempt."

"And she refused you?" eagerly inquired his friend, his hands trembling with excitement.

"That is what I am coming to," said the first. "I don't know whether she did or not. You see, I was somewhat embarrassed, and the words seemed to stick on my hands. And there she sat as demure as a dove. Finally my fingers stuck together, and I could not say a word. Then Mabel got up and lowered the gas."

"Well?"

"Well, what is bothering me is this. Did she do that to encourage me and relieve my embarrassment, or did she do it so that we could not see to talk, and so stop my proposal?"

**A Man's Necktie.**

Ever since a regiment of Croatian soldiers marched into Paris three centuries ago with their necks swathed in silk, and Louis XIV., delighted at their appearance, decided to adopt the fashion himself, the cravat in its various changing forms has played an important part in the attire of men. And so reliable is it supposed to be as an index to its wearer's personal characteristics that Buffon, the French savant, was once led to remark, "The cravat makes the man."

**A Hard One.**

Tommy—Say, mamma?

Mamma—Well, what is it, Tommy?

Tommy—How does a deaf and dumb boy say his prayers when he happens to have a sore finger?—Kansas City Independent.

**Sighs.**

A maiden sighed,  
Alone was she;  
She was beside  
Herself, you see.  
—Detroit Free Press.

**THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN**



1215—Magna Charta signed by King John.

1600—Champlain left Quebec to explore the lake which bears his name.

1610—Champlain defeated the Iroquois near the mouth of the Richelieu river.

1706—Madrid entered by the English and Portuguese.

1741—Alliance between George II. of England and Marie Theresa of Austria.

1745—Louisbourg, N. S., taken by the British from the French.

1775—Battle of Bunker Hill.

1778—British evacuated Philadelphia.

1793—City of Archangel, in northern Russia, nearly destroyed by fire.

1795—Union College founded at Schenectady, N. Y.

1812—United States Congress declared war against Great Britain.

1815—Battle of Waterloo.

1819—The Savannah, first steamer to cross the Atlantic, arrived at Liverpool... The State of Maine separated from Massachusetts.

1820—The Earl of Dalhousie assumed office as governor of Canada.

1831—Reform bill reintroduced to the British Parliament.

1837—Accession of late Queen Victoria on the death of William IV.

1839—Total defeat of the Turkish army by Ibrahim Pasha on the Euphrates.

1840—Montreal and Quebec incorporated as cities.

1850—Steamer Griffith burned on Lake Erie with loss of 300 lives.

1853—Termination of the Burmese war.

1856—President of the United States recognized the filibuster Gen. Walker as President of Nicaragua.

1859—Repulse of the French and English squadron on the Peiho... Commodore Squalon of United States navy, in Chinese waters, made his famous utterance: "Blood is thicker than water."

1863—Japanese ports closed to European and American traders.

1864—Alabama sunk by the Kearsarge.

1867—Execution of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico... North German constitution promulgated.

1868—Mumaita evacuated by the Paraguayans.

1869—Kansas negroes petitioned Congress for suffrage.

1870—Treaty of peace between Brazil and Paraguay.

1871—Corner stone for the New York State capitol laid at Albany.

1872—Earl of Dufferin assumed office as governor general of Canada.

1890—Armenians massacred by Turks near Erzerum.

1893—Monument unveiled in Waldheim cemetery, Chicago, in memory of the "Haymarket anarchists."

1895—Baltic canal opened by Emperor William.

1900—Spain ceded the Caroline Islands to Germany.

1903—Regina, Saskatchewan, incorporated as a city.

1907—The French chamber voted to suppress the agitation in the wine growing districts by force... The Mayor of New York turned the first sod in the construction of the Catskill water supply... President Roosevelt signed a treaty with Santo Domingo.

**SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES**

The Chicago Board of Education has decided to bar all candidates for positions as teachers in the public schools who are over 50 years old.

The Minnesota school for the deaf this year graduated seven students, each of whom has learned a trade, in addition to his academic training.

Contractors are now at work on a building to be erected at the Minnesota school for the deaf, which will cost close to \$50,000 and is to be completed this year.

President Northrop of the University of Minnesota notified the students that any one having unpaid bills outstanding at the close of the school year would not be graduated.

At the annual meeting of the alumni of the Minnesota school for the blind, held at Faribault, Dr. Dorr, superintendent of the school, was presented with a gold-headed cane.

At Reno, Nev., the entire State took a holiday the other day to celebrate the dedication of the Mackay School of Mines and the reception of the statue of Mackay, both being presented to the State and University of Nevada by Clarence H. Mackay and his mother.

In revenge for the passage of a prohibition law in Alabama, which deprived the schools of Mobile city and county of \$30,000 annual revenue, the anti-prohibitionists at a special election, defeated a proposal to levy a special one mill school tax, leaving the schools without financial support.