

DEATH TAKES US BY SURPRISE.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem.
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high
For ages would its light
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Elder's Burnt Sacrifice

Old Elder McEntee, as his friends affectionately called him, was feeling very cheerful and at times was moved of the spirit to hum a bar or two of some especially quickening revival melody.

Had he not held a successful revival at the Towne school house? Was not the campaign rich in victories over the hosts of sin? And now to hasten to a new and fertile field at the call of souls in need? Right there, over his heart, lay some of the new kind of paper money that would help the wife, tried and true in all the dire privations of pioneer life, now at home some fifty miles away.

"Thank God for His infinite mercies!" said the good old Elder, aloud. The crisp stars sparkled down on the snowy road. The old moon hid behind the horizon's thither verge, clasping her dead and darkened self in crescent arms.

It was war times, the great Civil War, now little more than an echo in the halls of history. National danger,



A MASS OF SNARLING DOGS.

carnage and death wrought the souls of men to mighty spiritual throes.

As the old Elder strode sturdily along the roughly hewn out highway through pine and hemlocks, he lifted up his voice in one of the popular war songs of the period:

"Time with the column and charging
In the storm,
As men go marching on;
Glory, glory, halleluia!
Glory, glory!"

Hark! what is that answering chorus far down on the road behind him? Silence! Maybe it is a belated "tote" team," hauling supplies to some lumber camp. Yes, no doubt that was the driver's answering song; those "lumber jacks" are ever fond of song.

Cheered by the prospect of a ride when the team caught up, the Elder's mind turned to a review of the revival closed the night before. Again he fervently thanked God for His mercies as he thought of the dozen pioneers who came to the "anxious seat," asked for prayers, and, under Divine conviction, made a profession of faith.

At his return four weeks hence he would administer baptism to the little band of saints, his brands plucked from the fires of sin.

Then his mind turned to the urgent call that came to him, a hopeful call from the unconverted asking him to begin a revival at the McCall school house the next Sunday evening.

Strong and self-reliant at three score and five, accustomed until well past 45 to buffet the ocean storms, a sailor before the mast, he had sturdily refused all conveyance through the twenty miles of forest roads. Now, at midnight, he was still five miles from Brother Smith's.

But this was the last long stretch of woods, the last turn in the road was at hand. A mile farther and he would come to the first "clearing." Beyond there the cabins of the pioneers were frequent all the way.

Then his soul warmed as he recalled the generous collection taken up for him and put his hand over his pocket where one of those new and handsome greenbacks kept his heart

aglow with gratitude toward his fellowmen.

But, isn't it time the team overtook him? He turned to listen. Night! Darkness! Silence!

Perhaps he could rouse the driver by power of song. He poured forth the fiercely triumphant challenge of an old-time revival melody:

"Satan's mad and I am glad,
Praise the Lord—"

"Ow-w-w!" came a long drawn wail from the road he had so lately trod. From the road twenty rods ahead came a shorter reply. To the left a chorus broke out in wildest fury.

"Wolves!" said the Elder, aghast. The long drawn wail of the leader again chased the mournful echoes deep in forest gloom. No time to lose. The Elder broke from the track, worn deep by "tote" teams, and hastened through the deep snow to the trees beside the road. There was but one tree of climbing size at hand, so far as he could discern, amidst that murk and gloom.

This was a pine, possibly six or seven inches through. Some falling giant of the woods had broken off the top, perhaps ten feet from the ground. The Elder paused an instant, then his sailor training served him well as he climbed the quivering tree, and none too soon.

It was a mere stub with only one limb strong enough to hold up his weight, and near the top. Even this seemed alarmingly near the earth, and of brittle pine. The first wolf's eyes gleamed in the darkness below as he seated himself cautiously and threw one arm over the broken top of the friendly tree. Others came loping, hunger driven; or sinking cautiously in dread of danger; some high sped by youthful ignorance and courage.

Soon they rushed, a frantic, gruesome band, leaping high in air. The Elder drew his feet up on his slender perch as the lithe leader sprang high and closed his jaws with a crash of gleaming teeth no more than a foot and a half from the Elder's feet.

They were now a mass of snarling dogs standing up beside the tree to tear its bark with cruel fangs; or jumping on each other's backs to get nearer the coveted feast. The Elder could think of no comparison more fit than a revival meeting led by the evil one with fiends on the "anxious seat!"

He was terrified in body and soul, but soon his resolute spirit calmed the body's terror as he poured out his trust, his hope, his faith and resignation, in fervent prayer to God.

The ravenous beasts became more noisy in their fury as immunity to danger grew apparent. At last it came to the Elder like a flash of inspiration, even like a divine answer to that Heaven-piercing prayer, that wolves are terrified at the flash of flame and fire.

He drew from his pocket a match box, relic and habit of sailor days. But, what to use for tinder?

Searching his pockets he clasped his Bible in hand. Ah! the leaves are just the thing!

Then his soul shook in strong revulsion as he cried aloud:
"Better death than desecration of Thy Word!"

He reverently returned the Bible to his coat pocket and slipped his benumbed hand under his coat. Ah! that vest pocket and the treasured "greenback."

With fingers slightly warmed he gathered a bunch of pine "needles" and carefully placed the crisp ten-dollar bill within, scratched a match and held it beneath his treasure.

Tiny flame; a glimmer; a hope; a thrill of keen despair; another tongue of flame from a new match; a burst of light.

Already some of that coward crew are skulking shadows, cautiously breaking off a handful of twigs and branches he lighted them and dropped them all aflame among the besiegers, now retreating toward the outer darkness.

Down the road a rifle shot rang out, sharp, imperative command; rousing the slumbering echoes to insistent reply. The wolves vanished like phantoms in wretched dreams.

"Hello, there! Anyone in trouble?" rang out a voice in the distance.

"The wolves had me treed!" said the Elder, "but, thank God, they have all left."

When the three armed rescuers arrived they found the good Elder down from the tree, down on his knees in the snow, pouring forth his thankfulness in praise to the Great Deliverer, in fervid words the inspired psalmist might have spoken.

For many winters, around the cozy farmhouse fires, a favorite story was that of the burned greenback which good old Elder McEntee sacrificed.—E. Hollenbeck.

More Plausible.

A young and enterprising Kansas lawyer was trying one of his first cases, relates a writer in the Kansas City Journal. He desired to illustrate his contention by means of hypothesis, and began:

"We will suppose, your honor, that your honor were to steal a horse—"

"No, no, no!" interrupted the judge. "Not at all, not at all, sir. Not a supposable case, sir."

"Very well, begging your honor's pardon," said the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence; "very well, then, supposing I should steal a horse—"

"Ah, yes, yes," said the judge, "that is a very different thing; very different, Mr. X. Proceed, sir."

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

A ton of water contains 224 gallons.

The United Kingdom manufactures 260,000 tons of soap yearly.

Germany's four super-dreadnoughts will each have a crew of 1,000 men.

New Alaskan copper fields may reduce the price of electrolytic copper to 3 cents a pound.

In the forty years 1868 to 1908 Japan's yearly foreign trade increased from \$13,000,000 to \$407,000,000.

Prof. Lankester says there have never been any large flying animals, and so there cannot be any large flying machines.

Japan's principal mineral productions are, in order of importance as named, copper, sulphur, silver, iron, coal, petroleum and gold.

The turbine derives its power not from the expansive pressure of steam, as in a cylinder engine, but from its momentum, impinging at high velocity on vanes attached to the revolving shaft.

Health Commissioner Ritchie of Boston declares that pneumonia is now the most fatal disease in his jurisdiction. According to the present figures of the Board of Health, pneumonia comes first, heart disease second and tuberculosis, which was first in 1900, third.

A British gunboat returning from Bering sea reports new changes in the Bogoslov Islands, which were created off the Alaskan coast five years ago by a volcanic upheaval. What were at first two separate islands are now made into one by the rising of the ocean floor between. Vegetation is already beginning to appear on the new-born islets.

The railway station of Bragulia, Serbia, is so infested with snakes that special precautions are taken when trains stop there to prevent the reptiles from entering the compartments. An Englishwoman coming from Constantinople was appalled to find a small snake coiled round the handle of her traveling bag. The consequent search resulted in the discovery of several other snakes among the passengers' rugs.

The news that the King and Queen have consented to allow their names to be assigned to the western towers of Truro Cathedral is extremely welcome. Many of our cathedral towers bear names connected with some saint or some great local notability, but we believe it is a new departure of recent years to give them a royal aspect. The kindly action of the King and Queen will be much appreciated in Cornwall.—Lady's Pictorial.

The province of Prince Edward Island, Canada, has ceased to produce tobacco, all attempts having proved unprofitable. The rest of Canada produced 11,266,732 pounds in 1908, nearly all in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The dominion turned out \$15,274,293 worth of tobacco (manufactured), cigars, cigarettes and snuff in 1908, besides importing \$3,385,348 worth of which \$3,247,429 worth was from the United States. Consumption of tobacco increased from 1,755 pounds a head in 1869 to 2,257 pounds in 1908.

A cairn and cross have been erected on Killingtrangan moor, near Ballantrae, in memory of Robert Cunningham, postman, who perished there in the great snowstorm of last winter. At the unveiling the postmen from the surrounding districts attended in uniform. Into the cairn is built an inscribed block of granite, and along with a memorial tablet in Ballantrae parish church, it is the outcome of a public subscription. The cross is a gift from the postmen's federation in memory of a comrade who lost his life on duty.—London Globe.

The American vice-consul-general at Calcutta, India, reports that a great business is springing up in that metropolis in securing and preparing the skins of brown rats, which are used for many purposes, such as binding of books, the making of purses, gloves and other articles of feminine use and adornment, and the traffic in this commodity with great Britain amounts to \$250,000 yearly. It is required that the rats shall be trapped, or, at least, no virus shall be used in killing, as the peculiar eruptive effects of poison depreciates the value of the skin. The supply of rodents at Calcutta is said to be illimitable, while the demand for rat skins, particularly of the brown species, is constantly increasing.

Chocolate creams, each one of which is guaranteed to contain at least ten million carefully isolated lactic acid or massol bacilli in the highest state of activity, have just been placed on sale in London stores. They are a British bacteriologist's solution of the problem set by Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who urged the imbibing of sour milk or lactic acid for the arresting of old age, but who omitted to say how the nauseating effects of this substance upon delicate subjects could be avoided. The blue massol bacillus is not only the foe of the red bacillus—colitis communis, or putrefaction microbe—but its undisputed master. The blue army of bacilli, it is urged, have no sooner been liberated in the human system by the swallowing of a bonbon than they begin immediately to declare war on the red army of putrefaction microbes, until at the end of a few weeks at most, by the swallowing of three bonbons daily, the "reds" have been routed.

HOPE TO FREE MORSE.

Friends Working to Secure Release of Convicted Napoleon of Finance.

Efforts to secure a pardon for Charles W. Morse, the fallen Napoleon of finance, who has begun to serve a sentence of fifteen years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga., for violation of the federal banking laws, have begun. His counsel, Martin W. Littleton, and his wife, who has clung to her husband with great fidelity and who disposed of her jewelry and most of her personal effects a few months ago to aid in the fight to secure his freedom, will lead in the movement. Every influence, political and other, will be brought to bear to procure a Presidential pardon, for that is now the sole avenue of escape before the dethroned ice king.

In the great federal penitentiary Morse has been assigned to work as a tailor, and in this occupation he will be obliged to put in eight hours a day. Early to bed and early to rise is the rule of the prison and Sunday, with the few holidays which are interspersed throughout the year, will be the only day of rest. The food, while wholesome, will be of the plainest and will be a remarkable change for a man who has for many years been accustomed to the delicacies of the most luxurious restaurants in New York.

Convicts in the prison are divided into three classes. As long as Morse remains tractable he will be in Class 1 and will be allowed to draw books from the library, receive visitors and write letters. If he becomes bad, in the prison meaning of the term, he



CHARLES W. MORSE.

will sink to Class 2 or Class 3, and those in the latter grade are deprived of all privileges.

The rise and fall of Charles W. Morse forms an interesting chapter in the recent history of New York's financial methods. As a young college man in Maine he engaged in the ice business and prospered, and with a good working capital came to New York, where he formed the Ice Trust, with a capitalization of \$40,000,000. Then he branched into the banking business and soon owned or controlled twenty different financial institutions, using one bank security for securing control of another. Not content with these triumphs, which netted him many millions, he organized the Consolidated Steamship Company, with a capitalization of \$120,000,000. Had not the panic of 1907 occurred, Morse would have been able to swing his great enterprises, but he fell one of the victims of that disastrous financial crash and in a night the title of Ice King, Banking King and Steamship King passed away from him forever. In an endeavor to save himself he misappropriated funds of the National Bank of North America, and it is for this offense he is now a prisoner in the Atlanta penitentiary.

Appreciation for a Poet.

On the day it was announced that the body of poor John Davidson had been found, I read a brief paragraph showing how such a calamity might easily have been avoided. The inhabitants of Tourcoing, in the north of France, are very proud of their local dialectic poet, M. Jules Watteun. Instead of waiting to erect a statue to him after death they have made sure that he shall be put beyond the reach of financial worry, that bane of so many poets great and small, during his lifetime. There was a demonstration in honor of M. Watteun last year and a public subscription was opened. The sum collected has now been utilized to build the poet a house, which shall be his during his lifetime and then revert to the commune, and in addition to secure him an annuity; while if his death precedes that of his wife an annuity of half the value will be paid to her so long as she lives.

Perfect Coating for Hams.

Mraslin is the name of a substance that is used in Bohemia to coat hams. It is pliable as rubber, tasteless and harmless, and keeps the hams—also meats, eggs, etc., perfectly fresh almost indefinitely. The mraslin can be peeled from the hame almost as easily as the skin from a banana.

Our idea of a foolish woman is one who is afraid of a mouse and isn't afraid of a man.

Many a man fails to arrive because he started with cold feet.

Topical Times

The eruptions of Vesuvius greatly increase the fertility of the ground in the vicinity.

Into the trade school at Liege, Belgium, there has been introduced a course in cigar making, fostered by government subsidy.

Hundreds of the houses of Minneapolis and St. Paul are equipped with outdoor open bedrooms, where the owners sleep in the coldest weather.

The pounding noise of steam pipes can be obliterated by attaching to the pipes a small check valve, set to admit air, but not to release any pressure.

Researches in Germany show that a given quantity of red-hot coke will absorb four times the amount of water that will be absorbed by the same coke if cold.

The detailed formula of every patent medicine has to be filed with the Austrian government and other requirements fulfilled before its importation is allowed.

Experiments are being made in England and Germany in cultivating the soya bean, which is said to be nearly three times as rich in albuminoids as oats and wheat.

Japan recently completed and placed in commission the fastest passenger steamship in the Pacific. Oil fuel and turbine engines give it a speed of twenty-three knots.

The total length of railway under construction or immediately projected in India is 3,222 miles, of which about one-third is by the British government and the rest by private companies. The estimated cost is over \$12,000,000.

Miss Helen Gould has given \$150,000 to the American college for girls at Constantinople. The college is about to move from Soutari to the European side of the Bosphorus. Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, a native of Canterbury, N. H., is the president.

A remarkable suspension bridge spans the River Apurimac in central Peru. The ropes of this bridge are composed of pliable roots and vines, while the planks are made of branches. In the humid climate of Peru it would be by no means extraordinary if this vegetable bridge were one day to start growing.

Miss Ivy E. Woodward, M. D., has been admitted to full membership in the Royal College of Physicians, of London. It is the first time in its history that this body has conferred the coveted M. R. C. P. on a woman, although some women have obtained the L. R. C. P., which latter indicates that the holder has been licensed to practice the medical profession.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are taking steps to organize chapters of the society in all the large co-educational and women's colleges of the country. The first and at present the only chapter is made up of Barnard undergraduates and was organized through the efforts of Mrs. William Cumming Story and Mrs. Donald McLean. It received its first public recognition from older chapters during the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

A woman has just been made a Judge in Denmark, and the Danish women are boasting that it is the first time in the history of the world that such an office has been given to a woman. The suffragists of the United States reply by pointing to Mrs. Esther Morris, of Wyoming; Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch, of Illinois, and Mrs. Mary Cooper, of Kansas. The Jewish women add to this list Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, who not only judged the people of Israel for forty years, but led their forces to battle because the general refused to go without her.

In olives Italy has the name, Spain covers the largest area of all countries in Europe, with about 3,200,000 acres, of which about 1,800,000 are in Andalusia. Eating olives are delivered dry to the factories, where they are soaked in large vats with a solution of caustic soda until the solution has penetrated to the stones. After a washing in fresh water the olives are put into hogsheads of brine for two months of fermentation. When they are bottled new brine is used, but the output from the factories is usually in hogsheads holding 160 gallons.

OFFICIAL INSOLENCE.

Americans Stand With "Hat in Hand" Before Hired Men.

The Scot who boarded a British warship and sent word to its captain that "one of the owners" wished to see him asserted a fact which few of us have the backbone to stand up to; that the humble masses own the earth by right of having paid for it with their more or less hard earned money. It would seem as if we, the proprietors of the ever-glorious republic, are specially meek in regarding our "hired men," from the president down, as our masters rather than our paid servants. Frank M. Bicknell says in Lippincott's: We allow ourselves to be brow-beaten by public and quasi-public officials to an extent that amazes the foreigner. A titled Englishman recently wasted much temper in learning that an American railway conductor is allowed to be almost as autocratic as the captain of an ocean liner. Among the few "strangers in our midst" who have really succeeded in silencing a

toplofty parlor car conductor is O'Rell; and he did it by bursting with a threat to pitch him through the window, about the opening which they disagreed.

It is not the highly placed official however, but the petty lackey in whose own importance appears to be in direct proportion to their civic levity. A smart young clerk at a certain suburban city hall once to snub and make needless trouble, a quiet, shabby, elderly man who requested an item of information from his counter. To the young fellow's comfiture, the old gentleman revealed so far as to free his mind as follows:

"My friend, let me ask if I am your service or you in mine. I'd always supposed my tax money he pay you and these other chaps he work for the city to the best of ability. And as I am a citizen of city I'm one of your bosses, and I feel to be treated as if I was better than dirt; besides which, your own account you want to be little more civil, or some day you'll hunting another job. It never shames you in just that light before, but it's so all the same."

A little plain talk of this sort, conveying a wholesome lesson, is much oftener than it is given. If we submit to domineering rather than make a fuss, being surprised, indeed, if we don't get it. If the man on the corner, when we ask a direction, responds with anything better than patronizing condescension we are absurdly grateful. We proach the box office of a theater even the desk of a hotel, as you can see, ready to wring at the rudeness or rebuff. In the cars, of the large cities at least, avoid personal intercourse with men in charge, and look for only curt responses if need forces you to interrogate them.

However, there is something to be said on the other side, and if we feel moved on occasion to put on these high-and-mighty officials in proper place, let us do it goodly, not forgetting the hint given by a certain street car company in printed notice to the effect that your courtesy is to be desired from the conductor, its practice is not unbecoming in the passenger.

WAR ON WOLVES AND COYOTES.

Colorado Will Endeavor to Eradicate Pests to Save Game. State Game Commissioner T. J. Land will have a dreared name as the coyotes and wolves before he gets out of office, for he is determining wage war of extinction against "varmints."

Commissioner Holland believes coyotes are responsible for destruction of more game in Colorado than any other pest. He has ordered an army of pot hunters thirty times as large as those which annually kill the deer sections. All during the winter and winter they are chasing deer, pulling down young fawns in late summer and capturing the animals in the deep snow when they come.

Therefore he will issue instructions to all game wardens to poison coyotes and wolves. The government has effected a new wolf poisoning system that is said to work very effectively. And the old strychnine carcass which is worked to the limit to deplete the hands of killers which range all over the mountains and plains of Colorado.

In the early days, according to Commissioner Holland, coyotes rarely quanted the mountains. Hardly a trapper or pioneer remembers having seen coyotes in the mountains. Sustenance was far easier on plains for two reasons, the game more easily caught and the coyotes did not have man to depend on. When men went into the mountains the refuse they threw away from living would keep a coyote alive long time.

The mountain coyotes now roam around ranch houses and towns than anywhere else, and in the time steal in to pilfer and gorge. Always find plenty to eat either killing game or stealing from Commissioner Holland thinks they can do much toward preserving and killing coyotes by using especially as the new game law provides bounty money.—Denver Post.

A Disappointing Witness.

Deacon Stephen Potter, one of the pioneers of Utica, N. Y., was a great eccentricity but high moral actor. "The deacon will speak truth and shame the devil," was said of him.

On one occasion a friend was gaged in a lawsuit in regard to land a few miles from Utica. He the land at a high price. During trial he called Deacon Potter as a witness, to prove how valuable the was. The deacon was sworn and asked if he knew the land.

"Yes," he replied, "I know every of it."

"What do you think it worth Potter?" was the next question.

The old man paused a moment, then said, slowly, "If I had a dollar—as my yoke of oxen—draw—on a sled—on glaze ice—I would not give a dollar and for it!"

The Fleck Fly.

The housefly lays eggs, but the fly, known as the bluebottle, producing larvae, about fifty at a time.

Many people seem to make a mistake of doing the wrong thing at right time.