

LET US PRAY.

As tired children go at candle-light—
The glow in their young eyes
quenched with the sun,
Almost too languid, now that play
is done,
To seek their father's knee, and say
"Good night"—

So, to our greater Father out of sight,
When the brief gamut of the day is
run,
Defeats endured and petty triumphs
won,
We kneel and listlessly His care invite.

Then with no sense of gain—no tender
thrill,
As when we leave the presence of a
friend,
No lingering content our souls to
steep
But reckoning our gains and losses
still,
We turn the leaf upon the dull day's
end,
And, careless, drift out to the sea of
sleep.
—May Riley Smith.

**A Question
.. of Grit.**

"No, Jim, I can't marry a man that
has done nothing but go to school.
My future husband," she said, with
pride, "must be a man who has proven
his bravery; for there is nothing I
hate worse than a coward."

"Mary Jackson, what do you mean
by bravery? I believe I am counted
pretty nifty by the boys."

"Yes, that's it. You and the boys
think because a man plays football
and does a few athletic stunts he's
brave. I don't count that to your
credit, for all you had to do was to
go to school and train while your
father paid the bills."

Looking gloomily across the sunlit,
sparkling river, he seemed "out of
tune" with the gaiety of the excursion
party; while her eyes watched him
with the sternness that seventeen
gives to decisions of the heart.

"Of course I love you, Jim, but a
woman must be sure she'll never
regret her choice in after life; and un-
til you do some brave act to prove
your courage I'll have to say no."

"You're too hard on a fellow. There's
nothing I can do to prove it unless
the old boat would blow up, or I'd go
to the Philippines; and then the
chances are I'd be detailed to some
clerical job."

"The chance will come when you're
least expecting it," she replied.

"Well, there's one thing I want you
to remember, I'm going to be your hus-



"MARY, PLEASE FORGIVE ME."

band. You say you love me, but all I
lack is proof of my courage. The first
chance I have, I'll risk it even if it's
sure death."

"I couldn't possibly marry a dead
hero, Jim," she said with a little
smile. "Come, let's go where the rest
of the crowd are and see if you can't
lose that solemn look."

"All right," he answered as he rose
from his chair, and taking her arm
started toward the others, "but I don't
want you talking to Jack Brown too
much. He thinks he's a greater soldier
than Napoleon since his company
shot those miners."

"Why, Jim! I believe you're jealous
because he treats me like a gentle-
man."

"Huh! Like a gentleman?" he snorted.
"A gentleman doesn't look at girls
like he could eat them up."

"Didn't you say I was good enough
to eat, and you couldn't keep your
eyes away?"

"Yes, but that's different because
we've promised to marry."

"Since when?" she asked as she
stopped and looked at him with a spark-
le in her eyes.

"Since you said you love me. You
know that."

"But I said I wouldn't marry until
you proved your courage. And the
way you're acting now, I don't think
I would then."

"Miss Jackson," he answered with
an accent on the miss, "if you'd rather
talk to Jack Brown than me, you can
do so. I guess there are other girls
besides you."

Looking him calmly up and down,
she started forward while he silently
followed.

After a few words and exclamations
with the others, she went to the op-
posite side of the deck looking almost
as gloomy as he had a few moments
before.

Seeing her alone he went over and
said: "Mary, please forgive me. I
love you so much I hardly know what
I say until it's said."

"I'll forgive you, Jim, but we had
better just be friends until you learn
to control your temper better."

"All right, just as you say; but I
can't stay close to you, for it'd be im-
possible for us to 'just be friends.'"

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.



MAUD ALEXANDRA. THE DUCHESS. ALEXANDRA VICTORIA.

It seems that the wife-hunting expedition of the minister of King Manuel of Portugal has come to an end and that the boy King, without being asked whether he likes it, will be made to marry Princess Alexandra of Fife. It is a neat political arrangement, but what about the feelings of the young couple? Manuel is 18 years old; Alexandra is the same age. Alexandra is a simple girl, who has been raised on the country estates of her parents. She was presented at court only a few months ago. She is quick and even brilliant mentally, while Manuel is sluggish in brain and body. If ever romance enters into the lives of this royal pair it will be after marriage. Poor Cupid! He may operate in the common, workaday world at will, but courts and thrones are forbidden him.

The Princess Alexandra of Fife is a granddaughter of King Edward. Her mother, the Princess Louise Victoria, is his majesty's eldest daughter, and she married the Duke of Fife in 1889. In our illustration the prospective bride of King Manuel is at the right. Her younger sister also bears the name Alexandra, but is generally called by her first name.

Saying this he walked to the rear deck without another word.

As the boat slowly drifted toward the lock, rocking in her own waves, there was a rush to the side nearest the dam. This caused it to list to that side, and in the excitement a woman fell overboard dragging a man after her.

Jim Halliday, in his abstraction, didn't at first notice the uproar, but finally cries of "Man overboard! Woman overboard!" caused him to look up with a start. Rushing to the side as he threw off his coat, he saw two dark objects appear and then go under as the water bubbled and foamed around them.

Jumping over the rail, he dived head-first, cutting the water as clean as a knife. A second or two later he came up near where the two had gone down, and treading water, waited for them to reappear.

At last a hand was thrust out, and just beneath the surface were the two, struggling in each other's arms.

Hesitating no longer, with two or three over-hand strokes to put him in reach, he grasped the back of the woman's collar and tried to pull her from the other's hold. The collar came loose and they slowly sank lower until he caught her by the arm and brought the two, now quiet, to the surface.

Hearing a shout of warning, he looked around and saw they had drifted within short distance of the dam, toward which they were going faster and faster.

The crew of the steamer were frantically getting a skiff in the water, but he knew they couldn't reach him, loaded as he was, before he went over. And to go over the dam meant almost sure death; for if he didn't get any bones broken he was liable to be knocked unconscious on the rocks and drown without a struggle.

He could drop his burden and swim back against the current, but the "nerve" that Mary had derided would not allow that.

"I guess Mary'll have to 'marry a dead hero,' if she marries me," he grimly thought.

Then a bright idea flashed through his mind. With a few kicks, and his free arm, he swung the two in front. Then holding his feet well under him, and his legs at an angle of forty-five degrees with the surface of the water, he struck the dam with a jolt that shook him all over.

As the water was about two feet deep on the crest, the pressure kept him standing on a reclining position on its upper face, and all he had to do was to keep their mouths clear of water and hold on until rescued.

When the crowd saw what had been done they raised a greater cheer than any he had ever heard at a football game.

Tying a rope to the end of the skiff, so the suction of the dam wouldn't draw it over, the captain and two men drifted down and took all three aboard; when many willing hands, grasping the rope, soon pulled them out of danger.

After putting on some of the captain's dry clothing Jim left the reviving couple and started for the upper deck amid the admiring glances and remarks of his fellow passengers.

At the head of the stairs, where the mate had kept the majority of the crowd, he met Mary, who, with shining eyes, slipped her hand under his arm and whispered: "I've reconsidered, Jim, for your 'nerve' is all right," and before all she pulled his face down and kissed him.—Penny-
vanda Grit.

ETHEL WHARTON, HEROINE.

Pretty Welsh Nurse Won Medal and Fame Saving Baby's Life.

Miss Ethel Wharton is the nurse heroine of Wales, and the first British woman to receive the Carnegie medal for heroism, the London News says. All Great Britain knows of the valor of her deed, but in Wales she is enshrined in the heart of every mother—for she risked her life and became a cripple to save a baby.

Nurse Wharton was staying not long ago at the Jersey Beach Hotel at Aberavon when a great fire broke out. The hotel was full of visitors, but in the panic of the moment the rule was "every one for himself"—and the baby was left behind in an upper room.

Into that cauldron of smoke and fumed Nurse Wharton, her face enveloped in a wet cloth, her head close to the floor. She gained the staircase and groped her way through the fire, how she cannot tell, but at last she reached the baby and, wrapping it in a blanket threw it down to the excited onlookers in the street below, who held a sheet to receive it.

That saved the baby, but the plight of the rescuer upstairs was desperate. Firemen tried to reach her, but all their escape ladders were too short, and every moment brought the flames nearer and nearer to the nurse, while the crowds outside trembled with the horror.

At last the firemen decided to hold out the same sheet that had received the baby—it was the only one available—and the nurse stepped out to the window sill and jumped toward it.

Unfortunately, the sheet was not strong enough to withstand the force of her leap from such a height. She fell through it, and struck the pavement with sickening violence. Strong men wept as they carried her to the hospital, where she lay for weeks hovering 'twixt life and death, with all classes making pilgrimages of inquiry day by day to learn the latest tidings of her condition.

Skilled surgeons from all around attended her, and at last, almost by a miracle, her life was saved. But she will be a cripple for life, and her working days are over.

A Clever Writer.
Patrice—You say she is a clever writer?

Patience—Very. Why, I've known her to use a fountain pen without getting ink all over her fingers!—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Altogether.
"So that flitted young fellow's life is all dark, is it?"

"Not altogether. He's just got a job on a lightship."—Baltimore American.

All men are foolish, but some manage to conceal the fact.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

There are a good many very poor people who have plenty of money.

If a hair shirt could make a saint, the devil would wear mourning all the time.

The purpose of all education is to enable us to see that the world is moving, and show us what it is moving for.

The trials that just about break us are the ones that make us.

In most cases we look in the wrong direction for our happiness.

The man who fears the light is always running from a shadow.

Whatever God's providence gives us to do is something He wants done.

The money that does us the most good is the money with which we do good.

Some folks will do anything for the Lord except behave themselves at home.

When we know that God is the giver of all good, we shall find good in all He gives.

Anybody can talk religion, but it takes a true follower of Christ to show what it is.

God provided for the worst that could happen to man before He breathed into him the breath of life.

God believes in good cheer or He would not have made hearty laughter about the wholesomest and healthiest thing in the world.

THE MIGRATORY SENSE.

The migration of birds, unlike the migration of human beings, is a very mysterious thing. Flying, as most of the song-birds do, by night, coming and going in great flocks, and changing their locality for no one reason, but for many, the problem of these "tidal waves" in bird life is wholly fascinating. D. Lange, in the Atlantic Monthly in discussing some phases of it, speaks as follows concerning the birds' sense of direction:

How do birds find their way? There is no doubt that they are often guided by sight along coasts, lakes, rivers and valleys, which are plainly visible for a great distance from the height at which birds travel.

In other cases, old birds which have been over the route lead the way, and the young birds follow their calls and their leadership.

What wonderful stories these winged travelers could tell if they could talk to us! What fascinating teachers of geography they would make for our children! It has, however, been shown lately beyond all reasonable doubt that in addition to keen sight, acute hearing, individual experience and race instinct, birds possess what must seem to us a kind of sixth sense, the sense of orientation.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition found flocks of murres, which are sea-birds, flying straight for their home on a lonely rock island thirty miles away, through a fog so thick that everything a hundred yards off was absolutely hidden from view. What human brain could guide a ship thirty miles through a dense fog without a compass?

Still more conclusive demonstration of this sense of direction in birds has recently been furnished by Prof. John B. Watson. He caught and marked fifteen sooty terns and noddies on the Dry Tortugas, in the Gulf of Mexico, and took them out to sea. Some of the birds were carried as far as Cape Hatteras, eight hundred and fifty miles north of the Tortugas, before they were set free.

The sooty terns and the noddies are southern birds, which seldom range farther north than the southern coast of Florida, and it is not likely that any of those experimented on had ever been farther north; but none the less, thirteen out of fifteen found their way back to the Tortugas Islands.

Didn't Know.

"Well, Mr. Henpeck, what do you think of this Peary-Cook controversy?"

"I really don't know what to think about it."

"Difficult to know what to think, isn't it?"

"Yes, especially when one's wife is out of town."—Houston Post.

Excusable Resentment.

"It's really provoking," said the fond mother, "baby always cries when we have company." "Well," answered Mr. Groucher, "you can't blame children for disliking company. If it weren't for visitors they wouldn't have to recite or play pieces on the piano."

The Arithmetical Spirit.

"As a rule," said the cynic, "one may reckon the number of his true friends on the fingers of one hand." "Well," answered the good-natured person, "anybody who counts up his friendships the same as he does his money doesn't deserve any more."

When a woman buys a newspaper she thinks she isn't getting her money's worth unless she finds the name of somebody she knows among the death notices.



Stable Ventilation.

Some years ago Prof. F. H. King, of Wisconsin, made an experimental study of the effect of ample and deficient ventilation upon twenty milch cows. The experiment was made in a half-basement stable, represented in accompanying figure, having three outside doors, thirteen large windows and a door leading by a stairway to the floor above. The ceiling was nine feet above the floor and the stable contained 960 cubic feet of space per cow. Leading upward from the ceiling were two hay chutes two by three feet in cross sections, twenty feet high, which could be opened or closed at will, and a ventilating shaft terminating near the ridge of the roof inside.

During the trial the cows were kept continuously in the stable with the hay chutes closed during two days and then with them open two days, the trials being repeated four times. Following these four trials the hay chutes were left closed during three consecutive days for poor ventilation and left open the following three, making fourteen days in all.

It was found that measurably the same amount of feed was eaten under both conditions of ventilation. But during the days of insufficient ventilation the cows drank, on the average, 11.4 pounds more water each day and yet lost in weight an average of 10.7 pounds at the end of each

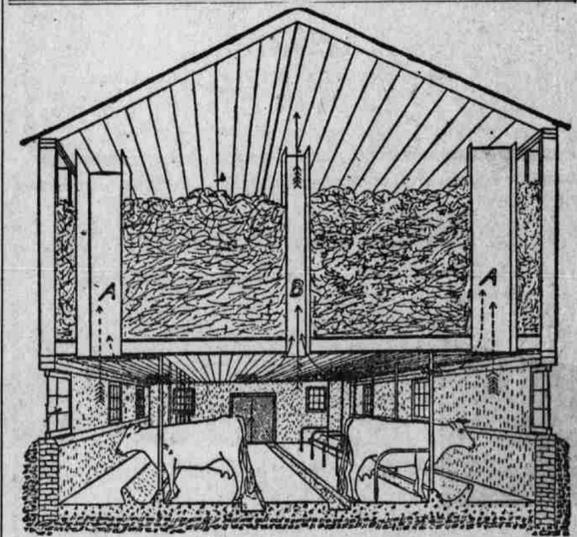
Rural Delivery and Roads.

The Postoffice Department at Washington has again sent out orders that rural mail delivery is to be discontinued on routes not properly maintained by mail patrons, who are supposed to keep the roads in good condition. In many parts of the country the roads are maintained and kept in fairly good condition, but thousands of miles of roadways traversed every day by the carriers are wretched, and later in the year will become next to impassable. Were it a matter of great expense or effort to keep country roads in good condition it might be something of a hardship to farmers, but the intelligent use of the split-log drag has practically solved the problem of country road making and road maintenance, and people need to get busy in employing them on the highways. In many parts of the country, especially in Iowa and Missouri, hundreds of miles of roads are kept in passable condition the year around by means of this cheap and inexpensive implement. When once a highway is placed in good condition any farmer can keep up one mile of road the year around by dragging it a few times a month after rain has fallen, a work that will take the time of a man and team less than a half a day all told.—Denver Field and Farm.

Experience with Alfalfa.

In the first place, I made two mistakes in sowing with grain and of course made two failures in getting a stand that suited me. For my third endeavor I selected a piece of ground which had been in hoed crops for a number of years and heavily manured each year, plowing it in April and keeping it cultivated till July, when I seeded it at the rate of 20 pounds per acre.

On the night following my sowing we got a very heavy shower, and I



period, regaining this again when good ventilation was restored, and this, too, when they were drinking less water. During the good ventilation days, too, for each and every period, the cows gave more milk, the average being 55 pounds per head per day.

At the end of the fourteen days the cows were turned into the yard and exhibited an intense desire to lick their sides and limbs, doing so in many cases till the hair was stained with blood.

Examination showed that during the interval a rash had developed which could be felt by the hand, in the form of hard raised points, and the rasping of these off caused the bleeding.

Sell Less Wheat Abroad.

The calendar year 1909 will show a smaller exportation of wheat than any year in the last decade, and an increased home consumption, both in amount and per capita average, says a report of the Bureau of Statistics on wheat production, exportation and consumption of the United States.

The continued decline in exports of breadstuffs lends interest to the statement. The exportation of wheat for the nine months ending with September amounted to only 27,768,901 bushels, against 68,178,935 bushels in the same month of 1908; flour exports were 5,283,283 barrels, against 9,428,347. This reduction in exports of wheat seems to be due to increased consumption at home rather than at any decline in production. The average annual production for the last five years has exceeded any earlier five-year period.

Skim Milk for Hens.

In some tests by the Virginia experiment station skim milk has been proved a valuable food for laying hens. In a test of 123 days 22 hens were fed skim milk, laying 1,244 eggs, as against 996 laid by 22 hens fed a wet mash with water. In a test covering 37 days 60 hens laid 862 eggs on a skim milk diet, while a like number fed no skim milk laid 632 eggs. Other experiments conducted recorded similar results. The station, from these tests, estimates that when eggs are worth 20 to 25 cents per dozen skim milk has a feeding value of 1 1/2 to 2 cents a quart.

Agricultural Statistics.

At the approaching census special attention will be given to the gathering of agricultural statistics. Farmers will be asked for information which might be regarded as of a very personal nature concerning their operations, but they will be assured that the facts will be held sacred.

Glass Walls for Fruit Trees.

An interesting experiment in fruit growing has been recently carried out by the Count de Choiseul and described in Cosmos. When a south wall is used for fruit trees the north side of the wall is practically wasted as far as fruit is concerned. Count de Choiseul has used a glass wall, and grown fruit trees on both sides. The produce on the north side is little inferior to that on the south. A photograph shows heavily fruited pear trees on both sides of the wall. The wall, 60 feet long and 6 1/2 feet high, had fifteen pear trees planted on each side. In 1907 134 pears, weighing 91 pounds, were gathered on the south side of the wall, and 109, weighing 77 pounds, on the north side. The variety grown was the Doyenne L'Hiver.

Fruit Stones for Spring Planting.

Peach, cherry and plum stones should be spread thin on high, dry ground in narrow rows, and then covered with about 6 inches of fine earth, with a little trench on each side of the row to draw off the surface water. After the ground freezes a little fine horse manure may be spread over the frozen ground, just enough to cover the ground. If too much is used it will make a harbor for mice and rats. Apple seed may be sown in the same way, but will need a heavier covering. These seeds will sprout and take root as soon as the weather turns mild, when they should be taken up and planted out in rows.

A Skilled Estimate.

Richard Pybus, of the Old Lodge, Derby, Pa., at the local agricultural show in 1906, guessed the exact weight of a live bullock—854 pounds. In 1907 his estimate was only 1 pound out, and this year he was within 1 1/2 pounds of the correct weight.