"THE DEAR OLD DAYS."

Glume back the dear old days that Mem'ry
With "Pilot, "is a fearful night—there's
danger on the deep!"
The old-time, awkward gestures—the jerk,

Is smiling there in welcome beneath a
marin for a bown.

Glame back the dear old days—all the Glame back the dear old days—the pathway stood on the burnin' deck." an "Bingon on the Rhine!"

"Twas midnight: In his guarded tent"—
we spoke it high and low.
While Mary trotted out that lamb "whose fleece was white as snow!"

Glame back the dear old days—the pathway through the delise way through the delise way through the delise way through the many the school in the block of the block on the block of the old-time dictionary, an the blue-back spellin' book!

But as he settled down to a long,

steady dog lope he began to think of

ing but sudden death would stop him.

Let the clever animal psychologists

who experiment on white mice at the

stinct guided him over this route,

which he never had traveled before.

It is sufficient for the purposes of the

present narrative to say that he never

faitered or hesitated, but pushed stead-

ily on, keeping the lake on his right

paw and following the sun. And his

Near Watervliet, Mich., he met i

farmer's wagon, and was given a lift

of many miles, which gave his aching

ads a grateful rest. He supped at

Benton Harbor in the rear of a butch-

er shop, defeating three other scaveng

ing dogs in fair fight, for hunger had

Then he crossed over to St. Joseph,

enjoying a refreshing swim across the

St. Joe river. The next day was Wed-

where he almost caused a German

hausfrau to suffer an attack of apo-

plexy by leaving a trail of dirty paw

prints across the newly washed streets

which were drying on her lawn. Near

Bridgman he fraternized with a group

loined pullet, scorched over a camp-

fire, and at Sawyer, the village black-

Having escaped the mastiff without

much honor, but with a whole skin,

Bob fared on to New Buffalo, where

he spent the night in the railroad sta-

Then Bob entered the domain of

the Hooslers. He almost was tempted

when he came to the sand dunes, but

Michigan City proved an oasis in the

desert. Here he was observed by the

Bob devoured it in stole resigna-

tion, even as the man lost in the wil-

derness will eat his own shoes. But

when one of the village cut-ups re-

marked, "That there dawg will eat

ennything," and made him "speak" for

a discarded "chaw" of tobacco, Bob's

city-bred pride arose, and he shool

the sand of Michigan City out of his

close to the shore line limping along

Although the Tolleston marshes con

fused him for a time, he soon found

his bearings and began to forge north-

ward, toward the smoky haze on the

porizon, where he knew he would find

the cream puffs and the rats. The

dugout of the boy bandits and the

scene of Niedemeier's last stand, near

the powder mills of Aetna, had no

charms for him; his strength began

to return with the sense that he was

nearing the goal, and he soon bolted

through Hammond and across the

How Bob rode in a caboose from

Pullman to Randolph street-that is

minor detail in this true tale of a

dog. He made a gallant finish at 2

o'clock on Thursday afternoon, going

straight as a homing pigeon to 201

North Park avenue, Austin. There

as of old, was the bakeshop, and there

his nostrile were made glad with the

scent of newly baked bread and de

Mrs. J. W. Boyle, now the proprie

tress of the bakery, was startled out

of a study of the advertisements in

It was Bob, his nose in the air,

every rib visible, covered with dirt,

but cheerfully giving voice like a

bound in at the death. She charitably

opened the door for the tramp, Bob

darted in, and in another moment was

curled up in his favorite seat, on the

window-sill, fast asleep. Shortly after-

ward Mrs. J. J. Owens, who lives in

the flat above, came in to buy sup

plies for supper. She took one giance

at the sleeping dog, and then ex-

claimed: "Why, where in the world did you get Bob?"

Meanwhile Henry, Sr., whose mind

has been trained by a long study of

legal documents, had been thinking

over Bob's disappearance. Last Sat

urday morning he remarked to Mrs.

gone back to Auttin," and, although

this acute remark was greeted with

wifely contempt, he went out to the

A musical composition of the Span-ish dance order made the hit of the

cago Record-Herald.

mestead that afternoon.-Chi-

state line into Chicago.

licious cream puffs.

jubilant "Ow-ow-ow-ow!"

the shingle and eating an occasiona

dead fish.

He made good time by keeping

smith "sicked" a mastiff on him.

dvantures were many.

made him fierce as a wolf.

ant fer a bow :- mornin' sky :- mornin' sky :- mornin' sky :- mornin' sky :- There's a bridge acrost the river; an' we've t. Lord! it's ringin' now! crossed, an' said "Good-by!"

True Tale of an Intelligent Dog.

Dogs constantly are surprising their thing must be done to put them right best friends. The true tale of Bob is a shining illustration of this fact.

Bob is an unaristocratic but intelli- the happy days of long ago in Austin. gent animal, whose ancestry is several He seemed to smell the cream puffs parts fox terrier, the other being unagain and to hear the rats gnawing known. He is sturdy, brave, quick- at the flour barrels in the cellar. Then witted and efficient, well equipped in he knew that he was going back to every way to play a good part in the the land of his nativity, and that nothcanine struggle for the survival of the fittest. Keen as a fox, and game as a pebble—that is Bob. universities tell, if they can, what in-

He has, also, two contradictory characteristics-the love of his home and the lust for travel, and thereby hangs this veridical tale, which is, in the aunals of dogdom, what the saga of Lief, the son of Eric, is in the chronicles of human adventure. For without the aid of chart or compass, without even the sense of smell to guide him, Bob has journeyed through an unknown land more than 100 miles back to a spot he had not seen for five years. From South Haven, Mich., to Austin, Ill., by the overland route, is the feat of the wonderful Bob.

Bob acknowledges as masters two little boys-William Henry, Jr., aged 10 years, and Rudolph Henry, aged 12. Their father, William Henry, Sr., an employe in the filing room of the Circuit Court of Cook county, is rec- nesday, during which he passed ognized by Bob and his own owners through the town of Stevensville, as the final court of appeal in all disputes over rights of proprietorship. Bob came into this world some nine or ten years ago, being born within the confines of Austin before that suburb was annexed to the city. He promptly was adopted by the Henry of tramps who were dining off a purfamily, then resident in Austin, and interested in the management of a

bakery at 201 North Park avenue. Amid the fragrant exhalations of the bakeshop, with the aromas of cream puffs, coffee cake and fresh bread educating his nostrils to a delicate sense of the good things in life, Bob passed tion, through the kindness of the Irish from the days of puphood to canine flagman. maturity. He frolicked with Willy udy on the lawns of the town park fust across the street, and proved to dig a grave for himself and die a prodigy at massacring the

ues in the crusts of Mme, Henry's His warfare on the rodents faithful few at the station who watch so pitiless that Grocer Louis Nis- the trains come in, and one kindly , half-way down the block, attempt- soul fed him a doughnut from the to seduce him into a change of railroad eating house. habitat with choice bits from the chor ping block, but Bob proved faithful his old friends. Altogether, he found Austin a very pleasant place in which to live.

Five years ago the bakery changed hands and the Henrys moved away. William Henry, Sr., entered into the employment of the county and located in Chicago at 91 Hill street, but the grandmother immigrated to Sou Haven, where she owned a small plot of ground just outside the limits of the town. Bob was sentenced to live with her, and was taken across the lake in a steamer, enjoying the trip hugely, for he is a dog of an extreme ly nautical turn of mind.

Then Willy and Rudy and William, over to visit him quite often. But after all country life lacked the intoxicating, cosmopolitan charm of urban when he longed for the smell of cream puffs and the squeal of a frightened

And now the history of Bob's ad venture begins. Sunday, July 16, Henry, Sr., and his family ran ove to South Haven for the usual week end outing. Bob had been suffering from an unusually severe attack of home-sickness the week before, and the arrival of his lords and masters was a welcome balm to his nostalgic

however, and Bob's heart was sad, indeed, Rudy was left behind, but Willy and his father sailed away on the Eastland that evening, leaving the morning newspaper by a long and their faithful friend behind them on the wharf. The newly married couples were kissing on the decks, handterchiefs were fluttering over the bulwarks and the famous homeward bound chorus, "Are you married? Are you married?" was violating the chas-

excursion liner left the docks. Occasionally the classic retort of the venerable quid-"No, we're diand it admirably expressed the feel ings of poor Bob, perched disconsolate

Willy and Pop leaned across railing to have one last look at the nely dog, which broke into a long of them, and was only restrained from a suicidal attempt to follow in their who clutched him by the scruff of the neck at the crucial moment and with a friendly kick sent him scampering

ig briefs in the dingy archives of Circuit Court was broken for Her pere by a letter from 12-year-old Willy, visiting with grandma at South ish dance order made the hit of the evening at an open air concert given at Fresno last night by the 6th regiment band. It was composed by a walter in a local chophouse. F. C. Franzoni is his name and between orders he has succeeded in grinding out a very creditable piece of music. It is entitled "Zena." Since his success, the waiter has adopted the title of Signer was adopted the signer was adopted It contained this pathetic

Yes, the gypsy strain in Bob's mon-el blood had asserted itself at last.

ORCHARD and GARDEN

New Orchards Where such a thing is feasible farm ers should plant nut trees and thus utilize the hillsides—where nothing

else will grow-for nut orchards.

It is easy to milk a cow down in two senses in one. A poor milker is pretty sure to get her down in her quantity of milk. Milking up again is harder, but it is possible. I heard lately of a cow that had got down in two months, from 24 to six pounds a day, without any apparent cause, as far as she was herself concerned.

The master milker took her in hand, handling and petting her; he filled her up on a mixed diet, salted, and washed down with clear water. In a little over two weeks she had gone up again

This man believes in the Scandinavian plan of treating the udder with a kind of massage after the milking is supposed to be over. This is done for three or four minutes when some very rich milk is produced. It seems that there is always some hiding away in the cavities of the udder.

Instinct as well as experience makes the calf go through with its "hunching," and no wonder the cow kicks the calf in a not very motherly fashion, if her udder happens to be tender .- L. A. Nash in Indiana Farmer.

Grooming Horses.

The process of grooming requires great practice and experience in order to remove all the deep-seated dirt and loose scales. Cleaning the legs is also an important point in grooming In dry weather simple brushing out is sufficient, followed by hand rubbing. In wet or wintry weather when there is mud, washing of the legs is generally resorted to. This practice, as it is commonly performed, should be condemned. It is not so much the actual washing that should be objected to, as the fact that the legs are almost invariably left damp. This is a prolific source of inflammation sometime. of a portion of the skin, as in cutansous quittor, erythema, etc. The mud commonly gets the blame, but experience shows it is not the mud, but the washing aggravated by bad weather, which produces these evils. If the legs must be washed they should be rubbed until they are not only thoroughly dry but warm. After this they should be bandaged. Washing the whole body of the horse is a practice that should be wholly condemned. The practice of washing destroys the flossy appearance of a well groomed animal besides removing the protective oily

more danger from chill. Study the Hay Crop.

material and subjecting the horse to

Some fields are ready to cut before others, and it is well to attend to these first, as it should be the aim to get all of the crop possible when at the most profitable stage of growth. The wild or water grasses, where there are any, should be cut early and

so should any fields intested with weeds that should not be allowed to ripen their seeds. There is likely to be a considerable

amount of the white daisy this season for some reason, and these should be cut when in bloom when they will make a fair quality of hay, but if left until ripe are nearly worthless, and so of all weeds with a proper rotation and suitable cultivation there should

To cut the grasses early, or as nearly as may be when in full bloom, is generally considered best by all farmers. In some cases it may be necessary in order to do this to commence a little early, so that all of the crop possible may be cured before it has passed the most profitable stage of growth. Were it not for having the best of machinery for the work and smooth meadows this could hardly be done, but with these aids there is a great saving in time and labor.

To get the hay at the right time and n the best condition should be the object, then put the different grades by themselves where they can be had as wanted for use another winter .- E. R.

Holding Back Milk.

According to Professor Stewart, the following is the explanation why cows sometimes hold up or keep back their milk. The production of milk is due to a nervous action by which the glandular substance of the udder is broken down into milk whenever the cow is influenced by sufficient excitement of the right kind. It depends upon the structure and function of the udder ust as much as the sections of other subject to a set of nerves controlling this distinct function. The udder is not a mere vessel for holding milk that a supposed to be secreted continually and gathers in the udder, as one may suppose a constant dripping of any would fill any other receptacle, On the contrary, it is a gland, made up of cellular substance, which grows by separation (from the blood) of the maturity, or when the necessary ner-vous action occurs, it breaks down

into a special product—milk. Several experiments have been made with the udders of cows in milking condition that have been slaughtered, and an examination has been record ed of the udder of a cow accidentall killed on the railroad when iome to be milked, when she would microscope showed the minute globu-ules of the tissue swellen and distens-ed, but the udder contained practical-ly no milk, except a very small quan-tity that drained from the divided tis-

action. It is wholly due to the right influence on the nerves that the milk s produced and flows from every ultinate globule of the udder through all the ducts, small and great, to the teat. Then, if all goes well, and cited, nervous condition, as soon as the milker begins to touch the teats the cow lets down the milk-that is, she does not exert herself to oppose the action of the nerves of the mammary glands.-Massachusetts Ploughman.

Growing Calves.

It is the rule among all good dairynen to take the calves from the cows when a few days old at most. It has been found that the udder is injured and the cow damaged by any other course. Calling attention to this fact the London Live Stock Journal says that the injury is more or less permanent when the calf is allowed to suck any considerable length of time, that the udder of the young cow loses capacity to hold a large quantity of milk -if ever it had k-and older cows, becoming accustomed to the steady half-hourly drafts of the calf, fall off rapidly in their yield after the calf has been sent to market. It is true that calves fatten well on the cow, but they can be fattened very nearly if not just as well on the pail. New milk is far too expensive a luxury for a calf, which, after the first week of Its life, can be put on a ration of sweet skim milk, the loss of cream being made up by the use of scalded linseed meal Where the milk is the principal thing, veni is secondary, and it is well to sacrifice some of the excellence of the latter to the good of the dam. A helfer that is allowed to rear her own calf is generally ruined as a dairy cow. Her udder, never, becoming distended, lacks capacity to carry the milk from one milking to another; and when the calf is at last taken away, not only do the teats leak, but the distension of the udder, causing discomfort, results in a decrease in the yield.

On the other hand, had the distension occurred when the whole system was in the plastic condition in which it is just after calving, when the udder is naturally swollen and more or less painful, it would have become permanently adapted to the circumstances,

The desirability, therefore, of prompts oving the calf from the cow is apparent, and it is, in fact, denanded by every motive of economy. Many farmers who do not desire to rear their calves sell them when a few days old for a trifling sum, yet they all have the means at hand to make a good profit out of the skim milk by feeding it to the male calves and turnng them out as veal. Excellent vea and many calves reach the butcher which have never been fed a quart of whole milk, after the first day or two of their lives. If properly looked after these calves look quite as well as

those raised on new milk.

A £50 necklace has just been the cause of considerable excitement in a theatre at Montmartre. It had been stolen by a young butcher from a woman who was his customer, and later it was recognized by the loser on the neck of a girl who set near her at the performance. Accused of wearing things that did not belong to her, the girl stated before the commissary of police that the aecklace was a present from her friend, the Baroz de Montegallina. The noble man in question was at once sent for and turned out to be the butcher whose thieving proclivities had got the better of his honesty. The commissary, after a rigorous cross-examination learned from the butcher's lips that he had stolen the necklace and assumed the title of Baron in order to win the affection of a young lady who otherwise would have had nothing to do with him. He is now in the lockup awaiting his trial.-Parls cor respondence in London Globe.

Land Was Out of Sight. "Yes," said one of the traveling men who were telling stories in front of the hotel, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic ocean twenty-one

days." "On the Pacific one time I didn't see land for 29 days," sald another. A little bald-headed man tilted his chair against a post and knocked the ashes

from his cigar. "I started across the Kaw river nes Lawrence in a skiff once when I was a kid." he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other

"Aw, come off," came from one of the crowd, "The Kaw river isn't more than 300 yards wide anywhere along

"I didn't say it was," said the little man, quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."-Kansas City

Bathers Who Sleep Floating.

"To fall asleep floating on the waves is not an impossibility," said an At-lantic City life-guard. "On the sunwarmed billows on an August after-noon I once floated off to sleep, and when I awoke I was nearly half a mile out at sea. I know a Came

even though they can swim. They can't float because they keep the line of the body, from head to heels, stiff and straight. The line should be kept curved a little-it should resemble

MAKING SODA WATER

tion Requiring Quickness.

There is a soda water man in this town who believes that if the cooling but harmless drinks of modern days had been known and brought to their present state of tempting perfection 50 or 100 years earlier the thirst for intoxicating beverages would never have got such a grip as it now enjoys on civilized mankind. This is a question for the historians and metaphysicians to thrash out, but it is view that is pretty hard on our grandmothers, whose sassafras and other aromatic home-brewed beers were, ac cording to the testimony of our fath ers, good enough to put the W. C. T. U. out of business if anything could. There is, however, much in the con-

tention that the "soft" drinks manu factured today out of various charged waters and fruit flavors are as near perfection as science can make them. Scientists, indeed, are constantly working at the problem of making them better, and the need of secrecy in certain cases, to protect new processes not yet patented, does not in terfere much with the progress of the study.

The notion that soda water has any sulphuric acid in it is entirely erroneous, according to the authority quoted above. The carbonic acid gas with which plain water is charged, is, indeed, made by treating marble dust, or other substance containing carbon with sulphuric acid, but after the ga is made it is neither marble dust nor sulphuric acid, but something very different, and before it is forced into the water by pressure it is passed through an apparatus which thorough ly cleanses it.

The name soda water comes from the fact that carbonic acid gas may be generated by treating bi-carbonate of soda with acid. It was often made in that way in the early days in small quantities and could be so made now. a glassful at a time, but there is a sediment in such water, resulting from the chemical combination of sulphur in the sulphuric acid and the soda in the bi-carbonate of soda, which may or may not be harmful to health. The modern soda water, however, as made by the factories, is nothing but water and gas. It is the "fruit" flavoring, if made of chemicals, that is likely to be harmful. For manufacturing in quantity the gas is accumulated in a gasometer, where it is stored. For putting soda water, sarsaparilla or other carbonated waters in bottles the flavoring syrup is put in first and then the gas is conducted to the bottle from the gasometer by a stout rubber hose. This is necessarily a rapid operation and is done by machinery. There are stops and cocks for both hands and feet of the operator, so that by the time the water and gas are in on top of the syrup the cock is at once forced into the bottle's mouth and the fastening apparatus is applied, all in the space of a few seconds. There is more than one style of machine for this work, but with one of an un-to-date pattern an expert can fill from 200 to

For putting up seitzer and similar waters in siphons a special machine is used. The siphon has to withstand an interior pressure of from 175 to 200 pounds to the square inch, and in addition to being thick and strong must be as tight in the neck against leakage as a steam valve which often sustains no greater pressure. There is a good deal of risk to the operator in bottling siphon goods. The siphons are made in Bohemia, because the glass needs to be finely tempered, an art that reaches its highest perfection in that country.-Philadelphia Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Three brothers were wedded to three sisters at Durren, England, recently.

A correspondent of Nature says he had his portrait painted by two welld calculated that in known .-each case about ...,000 strokes of the brush were made. A lineman at Reno. Nev., came in

contact with a heavily-charged wire at the top of a 60-foot electric light pole and fell to the ground. When he recovered consciousness he wished return to work at once, but was per suaded to call it a day.

Chinese newspapers, owing to the cheap quality of paper used and to the low price of labor, both literary and mechanical, are issued at an extremely small figure. The price of the orlinary Shanghai journal is four cash, or about one-fifth of a cent.

conspicuously asplayed in the engine dispatener's office at the roundho in a town within 50 miles of Albany Trainmen on passenger trains must not go through the coaches with overalls on, without first taking them off.

A bird which can talk in two las ruages and whose repertory consists of 17 phrases is the latest addition to the London soological gardens. The bird belangs to a species which flour-ishes in northern india. Three of its phrases are in an Indian dialect and the rest in English. The bird's name is Tommy, and it asks all visitors. Who are you?"

"Now, boys," said the school

what is the axis of the earth? Johnny raised his hand promptly "The axis of the earth," said John-

"The arts of the carta, said Johnson, proudly, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other and on which the earth revolves," "Very good," exclaimed the teacher. "Now, could you hang clothes on that line, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"Indeed?" said the examiner, d'say

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DEAN H. MARTYN HART.

Subject Tithing-The Social Problem.

Denver, Col.-Denn H. Martyn Hart, of the St. John's Cathedral, recently preached a sermon on "Tithing—the Divine Solution of the Social Prob-"Render, therefore, unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's." Denn Hart said:

"It surely was no just argument that because the head of Caesar was upon the coin it therefore belonged to him and ought to be returned to the imperial treasury, any more than be-cause the effigy of the king is struck upon the English sovereign that therefore all sovereigns are his property.
"You will notice that the Lord had

said, 'Show me the tribute money.' A bystander offered the coin, which lay in the extended palm of the Lord's hand. The Jews have ever been the most precocious of money dealers. Had the Romans permitted them to pay their taxes in all manner of coins, great would have been the loss to the exchequer; therefore a coin was struck, and there are still some of them to be seen, in which alone it was lather to pay the tax. This coin had to be purchased from the publican of the district, who looked after his own interests. The 'tribute money' went to Rome, to the imperial treasury.
"The man who had produced the

coin had already acknowledged his liability and had provided himself with the means of liquidating it. The coin was only of use for the one purpose that one thing was the payment of the tribute. The questioner had answered himself. 'Fulfill your obligation,' said the Lord, 'and render unto Caesar the things that be Caesar's, and do not forget that the power of Caesar is only the representative of the higher power whom kings reign, and if you admit the authority of the servant by so much more should you recognize the authority of the Master; render, therefore, unto God the things that are God's.' What then, are 'the things of God' which we are required to render unto Him?

"If the context requires that the parallel shall be continued, and it is in a sum of money that the answer must be given, then the only reply can be that one-tenth of every man's income is 'a thing of God.' Now what evidence have we that this is so and what dence have we that this is so and what

is the purpose of the law?
"The ultimate appeal as to what is truth must be the opinion of the race. If the opinion of all men could be taken as to the truth or falsity of any proposition, that would be a final de-termination. When anybody is in doubt of a legal or medical question, the only solution of the doubt is an appeal to men of the legal or medical professions. 'Counsel's opinion' i to extend this were possible natural instinct to the limits of bumanity and upon any question of grave import the opinion of all men could be ascertained, then that expression would be as nearly truth as it is

possible for us men to arrive at.
"The Lincolnian canon is as sure rule as the most firmly established You cannot fool all the people all the time.' There are, at least, double the number of Bibles in the world as there are all other books put together. If the list of the libraries in the world be taken out of an encyclopedia and the number of their in all the libraries which possess over volumes there are books, and if we allow that there are as many books in household libraries as in these great public collections which is making a liberal estimate, we may safely conclude that there are not more than 100,000,000 secular books in the world. But during the last century the leading Bible societies of Europe and America put out more than 200,000,000 Bibles, ent languages. The British and For eign Bible Society turns out of its presses seven Bibles, or parts of th Bible, every minute, day and night. It is, therefore, the opinion of the race that this Book is 'the most valuable

tning in the world,' as the Archbisho of Canterbury describes it, as he hand ed a cop, to the new-crowned king. "The of inion of the race is that the Bible is a book of truth; that it is what it professes to be—the revelation of the heavenly Father to the children of men. Now if this be the case, it would be strange indeed if this communication from outside our life did not instruct us as to the great desider-ata of every individual. Let any one ata of every individual. Let as

perfectly happy and content in this present state of existence. "The reply would be: First, to have a conscience void of offense; next, to have no fear of death, but a looking void of offense; next, to forward to a glory to be revealed; and finally, to be removed from any anxiety as to the necessities of living. As we should expect, the answers to these essential requirements of life are given on the very first page of

"In the dramatic story of Cain and Abel the three provisions for satisfy-thing these three fundamental wants are plainly stated. These two brothers came together on the same day, at the same time, to the same place, for the same purpose; there were two altars and each brought material for "The essential truth of sacrifice.

spite the immense ingenuity which has been employed to explain it away. remains stamped upon it. Millions o ent victim to an altar erected to the unseen but recognized God. Putting their hands on the head of the victim. they confessed the sins which lay a handsome state. burnt part of it and ate the rest of it. arother, perform sacrince in practicality the same way, and mean nothing by it. The meaning of its ritual is written large upon its surface. No sensible man could for a moment believe that the wrongs he had done, and which he regretted and would unde if he could, and was prepared to undo if he could, and was prepared to effective, whereb make what atonement for he was able, may be removed.

Just think of it! Nome, whose out put of gold for the season of 1905 to estimated at \$10,000,000, was practi-cally unknown a few years ago, the

putting his hands on its head and con-fessing his sins. That innocent ani-mal represented some other Being, who 'could hear the sins of the world.' The only nation of theologians the world has ever produced kept dear the original revelation. They knew there was 'a Lamb of God that taketh away

was 'a Lamb of God that taketh away
the sin of the world.'
"That God requires of men a tenth
of their income, as a tax for the general purposes of the commonweal, and
issued this law as one of the fundamental rules for the guidance of human society, is evident from the fact of its wide observance by ancient na-tions. One instance must suffice. In Plutarch's life of the Dictator Camil ius, it is recorded that after the taking of the Etruscan City of Veii, the augurs reported from their inspection of the sacrifices, that the gods were outraged. An inquiry was institute and it was ascertained that the so diers who had been concerned in the sacking of the city had neglected to dedicate the accustomed tenth to the

victorious legions should make restitu tion and that a cup of gold of eight talents weight should be sent as a trespass offering to the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. "The Roman lagies brought, of their own free will, such liberal gifts of jewels and gold that the Senate, to honor them, decreed that funeral ora-tions might be made at the obsequies of women, which hitherto had only been permitted over eminent publi men. This extraordinary episode proves how rarely it happened that tithes were not paid and how grievous men.

was the sin of omitting their payment The further history of this also proves that the payment of tithes was a world wide institution and car-ried with it a sacredness which can only be accounted for by admitting that it was a primitive and universally recognized law of God.

"Three senators of high rank were appointed to carry the restored tithe, with the trespass offering, to Delphos. On its way the embassy was taken by the Liparians, who were then at war with Rome. But when the governor of the city understood that the rich booty was tithe on its way to Delphos he not only liberated the Romans, but sent a squadron of his own fleet to convoy them safely on their way. "This dedication at a tenth, for the

could only have been devised by mind which thoroughly understood the whole problem of the needs of human society. If it were honestly practiced viate all social pressure-and it is not a little to be wondered at, that the public eye should be blinded to such an exceedingly simple and easily exenacted and as readily executed. Suppose that every citizen comprehe the effectiveness of the law of tithe and voted that it should be constituted a national income tax, what would be the result?

"Consider the absolute impossibility of legislating against trusts or combinations of capital. Legislation against the natural processes of trade can never be a success. The money getting proclivity is an element in the character of men, which, like other baracteristics varies in different neo

ple. Those in whom it is largely deally. If all the wealth of the community were evenly distributed among its individuals it would, in the course of a few years, go back again into the tude of making money. The law of benefit of those who do not possess it, and for those who by various disabilties gravitate below the line of com-

fertable living.
"The taxation of a tenth will be found to be that exact fraction which tress, and exactly that sum which will maintain those who from various causes are unable to maintain themselves. All communities have about same proportionate and the example afforded by this city other city mutatis mutandis.

"This city is composed of about thirty thousand houses. It will be readily conceded that for living purposes each house must represent a yearly income of \$1000. So that the minimum income of this city is \$30,000,000. The actual ncome is probably twice that amount, But see the effect of tithing this mini-\$3,000,000. Now, by actual reckoning, t is found that the income of the 125 churches, that is, all moneys gathered for all purposes from the people shiping in them, amounts to less \$300,000. Last year the incomes of the five largest denominations were: The Presbyterians, \$56,000; the Episcopalians, \$48,000; the Congregationalists, \$34,000; the Baptists, \$31,000, and the Methodists, \$21,000. So that \$250,000 vill represent the religious income of this community. The County Commissioners expended on relief \$86,000. The four hospitals did not spend in charitable work \$50,000. The other so-cieties which exist for eleemosynary

ourposes, together with all the private charity of the city, will have their expenditures well covered by \$114,000 so that \$500,000 represents the religious and charitable cost to a city of 165,000 people, of maintaining churches, hospitals and charitable cisties. The public school system, which is remarkably efficient, cost \$486,000. Thus, for all sorts of charitable relief, all sorts of religious effort and for public education the city of Denver spent \$1,000,000. If tithing were in force the tithe

If tithing were in commissioners would have, at the least, \$3,000,000 at their disposal—that means to say that the churches might all be free, the hospitals wide ope and well equipped; public laundries might relieve the women of the work-ing classes; their food might be cooked at the public kitchens; every man to old to work might be pensioned; the

old to work might be pensioned; the streets might be gardens, where all such pensioners might have easy labor, and every reasonable cause for discontent might be removed.

Let the people demand that an income tax of a tenth shall be a national levy. The English pay income tax, why should not Americans? The Mornous pay tithe, and they have no poor and no discontent, so far as the matter of living is concerned. It is the law of God, wonderful, simple and completely effective, whereby all social disabilities

A SUGGESTION. Mr. Sloman-Now, you're joking

again, aren't you?

he could transfer t a dumb animal by FIERCE HORNED CATTLE.

THE PHILIPPINE TIMARAU HAS NEVER BEEN TAMED.

Natives Afraid to Hunt It, Although It is the Smallest of the Ox Family-Prof. Worcester's Hard Task in Gatting a Shot at One-Can't Be Drop-

Unpatriotic though it may sound, he American bison was great only in appearance. His shaggy frontlet, his wild eye and his mighty coronet concealed as cowardly a ton of flesh as ever stirred, says the Washington

But even if we have to admit that the big Bos Americanus of the United States is not worthy of honor except as a marvel of the animal world, the Spanish-American war saved our face, for when we acquired the Philippines we acquired with them a buffalo that is the wickedest thing that ever moved on four legs. The Philippine carabao or water buffalo is wicked enough when wild, and even in a tamed state is prone to attack human beings suddenly. But the timarau, although much smaller than the carabao, is so mean and savage that he will search out carabao and kill them for the mere

ove of killing. Nobody ever has tamed a timarau-Nobody in the Philippines wants to try; indeed, few natives of the Philippines ever want to see one. The fear of the tiger and lion in India and Africa is as nothing compared with the fear of the timarau in the Island of Mindoro.

So deeply rooted is the fear of the furtive, belligerent, relentless little ox that Profs. Worcester and Steere were unable even to find out what kind of beast it was when they visited the Philippines in 1888 on an exploring expedition.

Everybody warned them against the reature, but no two descriptions agreed. Prof. Worcester says that one man solemnly assured-them that had only one horn, which grew straight from the top of its head. Another declared that he had never seen any horns on it, but it certainly had only one eye, which was set right in the middle of its forehead.

These tales spurred them on, and they visited Mindoro, only to search in vain for several months until they found a tribe called the Mangyans, who knew it well. They said that it was like a small buffalo, with straight horns running upward and backward like those of a goat. They expressed great fear of it, and told him it attacked and killed the big water buffalo every time it got a chance, and how it would charge a man when-

ever it was approached. Finding out about timarau and finding timarau were two different things, The creatures were so marvellously shy and cupping that, although the arty followed trails day after da

which showed where whole herds had congregated, they never even caught glimpse of the animal itself. At last, after more weeks of hunting a native tracker led them to a hiding place of timarau; but he did so only after he had forced an agree ment that he be permitted to run as soon as he had located the game for the hunters. He pointed into the

bushes, whispered "Timarau, senor!" and raced madly away, his face gray with fear. Prof. Worcester worked his way carefully through the bushes, but could not see the buffalo for a long time, so perfectly was the animal con conled. At last he saw his head and fired, but just as he did so the bull

tossed his head and the shot missed

the professor, "there came crashes in the jungle on every side of me. I had walked into a whole herd of tim arau without knowing it. One old bull stood his ground and I gave him a bullet in the shoulder. Furiously he whirled around on me. As I pushthrow another cartridge into the mag azine the mechanism jammed and left me to face a wounded timarau with a useless gun. Why that brute did not charge has always been a mystery to me. I never afterward knew one to fail to do it under similar circumstances. What he did do was to rush madly into the brush after the herd." Prof. Worcester found his tracker up a tree and had so hard a time coax-

ing him to come down that they lost the trail. Despite careful hunting and despite the fact that they were in timarau country, they got no other shot that trip; and it was not until the next trip that Prof. Worcester got one of the buffaloes, and then only by firing half on guess into the bushes where he could see one indistinctly. It is rarely that these little buffaloes are found in any except cover so dense that the hunter must cut his way through the with a knife, foot by foot. This and the fact that if he happens to get within scent of a lurking buffalo the animal will charge him as quick as lightning and gore and trample him to pieces combines to assure the lit-tle forest buffalo of Mindoro a long

season of immunity. The natives like the meat of the timarau, and as other food often falls them they are eager enough for it; but they are far too much afraid of these cattle to hunt them, even whe

they are starving. Attempts have been made to catch tills itself by its wild stru soon as trapped, and even if it d not struggle to the death it refu that even the youngest calves if caught and put to such with a tame

The timaran and its co pretty little ance of Celebes, are a smallest of the ox family. The b gest, standing higher at the should than even our bleen, is the guar

Not Likely to Be Single