

THE SEASONS.

Ten little toes find their smothering walls unclose,
Releasing to the sun and to the air!
And they squirm and wriggle, pert;
And they dig the fresh, moist dirt;
"Oh, it's spring! We're out of prison!" they declare.

Ten little toes, where the mighty ocean flows,
Frolicked with the ripples and the sand.
And they blistered and they burned,
And a golden brown they turned.
"Hip, hurrah!" they cry. "Now summer is at hand."

Ten little toes were so crowded, goodness knows,
Back again within the prison wall!
And they found it rather cramped,
As to school their master tramped;
And they said among themselves: "Heigho, 'tis fall."

Ten little toes on their way one morn' most froze,
No matter tho' their prison walls were stout!
"Phew! We're mighty glad," they cried,
"That to-day we're not outside—
For 'tis evident that winter is about."
—Edwin L. Sabin, in St. Nicholas.

—:— THROUGH LIMESTONE FALLS —:—

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

I was making a lonely canoe voyage from the railroad to a point forty miles distant, on Vermilion Lake, in the western part of the Nipissing district of Ontario, where four of my friends were awaiting me in camp. I had been told there was a clear canoe route through the Eldorado and Six Axe Rivers, and so there was, allowing for the phraseology of the country, which calls a clear canoe road one which has no portages of more than a mile and a half in length.

I did not know, however, that the Big Axe River in its windings took me into that vast forest preserve known as the Algonquin National Park, until I was unpleasantly informed of the fact by a park ranger who overtook me one afternoon, and cross-questioned me sharply on suspicion of illegal deer hunting.

The affair might have been still more unpleasant had I not discovered the ranger to be a former Muskoka guide with whom I had gone twice into the woods some years before. His name was Abbott, and although still a young man, he was one of the keenest woodmen I ever saw, and an excellent fellow besides. He recognized me about the same moment, and as our former acquaintance was enough to establish my innocence, we paddled down the river together to his camp, where I accepted his invitation to spend the night.

He explained his first aggressiveness of manner by the fact that he was being greatly annoyed by the hordes of poachers in that portion of the park. Shooting is forbidden inside the park limits, where game of every sort, from rabbits to moose, swarms in consequence. These invaders not only killed, but killed by the use of the nefarious jack-light and similar devices.

Abbott was morally certain that they belonged to a small settlement of French-Canadian trappers near Vavasour; he even thought he knew the guilty individuals, but he had never caught them inside the park with weapons or outside of it with deer carcasses. As this portion of the preserve was under his charge he felt himself responsible for the safety of its contents, and he had moved his camp the day before, and was "lying low" by day and patrolling the woods at night.

We sat up rather late that evening. There was frost in the air; the sky was cloudless, and a half-moon that was just topping the pines shone with the diamond brilliancy of an electric lamp. I noticed a peculiar uneasiness in Abbott's manner, an air of expectancy, and he frequently broke off in the middle of a sentence to listen.

But the forest was absolutely still, except that just after moonrise we heard the distant deep-toned howling of a bull moose. It was the mating season of these animals, and the sound was no uncommon one in the park.

It was perhaps half an hour later when Abbott suddenly ceased talking, and held up his hand for silence. I listened; I could hear nothing, but a few seconds afterward the faint sound of two rifle-shots came struggling up through the forest.

"There they are. That'll be on Big Axe Pond. Come along!" exclaimed the ranger, picking up his rifle.

Infected by his excitement, I followed him down to the river, without stopping to reflect that the arresting of deer stealers was none of my business. He had already put his canoe afloat, and was kneeling in the stern. I took the bow, and we shot off down the rapid current in the darkness.

I was never a very good canoeist, and the midnight perils of the river made me nervous, but I found that Abbott's skill at the steering-paddle amply compensated for my deficiencies.

The double wall of forest slid past in alternation of black darkness and silvery moonlight. The river was badly broken by rough water, and twice we had to make short portages, which were the more unpleasant as a recent storm had choked the carry trails with fallen timber. Other rapids we ran, but a quarter mile above the pond we came to one we could not run.

This was Limestone Falls, which in reality was merely a very bad bit of rapid, perhaps fifty yards in length, and with a fall of six or eight feet. As the worst place on the river, it had attained the distinction of an individual name. We were nearing the place whence the shots had come, but the roar and dash of the cascade effectually drowned any noise of our approach.

We ran the canoe ashore at the head of the rapids, and landed to examine the condition of the trail. The rocky banks of the river were overgrown with clumps of hemlock and spruce, interspersed with larger trees, and we were uncertain on which side of the river it would be best to make the portage.

We walked hurriedly down almost to the foot of the rapid without encountering any serious obstacle, and had come near the lower landing place when Abbott suddenly gripped my arm and pointed ahead and upward.

Looking where he pointed, I saw a dead cedar leaning heavily over the tail of the rapid, projecting its top into clear moonlight, and among the skeleton branches perched a man. We could see him distinctly; he had no gun, and seemed to be looking earnestly in the opposite direction.

"That's one of the gang. I've seen him before!" muttered the ranger. "I can't make out what he's doing there, but I'll have him down and find out."

Going a little closer, Abbott hailed the tree at the top of his voice. "Hello!" he cried. "What—" The words were cut from his lips by a tremendous crash among the thick underbrush, and with an ear-shattering bellow, out of the darkness charged a giant black animal that looked in the gloom almost as huge as an elephant.

Abbott and I jumped away to right and to left. My sole idea was to get back to the canoe where we had left the guns, and I ran desperately, stumbling and tripping. Then I heard the brush crash behind me, and fancying the brute was at my heels, I seized the low branch of a spruce and swung myself up with a desperate agility of which I did not know that I was capable.

I had been deceived by my imagination. The attention of the big moose was directed entirely to Abbott, who was scrambling into another tree close to the river. The bull charged into the trunk with a force that should have stunned him, and then drew back and glared sullenly at Abbott on his perch above. Then, after circling the tree three or four times, he stalked back to the cedar overhanging the stream, which was perhaps thirty yards away.

I called to Abbott and succeeded in attracting his attention, but the noise of the water was too loud to permit conversation. It occurred to me, however, that the bull did not seem to have observed my refuge, and that I might slip to the ground and get to the canoe unobserved.

I made the attempt, but had not reached the lower branches of the tree before the wary old warrior espied my manoeuvre, and came smashing through the shrubbery with a roar of defiance.

I scrambled back to my original position as he charged under the tree, his shovel-pointed antlers brushing the leaves at my feet. He seemed to be a monster there in the moonlight; I could see his black mane standing erect, and his wicked eyes glittering in the flashes of moonlight.

From time to time he threw back his head with an impatient movement and licked a spot on his shoulder, where I could distinguish a darker patch on the hide—undoubtedly a bullet wound inflicted by the man in the cedar tree.

He walked about, grunting, beneath me for a few minutes, and then returned to his first enemy, against whom, very justly, his rancor seemed to be chiefly directed. I could not help laughing at the queer predicament we were in. We formed three parties, each arrayed against the other two, but there was no doubt that the bull had the best of the situation.

With the passage of time, however, the affair grew less humorous. It was cold; I shivered in my cramped position, and it seemed not unlikely that the brute would keep us there till daylight. If we could have talked together we might have formed a plan for circumventing him, but the roar of the water made this impossible, and indeed I felt sure that Abbott would refuse to enter into any league with the poacher which might involve letting him slip through his fingers again.

The moose was moving energetically about the base of the drooping cedar, and as I watched him he seemed to be making a determined and systematic effort to uproot it. He stamped and butted and pushed, and I could see the tree waver violently

at each attack. He would certainly bring it down if he persevered, for it was already half-fallen, and its dead roots had no strong hold on the rocky earth.

I directed Abbott's attention to the movements of the animal, and as the moon had now risen so high that all the ground round the river was in clear light, we watched the progress of the drama with intense interest.

The tree drooped lower and lower, and began to sway heavily as the bull pushed it. The end, which might be tragic, seemed at hand. Glancing at Abbott, I saw that he was coming down his tree, undoubtedly contemplating a dash for the guns, and not to be outdone, I prepared to follow him.

The moose, on the verge of success, was too intent to notice us as we dropped noiselessly to the ground and scampered at the top of our speed toward the canoe. As we ran I heard all at once above the rush of the water a sudden rending crash, a yell of dismay, and a roar from the bull. I knew what was happening, but when I glanced over my shoulder I could see nothing.

Abbott gained the canoe a yard ahead of me, and instead of seizing his rifle he jumped aboard and knelt in the stern.

"Take the bow!" he commanded, sharply, and I obeyed blindly, too astonished to dissent, although I did not comprehend what he was going to do.

The canoe darted out; I dipped my paddle mechanically, and the swift current above the falls picked us up.

Now I understood, and I had a bad attack of fright. But the fact was that in no other way could we get back to the foot of the rapid in time to be of service. Now we would be there in a few seconds—dead or alive.

I did not believe that we could run the rapids; I did not think that any canoeist in the world could take his craft down that roaring and rock-staked chute that in the moonlight looked like a cauldron of foam. But I saw that I was committed to the attempt, and mere shame kept my mouth shut.

A splash of froth struck me on the cheek, and in another instant the water was boiling under the bows. The canoe dipped and plunged into a sluice-like current, all but collided with an ink-black boulder, and under a sweep of the steering-paddle veered off into a swirl of eddies and a smother of spray.

I can never sufficiently admire the skill of the ranger in that all but suicidal dash; indeed, it was beyond all admiration. He seemed to choose the open passages by instinct, for he had never been through them before. A dozen times we escaped wreck by the breadth of a hair, and he had deftly sheered aside from the danger before I had recognized its presence.

Our passage could not have lasted eight seconds, and to me it was a mere blur of breathless speed through white leaping water in the dark and moonshine, savage rock-tops darting past, a deafening roar and dash of spray, and an intolerable strain of muscle and nerve that made me forget everything except the very present moment.

With a swoop the canoe cleared herself and we shot into the tail of the rapids, where the water, although turbulent, was not dangerous; and I remembered our object again, with a gasp of breath I had not until then had time to take. We had run the impossible falls but where was the moose and his victim?

Then, as we jumped down the current, I caught sight of a black mass crossing the stream thirty yards ahead, and recognized it as the head of the swimming bull. Before we had gone three lengths nearer a man emerged from the water near the bank and drew himself ashore, and almost at the same moment the long-legged animal seemed to find footing, and sprang forward with a terrific splash. He was not twenty feet behind the man when a long jet of flame spurted past my head, scorching my hair. Abbott had fired from the stern. Another shot, and the moose squealed shrilly, like a wounded horse, but continued to charge forward. He was already upon the bank when he staggered, and plunged headlong forward, slipping back into the shallow water, where he lay half-afoat and making ineffectual attempts to rise.

The mighty bull was dead by the time we beached the canoe beside his body, and went to look for our prisoner. We found him just abandoning an attempt to climb a tree, very cold and wet, and doubtful whether to be grateful for his rescue or angry at his capture.

He was, as Abbott had declared, one of the French-Canadians from the trapper settlement, and he told us rather sulkily that he had been making the portage when the moose had come out on the other bank. He had fired at him twice and been freed, with what result we had seen. But when he came to speak of our passage of the falls, he was full of admiration.

I left Abbott and his prisoner the next morning, and reached the camp of my friends in the evening. The poacher was delivered over to justice.

But when I next saw Abbott I found him much disturbed by the fact that whenever he had mentioned having run Limestone Falls at night with a green hand in the bow, he found no one to believe him.—*Youth's Companion.*

Too Serious For Sport.

In Canada business dominates sport. Figure it all out, and you will find that Canada's motto is: "Sport for boys, business for men."—*Canadian Courier, Toronto.*

WE MAKE A PROFIT

A Favorable Characteristic of the Foreign Trade of the United States for 1903—Decline in Value of Imports in General and Accounts for Decrease in Total Value Prices of Foodstuffs Remain Stationary—Gains in Prices of Corn, Wheat and Bacon Exported.

Washington, Special. — Falling prices for imports rising prices for exports, are declared by the annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, to be a characteristic of the foreign trade of the United States in the fiscal year 1903. This is especially true, he says, as to the manufacturers' material imported and foodstuffs exported. In manufacturers' materials, whether raw or partly manufactured, the average prices for the year are, says the report, materially lower than those for the preceding year, and were also much lower at the end of the fiscal year than at the beginning of the year. The average price per ton of hemp in June, 1903, was but \$141.02, against \$174.78 in June, 1902; of manila, \$137.74, against \$202.01 in June, 1902; of sisal grass, \$166.20, against \$152.57 in June, 1902; of goatskins, per pound, 24.5 cents in the closing month of 1903, against 31 cents in the corresponding month of the preceding year; of hides of cattle, 10.9 cents in June, 1903, against 15.4 cents in June, 1902; of India rubber, 56 cents per pound in June, 1903, against 67.1 cents in June of the preceding year; of raw silk, \$3.23 per pound in June, 1903, against \$4.63 in June, 1902; of pig iron, 27 cents per pound in June, 1903, against 39.1 cents per pound in June, 1902; and of clothing, wool, 17 cents per pound in June, 1903, against 25.7 cents in June, 1902, while other classes of wool also show a similar reduction in price during the year.

The decline in the total value of imports, which occurs in nearly all of the principal articles forming the great groups, foodstuffs, manufacturers' materials and manufactures, is due in a considerable degree to this falling off in prices, though in many cases there is an actual decline in quantity. This is particularly true in manufacturers' raw materials, which show a marked decline in prices per unit of quantity, the decline in value being thus much greater than that in quantity. In fibers, for example, the fall in value is from 42 million dollars in 1902 to 35 millions in 1903, a decrease of 16 per cent., while in quantity the fall is from 312,983 tons to 303,948 tons, a decline of but 3 per cent. In Indian rubber the fall in value of imports is from 59 million dollars in 1902 to 36.1-2 millions in 1903, a decline of 38 per cent.; but the fall in quantity is only from 77 million pounds to 62 million pounds, a decline of but 20 per cent. In hides and skins the fall in value of imports is from 83 million dollars to 55 millions, a decline of 34 per cent., while in quantity the fall is from 371 million pounds to 283 million pounds, a decline of but 24 per cent. In pig copper the value of imports fell from 39 million dollars to 24 millions, a decline of 40 per cent., and the quantity from 193 million pounds to 145 million pounds, a decline of 27 per cent. In pig tin the value of the importations fell from 33 million dollars to 25 millions, a decline of 20 per cent., while the quantity fell from 96 million pounds to 77 million pounds, a decline of 20 per cent. In raw wool, the value of the importations fell from 41.2 million dollars in 1902, to 23.1-2 millions in 1903, a decline of 44 per cent., while the quantity fell from 204 million pounds to 126 million pounds, a decline of 38 per cent. Thus in practically all the principal articles used in manufacturing the falling off in the value of imports as compared with those of last year is due in a greater or less degree to a reduction in prices per unit of quantity, though in most of these articles there is an actual reduction in quantities, much less, however than would be indicated by a mere consideration of figures of value only.

Food stuffs do not share, as a rule, in the decline in values, either as to imports or exports, which is characteristic of manufacturers' materials. The average import price of coffee in 1903 was 7.6 cents per pound, against 7.9 cents in the preceding year; of raw sugar not above No. 16 Dutch standard in color, 2.38 cents per pound, against 2.11 cents in the preceding year; and of tea, 17.3 cents per pound, against 16.11 cents per pound in 1902; while in manufacturers' materials fibers show an average price in 1903 of \$117 per ton, against \$135 per ton in 1902; hides and skins, 19.3 cents per pound, against 22.5 cents per pound in 1902; India rubber, 58.8 cents per pound, against 76.6 cents per pound in the preceding year; raw silk, \$4.13 per pound, against \$4.20 in 1902; clothing wool, 22.5 cents per pound, against 26 cents per pound in 1902; combing wool 27 cents per pound, against 30 cents per pound in 1902; and carpet wool, an average price of 14.5 cents per pound in 1903, against 15 cents per pound in 1902; all of the above being import prices.

On the export side, corn shows an average export price of 64.7 cents per bushel, against 53 cents in 1902; wheat, 99.3 cents per bushel, against 79 cents in 1902; bacon, 10.5 cents per pound, against 10.6 cents per pound in 1902; and lard, 9.1 cents per pound in 1903, against 9.2 cents per pound in the preceding year.



FIG STUFFED APPLES.

Apples stuffed with figs will be a pleasing variation from plain baked apples; the recipe is taken from Harper's Bazar. Pare some large apples and core them; fill the centres with chopped figs; cover with sugar, put into a deep baking dish and add a little water and bake, basting well from time to time; serve with cold cream.

APPLE AND TOMATO CHUTNEY.

Remove the seeds from two green peppers and a cup of raisins, add six green tomatoes and four small onions and chop all very fine. Put one quart of vinegar, one cup of powdered sugar and two of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of mustard seed and two of salt to boil. Add the chopped mixture and simmer one hour. Then add a dozen tart apples, pared, cored and quartered, and cook slowly until soft. Beat thoroughly and bottle.—*New York Telegram.*

SWEET PICCALILLI.

One peck of green or ripe tomatoes, six medium-sized onions, twelve green or red peppers, three cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of white pepper, one tablespoonful of ground mustard, one tablespoonful of ground allspice, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, two quarts of vinegar. If ripe tomatoes are used scald and pare; if green, chop small, with onions and peppers, first removing the seeds from the peppers. Cauliflower and cabbage and cucumbers can be added, but is nice without. Put in large kettle, pour on the vinegar, add sugar and spices, cook slowly till soft. Seal in jars or put in stone crock.—*Boston Post.*

BAKING BREAD AND ROLLS.

Bread to be baked in individual portions requires a hotter oven than full-sized loaves. The general directions are the same for both bread and biscuit. Divide the time of baking into quarters; in the first quarter the dough should spring, or grow light, a little, and should color in spots and cease to rise. By the end of the second quarter the bread should be of a delicate brown; during the next quarter the baking is practically finished; the heat should be lowered during the last quarter. Loaves of bread of the size indicated should bake in about one hour, biscuits and rolls in about half an hour.—*American Cultivator.*



If the silverware is placed in glass jars and tightly sealed up it will not tarnish.

If lamp-wicks are soaked in vinegar and dried, the result will be a bright clear light.

Files will not bother gilt frames that have been washed in water where onions have been boiled.

A good grade of ink can be made by splitting a short indelible pencil and placing it in a bottle of water.

A small paint brush used in blacking the stove will save the hands, as well as reach all troublesome places in the stove.

For grass stains on clothing, apply a liberal solution of cooking molasses, rubbing the molasses in well; then proceed to wash out in soapsuds.

The kitchen window box is very attractive as well as useful. In it several things may be grown to be used in cooking and decorating, such as parsley and mint.

Hang a small slate in the kitchen on which to write down the needed articles. Tie a slate pencil to the string. No need of forgetting the household necessities.

Make an oilcloth pocket and hang in the kitchen. Put a few old worn out rags in it occasionally, and use these to rub off the cook stove. It means a great saving of the dish-cloths.

Carpet sweepers should be freed from dust and threads before being put away, and, as the brush wears off, it should be lowered a trifle. A very little oil will stop the squeaking of the wheels.

Cut glass, water bottles and vases are easily cleaned by putting a small handful of egg shells in the suds and shaking vigorously. They will also be much clearer if rinsed in water to which a little blue has been added.

Very pretty bedspreads can be made by taking the tops of old worn out lace curtains, and joining with insertion through which is run some dainty colored ribbon. Bolster covers and sash curtains can be made in the same manner.

Damp shoes are difficult to polish; try putting a drop or two of paraffin in the blacking and you will find they will polish at once. Leather that has become dull and shabby looking may be improved in appearance by being rubbed over with the well beaten white of an egg.



Mankato's Good Road.

Mankato, Minn., has solved the problem of finding a durable pavement at small expense and one that can be used on steep grades as readily as on a level surface.

First, the driveway was narrowed to thirty feet, curbed, guttered and boulevarded. Then it was excavated to the depth of six inches and surfaced. Five inches of dry crushed limestone one and a half to two inches in diameter was put on and rolled down with a ten-ton roller. Bolting tar from the local gas works was applied until the entire surface was covered. Then a layer of broken stone an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter, mixed with coarse gravel, was applied on the surface in the proportion of three parts of stone to one of gravel. This was first mixed dry on a platform and then thoroughly mixed with hot tar and applied on the surface two inches thick and tamped into place to conform with the surface of the street.

Dry domestic cement was then applied to the surface and the street was again rolled. Then a coating of sand was applied, and the roller again used. The pavement was allowed to stand for two weeks before the street was thrown open to travel.

The cost was eighty cents a lineal foot to the property owners on each side of the street, or rather would have been had the entire cost been assessed against them. The street has a practically waterproof pavement six inches thick, and it is impossible for the elements to attack the surface. The pavement has now stood two winters and shows not the slightest wear. It gives off no dust in summer, although it is not sprinkled.—*Cement Age.*

A Twofold Object.

We hope the day has come when with the intelligent use of convict labor in the only channel of usefulness that is free from the charge of being in competition with free labor, is about to give the State a good system of roads.

The working on the public highways of the lazy jailbirds who have been for years accustomed to eat their heads off in the county prisons will, unless we are greatly mistaken, lessen the number of petty crimes and lower the criminal expenses of the State, while the labor of those convicts who are sent to the roads will do wonders toward the improvement of the public roads.

This twofold object should be attained very shortly now that the system of road working is fairly under way. Convicts have been sent from this city and from Norfolk County to the roads elsewhere in the State, and we hope the work will be extended to this section in the near future.

The Newport News Times-Herald is on the right track, when, in discussing the question of good roads, it says:

"In most of the Virginia counties enough money has been expended since the war to have given Virginia a splendid system of dirt roads. But under the slipshod system of 'working the roads' the money has been wasted, and there is little in the way of road improvement to show for it. The only sensible plan is to have the work done under a competent engineer and to build permanently as far as the money will go."—*Portsmouth Star.*

Progress of Crusade.

New Jersey is far in advance of any State in the actual work of road construction. The law there places one-tenth of the cost on the State, one-tenth on the abutting land owners, and the remainder on the county, which is an equitable distribution of the burdens of construction and maintenance. The substitution of solidly built roads for dirt roads soon effects a transformation in the region through which it passes, and even the old topography seems to vanish. Improved accessibility tells upon every farm and adds to its value. Time and money, which are always equivalent, are saved to the farmer and to all whose business it is to communicate with him. Economy is consulted as well as convenience. So far as improved laws have taken shape in this country the French idea is recognized that the State should bear a considerable share of the cost of constructing main thoroughfares, and French rural prosperity can be traced in no small degree to the country's excellent public roads. Now that the rural inhabitant of this country is expected to bear but a comparatively small portion of the expense of good roads, his disposition toward the movement is, quite naturally, changing in its favor. With a dozen or more States already engaged in the reform, the rapid extension of well made, permanent public highways is assured.—*The Epitomist.*

Remarkable Finish.

The deer shooting season in the Adirondacks has closed with the unique record of not a man being mistaken and shot for one of the animals. Frequent warnings combined with some repressive legislation on this subject appear to have accomplished the desired end.—*Boston Herald.*