

# CARBON MIGRATION IN NEW FOUNDLAND

## HAVE GOLD IDEAS OF LOVE

With Chinese, Marriage is a Business of the Head, Not an Affair of the Heart.

Perhaps there is no greater difference existing between the ideas of the American people than that between their ideas of love. In fact, we are so much more materialistic in our views on marriage, and so much less sentimental creatures, but cold philosophical, fatalistic beings. We regard marriage as a business affair through hard reasoning and not through the tender passion.

To us marriage is a serious business, and the wedding is a light affair of the heart. In these matrimonial transactions we apply the most accurate business principles, and that is why we are so successful in the marriage enterprise.

NE more I found myself in Newfoundland watching from my blind for the elusive carbon. The day before yesterday, while paddling up the river, I saw several small lots of carbon on the bank directly opposite my camp; so it looks as though the migration, for which I have long waited, has really begun to take place. I repaired the blinds, which I have used each year, and built a couple of new ones on very promising leads, so I feel that I am ready for my friends when they come. My blind or gaze as the Newfoundlanders call it, is a simple affair composed of about a dozen small fir trees struck securely into the bank, and a large sheet of canvas stretched across them. The canvas is held in place by a wooden frame, and the sheet is held in place by a wooden frame, and the sheet is held in place by a wooden frame.

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# A Woman of Her Word

By Clara Inez Deacon

Eliza Ridgeway was a simple man and lived on a farm alone and made his own bread and did his own cooking. Time after time he was called away to his work, and time after time he came back and found his wife waiting for him.

"I thought from what I had seen when he would get to go that he expected us to get married," "Maybe he did, but we ain't goin' to be married till he's dead."

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# TELEGRAPH OF SAVAGE SENDS NEWS SWIFTLY OVER GREAT DISTANCES

The principle of telegraphy would appear to have been anticipated by the savages of Africa in the use of the tusk of the elephant. The tusk is used as a means of communication, and as one practical and effective means of conveying news it has been tested many times.

French explorers seem to have been the first to bring this system to the attention of civilized people. By means of it news of important events in the interior of the Sudan reaches all the trading ports on the coast in a very short time.

The communication is made by means of various instruments, the most common ones being horns, tom-toms and whistles. The horns are made of solid ivory, hollowed out at one end, and the other end is cut into a trumpet shape.

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# Worked Hard for Success of the Foundation, came up from the ranks.

Dr. Luther J. Galt, president of the department of hygiene of the State foundation, came up from the ranks. He is a native of New York, and has spent most of his life in the study of medicine.

Dr. Galt was born in Honolulu, Hawaii, and came to this country in 1882. He studied at the University of California, and received his medical degree in 1892.

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# MANUFACTURERS' VALUATION HAS LEAP

At a meeting of the G. A. R. of the state it has decided to have the state estimate next year.

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# NEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF MICHIGAN

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# ACCUSER ON STAND

LAWYERS FOR DARROW CROSS EXAMINE BLEUTH WHO TOLD OF ALLEGED FUNDS. JOB HARRIMAN IS NAMED.

Bert H. Franklin in Los Angeles Briefly Trial Declares Trial Was to Attend Conference Over Jury Plot.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 3.—Sensational disclosures of incidents which have occurred in the camp of the McNamara defense, as told by Bert H. Franklin, one of the state's principal witnesses, in the trial of Clarence Darrow, accused of jury bribery, were made today.

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# KNIGHTS TEMPLAR MARCH

Fifteen Hundred Sir Knights March in Detroit With 11 Bands. The masses of white plumes, mingling with the stars and stripes and white walls marched down Woodward avenue to the music of 11 bands at the formal opening of the fifty-first annual convocation of the Knights Templar.

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# FORMER ELECTION CASE UP TO SENATE

DEBATE WILL LAST AT LEAST TWO WEEKS; KEARNS LEADS ADVISORY. INDICATIONS ARE THAT "BLIND BOSS" WILL BE OUSTED.

New Members Expected to Turn Vote of Acquittal Following Lost Debate into One of Guilty or Not Guilty or Secured.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1914

New York's latest delicacy is... The modern youngster would rather have a basket of...

The increase of warmth in the atmosphere has been quite convincingly accounted for.

All that China wants to borrow just now is \$300,000,000. Have you got so much change about you?

Michigan telephone girls complain that the instruments they wear cause cuts or rashes on their ears.

An Ohio farmer has recovered his eyesight by the extraction of two of his teeth. Eye teeth, probably.

By breaking his own leg a motorcyclist has reversed the usual order of breaking other people's bones.

A Pennsylvania judge has decided that a voter's home is where his wife lives. What more can the suffragette ask?

A Mount Vernon (Ill.) bird dog attacked a live of bees and was stung to death. Let the bird dog stick to birds.

The "women first" rule is held to be unapplicable to street cars, for on them women stand first, last and ways.

City people who don't realize the value of shade trees forty or fifty years old should go out and try to buy a few.

Now it is hinted that the tight skirt responsible for the recent epidemic probably a card made by the cloth manufacturers.

A Pennsylvania act is keeping an estate of \$2,500 from distribution. While that act lives the estate must remain intact.

A Kansas City man has informed his family that he has been instructed by the Lord to rest for a year. Some men have luck.

Boston has begun a crusade for sterilized sausages and bacillus-proof beefsteak, but well bet they won't start anything on beans.

Most street cars are built on the incontrovertible theory that a standing passenger occupies less space than a sitting passenger.

An American airman has now flown across the English channel. This leaves the seer's still equal in the modern race of achievement.

A Brooklyn man found and severely punished the man who ran away with his wife, says an exchange. By returning to take her back, we infer.

The office boy who had killed off all his relatives and uncles is now trying to devise more elderly relatives to fit the present baseball season.

All the recreation magazines nowadays are telling their readers how to find faults, in order to choose intelligently when arranging menus.

Cleveland wants a three-foot pipe with a hole in it to pay those three-cent fares. Do they want to carry car fare around through their nostrils?

Ragnis, Miss, it is said, is responsible for the recent epidemic of such extortions, but we are inclined to lay the blame on ragtime morality.

An ecstasiac child-to-be discovered 18,834,312 microbes on a dollar bill. Probably he included those who died of old-age-while-he-was counting.

A Wisconsin dairyman says that cows can be induced to give more milk by massaging their udders with a stick of butter.

There had been a \$10,000,000 fire in the bazars of Damascus, but the supply of oriental rags is probably not diminished. They make good news in Connecticut.

A Kentucky university is to add chicken farming to its courses. This enterprise will give it cause to crow over its rivals, and probably egg them to emulation.

"St. Louis has been drinking Mississippi river water ever since it was a cold trout and was called 'hot'." Which may account for some of the St. Louis peculiarities.

The Kitchen Cabinet

THE world is not what we think it is. It is what it is. It is what it is. It is what it is.

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that I have roses.

Never sew lace with silk, as the stitches are very noticeable. This is true no matter how coarse the lace.

Give away the old garments; do not store them for the moths and rust to ruin them.

Little dices, even for the small child, are great helps in the household, and they are early in taking responsibility.

If your sheets are too short and pull down from the foot, make a new sheet and sew buttons on the mattress to correspond with the holes.

Peas on Toast—Heat the peas. If you have a large quantity, add a little white sauce made of milk and butter.

Asparagus prepared in the same manner as the peas, but with a little cream added and is most nourishing.

The various nut dishes and nut butter supply a fair amount of valuable food in place of meat when used simply or in combination with other foods.

Surgeon's adhesive plaster is a great help to keep corners amiable. Put it on the corners of the mouth.

Put a little of the English mustard on the head for five or ten minutes; the relief will not get hard and painful.

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PROPER MANAGEMENT OF SOWS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE

Animals in Good Physical Condition Will Care for Their Young and Eat Less Food

By HENRY F. COPE

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THE QUIET HOUR

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THREE BIG SHIPS HELD BY ONE COOK

Steamers Brazos, Comanche and Comal, Were All Late in Getting Away

OILER STARTS SCRAP

By HENRY F. COPE

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR JUNE 9

HEARING AND DOING

LESSON TEXT—Luke 9:49-50

There never was a thirst that Coca-Cola couldn't satisfy.

It goes, straight as an arrow, to the dry spot.

And besides this, it satisfies to a T the call for something purely delicious and deliciously pure—and wholesome.

Delicious Refreshing Thirst-Quenching

Free Our new booklet, telling of Coca-Cola vindication at Chattanooga, for the asking.

HEART NEEDS ESPECIAL CARE

To Preserve Historic Building

CUTICURA OINTMENT HEALED BAD SORE ON LIMB

BRINGING IT BACK

PLEASE VACATE MY DIVORCE

BREEDING BULLS NEED EXERCISE

KANSAS COWS MAKE RECORDS

THE QUIET HOUR

THREE BIG SHIPS HELD BY ONE COOK

OILER STARTS SCRAP

PROPER MANAGEMENT OF SOWS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE

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OILER STARTS SCRAP

PROPER MANAGEMENT OF SOWS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE



Main text of the Coca-Cola advertisement, including the 'Satisfies' slogan and product benefits.

Text of the 'HEART NEEDS ESPECIAL CARE' and 'To Preserve Historic Building' articles.

Text of the 'CUTICURA OINTMENT HEALED BAD SORE ON LIMB' and 'BRINGING IT BACK' articles.

Text of the 'PLEASE VACATE MY DIVORCE' and 'BREEDING BULLS NEED EXERCISE' articles.

Text of the 'KANSAS COWS MAKE RECORDS' article.

Text of the 'THE QUIET HOUR' article.

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# OCEAN LANES and THEIR ORIGIN



LAUNCHING A LIFE BOAT

WHEN the survivors of the Titanic were picked up by the Carpathia, which had been summoned to their assistance by wireless less than six hours before, people who could see more than the appalling horror of the tragedy that had preceded the rescue, wondered and said:

"But how fortunate that there was a ship near to pick them up. Suppose there hadn't been?"

As a matter of fact, nobody but a landlubber would have made such a remark. Any man who knew the sea and its ways would have been decidedly surprised had the Titanic's survivors been compelled to wait longer than they did, situated as they were in the direct track of all vessels following what is known as the southern course across the Atlantic. Indeed, the testimony before the senate investigating committee disclosed that at least one steamer had been within nearer range of the distressed liner than the Carpathia, and, according to still other participants in the tragedy passed within five miles of the Titanic before she went down.

Now, if you really are a landlubber and if, conversely, you know nothing about the laws and customs of the sea, you will, like the people referred to above, remark what a wonderful thing it was that so many ships could respond to the Titanic's "C. G. D." call, and dismiss the whole affair as a remarkable coincidence. On the contrary, there was no coincidence about it—not any more so than if an automobilist on the Merrick road should break down on a lonely stretch out beyond Sayville, let us suppose, and should receive help from a brother of the gasoline fraternity within the next fifteen or twenty minutes.

A Much Traveled Thoroughfare. No, the Titanic's misfortune happened to her on one of the most frequently traveled thoroughfares of the many that serve the seven seas all over the globe. Outside of a few thickly frequented marine highways, like the British channel, or certain stretches of the Mediterranean, or our own Long Island sound, the Titanic could not have picked out a better place to sink in, with reasonable hope of rescue in a short time. Had it not been for a slip-up or misunderstanding which has yet to be explained, the nearest ship to the wrecked liner would have been alongside in ample time to take off all her passengers and crew.

Nowadays, as, for that matter, from time out of mind, ships do not stray off certain well defined lanes unless driven to do so by unprecedentedly severe weather. But nowadays this holds true even more than formerly. In former times, the prevailing winds at different seasons, the set of various ocean currents, and similar natural phenomena, played considerable parts in the determination of the great trade routes. Just as the location of wells and oases determines caravan routes across the African deserts. Ships naturally steered on courses on which they were most helped by the winds blowing at the different seasons of the year, as well as by currents like the Gulf Stream.

The lines used by the great transatlantic liners, however, are governed entirely by the ice-drift from the north. This ice-drift is a regular phenomenon, and clogs the seas far south as the latitude of Cape Hatteras to a point about 40 degrees west longitude, not very far from the Azores. That is to say, about half the seas between the American and European continents are subject to the peril of the iceberg. Years ago skippers discovered this, and when transatlantic travel began to assume the proportions of an industry, the custom gradually grew up of setting regular routes of travel across the Atlantic, depending upon the presence of ice.

North and South Lanes. The northern, or short lane, is followed late in the year, after all the Greenland flocks and bergs have drifted down and disintegrated in the warmer southern waters; the southern or short course is that followed the greater portion of the year, when the presence of ice is a constant menace to navigation. There is not a great deal of latitudinal difference between the two, and there is no attempt to get wholly below the limit of the ice drift, for that would involve an impossible and really futile detour; but the southern course was always regarded as absolutely safe, until the disaster to the Titanic.

To find the beginnings of sea lanes of travel, you must go far back to the beginning of things, to the days when men first ventured on the sea and pushed timorously from cape to cape, anchoring by night and rarely calling out of sight of land. The Phoenician mariners, who sent their galleys through the Pillars of Hercules and up to Ireland for cargoes of tin, were among the first to map out recognized routes for sea commerce, and one cannot resist a deep respect for their daring in thus exploring a way that their ancestors must have looked upon with wholly superstitious dread.

In the ancient world, it is true, the

## RYHME OF MODERN MARINER

Being the Story of the Rescue of Captain Blake's Son From Watery Grave

Captain Blake is a mariner's boy, and his ship is the Mary Ann. His crew consists of his wife and child and one able-bodied man. His boat is a barge which lies near Pier B on the Jersey side, and yesterday he left her there at the dock, securely tied. On the deck of the barge his little son, not yet 12 months old, was playing about with a terrier pup called Rag-Tag. His mother was taking a needed nap in the cabin, where all was dark, when her dreams were broken rudely by the dog's staccato bark. When she rushed on deck she saw the pup with his fore feet on the rail and his eager eyes directed toward an object that was sailing most swooned, but gave a frightened scream when she saw the baby sailing off on an ice floe in the stream.

"Go get him—save my little boy!" she screamed, and in a trice the faithful pup was swimming toward the floating cake of ice. The mother's cry was heard by men upon a vessel near—the steamship Oceana, which was tied up at her pier. An officer named Lindsay looked and saw the baby's plight and soon had manned a boat and gone to save the drifting mite. Before he reached the dancing cake the dog was on it, too. The ice floe bore two passengers, a captain and his crew.

The baby and the terrier were taken in the boat—a tiny pair of mariners, too young to be afloat. And with the child safe in her arms the mother wept for joy, but not a whimper passed the lips of the small sailor boy. But when his father, Captain Blake, returned last night and heard his wife relate the story just as it had occurred, he pursed his lips and whistled long, then gave his head a shake and said: "This surely is a fact from me that you can take. That kid of mine a sailor's life most certainly will choose. He's breaking in to learn the game by taking his first cruise. Then, thinking of the cake of ice which was the baby's boat, he said: 'That boy will navigate the biggest ship afloat. He's got the first requirement, and he can't be called a fool; for whatever else he might have done, he certainly kept cool.'"—New York Times.

Greater London. A description of London as a municipality is found in a report which has been sent to the department of commerce and labor by United States Consul General John L. Griffiths, stationed at the British capital.

Instead of having one mayor and several borough heads as New York has, Mr. Griffiths points out that from a governmental point of view London is a very complex organization, consisting of 29 cities and boroughs, all with separate administrations. Each has its own mayor and council, and, besides, however, an authority whose jurisdiction is co-extensive with what is known as the administrative County of London, called the London county council.

It may assist to a better conception of the work of the London county council, writes Mr. Griffiths, "to point out that it has jurisdiction over the public school system of Greater London, the fire department, the street car system, asylums, bridges, highways, department of health, parks and building regulations."

There are 10,800 employees in the tramways department, which has been under the jurisdiction of and operated by the council since January 1, 1899.

Taxes That Never End. The surprising fact is announced that the London city corporation is still paying land tax for the houses which existed on Old London bridge, houses that disappeared about the year 1755.

It has at last been decided to re-deem this ancient tax, which by act of parliament has been levied ever since the old bridge was demolished. A copy of the old act is in the city archives. The amount of the land tax is about \$1,800 a year, and the city will be able to secure a redemption by payment of a lump sum of \$55,000 or so.

It may seem strange that rates and taxes have been paid for so many years upon houses which disappeared so long ago, but it is not generally known that it is the custom when houses are demolished to make way for public improvements to include in the parliamentary authorization a clause compelling the authority concerned to make good any loss occasioned to the rates.—New York Sun.

Not Soon to Be Repeated. There were two men in court the other day who were arrested for cheating a man out of \$100, and the judge said:

"Stand up and state your case."  
"Well, I will tell you, your honor. We were playing a game of cards and my friend bet this man that he could bring out two jacks together, and the cards were shuffled up and by mere accident the two jacks came out together."

The judge said:  
"What is your name?"  
"Jack Jones."  
"And what is your name?"  
"Jack Howard."  
The judge said:  
"Jack Jones, I'll give you one year, and you, Jack Howard, I'll give you two years, and I'll bet \$100 that you two jacks don't come out together."

Daffodil Poison. The poison of the daffodil is the plant's means of defense. How effective it is may be judged by the fact that rabbits, rats and other small pests which devour hyacinths and crocuses with gusto, leave the daffodil severely alone. Nurserymen, too, will tell you that the men employed in gathering Lent lilies suffer from poisoned hands. After working a little while their hands become sore, and painful gatherings form under the finger nails and wherever the skin is broken. Despite of all this, however, west country housewives brew from the flowers a decoction warranted to cure all human ills—possibly by killing the patient.

# Heart Hunter

By Izola Forrester

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Russell did not look up at the schoolhouse window when he drew rein. He knew that she could see him from her desk, and the outer door was wide open. It was well after four, and all the children had vanished down the four roads leading from the schoolhouse corner. They were quite alone, if one excepted the red squirrel who was tenant for life in the elm that was king of the playground.

It was half a mile to the nearest farmhouse. All about lay June fields, rich in lush grass ready almost for mowing. The air was golden, warm, hazy, lazy, wooing one to forget duty and day's work. Russell was heavily burdened with both at present. As superintendent of schools in Lawrence county, he devolved on his shoulders to get the teacher go at the little Flaxy Bend district, because of inattention to duty and general laxity of conduct.

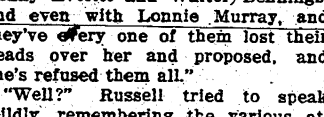
That was exactly the wording of the charges in Mrs. Deacon Mabry's letter that rested in his coat pocket. He didn't intend to show it to the girl.

So simple it seemed, so hard it was to do. He had fought against it for nearly a week, remembering her upturned, earnest face, so warm and tender in its brunette tinting, the big, brown eyes, and childish mouth that drooped wistfully at the corners, the dark hair bound smoothly around the small head, with a big, black velvet bow on one side. That bow had been an offense to the enemy, even, at least on one side.

"She ain't stiddy enough to teach," old Mrs. Mabry had insisted. "I taught considerably after Myron and I were married, but I was stiddy. It's a known fact that she's gotten four of the boys this winter."

"Settled them? You mean expelled them?"

"No, I don't, Mr. Russell. I mean just what I say. She's carried on girl-fashion with Nate Hoskins and



"I'm Afraid They Don't Like Me Very Well—Do They?"

Benny Everitt and Walter Bennings, and even with Lonnie Murray, and they've every one of them lost their heads over her and proposed, and she's refused them all."

"Well," Russell tried to speak mildly, remembering the various attractions of the aforesaid four boys, "maybe she didn't intend to have them take her seriously, Mrs. Mabry."

"And if she didn't, then she's light-minded, and a heart hunter, if I do say it myself, Mr. Russell. That's what we always used to call them, heart hunters, and their minds don't go any further than hunting them, and letting them go as soon as they're caught."

Russell remembered the whole conversation now as he stepped into the little shadowy schoolroom, low-ceiled, cool, with fern boxes at the windows and bunches of June roses on the desks. Rose was her name, too, he remembered—Rose Phillips. She turned her head now, a quick smile of welcome and surprise on her face.

"Did you come to wish me good-by?" she asked.

Russell could not help but smile back. He laid his cap on one of the first row desks and stood looking at her as he drew off his gloves. She could not have been over eighteen.

Concerned About the Past  
"Oh, hush!" repeated her companion.  
"I should like the play if it were not for the incongruity I mentioned, the woman remarked a little later, "grates upon me. I feel that I must account for it. Can it be possible that the author wishes the audience to understand that she did kill him! She may have used one of those soundless rifles, so of course there could not hear the report. There is smokeless powder, so of course there must be soundless rifles," she babbled, more contentedly. Her companion vouchsafing her no reply, for a time she remained silent. But soon her voice again welled forth as she inquired earnestly:  
"There are soundless rifles, Adolph, are there not?"  
"Great heavens!" returned the long-suffering Adolph. "I don't know, I never heard one."—New York Press

In spite of what the school committee had reported, he knew that the little school had made actual progress under her care and tuition during the past term.

Since her coming the whole place had been changed. The children had given little entertainments and earned money for a new stove, for new globes and window boxes, and little fresh muslin curtains at the windows. At the school examinations they had led the other township schools, and before her days, Flaxy Bend district had been a problem in education.

"Yes," said Russell, with almost a sigh, "I came to say good-by."  
She waited a minute, chin raised, eyes questioning.

"Where did you tell me your home was, Miss Phillips?" he asked, leaning over the top of the desk and fingering a pink rose that was nearest to him.

"Vermont. It's only a little bit of a place where the trains stop if they are flagged. We call it Phillips' Crossing."

"I suppose you'll be glad to get home."  
"Not so very." She spoke reluctantly, with a little uplift of her shoulders. "You see, I have a step-father, and I am the only child from the first marriage, and there are seven little ones now besides. They don't miss me a bit, unless it's a good miss."

"Why did you come way down here in the country?"  
"Because I was in a hurry to go to work. The city schools won't take you unless you've been through Normal, you know. I like it out here. The work was hard, but the victory was so much greater, and I do think the children love me."

Russell caught the little wistful touch in her voice.  
"The old folks are peculiar, aren't they? Hard to get along with."  
"I'm afraid they don't like me very well—do they?"

"They say you're a good teacher, but—"  
Rose waited and looked up at him quickly. Her brown hair was very near, with its soft satiny braids. Before he really meant to, he had tucked the pink rose among them.

"It looks much better there," he added, and wondered why his own pulses were racing suddenly, like brooks in April.  
"But what? Please—please tell me!" she pleaded, drawing back, but not removing the rose. "What do they say?"

"They say you're a heart hunter."  
She leaned back her head and sighed, her hands clasped back of the rose, her eyes looking past him out of the first open window.

"They mean the boys, I suppose, Nate and the rest. Could I help it? Now, truly, could I, Mr. Russell? You know just what boys are. They're some here every day, and bring all sorts of things to me that I didn't want. Why, Lonnie even used to bring me fox pelts for a cloak, of all things. Boys are always boys, and they get over it so quickly. I was just as nice to them as I could be."

"I am not blaming you—nor them," said Russell a bit unsteadily. "Only I agree with the deacon's wife that you are a very dangerous and disturbing influence to have around these peaceful parts."

The tears glistened in her eyes. "Oh, you don't really mean that?" she said pleadingly. "Are you trying to tell me I cannot teach here again?"

Russell stared awkwardly down at her head, as she leaned it on folded arms, and her shoulders shook with sobs.

"He tried so hard, and the children all love me," she said brokenly. "I didn't want to go back home at all. I was going to board here all summer, and rest—"

Then suddenly it dawned on Neil Russell why he had driven ten miles that afternoon to make all fit and due explanations to the teacher instead of writing. He knew just why he had thought of nothing but her tender lips and dark eyes and low contralto voice for weeks past. He knew why he had saved every scrap of writing she had ever sent him, and why he carried in an inner pocket a little tan suede glove he had found beside her chair after a board meeting one day. Oh, yes, he knew now, and he imprisoned both her hands in his and raised them to his lips.

"Rose," he said. "Stop crying. I've brought you another heart, dear."  
She stopped sobbing, but did not raise her head.

"I haven't any one in the world myself. I came up here from New York and got along well. There's enough saved in the bank to buy us a good home in the fall. I think I could make you happy, Rose, if I may have you, dear."

"What would you tell the deacon's wife and—and—all the rest?" she asked faintly.

"That I had to dismiss you because I couldn't let my wife work." He whispered. "Won't that do for a good excuse?"

## GENIUS WAS WASTED

BRIGGS WOULD HAVE THRIVED IN WALL STREET.

Tired of Borrowing Mr. Dunham's Sled, He Makes a Proposition for Buying It—Did Dunham Grab It?

Mr. Dunham had just finished his morning chores at the barn and was going in to breakfast when Briggs, the hired man, who had bought the neighboring Alden farm, appeared. He was a congenial person, with a well-padded waistcoat and an engaging smile.

"Morning!" said the newcomer, briskly.  
"Morning!" said Mr. Dunham.  
"I'm going to be neighborly right away," declared Briggs, with an air of simple frankness. "I want to borrow your wood sled for the day. I've had no time to get settled yet, and there's so much to do I do know which way to turn, hardly. But I've got to get some wood down and I want to do it while the hauling's good."

"That's all right," said Mr. Dunham. "Take it and welcome. It's out there under the shed."  
A day or two later the new neighbor came again. This time he had the oxen with him. He nodded cheerfully as he passed the house and remarking casually, "I s'pose, it's all right to take the sled again?" hitched up. This time he kept it two days.

A week later he came when Mr. Dunham was away, and whistling merrily as he yoked his steers, drove off without question. Dunham waited four days, and then had to gawfer the sled himself.

On the next occasion when the new neighbor called, he found Mr. Dunham milking. Leaning against the stanchion with his hands in his pockets, he began:

"Dunham, I like that sled of yours. It's new, ain't it?"  
"Why, yes. It was new this season."  
"Want to sell it?"

"No, I do know as I do."  
"What did it cost you?"  
"I paid Smith \$25 for making it, and I furnished part of the stock."  
"Well, it's worth it, and you ought to have some profit on it, too. Now, I tell you what; I don't feel right borrowing all the time, and I'd like to buy it. How would \$35 look to you?"

Dunham milked silently for a moment. Then he said, "Well, I guess \$35 would be all right."  
"Good enough!" cried Briggs, heartily. "It's worth that to me. I ain't got the ready cash just now, but we can fix it up this way; I'll take the sled over to my place, and any time you want to use it, you come right over and get it, just the same as if 'twas yours. I'll keep track of it, and charge ye a reasonable amount each time you take it—say maybe a dollar—and when it comes to \$35, why, the sled'll be mine, and we'll be square. That'll save you buying a new one, and I'll feel better'n 's if I was borrowing all the time. Is that all right?"—Youth's Companion.

The Parasitic Woman. The heaviest burden today on productive America, aside from the burden imposed by a vicious industrial system, is that of its non-productive women. They are the most demanding portion of our society. They spend more money than any other group, are more insistent in their cry for amusement, are more resentful of interruptions of their pleasures and excitements, go to greater extremes of indolence and uneasiness.

The really serious side to the existence of this parasitical group is that great numbers of other women, not free, forced to produce, accept their standards of life. We hear women, useful women, everywhere talking about the desirability of not being able to do anything, commiserating women who must work, commiserating those who have heavy household responsibilities, and by the whole gist of their words and acts influencing those younger and less experienced than themselves to believe that happiness lies in irresponsible living.—American Magazine.

Philippine Sorrow. When I went down to breakfast the other morning at my hotel I found the attentive and unusually intelligent Filipino waiter who has served me ever since I attached myself to the hostelry squad. His eyes were bleared with salty tears and he looked down at the floor to avoid my glance of inquiry.

"I am a few minutes late," I said to the waiter. And then: "You have been crying. What troubles you?"  
Again he burst into tears, and, leaning his head against the wall, sobbed as if his heart would break.

"What on earth ails you?" I asked, rather sympathetically. "Any of your relatives dead?"  
"No, no, senor, not that," and the waiter boohooed again.

"Then out with it, boy!" I exclaimed, rather impatiently; "out with it!"  
"Oh, senor," he stammered, "the pancakes are cold!"  
Noble muchacho, that, isn't he?—Philippines Monthly.

Did Burglar Get Cow? A muley cow, fifteen pennies and 85 cents in change, was the harvest reaped by burglars who burgled a cow lot, a saloon and "stuck up" a man on West street Friday night.

August Merkt, a saloonkeeper, 601 Massachusetts avenue, reported to the police Saturday that some one had entered his place some time Friday night through the side door and plundered the cash till of fifteen pennies. A. B. Barnes, 414 North Capitol avenue, reported that he was stopped on West street, near Indiana avenue, by two negroes and relieved of 85 cents. A. L. Noble, 6216 East Washington street, reported the loss to the cow. He thinks it was stolen.

Circulation. "There may be plenty of money in circulation," mused the Country Editor, "but what are you going to do if you have no circulation?"—Lippincott's.

Town Patriotism in Luxembourg. Though "town patriotism" exists all over the world, nowhere, perhaps, is it fiercer than in the little grand duchy of Luxembourg. The tourist can turn it to excellent advantage. When he arrives at the inn of any little town he should get into conversation with the master, or better still, with the mistress, of the house, and mention that at the last town at which he stayed the best and cheapest meals he ever had in his life were served. Madame will depart to the kitchen determined to demonstrate to the tourist that he has never in his life before really had a decently cooked meal. And by the time for coffee and cigars he will come near to believing it. The finest cooks in Europe are women of Luxembourg.

Boxing, Ancient and Modern. Although boxing and pugilism, occupying much attention at the present time, were popular in classic Greece, they seem to have died out in the middle ages, and it is not until the end of the seventeenth century that we find references to boxing as a regular English sport. Boxing, as distinguished from pugilism, may be said to date from 1866, when the Amateur Athletic club was formed, and the Queensberry rules drawn up. The boxing glove, however, had been invented about a century before by Broughton, "the father of English pugilism," who used them in his practice bouts. But you will remember that the boxing glove, as described by Virgil, was a terrible instrument of offense.

How Malta Became European. Malta underwent a geographical as well as a political change through its acquisition by England in 1814. It had always been regarded as part of Africa, to which it seemed to belong both from topography and language. After its annexation, however, it was discovered that the garrison were entitled to the higher pay granted to troops employed out of Europe, and were therefore more privileged than the soldiers in the Ionian islands. To remedy this parliament passed an act decreeing that so far as pay went Malta should be regarded as part of Europe. It used to be a joke that Malta had become European by act of parliament, and the jest soon became a reality.

London's Smoke Nuisance. A parliamentary return just issued gives the total number of smoke consuming furnaces in the various poor districts of London as 7,875, including 265 furnaces fitted in steam-boats on the Thames. The number of convictions sought for and obtained before the magistrates in respect of smoke nuisances since the operation of the act, in 1854, amounts to 672. There are 54 different constructions of apparatus at the various manufacturing, works, etc., in the metropolis, all of which work well and prevent nuisance from smoke. The number of furnaces in the city of London is 397, the convictions two, and five persons are employed as examiners of furnaces.

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