

Syracuse Journal

WALKER & FANCIL.

SYRACUSE, - - - - - IND.

A raise of salary is the sincerest battery.

Between China's disastrous floods and Canada's forest fires there is not much to choose.

While the Duma cheered the Czar the other day, it did not attempt to break any records.

If Peary doesn't find the north pole, the next thing anybody knows Roosevelt will be going in search of it.

A Russian grand duke has lost his job. It is probable, however, that his income will suffer no diminution.

A man may return from his vacation pretty "short," but as a rule you can't get him to cut his yarns that way.

"Changeless Change" is the title of a recently published sonnet. It sounds suspiciously like a counterfeit 10-cent piece.

A man in Trenton, N. J., it is said, sheds his skin yearly, after the manner of a snake. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

A New York woman claims that she is haunted by the ghost of her mother-in-law. Another usurpation of the rights of man.

A Connecticut farmer tried to fly with paper wings. The result was just the same as if he had taken a flyer in Wall street—he's broke.

Men who never thought much of King Alfonso may change their minds and regard him as a brother, since he has had a quarrel with his mother-in-law.

Merely because Santo Domingo has sold its navy for \$1,750 it is not to be inferred that the country is hard up. That may have been a big price for the navy.

One of George Gould's boys is going to don overalls and hob-nail shoes and go to work in a Colorado mine. We hope he has the approval of Uncle Helle.

A Pennsylvania man wants a divorce because his wife pulled him out of bed by his whiskers. Some husbands are entirely too sensitive for their own happiness.

A Pittsburg man recently married the young woman with whom he became acquainted when he returned her lost dog. Moral for bachelors: Be kind to lost dogs.

Cuba has a surplus of \$5,000,000. How provoking this must be to a lot of Spanish grandees who are compelled to sit around home and live on restricted incomes.

Congress is expected to follow the precedent established when a pension was granted to the widow of President Garfield by granting a pension to Mrs. Cleveland. It is fitting that those ladies who have presided over the White House when it was occupied by their husbands should be wards of the nation.

The Pope is credited with the remark that if the Roman Catholic Church could be as highly respected in other countries as in the United States he would be in favor of the separation of church and state everywhere. The church is respected here because communities of the United States all began with a policy of religious freedom, and have never tolerated a state church. In the other countries, where the supremacy of one church was established by law, it is not easy to hold respect when the preference is withdrawn.

One of the whimsical characters in a story by Miss Alice Brown conceived the idea of a "patent dog-barker," which could be put in the front yard by unprotected women to frighten tramps away by mechanical imitation of a dog. Paris has outdone this comic idea in sober earnest. Some people try to escape the dog tax by concealing their animals. The police have secured the service of professional barkers, who "make a noise like a dog" outside suspected houses. The dog inside replies, and the barkers reports to the tax-collector.

Those who are sure that the soil of New England is hopelessly barren may be surprised to learn some facts that are brought out in two recent bulletins of the Department of Agriculture. There were only eight States of the Union in 1906 that had a larger acreage planted to potatoes than Maine. Only four produced a larger crop. Not one even approached Maine in the number of bushels to the acre. The average yield was two hundred and ten bushels to the acre, and no other State raised more than one hundred and seventy-five bushels. The average for the whole country was only one hundred and two. Nor was it an exceptional year, for the average crop of Maine has been the largest in every year since 1903. Buckwheat is not a very important crop, but it is raised in twenty-four of the States. In this, too, Maine stands at the head in average crop per acre; New Hampshire is second, Vermont third, and Massachusetts fourth. Since 1900 the lowest average yield of buckwheat in Maine

was twenty-eight bushels to the acre, in 1906. The highest yield in those seven years in any State outside of New England was twenty-two and a half bushels.

"Fret not thy gizzard." There was once a good old grandmother who gave this advice to everybody. She declared, and firmly believed, that it came from the Bible, though she did not know just where it could be found. But she insisted that it was somewhere between the covers of the Good Book. The old woman was right. It is in the Good Book, not only in one place, but in many, and though she did not have the exact language in which the advice is given, she had its sense, which is of vastly greater importance. The world is full of men and women who are constantly fretting their gizzards, and with what result? None, except to increase the income of the doctor and the undertaker and to fill the hospitals for the insane, and the cemeteries. Ask any doctor what causes the majority of the mental breakdowns and the most of the cases of nervous troubles, and he will tell you it is fretting. Some people blame work, but work never hurt anybody. On the contrary, it keeps men and women alive. Overwork, though, claims thousands, but overwork is altogether another thing; and the overworkers are generally fretters. Each leads to the other. The human gizzard was not designed by nature to bear the strain of fretting, and the man who frets it much is sure to break it. The old woman's advice does not mean that man should refuse to take his work or anything else seriously. It does not mean that he should view with unconcern or treat lightly any of his problems. But it does mean that he should not fret over them when he has applied his best efforts to them. It means that if you have something to do, do it; and with your whole energy. When you have done all you can do, don't fret your gizzard over the result. All the fretting in the world will have no effect upon the outcome. Await it without stewing and worrying, and if it is against you, tackle it again. Fret your gizzard and you will lack the strength to renew the fight with the vigor that is necessary to win. It means you are not to fret over things beyond your control. It does not mean that you should not view them in seriousness and with proper regard of importance and consequences. But don't worry over them until you fret your gizzard. We are traveling at a fast pace in this country. The spirit of the day is one that calls for speed. The man who can keep it up must look after his gizzard. Fret it not.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

It is very unfortunate that the retailer, speaking generally, does not appreciate the value of local advertising. It would seem as though ambition should dictate the enlargement of one's business, and to many merchants such a result is easily attained. The way to do it is quite simple.

It is well known that women are the best buyers and, as a rule, the goods they buy are the most profitable. To attract them your store must be magnetic—i. e., clean, neat, stocks well arranged and the goods appealing to them prominently displayed.

Doing this is properly classed as advertising, but it must be backed by intelligent, well-informed and courteous clerks to make the sales. After having accomplished this reform then, by all means, contract for a regular space in your local papers and place your advertisement in advance. Arrange the copy for frequent changes, make the matter and makeup attractive, and be sure to refer to the seasonable goods at the proper time.

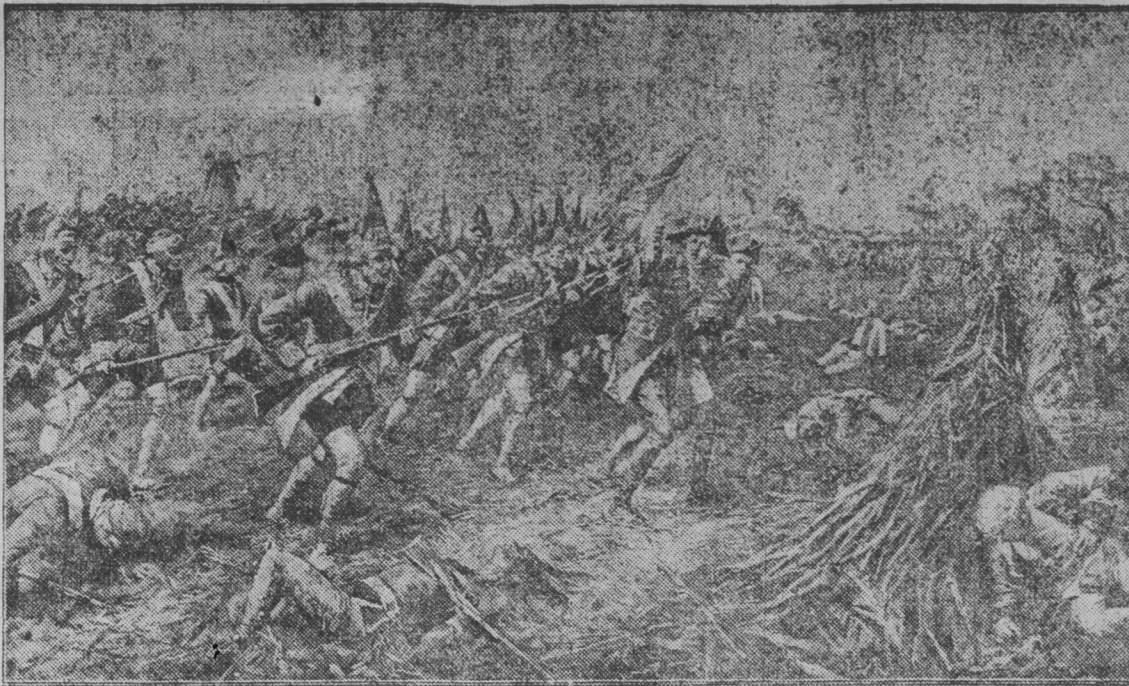
If such a simple course is followed the result will be a pleasant surprise to any merchant who has not been a believer in publicity. The good merchant realizes that he does not have to cut prices to make sales. There is an easier way to make business and keep profits in these times. The rule is as simple as can be—advertise and support your announcements with an attractive store and courteous treatment of customers.—Hardware.

THE ORIGINAL SHEATH GOWN.



Had Been "Jawed" Often. Tommy (aged 10)—Say, paw, what is the bone of contention? Mr. Henpeck—The jawbone.

A GREAT MOMENT IN THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.



The battle of Quebec, fought on the Plains of Abraham in September, 1759, is memorable if only for the courage and chivalry of the opposing generals, Montcalm and Wolfe. As Montcalm rode back to the French lines wounded to death, a woman cried out, "O, mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Le Marquise est tue!" "Ce n'est rien! ne

vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies," he replied. Wolfe was wounded three times before he fell. A shot shattered his wrist, and yet another struck him. Finally he was hit in the breast. He died murmuring, "Now God be praised, I will die in peace." The result of the battle was not the conquest of Canada, but the union of the French and British colonies.

MARRIAGE RECESSIONAL.

All-wise, all-great, whose ancient plan Ordained the woman for the man, Look down, O Lord! on these who now Before Thy sacred altar bow.

Almighty Ruler, in whose hand The morrow and its issues stand, Whatsoever the lot Thy will assign, We can but kneel; our all is Thine.

Summer and winter, seed and grain, The joy unhopd that comes of pain, The unknown ill that good we call—Thou in Thy balance metest all.

Throughout their lifelong journey still, Guide Thou these two in good and ill, And whereso'er the way extend, Be with them, Father, to the end. —Austin Dobson.

The Tutor's Wooing

For reasons best known to himself, out which you shall learn later, Herbert Ford took a situation as holiday tutor to the son of Mr. Brackley, a substantial merchant, whose business was in the city and whose house was in Lancaster Gate.

The two boys were aged 8 and 9, and they were the only offspring of Mr. Brackley's second marriage. Refinement went out of his home when prosperity came in, at the date of that second marriage.

Miss Mabel Brackley was now nearly 20, and far superior to the other inmates of the house, with whom, however, she lived on the most amiable terms.

She felt, nevertheless, that she was not quite one of the family. Her step-mother had many relations, who were inclined to consider her an outsider, of little account, and who devoted their attention to her little half brothers. She would not have been sorry to have a home which was really her own, and her father realized that it would be a good thing for her. Therefore, while discouraging any attempts of poor young men to pay attention to the daughter of the substantial house, he was at the present moment encouraging the advances of a very rich young merchant who had looked on Mabel with a favorable eye.

It was to this household that Herbert Ford entered as tutor to the two boys. Frankly he had admitted that up to the present his experience in teaching had not been great. He intended for himself a literary career, he stated, and tutored only as a temporary expedient, but his public school and university education fully qualified him to undertake his task.

Mr. Brackley had been much pleased with the young man at his first interview with him, and his impression corresponded with that of Mrs. Brackley when she saw him.

Mabel Brackley had an impression of having seen him somewhere before, but not remembering where, and feeling she might have been mistaken, she said nothing about it. He, at any rate, did not seem to remember her, for his greeting, though extremely courteous, was that of a complete stranger. A few days later he asked for an interview with the father.

"I come to ask you for your daughter's hand," he said simply.

"What, sir—what do you mean?"

"I want your daughter's hand—of course, I mean the rest of her with it. I want her. I want to marry her. Indeed, she has consented to marry me. But, as in duty bound, I ask you for your permission."

"You are an outrageous scoundrel, sir," was all Mr. Brackley could get out. He was pink with rage. The tutor's manner was not calculated to make him less angry.

"Come, sir, come," said Ford testily, have I your permission to marry your daughter?"

Brackley looked at him in impotent rage. He wiped his forehead with a

large red handkerchief. At last he collected himself sufficiently to speak.

"You steal into this house—the best house on Lancaster Gate—under the pretense of tutoring my boys, and deliberately set yourself to take my daughter away."

"Precisely. You have stated the case as shortly as I could, though you have guessed rather quickly. I stole into this house with that deliberate intention. The tutoring was only a blind."

Mr. Brackley gasped again. The man acknowledged it, seemed to acknowledge more than even he had charged him with.

"I've a good mind to send for the police," he cried.

"Unfortunately, what I have done is not a criminal offense—not one recognized by the law, at least."

"So you came here for that purpose? What do you mean by that?"

"I came for your daughter, yes; most decidedly I came for her. And," he added exultantly, "I have got her."

"You would take her away from a luxurious home; you have already caused her to give up a most excellent chance. And for what? That she may be a typewriting drudge, and typewrite your wretched and, I have no doubt, wicked stories."

"Well, if she likes, she may."

"You think that I shall give her money. You are mistaken. She will never have a penny from me."

"That doesn't matter."

"You say so. But you know I am her father. You trust that I shall repent."

"I hope so—for your sake."

"Now, sir, I tell you that the girl is penniless, and that she will never—"



"I'M SURE HE WILL FORGIVE US."

never you understand—have a penny of my money. If you have a spark of honor left, a spark of true regard for her happiness, you will give her up."

"I have her promise, and I shall keep her to it," said Ford.

"You talk bravely. I suppose you will tell me that you never cared about her money, that you love her for herself?"

"It is sufficient for me that she loves me for myself," said Ford, calmly. "At any rate, she doesn't love me for my money."

"No, indeed," sneered Brackley. "A man like you would never have got into a house like this save by a subterfuge. You and I don't meet in the ordinary way."

"That is true," admitted Ford, "and that is why I determined to become tutor here."

"And why, sir, did you single my daughter out for your designs?"

"Well, you see, I had seen her in the distance, and fallen in love with her. I wanted to know her better. She is all I thought her, and if I am not all she thinks me, at any rate I shall make her a good husband."

"Look here, sir," said Brackley, at the last gasp of exasperation, "if my girl marries you I swear I will never give her a penny, and I swear I will never speak to you again."

Ford looked at him steadily.

"I hear what you say," he said, "and I shall keep you to your word if you are inclined to break it?"

"What do you mean?" bawled Brackley.

"I don't like you, Mr. Brackley. I don't like your house, and I don't like your friends. I think your daughter will be well away from you, and in time I have hopes that I shall be able to make her forget you."

"Well! Am I mad, am I dreaming? Is this a joke?"

"If it is, I don't see the point of it. I don't like you, Mr. Brackley, and I don't want to see you. I don't mind your sons. They can come and see me and their sister."

"You think I would allow my sons to see their sister's degradation, her shame! Perhaps you think it is amusing to live in a workhouse?"

"I don't know. There may be worse places. If you hadn't been able to tide over some crises in the city, for instance, you might have been living in goal!"

It was a hard hit and a true one. "Whatever I've done I did for my children. At any rate, I haven't stolen into a house and persuaded a girl to go out of it and starve with me. If you think you can blackmail me, you are mistaken. If you take the girl, she starves—mind that—she starves!"

"But why should she starve?"

"Then what—what do you propose my daughter is to live on? Though, mind you, if she marries you she is no longer daughter of mine?"

"I do mind you. Well, she can live on me. I am a very rich man, Mr. Brackley?"

"Rich—yes?" said Brackley, thinking that the tutor was bluffing.

"Very, very rich. One of the richest men in England. You see, I came here as a tutor—like King Arthur, don't you know—just to see how the poor live."

"How the poor live! You needn't insult me, sir! To steal my daughter and rob her of her inheritance is enough."

"You are right, Brackley, you are right," said Ford, dropping into familiarity very unbecomingly in a tutor, "and I wasn't speaking the truth. I came here to see your daughter. Yours are not, as you mentioned yourself, the sort of people whom I am likely to meet. You must forgive my being vulgar enough to say so. But I had fallen in love at sight of her, and I thought if I made her acquaintance in the ordinary way, that if she didn't fall in love with me, you would, and try to persuade her. I so wanted to be loved for myself, and I was as little sure of that in my own world as in yours. I'm a nobleman."

"A nobleman!"

"Haven't you heard of Lord Ascott? I see you have. Well, he is the richest nobleman in Rutland, if not the richest in descent, and he was reported to have gone on a yachting expedition. Well, it wasn't true. His yacht went, but he didn't. He went on an expedition to Lancaster Gate."

"Lord Ascott! You!"

"Yes, and I am so glad that in marrying Mabel I shall not be marrying her family. I was a little afraid I should have to, and I was quite prepared to make the sacrifice. But you have made the way easy."

Brackley sank into a chair. The revelation had been too much for him. It was some minutes before he could speak.

"Then I have the honor to tell you, Lord Ascott," he said, gathering strength as he went on, "I have the honor to tell you that you have behaved like a cad. You steal into a man's house and get his daughter's affections under the pretense that you are a penniless tutor. You take advantage of a father's natural and proper anger at such ruin for his daughter to break with him and to cut him off from that daughter's love. You may be a nobleman, by name, if not by nature, and you may be a rich man, but I don't take back a word which I said to Ford the tutor—except, perhaps, what I said about our not being likely to meet."

"By jove! you've got more spirit in you than I bargained for," said Lord Ascott. "I am beginning to be sorry

for the first time that you swore you would never speak to your daughter again if she married me."

But at that moment Mabel burst into the room.

"I can't bear the suspense any longer," she cried. "Has he told you, father? I see he has. You must forgive him and me."

She went and stood by the young man, taking his hand.

"Your father has sworn that if you marry me he will never speak to you again."

"Father!" She left her lover's hand, and went to her father. "You can't mean that. I love Mr. Ford. I don't mind trying to work for my living. But I do want to be happy. And I couldn't be happy if you cast me off like that, and cast him off too."

"So you would leave your father for this man?" said Brackley.

"I would leave you for him because he is to be my husband. But I love you, father, and if you do this dreadful thing you will know that you are spoiling my life—and spoiling it just when I ought to be happy."

The two men looked at each other.

"We mustn't spoil her happiness, even to please ourselves," said the young man. "I expect you will have to break your oath, Brackley; and I shall have to grin when you do it. Shall we fall on our knees and ask your blessing?"

But at that Mr. Brackley turned and left the room hurriedly.

"He will forgive us, I'm sure," he will," said Mabel.

"I think so, darling; and we shall yet learn to like each other—he and I."

—Saturday Journal.

FACTS ABOUT OUR TREES.

We Use and Waste More Timber Per Capita Than Any Other Nation.

All our standing timber is estimated to be somewhere between fourteen hundred and two thousand billion feet. If we use forty billion per annum we can run 35 to 50 years at the present rate provided we do not have any waste. If we use one hundred billions per annum, in nine to thirteen years our timber will all be gone. We have now about one hundred and sixty-five million acres in our national reserves. If we had three times that much we should not have enough.

If it costs 20 acres a Sunday for 40 acres a week, or 2,080 acres a year to print one daily newspaper, what does it cost in acreage to print all the newspapers in all the cities and towns of America? Add to this the enormous editions of our magazines. Add to this the paper used in books. The total staggers the imagination, and yet the amount of timber cut for pulp in the United States annually is less than 5 per cent of what is cut for lumber. Last year we made more than 315,000,000 lead pencils. A lead pencil is not very large, but the total number of lead pencils required 7,300,000 feet of cedar. We have cedar enough to last us just twelve years.

More than 100,000 acres of timber, in the whole United States, are cut over every working day. We use many times more timber per capita than any other nation. We have left not over 450,000,000 acres bearing commercial timber. Cast up in your mind some of the small demands of industry upon this supply. Our railroads are said to use one-third of the industrial timber cut for ties. Suppose we could cut 100 ties to the acre; we should require a million acres a year for ties. We annually reap for telegraph and telephone poles somewhere between three and four million acres of land. Our tanneries two years ago required 1,370,000 cords of bark—Emerson High, in Everybody's.

Preserving the Balance.

A well known professor of architecture, commonly referred to as "Hammy" by his pupils, told a story illustrative of the remarkable degree to which certain persons possess the sense of symmetry.

It seems that there was once a Scotch gardener who had charge of a good sized English estate and under whose direction the formal garden at the rear had been laid out with absolute symmetry, even the two summer houses, one on each side of the garden, being identical in even the most minute detail. On one occasion the Englishman became angry at his son and locked him up in one of the summer houses. As soon as the Scotch gardener heard of this his sense of symmetry was so outraged that he immediately sent for his own son and locked him up in the other summer house to preserve the balance. "Hammy" neglected to mention whether both boys were dressed exactly alike, but it is to be presumed that even this detail was attended to by the aesthetic Scotchman. —New York Times.

Prohibitionist Paraphrase.

"What we want now," said one prohibition campaigner, "is some picturesque title for our candidate, such as it is now customary to give the head of the ticket."

"Very true," replied the other. "Why not refer to him as 'the beardless leader?'" —Washington Star.

How a Saw Started.

"Landlord, ten miles we've ridden through the storm. Bring forth your best old port to warm us up."

"Milord, I have none left but some of poorer grade."

"Well, any port in a storm. Bring what you have." —Kansas City Times.

A man may consider the marriage tie sacred, but it's different with the bargain counter ties his wife buys for him.

Science AND INVENTION

Water pipes of terra cotta were used in Crete forty centuries ago. Those supplying drinking water consisted of a series of subconical tubes socketed into each other, with collars and "stop ridges," so constructed as to give the water a shooting motion, thus preventing accumulation of sediment.

An asbestos shingle roof, when properly made, will outlast the life of the building itself, says Popular Mechanics. The simple exposure to the elements causes the cement covering of the asbestos fiber to crystallize and it becomes more and more serviceable as time rolls on, steadily toughening and hardening with exposure. The fact that the elements take better care of these shingles than the best paint or dressing, does away with this expense.

A French scientist, M. Bertin, in dealing with the subject of coast erosion, mentions that the island of Jersey once formed a part of the Continent of Europe. He has also brought to light the interesting fact that there still exists an ancient charter by which a certain abbey was compelled to furnish the necessary plank for communicating with the island from the mainland at low water. The extent to which the sea has encroached on the land is evident from the fact that the journey from the mainland of France to the island by steamboat now takes an hour.

English technical journals quote with approval the recently announced conclusions of John H. Heck concerning the durability of mild steel in actual service in machinery, ships, and so forth. This is a question which is not settled by the preliminary tests of strength. Mr. Heck shows that nearly all the failures of steel occur very early in its history. If a plate, or bar, of mild steel lasts for a year in service, it may be trusted to last for many years. The most injurious thing is continual bending backward and forward, as in what is called the "panting" of a boiler end. As London Engineering puts it, steel has a somewhat "tumultuous youth," but "in middle age it is trustworthy, and in old age beyond reproach." In regard to corrosion, there is difference of opinion, some holding that steel corrodes more readily than iron.

One of the most astonishing objects in the heavens, especially when photographed, is the great nebula in the constellation Andromeda, which is visible as a misty speck to the naked eye. It has long puzzled astronomers, because while its structure—a series of vast rings surrounding a central mass—suggests a gaseous constitution, its spectrum is continuous, resembling that of the sun. It has been suggested that it may be composed of stars constituting a universe external to ours. Recent studies of its parallax, however, indicate that it is nearer to us than some of the well-known stars, such as Capella, and J. Ellard Gore, the English astronomer, points out that if the Andromeda nebula were assumed to be an external universe, having a diameter comparable with that of the Milky Way, its mass would be forty million million million times the mass of the sun. This is regarded as incredible, and so may be taken as an additional argument in favor of the view that this nebula is a member of our system.

COLD WATER WEDDINGS.

This Marriage Ceremony Consists of Washing the Head.

Marriage among the Hopi, a tribe of the Pueblo Indians, is an institution regarding which those most concerned have least to say. When the parents of a girl find it expedient for her to get married, they look up an available man and negotiate with his parents.

After the matter has been arranged the principals are notified, the girl goes to the home of the bridegroom's parents and grinds corn for them for three weeks, while the bridegroom makes a kind of sash for the bride. Then one morning at sunrise they both bathe their heads in cold water, which completes the ceremony.

There have been instances of the bridegroom refusing to go through the performance, says a writer in Outing. It has then proceeded without him and been accounted valid, and several weeks later he has yielded and had his head bathed.

The Navajo ceremony is much more elaborate and impressive, but then the Navajo girls are much nicer. The regular tariff on a Navajo girl entering the port of matrimony for the first time is twelve horses. On the second occasion the tax is nine horses, while subsequent marriages are free.

This is not purchase money, but is merely a tribute of respect to a mother-in-law and a token of appreciation of the care and expense involved in bearing and rearing the lady, a recognition not unworthy of consideration by civilized bridegrooms. On the other hand, and deserving of great condemnation, is that law of many tribes, unwritten but of such sanctity, that a man and his mother-in-law shall never meet after the ceremony.

Complimentary to Him.

"Really," said Cholly Sappie, "I can't understand Miss Rood at all. She actually called me a crank."

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Cutting. "How flattering!"

"Yes, a crank, you know, is a man with one idea." —Catholic Standard and Times.