

LIFE'S MEASURE.

"He liveth long who liveth well."
So ran the legend terse and bold.
To keep this truth in mind were well,
For truth is better kept than gold.

The one will perish in an hour.
One never dies, but bright and pure
As heaven itself, when earthly power
Has passed, forever shall endure.

Not by the years of life is told
The length of life, but by the zeal
And kindly works, as growing old,
Men for each other do and feel.

His life is long whose work is well.
And, be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell
Lives longest, though he soonest die.

Then, as the swift winged moments speed,
Freight them with wealth and truth
and love,
With garnered sheaves of thought and
deed
For the grand harvest home above.

Sow love and taste its fruitage sweet,
Sow smiles and see the desert spring,
Sow wisdom for its harvest meet,
Sow sunlight for the joy 'twill bring.
—Waverley Magazine.

His Daughter's Choice

"I want \$50!" The speaker paused dramatically. "Don't remind me that my allowance is overdrawn already; I know it. If you won't give it me, call it a loan and charge interest—any rate you like. But the money I must have somehow, or be ruined!"

"I'm afraid you're that already, Clive!" John Granger, rising from his chair, regarded the younger man with scorn. "Another gambling affair, I suppose—a debt of honor?" he said, in icy tones. "Well, you'll have no more money from me—not a penny. I warned you last time that you need never ask again; and my word is my bond!"

"And—and you'll see me disgraced, never able to look a decent man in the face again, for the sake of a paltry \$50!"

"No! For your own sake, Clive! When I promised your dying father to look after his son, I vowed that I would carry that promise out loyally for the sake of the friendship that had lived for years. I've done it! You've been brought up in my own house, with my own child; every possible help that I could give you, you've had. Now it's got to end! You've lived in luxury too long; perhaps if you see a little of the sterner side of life it will bring you to your senses!"

"Oh, don't preach!" retorted Clive Thornhill, bitterly. "That sort of thing only makes a fellow worse; and I've heard it all so often. Are you such a saint yourself?" he asked, fiercely. "Have you nothing to reproach yourself with—no skeleton in your own cupboard? I wonder what Winnie would think, for instance, if I were to tell her—"

"What?" John Granger faced round sharply; his eyes seemed to challenge the other in that swift glance. "What?" he asked again.

"Well, that the mother whom she believes to be dead still lives!" said Thornhill, in a sudden, dogged voice. He had not meant to play that last card yet; but it had been forced from him somehow. There was a pause, during which the ticking of the clock on the shelf was the only sound that broke the stillness.

"Oh, you know that, do you?" said his guardian, slowly. "How you know it I'm not going to ask; I don't want to know. But if you think that it makes one jot or tittle of difference, you're mistaken. I'm the last man in the world to be bullied or blackmailed—you should know that also, Clive! And now good night—and good-bye! I think we'd better part company after this, don't you?"

He did not offer his hand, neither did he attempt to take it. Dumbfounded, he stood there an instant; then, without a word, he turned on his heel and left the room.

John Granger sank back into his chair. "How did he come to know?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Who told him?" But the question found no answer. The door had hardly closed when the French windows at the other end of the room were pulled back violently. A girl, with white, tragic face, emerged and came toward him.

"Dad," she moaned, "I was in the conservatory and I heard—yes, every word! What Clive said isn't true; oh, tell me it isn't true!"

She fell on her knees by his side, and her hand sought his beseechingly. John Granger was a hard man. His enemies said it often, and his few friends did not deny the assertion. But all knew there was one soft spot in his heart. His daughter, Winnie, was the flower of his life—his idol; he would have cut off his right hand to save her pain, and now he was powerless to help her.

"Little girl," he whispered in that broken voice, "I meant you never to know; I had told myself that it was better you never should know. But now it is idle to deny it. It is true."

"Daddy!"
"Listen," he went on. "Your mother and I were never well married. She was some years younger than I, a butterfly of the gay world; the humdrum existence of a grimy little manufacturing town chafed her after the whirl and swirl of London. She was always pining for change, gaiety, pleasure; she could not understand my desire to remain here. When you came on the scene things were worse. She looked

upon a child as a hindrance and a drag, instead of a blessing. Oh, how I hated her for that! And then—and then—the words choked in his throat—"we decided to live apart, she to go her way and I to go mine!"

"And you never told me! You have let me grow to womanhood believing her dead! Daddy," she went on after a short pause, "you were more cruel than you knew. My mother must be either a very brave woman or a very callous and heartless one, and that I can't believe. You misunderstood her—never realized her true nature—that must be the explanation of it all. Tell me where she lives."

He wrote some words on a sheet of paper and passed it to her without speaking.

"No. 12 Lavender Mansions, Clapham. I must go to London to-morrow and see her!"

"No!" She glanced at him questioning.

"No! But you don't mean that. You are not serious."
"I mean it." His voice was harsh, stern, forbidding. She could see the corners of his mouth twitch strangely. "I say again that you must not go, Winnie. You must choose between your mother and me; you cannot have both. That chapter of my life is closed, and I refuse, once for all, to reopen it. You understand?"

"I understand." Whole seconds hung between those two words. Her breath came and went in little gasps; she clenched her teeth to keep a sob from breaking forth. Suddenly she bent and kissed his forehead. "Good night, daddy," she said, in a queer shaky voice. "I—I wonder if you know how hard you can be!"

John Granger came down to breakfast in an ill-humor next morning. He had spent a bad night. Old-time spectres had haunted his slumber, and an uncomfortable feeling that the future would bring him fresh worries refused to be shaken off. Winnie was not visible—an unusual occurrence. Picking up his letters, he noticed at once that there was an unstamped one on the top.



"LET ME GO IN UNANNOUNCED."

Her writing! What could it mean? He tore it open and read feverishly.

"Darling Father: I do not, cannot think that you really meant all that you said when we talked last night. In any case, I must see my mother—you will have realized that; and I am going to London by the first train this morning. Will you send me a wire to Saint Pancras station? If I don't get one I shall know—but I can't consider any such possibility. Dear old daddy, I don't think I have ever disobeyed you knowingly before. Try to forgive your daughter, who still loves you with all her heart. Your own Winnie."

Gone! He fell groaning into a chair, only to start up next moment and ring the bell furiously.

"What time did Miss Winifred leave?" he shouted to the domestic who appeared.

"To catch the 7:20 to London, sir!" was the answer. "Perkins drove her to the station."

A second question elicited the information that she had taken a hastily packed traveling bag with her. He began to realize that some of his own determination ran in her veins.

"I want to see your mistress. No, there's no name. Let me go in unannounced." The maid who answered the bell at No. 12 Lavender Mansions, that next morning, knew not what to make of the stern, masterful, gray-haired man who addressed her in such summary fashion. She saw with relief that another person was at hand to whom she could transfer her responsibility. John Granger had seen, too; he stepped forward with a sudden glad exclamation.

"Winnie!"
The girl coming down the stairs looked up. There was a quick rush of color to her cheeks.

"Daddy—you!" she cried. "But—but this is an insult. After what has gone you have no right here. Before you go a step I demand to know—"

"Hush!" His hand was raised. "I have every right. Wait!"

Something in his face made her draw back and raise no further protest. Silently she pointed to the door of a room. John Granger understood. Gripping hard at his self-control, he opened the door and peeped inside; then, turning, closed it quickly, quietly, behind him. The woman with the sad, beautiful face who was sitting by the window, gasped faintly, and half rose from her seat. He spoke her name softly, tenderly.

"Mary! Yes, it is I—at last. Twenty years ago you told me that I should live to regret, and I vowed passionately that it was impossible. You were right and I was wrong. I've come to beg forgiveness—for that and many other

things I've been a hard man all my life—too hard. But I've learned my lesson and had my punishment—bitter, heavy punishment it's been. Mary—wife—our girl Winnie's waiting and wondering out there. She knows that I'm here. Can you—can you, for her sake, if not for mine, forgive the past? Can we start life afresh—together?"

And the answer? Winnie knew five minutes later, when they came to her with shining faces and their arms locked, and such a wealth of happiness in her mother's eyes as had never been there before.—Wilfred Stretton in London Tit-Bits.

A FRONTIER MARKSMAN.

Wild Bill Hickok's Skill in Use of the Six Shooter.

Wild Bill Hickok was the first frontiersman who recognized the importance of proficiency in the use of the six shooter. This was the real secret of his supremacy. He was an unerring marksman and shot as accurately under fire as when firing at a mark, apparently taking no aim.

Probably no man has ever equaled him in the lightning-like rapidity with which he could draw a weapon in time of emergency and in the thorough self-possession that made it possible for him to take advantage of every opportunity in savage conflict. He had a standing order to his deputies that they should not rush in on him in any of his affairs and especially should not come quickly up in the rear.

By forgetting this a man named Williams met his death at Abilene, Hickok taking him for an enemy and firing so rapidly that it left no opportunity for recognition. He readily killed a wild goose across the Smoky Hill with his revolver. Riding at his horse's highest speed, he fired shot after shot into a tin can or a post a few rods distant.

Standing at one telegraph pole, he would swing rapidly on his heel and fire a pistol ball into the next telegraph pole. These were some of the simpler feats he performed day after day on the street to settle little wagers. He could shoot a hole through a silver dime at fifty paces and could drive the cork through the neck of a bottle at thirty paces and knock out the bottom without breaking the neck. He could do what the fancy shots of the present day do, and possibly some of them equal him as marksman with a revolver, but it must be remembered that he was the first to acquire the skill, and the so-called crack shots of his day were poor imitations at best, although most of them boasted of their fame.

He shot just as well with others shooting at him and at a man as steadily as at any other target. There were certain traits of his character, however, that were almost womanly. He was fond of children, and they liked him. He declined to quarrel with the peaceful settlers of the community, the business men, on any provocation. There was no foolhardy bravado about him.—Denver Field and Farm.

Discovery of Mammoth Cave.

Everyone has heard of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, but few probably are aware that its discovery was due to the search for saltpetre earth for the manufacture of saltpetre. The anxiety to find saltpetre earth was due to the embargo bill passed by congress in 1807, which forbade American vessels to sell for Europe and foreign vessels to land cargoes in America.

The Americans needed gunpowder and to make it they required saltpetre. They had been getting it from Spain and Italy, but the embargo bill stopped that, and there was no American supply of the substance. A roving chemist, named Samuel Brown had shown how saltpetre or potassium nitrate could be obtained from cave earth. And so the quest for caves was begun and assiduously continued.

When the Mammoth Cave was found, every part of the great cavern was searched for cave earth. From pit, byways and avenues slaves carried out the heavy loads of petre earth. Many thousands of tons were treated and the rude chemistry of the day produced something like 100,000 pounds of saltpetre within two years.

Wanted to See Too.

Farmer Ased and his wife came up to London to go to one of the theaters. They saw a great many men go out after the first act, in which a man had been shot.

She—Merry, where are you going?
He—Look here, Sairey. I've stood this as long as I can. I'm going out like the rest of 'em to see how that fellow is getting on who was shot. The poor wretch may be dead by this time, and if he is this ain't no place for us.—London Mail.

Truthful Cholly.

"Cholly, have you ever loved before?"

"My dear girl, I will be honest with you. I have been engaged so many times that my ex-flances have perfected an organization and adopted a yell."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

From One Walk to Another.

"What would you do if you were one of these millionaires?" said Meandering Mike.
"I s'pose," answered Plodding Pete, "dat I'd get meself a golf outfit an' walk fur pleasure instead o' from necessity."—Washington Star.

Some people marry for love and some for money, but in after years most people wonder what they married for.

A man can make a woman happy by telling her that that's the way she makes him.

CHASES SHIP 16,000 MILES.

Mailbag's Long Pursuit of the U. S. Cruiser Milwaukee.

A sack of mail which left here four months ago has just landed in Bremerton, Wash., says the New York Times. Since it left New York it has traveled over 16,000 miles in an effort to overtake the United States armored cruiser Milwaukee, for the officers and men of which it was intended. Before it finally caught up with the big cruiser this sack of mail had been to San Francisco, then to Honolulu, and back to San Francisco; next to Panama, then to Honduras, back to San Francisco again, and finally to Bremerton.

When a ship is at sea and the length of its stay in any one port is uncertain the navy department directs the relatives and friends of the officers and men of that ship to address all letters for the ship in care of the postmaster at New York. In the general run of things the Milwaukee's mail in the New York postoffice accumulated until there was a well-filled sack of letters and parcels waiting for shipment.

One day in last July this sack of mail was placed aboard a fast mail train and hurried to Chicago, where it was transhipped to one of the transcontinental express for San Francisco, where the Milwaukee was in port. But before the mail arrived Commander Rogers of the Milwaukee received a hurry-up order from Washington to sail for Honolulu.

On the day before the Milwaukee was due in Honolulu the sack of mail was started on the same journey in a fast mail steamer, but the Milwaukee was 1,000 miles out, bound for Panama, 5,000 miles away, when the mail steamer was sighted off Honolulu. Two days later the sack was on its way back to San Francisco, where it arrived in due time, and as the Milwaukee was still between 1,500 and 2,000 miles out of Panama then, the San Francisco postmaster hustled the bag on a Panama-bound steamer. The cruiser, however, reached Panama first, only to be ordered to Anapala, Honduras, a thousand miles to the north, and was well on her journey when the mail steamer arrived.

The Panama postmaster found that a vessel was leaving for Anapala within forty-eight hours, and he transhipped the sack of mail to that steamer, but the Milwaukee was steaming full speed back to San Francisco when the sack reached Anapala. The postmaster there forwarded it to San Francisco. Again the sack missed connection, as the Milwaukee had sailed for Bremerton, Wash. Arriving there, the cruiser was put in reserve, and the bag of mail again forwarded from San Francisco—this time by rail—finally reached the boat and was delivered to the men.

CLOTHES AND THE STAGE.

What an Actress Learns About the Art of Individuality in Dress.

The actress soon learns to approach the subject of dress in a way that rarely occurs to the average woman upon whom its necessity is not enforced—though that necessity exists in ordinary life quite as much as on the stage, and overlooking it is the secret of much of the bad dressing we see, says Julia Marlowe in Women's Home Companion. The actress is bound to wear clothes that will keep her in the picture, and such favorable attention as she attracts by her clothes is due to the design, material or style of the gown itself only so far as these all melt into the scene in which they are worn.

How much the average woman could learn in this one particular from the hard school of stage experience! How few women know how to choose even a house gown that is in harmony with the surroundings of their own homes. Of course, dressing for the street is more difficult, but even there ordinary forethought would prevent many of the selections in dress which American women allow themselves. Dressing for the social function is the most difficult of all, on this very account, for there each woman is at the mercy of other women present, most of whom have dressed with no thought of the environment, while on the stage the actress knows that every other costume, like her own, has been calculated for the picture.

And this principle allows plenty of latitude for individual taste and judgment in dress. Even we stage women develop ideas of our own and have our favorite kinds of costumes. I don't know of a part in which I take more comfort than Parthenia in "Ingomar," and I believe in the artistic lines and graceful freedom possible in the loose, flowing style of dress in vogue before the days of stays and princess gowns.

One Thing He Could Not Have.

Although there was no sort of toy which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed!" said Harold, scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."

These Dreamy Fellows.

"Rose-leaf fingers and golden hair," sighed the poet, as he thought of his best girl.

If he'd only seen the bills from her manicure and hair specialist!—The Bohemian.

You probably expect more of a friend than you are willing to give.

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

The coal fields of England cover 13,000 square miles.

A telephone line is being constructed in the Alps which will hold the record for height.

The latest Japanese bank notes are printed in English as well as Japanese characters.

There is not a port in Europe, and few, if any, in the world, where the matter of tides is of no consequence.

About 5,000 trespassers are killed every year on the railroads, and 5,000 more are seriously injured, many of them becoming public charges. It is calculated that from one-half to three-fourths of these trespassers are tramps.

Boston, where the idea of an annual work horse parade originated, does not see into have much trouble in getting the money necessary for prizes and other expenses of the procession on Memorial day. A recent report shows about \$2,500 available for this year. Among the innovations proposed is a class for champion old horses, open to animals that have taken the gold medal in years past.

Today the collection in the National Library comprises nearly 2,500,000 items—1,500,000 printed books and pamphlets, and nearly 1,000,000 other articles (manuscripts, maps, prints and music)—by all means the largest collection of the western hemisphere and perhaps the third largest in the world. They are increasing at the rate of about 70,000 books and pamphlets and 50,000 other articles yearly.

Tradition is but a meteor, which, if it once falls, cannot be rekindled. Memory, once interrupted, is not to be recalled. But written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden it has passed away, is again bright in its proper station. So the books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten, but when opened again, will again impart instruction.—Dr. Johnson.

An old inmate of an almshouse in New York, age 86, who had never in the course of her life seen an automobile before, fell in a dead faint in the street when one whizzed by her, with the horn tooting. When she recovered she told the doctor who had attended her that she had been in hell and had seen Satan. Some of the victims of the speed maniacs would not quarrel with her diagnosis of the situation.

In connection with his new system of wireless telephony Prof. G. Majors used a liquid microphone. This consists of a small tube which is attached to the diaphragm of the microphone and through which a stream of water flows between a pair of platinum electrodes. When the microphone is vibrated by the voice the stream of liquid fluctuates, varying the electrical resistance in accordance with the sound of the voice.

There are several old bells in Scotland, Ireland and Wales; the oldest are often quadrangular, being made of thin iron plates which have been hammered and riveted together. At the monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland the four-sided bell of the Irish missionary St. Gall, who lived in the seventh century, is still preserved; but more ancient still is the bell of St. Patrick in Belfast which is ornamented with gold and gems and silver filigree.

The number of button factories in the United States in 1905 was 275. These represented a capital of \$7,783,900, and gave employment to 11,335 persons, to whom was paid in salaries and wages \$4,691,669. The aggregate value of buttons and by-products from these factories during 1905 was \$11,133,769. Over half of the 275 button factories in the United States engaged to a greater or less extent in the manufacture of pearl buttons, an increase of over 20 per cent since 1900 in the number so engaged.

In the year 1907, 56,133 pounds of human hair was involved at this consulate-general for shipment to the United States, while in 1908, 207,414 pounds were declared for shipment. This hair is brought to Hong-Kong from the interior and here cleaned and sorted, according to length and quality. It is then packed and either stored or disinfected, in accordance with quarantine regulations, and shipped to New York. It is said here that the hair can be so treated in New York as to alter its color and texture, and that it is used in making the switches, curls and bands, which are so fashionable in the United States.—Consular Reports.

Uncle Sam's postage stamps are manufactured by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington; the stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers are made under departmental supervision, under contract, by a private corporation whose factory is located at Dayton, O., while his postal cards are made under similar conditions at Rumford, Me. From these points distribution is made to postoffices throughout the country upon requisition of postmasters duly approved by the department. Postage-stamped paper issued during the year aggregated \$176,974,190.24, an increase of \$3,967,713.97 over 1907. The total number of pieces of stamped paper was 9,772,059,664, an increase of 440,140,609; books of stamps, 18,213,310, an increase of 528,510. That the issue of postage stamps will cross the ten-billion mark during the fiscal year 1909 is confidently anticipated.—A. L. Lawshe in May National Magazine.

A PECULIAR OCCUPATION.

Snake Farming Unattractive But Thriving in Australia.

Snake farming is not an attractive occupation, but it has more than one votary in the Australian commonwealth and in the neighborhood of Sydney the industry has been carried on for several years by an individual, who, while disclaiming all knowledge of the snake charming art, appears to have an extensive knowledge of the reptiles and their ways. In addition to the snakes, large numbers of frogs, and even toads, are carefully reared, partly as food for the reptiles and partly for scientific purposes.

The snakes are caught in the bush, a work frequently necessitating many miles of wandering and long hours of patient watching, for the snake is a suspicious creature, generally more alarmed at the sight of a man, than the man at it. The hunter employs a couple of forked sticks as a means of capture. With one the reptile is pinned by any part of its body to the ground, after which it is fixed by the neck with the other. This done, the captor with finger and thumb grasps the head at the side of the jaws, and thus has the reptile safe and harmless and drops it, tail first, into a sugar bag.

The Sydney Board of Health is regularly supplied with venomous snakes from which the poison used in preparing "snake antivenoms" is obtained by "milking." This is described as a most interesting performance. "Before milking time the snakes are well fed, afterward becoming excited when a glass, similar to a watch glass, covered with the finest gutta percha, is put into the cage. The inflated reptiles bite violently through the gutta percha, leaving tiny drops of poison on the prepared glass. This 'milking' is invariably performed during the summer months, when the creatures are most active and fierce, and the poison most virulent. Numerous vicious specimens are kept in cages at the offices of the Sydney Health Department to be 'milked' and when somewhat worn out are returned to the snake farm to recuperate. After the snakes have become useless for 'milking' purposes they are sold to taxidermists or zoological gardens. There is always a good market for new or rare specimens.

Several hundred snakes have been collected at one time on the farm, where they are kept in bags or boxes, the latter being covered at the top with small mesh wire netting. At the bottom of each receptacle is a little bran or straw, and occasionally a few old rags. The venom obtained from the snakes is understood to be of great value, the quantity being extremely limited, and it rarely, if ever, loses any of its poisonous qualities and has to be handled with the greatest care.

Wit of the Youngsters

"You seem to be very fond of your dolly," remarked the visitor. "Yes," replied small Margie. "She's so different from most people. She never interrupts me when I'm talking."

One Sunday morning a minister's wife saw her son chasing the hens with a stick. She went to the door to investigate and heard him say: "I'll teach you to lay eggs in a minister's family on Sunday morning!"

One day at school small Lola was called upon to explain the difference between climate and weather. "Climate," answered the little miss, "is what we have with us all the time, but weather only lasts a few days."

Little Joe—Oh, mamma! Look at the poor little dog without a tail! The people who own him ought to attend to it. Mamma—But what could they do? Little Joe—Why, they could take him to a tailor and have a new tail made.

Master Walter, aged 5, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast and piled the crusts on his plate. "When I was a little boy," remarked his father, "I always ate the crusts of my toast." "Did you like them?" asked the little fellow, cheerfully. "Yes," replied the parent. "You may have these," replied Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.

Little Wilbur was eating luncheon with his mother. Presently she noticed that he was eating his jelly with his spoon. "Wilbur, dear," she said to him, "you must not eat your jelly with your spoon." "I have to, mother," he replied. "No, dear, you don't have to. Put your jelly on your bread." "I did put it on my bread, mother," said Wilbur, "but it wouldn't stay there; it's too nervous."

A Glean of Hope.

Golf is notably a long and difficult game. Moreover, golf experts are always suspicious of the ultimate proficiency of a new player. A writer in the Sketch recounts the following conversation between an old Scotch professional and a would-be golfer. The amateur had been asking what the other thought of his game.

"Na, ye'll no mak a gwoffer," he said, "ye've begun over late. But it's just possible if ye practice hard, verri hard, for twa-three years, ye might—"

"Yes?" inquired the other, expectantly.

"Ye might begin to hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the rudiments of the game."

The girl who smacks off freshmen gets a good many snacks.