

REST SOMETIME.

The torrent rushes with frenzied might  
To rest on the quiet plain;  
The avalanche roars in its downward  
flight,  
Then a century sleeps again.

The eagle that sweeps with a tireless wing  
O'er the dome of a brassy sky,  
At last must droop to the pines that cling  
To the crest of the mountain high.

The life we live and the race we run,  
The sorrow and doubts that rend,  
Some day—the victory lost or won—  
Will come to a quiet end;

For mad the torrent and strong the wing,  
And fearful the headlong flight,  
Yet time the end of the day will bring,  
And after the day—the night.  
—Lowell O. Reese, in San Francisco Bulletin.



**K**ANNOGA, an Indian boy of the tribe of the Coeur d'Alenes, was sitting one evening with Aakloo, his little sister, at the edge of the forest on the shore of Coeur d'Alene lake, and was telling her a favorite story, when at one of her interruptions he laughed and leaned carelessly back and looked straight into the eyes of a cougar.

"If I were drowning you would swim out into a great lake, too, like Grandfather Gray Beaver did, wouldn't you?" the girl asked. She spoke indignantly, for that day she had heard an old man say that boys like Kannoga, who went to school in the reservation instead of into the forest, could never be brave Indians, and she was sure that her brother was very brave.

It was her show of indignation and her eager confidence that caused him to laugh now and to lean back. She waited, but he did not answer. With both hands clasped over his copper-colored shin, and one bare foot raised slightly above the log on which he was sitting, he stared into the great restless eyes that looked down at him from the nearest limb. He was without a weapon of any kind, and the cougar was full grown, with a body dry-looking and gaunt with hunger.

Although its glance was for the moment fixed on him he could see that it had been watching Aakoo and that its interest was still centered in her, as if it had chosen her for its victim. He was seized with sudden fear that she might move unexpectedly and thus cause the creature to spring upon her, yet he sat there seemingly unable to speak or to think what ought to be done.

"You would, wouldn't you?" asked the girl. Her voice broke the fascinat-

ing spell of those terrible eyes. Kannoga knew that she would turn in a moment to see why he had not answered, and in order not to direct her attention to the panther he lowered his glance and met hers.

But there was something in his face that made her afraid, and he looked with startling intentness far beyond her, down the long, darkening stretch of deserted shore, toward the skin-covered tepee by the spring, where Mar-tala, their mother, and Sis-sos-ka, their father, lived during the hot summer.

"Stand still!" said Kannoga, as calmly as he could. It cost him a great effort to remain quietly there, without looking up, when he knew what was overhead, but the effort caused him to think more clearly.

"Shut your eyes!" he said suddenly. "What for?" asked Aakloo, frightened still more at the unaccountable change in his voice.

For a moment his fingers tightened convulsively over his shin, then gradually relaxed and unclasped. He lowered his upraised foot, moving it slowly,

the sense of his own danger came suddenly upon him.

If Sis-sos-ka would only come with his rifle—or Gray Beaver, an old man now, but still a great hunter. If he had only told Aakloo! He turned his head and looked after her. Down the winding track of sand beside the still lake, both grown a dull gray in the evening light, he saw her running, and he knew that long before she could reach the tepee he would be beyond the need of rescue.

He had turned his head for only an instant, but in that instant the cougar had crept nearer and its long tail had begun to swing slowly, stealthily, from side to side.

Kannoga saw no hope of escape, but with every sense alert he studied his desperate chances.

The panther lay crouched with its head toward the forest, while he sat facing the lake. When he had carefully measured the space between them and the distance to the water he jumped away from the log and ran directly under the panther.

The animal instantly shifted its

head, as if to leap down from the other side of the limb, but the boy did not appear there, and it turned with marvelous agility before its great yellow body shot out into the air.

Kannoga was crushed down under its weight, but he had reached the lake and fell where the water was nearly knee deep. He felt the panther release its grasp into order to find firm footing, and when he raised up for air discovered its dripping head little more than an arm's length from his own.

Then he took a deep breath and lay down upon the bottom, hoping that the panther would leave him.

It stood there, however, watching over him and waiting.

He started to crawl out from shore, but it seemed to him that he had hardly moved when heavy claws sunk into his leg and dragged him back. Then, without letting go its hold, the panther immediately shifted its position and began to drag him out into shallower water.

He made desperate efforts to hold fast to the lake bed, for he knew that the end would be if he reached the shore, but his fingers only plowed through the sand.

The sharp point of a rock that tore him as he was dragged over it gave him hope; he grasped it with both hands and clung with all his strength, but in an instant his fingers were digging vainly in the sand again.

At last he raised his head for air. The panther at once let go of his leg and came at him with open mouth, but it moved slowly in the water, and Kannoga, by a great effort, stood up. Then the beast sprang upon him.

The boy had nerved himself, however, and fell as far out from shore as he could. When the feeling of dizziness that followed the shock had passed he found that the panther held his arm in its mouth and was swimming—that its feet did not touch bottom.

Then, in spite of the terrible pain it caused him, he pulled his arm down until the cougar's head was submerged. Very soon it released its hold, and the Indian boy stood up again, and this time he became the aggressor. Grasping the slick, wet head with both hands he forced it deep into the water. The panther's feet touched bottom, and its violent struggles threw him down, but he got up again and held the glaring eyes and the red mouth with its white teeth more carefully—just under the surface of the lake.

Kannoga became very weak and his legs trembled feebly under him, but he was thankful that they were long, for he could stand with his head in the cool evening breeze while the cougar was drowning.

At first the panther made fearful sounds as the water filled its lungs, but these presently ceased, and at last it hung a dead weight in the boy's hands. He let it sink then and loosened a stone from the lake bed to roll upon its head.

His wounds were slight, but painful, and the terrible battle had so weakened him that when he reached the shore he fell exhausted, with his face toward the tepee.

He could not see Aakloo now, nor even the canoe that came in a moment to where he lay. Gray Beaver and an old friend, paddling out from camp, had called to the girl as she ran on the shore, and had laughed when she told them why she could not turn her head to look after them.

Then they had seen the boy and the cougar in the edge of the lake, and their paddles had swung faster and with stronger strokes than they had used for many a year.

When Kannoga opened his eyes Gray Beaver leaned over him and spoke gently: "Aakloo will understand that game better when she is older," he said. And across a narrowing stretch of water the boy saw her waiting with Mar-tala. —Robert W. McCulloch, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Pigeons of St. Mark's.

A colony of the celebrated pigeons of St. Mark's, transplanted from Venice to Vienna, have thriven and multiplied to such an extent as to become a public nuisance. The few pairs imported 100 years ago have become the progenitors of uncounted swarms, and means of reducing their numbers have had to be resorted to. Hundreds flock daily round an eccentric old lady, known as the "baroness," who, closely veiled and preserving a strict incognito, appears in the town park summer and winter, with a supply of food for them, and who is said to have wept on being told that the numbers of her pets were to be diminished.—The Tablet.

The Mystified Ermine.

Many of the provident peresses are already purchasing the ermine robes that they will be required to wear on the great occasion of the coronation, and no doubt their economical foresight will be repaid, for there is no question but that the price of ermine must rise as a consequence of the unusual demand. To the unfortunate ermine, hunted to death more zealously to supply the demand, the chain of causes and effects must seem very mysterious.—Country Life.

FARM AND GARDEN.

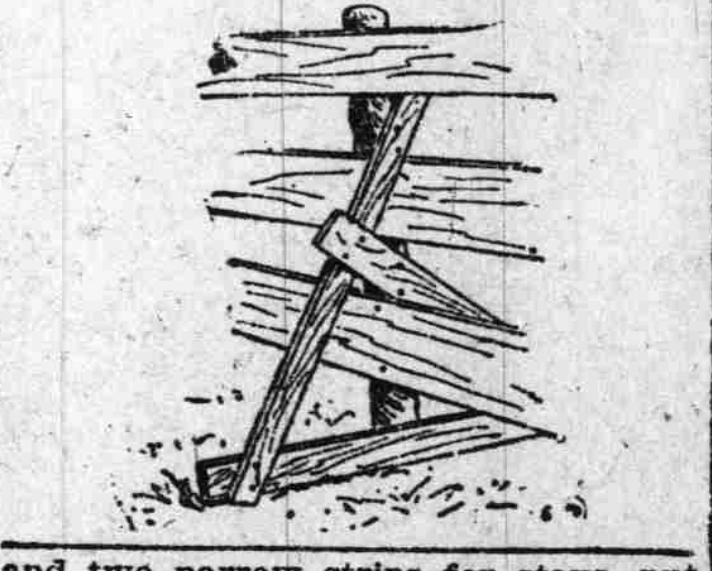
**One Profit From Sheep.**  
There is one profit from sheep that is not generally considered, which is the increased fertility of the land occupied by them. The farms in Canada that command the highest prices are those upon which sheep have been kept for years, the pastures on such farms being free from weeds, while the crops grown thereon have increased every year, showing a gain in fertility.

**Winter Care of Poultry.**  
No one who does not take an interest in poultry can expect many eggs in cold weather or when the ground is covered with snow. My experience is keeping the roosting place clean, good shelter and a varied diet. To promote laying, feed alternately wheat, buckwheat, oats, scalded bran sometimes seasoned with pepper and occasionally a little corn. Onions chopped fine and mixed with their food will promote health, also scraps from the table; and thick sour milk placed where they can get it is also relished. Where milk is not at hand keep clean water within their reach. Crushed oyster shell and gravel and a dust bath are necessary. With this treatment hens will pay well in winter.—Mrs. E. Bates, in the Epitomist.

**A Cheap Smokehouse.**  
Anyone having a small amount of meat to smoke and not caring to depend on the neighbors' smokehouse can build one himself without use of hammer or nails. Simply take an old hogshead and saw a hole near the bottom for a stovepipe to enter. Get an old cast iron teakettle and cut a hole near the bottom for draft. Now procure at least five lengths of stovepipe, ten better; less than five will burn the meat. Set your hogshead at least two feet above the level of the kettle. Fill the latter with kindlings, including some hickory wood and cobs, and place the elbow of a pipe over the top of the kettle. Start a fire and hang your hams in the hogshead. The damper should be used when fuel is put in. This will do the work. I have used it for years, and find it practical.—W. V. N. Rouse, in Orange Judd Farmer.

**Timely Seed-Saving.**  
If certain fine specimens of favorite flowers have been allowed to ripen their seed for next season's planting, don't neglect them until late in the fall, and then expect to secure them all at once. It should be remembered in gathering the seeds of annuals that it is necessary to study the habits of the different varieties, or many of the seeds will be lost. Take the phlox, the pansies and the balsams, for instance; if we wait until the seeds are fully ripe we will find that there are none when we are ready to gather them, for they burst their capsules as soon as they are ripe, and throw their seeds as far as possible. By studying the different plants, and learning their natural methods of distributing their seeds, we can anticipate this self-sowing and capture the seeds as soon as the pods are well formed and show signs of maturity.

**Where Fence Posts Decay.**  
In some soils and with some kinds of stakes, there is a tendency for the stakes to rot off quickly at the surface of the ground. The alternate wetting and drying at that point seems to cause this. Repairs can be made without tearing down the fence in the least. Use a cedar crosspiece at the bottom.



and two narrow strips for stays, put on as shown in the cut, and the fence will be well supported for many years. A somewhat similar contrivance might be used for making a movable fence. The post, in this case, would not go into the ground at all, but the fence would be supported by the broad base.—New England Homestead.

**Holding Up the Milk.**  
This is a peculiar vice and one affected by many cows. Indeed, there is scarcely a herd in the country that does not contain one or more cows that are given to the habit of holding up their milk. Such cows, as a rule, are possessed of highly nervous organization. They are quite apt to take a prejudice to certain persons as milkers, or if spoken to harshly they can easily be thrown into this unfortunate state of mind and body. The easiest and surest remedy for such a habit that we have ever tried is to set a palatable mess of food before the cow when we set down to milk her. Her mind is at once diverted from the act of milking, and she lets

down the milk naturally and freely. This one fact of holding up the milk should teach every dairymen the importance of looking at the cow in all of her treatment, from the mental or nervous standpoint. The nervous system is the great governing factor in all maternal functions, and a coarse, brutish man who cannot see the force of this truth has no business to handle cows.—Hoard's Dairyman.

**Horse Nature Like Human Nature.**  
I know an old mare who is decidedly shy and viciously tricky for her age. She seems to dread close comradeship and too much caressing from human hands. Yet the other morning, after a vain attempt to smooth her long, lean nose, I moved away and leaned against the stall, my hand outstretched upon the manger rail. And what do you think she did? She came shyly after me presently, and touched my fingers lightly with her nose. I maintained a discreet passiveness and she grew bolder, mouthing along my hand, with her satin soft nostrils in a delicate, sensitive caress, light as the touch of human motherhood. And then she put out her tongue, exquisitely soft and warm it was, and gently lapped my hand. Oh, you old rogue! When I remember that winter day when you gave me a hard spill on the frozen earth, and the other day when you viciously bit through the flesh of my arm, what wonder that I am amazed at such gentleness! Yet I've no doubt horse nature is very like human nature, in that there is the good and the not so good in all its composition, and we love the one by learning to condone the other.—C. Grace Kephart, in the Horse Review.

RAILWAY GROWTH.

**Transportation Next to the Largest American Industry.**  
When we consider that there are over \$11,000,000,000 invested in steam railways in this country and that transportation outside of agriculture is the largest industry in this country, it is with astonishment that some persons will read that the first man who ran a locomotive in this country is just dead in the poor house. We are willing to admit that there is a great controversy as to the actual engineer who performed this service, but the man in question was certainly one of the pioneers.

Those who have reached only three score and ten cannot look back to a time when there was not a considerable development of railways in this country. So soon as they were seen to be practical there was a rush of capital to these enterprises, most of which were aided by the Nation, States or municipalities. In 1850 there were about 10,000 miles of railway either built or under construction, while much more was contemplated. The longest line was the Erie, which was completed the next year, and was considered a wonder, since it reached from the port of New York to Lake Erie. For twenty years more railways were built much as suburban trolley roads are now, and not until some years after the Civil War did the genius of Commodore Vanderbilt exercise itself in the amalgamation of short lines into trunk roads, the outgrowth of which forms the big systems of to-day.

The railway is to-day the chief artery of commerce. We cannot suppose a return to the old condition of affairs, when the horse was the chief motive power and the canal was a wonder. To-day it is easier and quicker to go to Chicago than it formerly was to go to Harrisburg. We buy anything we want at a low price simply because distance has been practically annihilated. It is of interest at this time to remember that one life spans so large an amount of scientific development. Morally we may not be better than our fathers, though we trust and believe that we are, but surely in every other way we have progressed to an extent that the wildest dreams of the imagination could not have conceived when young gray-haired men first saw the light.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Hearth Cricket.

Mr. James Rehn, of the American Entomological Society, has made a special study of the cricket life of Philadelphia. As a result of his studies, he writes: "Most Americans were formerly familiar with no other cricket than the black field cricket, but recently a light brown species with bars of dark brown on its head, has made its way into our cities, and this visitor is none other than the hearth cricket, the friend of Caleb Plummer and John Perrybingle. It cannot be denied that we have always had, so far as we know, the little minstrel; but recent years have seen a very great increase in their numbers in and around Philadelphia. His chirp is quite different from that of our black crickets, and he shows a great preference for the vicinity of a stove, where he soon lets himself be heard. "The hearth cricket is found over the greater part of Europe, inhabiting dwellings and outbuildings, but the insect particularly loves the vicinity of a fire, such a situation as Dickens graphically describes in his 'Christmas Stories.'—Philadelphia Record.



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