For lands we've never traveled, for seas we've never crossed, Our hearts are all a-hunger, we never count the cost; The sun in all his glory of rising at the dawn But calls to us to follow where he is leading on.
And when in sheen and splendor he sinks beneath the sca.
He seems to send a message, "Come, comrades, follow me."
The end of all our journey—who knows what it may bring? But, friend, the wander fever has wakened with the spring.

-Berton Braley, in McClure's Magazine

THROUGH THE STRAIT OF BELLE ISLE.

By JOHN K. COTTON.

'dogs' the length of their six feet.

"But everybody felt neat that after-

noon when the Nancy tripped into the

Strait of Belle Isle, the deck

scrubbed, her skirts gathered up be-

hind her, and stepping off ahead of

the mouth of the strait, ice was every-

where, as far as we could see. Not

field ice, but bergs, high toppers, too.

And as we ran farther in, it looked

as if all the bergs coming down from

the pole had shot off into the straft

for a farewell game among them-

"'A likely lot, cap'n,' said Alec

before supper, and I realized that

to put into the strait at this time of

the year was the most footish thing I

"Outside was the Prindall, though,

smell a true northeaster in the air. I

felt a little chary as I watched her

those mountains of ice. The strait

watched the hands at their games and

every once in a while sing out steer-

smooth, I dozed, in spite of my de-

uster Plummer say, 'when we chucks

down and grabs him, and you may

landed all standing as I felt the craft

and was dumfounded to find the card-

I noticed all the aft hands sound

on deck, and then shivering and quiv-

riding. In fact, she didn't ride at all;

I, as I pushed by him. Surely Peter

deck as I lay down. I must have

reach out and touch it with my hand.

at the wheel roar with all his might,

" 'All hands now!' I heard the man

"Not a word broke the deep silence |

remedied.

The Ten Mistakes of Sife.

"the ten mistakes of life," as follows:

wrong and judge people accordingly.

all that which needs alleviation.

An English paper is said to have given what are called

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

8. To refuse to yield in immaterial matters.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To set up our own standard of what is right and

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be

To refuse to alleviate, so far as lies in our power,

10. To refuse to make allowance for the infirmities of

up she went and stayed there.

"I shot a glance around the cabin,

careen to port before a short helm.

them sail along in that tide.

listened to their bandying.

termination to keep awake.

there waiting for us."

asleep in their bunks.

slept.

had ever done in all my life.

a six-knot breeze.

selves.

Peoples to me.

"Icebergs, eh?" said Captain Sar- them were Newfoundlanders and true gent Spinney, in reply to a question from a knot of school cadets huddled round the stove in the Cape Ann Seaman's Bethel. "Oh, yes, a good many, all told. Mostly off in the distance, though."

Seating himself astride a chair, he stared reflectively through the bank of crimson geranium blooms in the window out upon the shipping in the harbor.

Although I continued to hold up before me a volume of Geodetic Survey Records, in which I had been studying the singular changes in the coast-line, I lost all interest in its contents, and found my eyes wandering e ectantly to the rugged skipper.

"Cape Ann fishermen up in northern waters," said ke, "don't go in for seenery much; it's mostly hallbut. Once in a white a duck or a seal, and sometimes a game and a dicker with the Eskimos-but it's mostly hall-

"But spring before last we ran the Nancy Lee up to latitude fifty-five degrees and fifty-six minutes. That's before his crew. about one hundred and sixty miles east by north of Cape Harrigan, and not far from the queer little settlements of the Moravians. 'Twas as far up as we could get on account of drift ice.

"The Nancy is only an eighty-tonner, and though she is Essex-built. and as clever and able for her tons as any craft fishing out of this port, she was never timbered to bunt arctic ice in those fierce currents and windy fogs. It's nearly always foggy up there, and when it blows it blows.

"The sea was full of field ice, a good deal of it full-fledged bergs higher than the burgee on our topstick. Set trawls? I guess not! We didn't even try the bottom or send

down an i br.
"First a blow kept us busy, then a snow; wet, heavy snow, too, that stacked up all over the deck and sail, and weighted her down so that we had to wear often and take it on the other quarter to keep her trim. And 'Twas foggy all the time.

"So we headed her back south again, and ran until we found a hundred ind fity fathoms of water, about one hundred and twenty miles east of Belle Isle. We had fished along here many trips before, and felt quite tidy and homelike when we hove over the dories and got the gear all out and fishing.

"The sun came out and shone bright in the blue, and for nearly a week we found good trawling. We had two-thirds of a trip in the hold, when one morning up shot big Judic Chisholm in the Therese Prindall, and we hailed him. 'Twas on that day, Friday, that a lot of poor judgment tries to hide behind.

'We've got only about ten thousand fish and thirty of fletchers in her now!' he sung out as he flew by. 'Going to try for a better berth south a bit.

" 'Better berth south, eh,' thought I, as I watched them bear off to sou'west, his dories all nested and made fast, both anchors taken on deck, and the craft setting so deep that if she had a fish in her she had a good sixty thousand pounds.

" 'Touches me Judic have a likely catch in her already, cap'n,' blurted Page Rowe, who sat beside me on the

" 'Aye,' spoke he again, 'I say he's the clean leap for home by the outside course this very minute. Takes a navigator to slip through the

straits. " 'Me, too,' joined in Buster Plummer. 'The Cape Ann Halibut Com- to be staring into a great white wall pany's wharf is like to be that berth south a bit he have in mind, I fancy.

Judic's a crafty bundle. He be that.' "While we sat there watching them np staysail and up topsail running off more to westward all the time, I and before I could collect my wits yet in those twenty minutes I seemed calculated in my mind the difference from the surprise, every man of that to have lived longer than in all my in the price of the first spring trip crew stood round me. landed and the second, though 'twas only an hour's difference in hailing the market. No fisherman likes to

be shown the way home to market. "We baited up again that day, and the next morning the dories began to come in with good fish from that night's set. But before all hands got aboard the glass began to fall, and dropped steadily until, through that golden sunshine, all hands stared into trouble of one kind or another. So before noon we were headed for home by way of Belle Isle Strait, with a fair trip tucked away.

"'I'm glad for one," said Toby Snow. Toby's a black man. Negroes are scarcer than Irishmen aboard a fisherman, but Toby's one. Good ne-

gro, but poor fisherman. " 'Alabama's de place,' said he, every meal-time, and talked about balmy days and chicken and hoecakes till the crew began to get dainty and actually shipped quite ladylike with the cold shough all of the sides.

" 'Cap'n, we're high and dry on an

able to fathom our true situation. "I had been up on the rocks, hove down on Georges, and with a coaster

poked clean into our windlass, but high and dry on an iceberg I never was before in all my life. "We needed no torches to see how

side like a great crystal cliff towered man, we landed home with our trip, that mountain, awful to look at, its and as fit as when we started. great top pinnacles leaning out into the air, seemingly ready to drop down | colored cook. 'Cap'n,' said he from on us at any minute.

"At its foot spread out a shelf, its breadth so great that we couldn't scuppers with water in the hold and see or form any idea of its size, run- all hands tuckered out with the ning from below the water at its edge pumps, 'give my share to some needy up a steep grade to the base of the family if you ever gets home again. berg, allowing us, under our head- Fishin' is likely all right 'nough, but way, to slide fair upon it, high and I is dat sure I ain't cut out for no dry, for more than our length, and as fisherman dat I prefer to go home truly flush with the face of that berg along de shore.' And he did. as could well be. And there we stood.

the rain shot down in slanted sheets, *But ice-as soon as we got into but the swinging of the berg had on that trip-Dan Neal over there brought us fair in its lee. The little drinking coffee with the chaplain was Nancy stood there, stark still and straight as an arrow, her sails limp and empty, as if she was like all

hands, dumfounded. "I ran round to the port side, then for ard, and as far off as I could see in any direction lay a great white flat of ice. I ran aft again, and locking off astern, could see that the only "I stood watching them sail along way off was the way we came on. And while I stood, there was a thunderous report beside us, followed by a long, tremulous vibration, as though the whole earth was in unheaval round us, and with a shricking roar, wallowing for home, I felt sure, with ton upon ton of ice crashed down on a handy twenty-four hours' start. I our deck for'ard.

gulped it down as it was; 'twas no "Timbers crunched and crackled fisherman that would put back then beneath it, and the little schooner shook and trembled until I felt as if "After supper I went on deck to my own life was being crushed out sniff the weather before snugging with her. The crew broke in conaway for the night in the cabin. A fusion for the first time and made aft heavy mist had settled down, and it from where they stood amidships, but was beginning to rain, and I could not a man spoke.

"I felt the wind beginning to squeeze round behind us again, and shy and duck in and out amongst the whole mountain of ice seemed to be revolving as on a pivot by the seemed full of them, and they loomed force of the wind and tide.

up in the deep dark so sudden and " 'Tis the way of these blasted often, white and ghostlike, that 'twas bergs to turn turtle at times, cap'n!' scaresome to stand there and watch some one said; and as he spoke, a "I went below, and stretching out over the Nancy went on her beams. on the port locker before my bunk, sending us headlong down against with my boots and watch-coat on, the wheel cover in a bunch.

"A deafening series of snapping reports traveled from beneath us. "I could hear the lookout for'ard Everything solid round us seemed tric arc light. The darkest spot on to shake and tremble for a second; ing orders to the man aft at the then down she went, straight down wheel, and feeling the Nancy running through that honeycombed ice, until it seemed as though we were going under altogether. The tons of the "'Yes, sir, Toby,' I faintly heard schooner's weight in capsizing had Nature, there seems reason to supsmashed through the ice that held that rat overboard a big gull swoops her!

"Ice and sea rolled over the rail not believe me, sir, but what does as we went down into it, and there we that rat do but turn round and grabs lay on our beam-ends, and spars and that gull, and setting one wing up for sail stretched flat out upon the ice. a mainsail and tother for a jib, he I could not move. I hung on to the beats into port ahead of the ship, and wheel, my eyes and teeth shut tight as a vise.

when we got up to our dock he was "Then I felt her beginning to right "But I must have slept in spite of as the broken cakes of the ice parted myself, for seemingly right on top of round her, and rising slow but sure, Buster's yarn I heard thundered on and coming up to her bilge, with a a warning recently given by Mons. E. lurch she stood up straight again, and A. Martel, the celebrated French ex-"'Up with her! Let her come up I could feel that we lay in good brine quick, man, I say!' And though I once more. could swear I had not been asleep, I

starting off before the wind, she bid in many cases, merely the outflow of up with a glancing blow against the surface waters which have disapedge of ice in that little bay broken peared through fissures, carrying board deserted and the light turned round her. Then turning a half-cir- with them pollution from the soil, down low. I looked at the clock be- cle along its edge, she shot up dead and not purified in their passage fore me and read half past two, and into the wind, out into clear water, through the rocks. He thinks that as I make toward the companionway and off to starboard of her own will, even chalk is not an effectual filter

straight away from that monster. " ' 'Twas more than our own hands "I felt her strike easy as I stumbled did that!' I heard old Barnacle Grannett say, as those thirteen men, one ering she rose, as on a sea, but in that after another, let go their holds and iam Whiting, of Cherrytree township, second I felt 'twas no sea she was breathed deep again as she gathered who was one of the 600 who made

"Long Jack at the wheel,' thought loose and wrenched from the steering-gear. Tons of ice lay piled for-Hanscom and his dory-mate took the ward on our deck, the flying jib-boom straight as an arrow, and his mind is was gone altogether, the martingale exceptionally clear. was forced into the stem, opening the "I stumbled round the house, and seams in the peak; her bulwarks and clutching the starboard rail, seemed stanchions were cleaved off flush with been born in 1838. It was a bloody the deck on the starboard bow and aft that ran straight up higher than I to amidships, and the fore chain-plate 181 were able to report afterward, could see. It was ice. I could almost was bent and twisted like tin. 1 and many of them were injured. My glanced at the clock again as I ran only wound was a sabre cut on the below for an ax. But twenty minutes left wrist, and I bear the scar. I had gone from the time we struck, often think of my comrades who fell." twenty odd years at sea.

"Daylight opened at last, and found that held there. We could see the us running wild, with the rudder

green glare of our starboard running rigged in a 'berther,' and water maklight reflected against the glistening ing fast through the peak into the wall, and could feel the cold air from hold. The compass had shaken out of the gimbal and was useless, but we felt round in all directions for iceberg!' came a trembling voice from | soundings until we caught the ringing for'ard, and for the first time I was of a bell-buoy up to windward, and we knew we had Point Rich and a landing at hand, and we made it, fast and hard.

"But we got the market first for all of that. After all Nancy's frolic, and the scrape she led us into, we were only steering clear of worse things we lay. Dark as it was all round on the outside course. We were the us, every inch of that ice shone out last men to see the Prindall affoat. as plain as day. Up on the starboard And except a few timbers and one

> "That man was Toby Snow, our the shore where we beached her that morning at Point Rich, deep to the

"Many's the infidel has sailed out "The wind screeched round us and of Gloucester harbor and come back a God-fearing man. There were two one of them. "-Youth's Companion.

A curious insect has arrived from Brazil at the South Kensington Museum in London. It is a beetle. At its head gleams a red ruby lamp, and eleven green lights glow forth from each side of the little creature. These peculiarities have earned it the name of the "railway beetle."

Dr. J. W. Moore, of Waynesboro, Pa., began experimenting last year with a new method of his own devising of keeping apples for a year. He put away some York Imperials after this new system, and is now exhibiting them to his friends. They are firm and solid and have an unimpaired taste. He will make a further experiment this year, and if the results are such as he hopes he will give his method to the public.

It has been calculated that the amount of light received from the sun is about 600,000 times that of blast of wind struck our mainsail, and the moon. The intrinsic brightness of the sun's disc is about 90,000 times that of a candle flame, 150 times that of the limelight and more than four times brighter than the brightest spot in the crater of an electhe sun is much brighter than the limelight.

From calculations made by Professor H. C. Wilson, which are quoted in ose that the conditions under which Halley's comet will return to us in 1910 will be much the same as those under which it appeared in 1066. It was then one of the grandest objects which ever appeared in the heavens, and made a tremendous impression upon the mediaeval world.

In the summer, when so many thousands drink from tempting springs in the woods and on hillsides, plorer of caverns, should not go unnoticed. Contrary to a widely preva-"The big main-boom swung out lent opinion, Mons. Martel says that with a bang; the mainsail filled, and springs of apparently pure water are, for surface water passing through it.

Was One of the Noble 600.

In attendance at court here is Willthe charge at Balaklava, in the Cri-"We found our rudder hanging mean War, famed in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." Mr. Whiting is seventy years old, but is

"I was sixteen years old at the time," he told a reporter, "having encounter. Of the 600 engaged only -Philadelphia Record.

A Time-Saving Device.

Every employe of the Bank of England is required to sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason therefor. The chief cause of tardiness is usually fog, and the first man to arrive writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "ditto." The other day, however, the first late man gave as the reason, "wife had twins," and twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath.-Success Magazine,

Killing Flies.

Much has been said and writte. about getting rid of flies. I came across this the other day in an al-1826: "How to Destroy Flies - A Catch se fly and tickle heem under ze throat, and when he opens his mouth angrily. to laugh throw in be powdaire and it



For the Younger Children.

THE BABY BANTAMS. My little hanty Mary Has tiny banies eight; Their papa's name is Jerry-

He stands inside the gate. My little banty Mary
Is careful with her chicks;
She takes them in the garden. And scratches there and picks.

But when a hawk comes flying Above the garden lot, he banties hardly know then If they are safe or not.

They never, never tarry, When banty Mary calls, But, fluffy, white and downy, They fly like cotton balls. And so my baby banties

Have never come to grief, For Mary hides them safely

Beneath a cabbage leaf. And in the evening, after The banty chicks are fed They all are tucked up snugly In Mary's feather-bed. -E. M. R., in the Philadelphia Record.

THE LITTLE SNOW MAIDEN.

It was snowing fast and Laura seem to care about the luxury that surrounded her.

Laura's mother came into the room then and told her to get ready for a drive. "I am going shopping" she said, "and I want you to come with But what is the matter with me. you? Are you sick?"

"Oh, no," said Laura, "only I don't feel happy at all."

"Well, what do you want?" said her mother, for she would do everything to please Laura.

But just at that minute Laura did not hear what her mother said, for she was intent watching a little girl who seemed to be very poor. Her clothes were ragged and her yellow hair fell prettily over her shoulders, but her little hands were blue with the cold.

"Oh, mamma, do look at that poor little girl," cried Laura, who had forgotten all about the drive. "Can't I into the snow with the little end up. let her come in, because she is very cold," and she ran to the door, not waiting for her mother's consent.

"Wait for a little while, Laura, until I find out where she came from," her mother, going after Laura. "You stay up-stairs."

Laura's mother went down-stairs and Laura heard her talking with the child, who was sobbing. Soon Laura's mother brought the child upstairs. She told the maid to give her little frames, in each of which stands a good dinner and put her in a warm bed.

The next morning the child Laura found out did not have any relatives living. Her parents had been buried by an old man who knew them.

One morning while Laura and her Laura said she wished she could have the spring you give the machine a the little girl for a sister. Laura's swing out and around in a circle, and mother smiled, and Laura, taking it it keeps flying so long as the power for a good sign, began to coax until holds. her parents had given in.

When the little girl heard about it she was delighted. Laura's parents were greatly pleased with the little girl (whom they called Virginia) for she was very happy in her new home. -Lillian E. Hayes, in the Brooklyn

LITTLE HOUSE HUNTERS.

There had been one long game of 'pussy wants a corner" in the squirrel park-more properly called Court Square-of the city of Memphis, Tenn. But there was no fun in the game. It had come about that there weren't tree boxes to hold the rapidly growing colony, and many unfortunate bushy tails were literally obliged to "hide out" of a night.

At last one big brown squirrel and his cunning little Mrs. Squirrel grew desperate; they started on an exploring expedition of their own. All the business blocks and hotels surrounding the park were carefully visited by these wise home seekers. All of a sudden they happened upon a veritable palace!

It was a barber's electric sign box with a crack in it just big enough for Mr. Squirrel to squeeze through. Between the panes of glass was a spaclous apartment to which they quick ly transferred all their bits or rag and

Of course the lights made it a little warm summer nights, but in winter's it equals the finest steam-heated plant in the city. The lights kept them awake at first, but soon they were quite accustomed to that. At any rate they are still there, and may frequently be seen scampering along the stone trimming of the building, which leads like a fine pavement to their brilliantly lighted residence.-Philadelphia Record.

WHAT TINY DID.

The author of "A Hermit's Wild Flowers" relates how a little red squirrel, which he called "Tiny," succeeded in gelting at some seeds that were hidden from him in different places.

"I stretched a cord between two trees, and half-way suspended a box open at the top and full of tempting seeds. Tiny saw the birds eating from the box, and made up his mind that he must have a share in the treat. He soon found a slender limb that would bend under his weight and let manac printed at Elizabethtown in him into the box. After he had used this highway several days I cut the Frenchman who sells powder for kill- limb away. When Tiny found a fresh ing files gives the following recipe: stub instead of a limb he understood what it meant, and chattered away

"His next move was to investigate will choke heem."-New York Press, the line where it was attached to the plies.

trees. When he found it he thought he could reach the box over the line, and started out. When about a foot from the box the line turned and Tiny jumped to the ground. He tried this three times and met with fallure. The fourth time when the line turned he clung to it and made his way to the box hand over hand. I thought he deserved a reward for his continued effort and intelligence, so, since then, I allow him to eat from the box whenever he feels like it."

SNOWBALL AFIRE.

Here is a pretty trick which should be very effective at a winter's evening party. The magician presiding orders a pan full of snow to be brought in from outside. When this is done he places the pan before him on the table in plain view of the company and rolls up his sleeves to the elbow after the menner of all magicians.

The magician now rolls the mass into a nice, big snowbail. Then he asks for a taper (your true magician was very disconsolate. She did not never uses a match) and turns the empty pan bottom upward, placing the snowball on it. He stands a yard or so from the pan, and, stretching forth his arm, applies the lighted taper to the top of the snowball. There is a flash of fire which becomes a steady flame, and there is the snowball afire, much to the mystification of the puzzled onlookers.

The secret of the trick is very simple. The person who fetches you the pan of snow must be a confederate, who contrives to slip a piece of camphor into the pan. You search through the snow with your fingers for the lump of camphor as you roll the snowball. The camphor being white looks from the audience's point of view like a lump of snow, and the sharpest eye will not detect you as you slip it into the top of the snowball. It should be about the size and shape of a chestnut and be pushed -Good Literature.

A TOY FLYING MACHINE. The latest mechanical toy is, ap-

propriately enough, a flying machine. The toy flying machine has for a body a slender little metallic cylinder about six inches long and pointed at boin ends, something in the order of a torpedo boat. Attached to the under side of this cylinder are two a tiny figure of a man.

In the after frame is carried also within a little case a coiled spring which runs a two-bladed propeller.

This flying machine is not designed for independent flight, but to be suspended by a cord. When you have it parents were eating their breakfast thus suspended and have wound up

These toy flying machines don't cost quite as much as one of Count Zeppelin's airships-in fact, you can buy one of them for forty cents.-New York Sun.

READY FOR THE DOLLAR.

Majorie, aged nine, had not been having very satisfactory reports from her school. Her father finally said, "Marjorie, for the first hundred you get I'll give you a dollar." Time went on and the reward could not be claimed. One day the child was taken violently ill. Her mother sent for the doctor. When he had gone Mariorie said: "Mamma, am I very fil?"

"No, dear; your temperature is a little over a hundred, but the doctor thinks you will be all right in a day Smiles broke through Marjorle's

tears.

"Now, mamma, I can have my dollar. Papa said he would give it to me if I could get a hundred in anything,"-Dallas News.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR. What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness, says a man who knows. During the war how many schools and colleges followed popuar boys? These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his friends. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of anyone will one day find himself possessing all sympathy.

If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular.

WHAT THE BIRDS DO FOR US A French naturalist tells is that if all the birds were suddenly to be wiped off the earth, people could not live here after nine years had passed away. The bugs and slugs-which the birds now keep from becoming too plentiful-would eat up all the crops and mankind would soon be without food. So you see what a very bad thing it is for little boys to shoot the useful birds with air guns and slingshots, or for little girls to covet the feathers or wings or bodies of the pretty flying creatures for their hats.

A co-operative purchasing agency is being organized in this country for supplying American and English missionaries with certain necessary sup-

on our guary do for you. St