

A Promise to His Mother

"Did you ever meet such a prig?" exclaimed Madge Turner as she jerked at the faces of her skating boots. "If Tom had hunted his class over, he couldn't have found anything more stupid."

"He would say 'could not.' This in a mischievous tone from Katherine Crozier, who was spending the Thanksgiving holiday with Madge at the latter's home in Vermont. "I believe your father is enjoying his visit tremendously." Mr. Turner was principal of the high school.

"Well, I do think," snapped Madge, tugging at the buttons on her fur trimmed jacket, "that in view of the fact that I'm buried alive in this town nine months in the year Tom might have brought home a real jolly college chap, some one who would make things lively for us all."

"You need not complain," suggested Katherine. "You have Harry Martin, and he probably would not welcome any rival."

"That's quite enough, Kit. When will you learn that there is absolutely nothing between Harry and me?"

"No thanks to Harry for that state of affairs," laughed Katherine as the two girls left the room.

A party of merry young people had gathered round the great fireplace in the hall, waiting for Madge and Katherine to join them on a bobbing trip to Beemer's hill. Madge ran out to the kitchen for a farewell word with her mother, who was never happier than when entertaining her children's friends. Tom was standing near the table enjoying a hot doughnut, and as Mrs. Turner disappeared in the direction of the hall with a plate of the toothsome cakes Madge turned to him impatiently.

"Who is to ride with my beloved Mr. Beemer?"

Tom turned to his sister in surprise.

"Madge, that doesn't sound like you. I hoped you'd show him the courtesy."

"Don't preach, brother mine. I treat him decently when I'm with him, but to save my life I don't understand why you brought him home for the vacation when there are so many other chaps to choose from."

"So long as you put the question so bluntly, I'll tell you why, Madge—because while most of the fellows in my class could go home for their holidays Beemer felt that he ought not spend the money for the trip to Illinois. Then I knew he wanted to come. When my little sister came down to the junior prom this fall, Beemer thought she was the most charmingly unaffected and gentle mannered girl he had ever met, and with his usual frankness confided this opinion to me. Now—"

Madge's cheeks flamed brilliantly, and the twinkle faded from Tom's eyes.

"Madge, dear, it isn't always the fellow who talks the most brilliantly, who goes in for sports and social gayeties, who finally scores best at college. There's lots in Beemer that neither you nor I have ever fathomed, and I'm proud to call him my friend. He's quiet and rather delicate and not half so stylish as Harry Martin, but—"

"That will do," exclaimed Madge curtly. "Never mind the list of virtues. The crowd is waiting."

But when she swept into the great hall the flush had not entirely faded from her cheeks. It seemed to Charley Beemer that she never looked so pretty as at this very moment.

He trudged along at her side, pleased because she had quietly fallen behind the merry throng to talk about some new fittings for Tom's room at college. Beemer thought it must be very delightful to have a sister to make the dainty knick-knacks which somehow never found their way into his den. His mother was managing a small farm in Illinois and with three other boys to clothe and send to school had little time for fancy work. Madge tried to think that she was simply doing her duty by her brother's guests, but before the mile to Beemer's hill had been covered she became deeply interested in her companion. If he did not belong to the football eleven, he knew the record of every man in the team. If he had never tobogganed or helped to build an ice castle or played polo, he could talk very entertainingly on the latest new books, of which he seemed to possess a surprising number.

But after the first trip on the bobbed sled the illusion, as she termed it, seemed to fade again. He was just what she had first pronounced him a prig; more than that—yes, a coward.

Beemer's hill was the most noted skating ground in the county. It was a public highway, steep and smooth, with a gorgeous incline that kept the sleds plunging downward at

an exhilarating speed. To be sure, wisecracks in the neighborhood had long predicted that some day reckless coasters would meet with an accident at the bend below Mr. Beemer's house, where the road rounded above a great cliff. But Tom, Turner's bob was the finest in all the country round, heavily weighted to give it speed and steered by a well adjusted wheel, and the young people on this particular morning boarded it without a tremor.

Tom steered, and Madge sat well to the rear and in front of Beemer. Several times during the mad ride she felt his hand close almost convulsively on her arm, but she fairly reveled in the wild moment. She was strongly athletic in her tastes and afraid of nothing.

When the party reached the brow of the hill for the second plunge, Beemer looked very grave, and while he made no effort to induce the others to give up the trip he firmly declined to make it again. Instead he would build a fire and have it jolly and comfortable on their return. Madge gave Katherine a significant glance, but she could not catch her brother Tom's eye.

On their return from the run they found Beemer chatting pleasantly with Harry Martin, who had driven over in his smart new cutter. Katherine and Madge sprang into the sleigh and cuddled down under the fur robes, while Harry stood beside them, his hand resting lightly on the reins.

Suddenly a shout of laughter from the group around the brushwood fire startled the horse, and he plunged forward, jerking the reins from Harry's hands. Straight down the hill he tore, headed for Beemer's bend and the sheer cliff. What if his foot should slip on the bend!

The two girls did not scream, and Madge made a vain effort to snatch at the reins dragging on the ground. Her brother groaned and suddenly threw his hand in front of his face. That was why he did not see a slender, lithe figure throw itself on the bobbed sled and sent it shooting after the runaway. It was Beemer, skillfully steering the great sled so that it kept between the runaway and the outer edge of the road. The two vehicles, the swaying cutter and the jerking bobbed sled, round the fatal cliff, with just a few inches to spare on its edge for the brave fellow who handles the wheel. Now the horse gains, but the road is safe and level. Beemer steers his unwieldy sled to the inside of the road. He gains once more. As he shoots past the cutter he leans forward and clutches the reins. The sled darts from under him. He is on his feet, sawing on the lines, but with the blood flowing from a cut on his head.

In the twilight Madge Turner sat by the lounge in her father's library, Beemer, with an aching head and a bruised body, was lying there contentedly watching the dancing flames in the grate.

"Would you mind," suggested Madge in a subdued voice, "telling me why, if you were not afraid to take that awful ride after us, you would not board the bobbed for fun?"

"Because," said Beemer, a slight flush spreading over his pale cheeks—"because my mother has sacrificed a great deal to send me to college. I want to repay it some day, and I have no right to run unnecessary risks."

"Oh!" said Madge, with an eloquence which only a woman can throw into her voice.

Katherine appeared at the door half an hour later and remarked:

"If you're going to the church social with us, Madge, you'd better get dressed."

"I—I guess I won't go. Let Tom go. I—I've promised Mr. Beemer to read to him awhile."

"Yes," assented Tom, his head appearing above Katherine's in the doorway, "and I think the rest of us had better go. The more quiet old Charley is the better."

Lack of Forests.

According to the report of Mr. Thomas Southworth, director of forestry for the province, twenty-five per cent. of a country should be perpetually covered with timber to secure favorable climatic conditions and regulate the water supply. Thirty of the counties of Ontario have less than this percentage.

The counties in the province having over 20 per cent. of woodland are Stormont, Glengary, Russell, Renfrew, Haliburton and Hastings.

Those having between 20 and 30 per cent. of woodland are Essex, Egin, Norfolk, Lambton, Simcoe, Lennox and Addington, Leeds, Prescott, Lanark and Peterboro.

Kent, Haldimand, Welland, Bruce, Grey, Middlesex, Frontenac, Grenville, Dundas, Oxford, Waterloo, Du-

ferin, Lincoln, Halton, Northumberland and Prince Edward have between ten and twenty per cent.

The following: Huron, Brant, Wellington, Perth, Wentworth, Peel, York, Ontario, Durham, Carleton, and Victoria have between five and ten per cent.

Mr. Southworth explains that over-clearance has affected the western and midland counties to a greater extent than the eastern portion of the province. In Prince Edward and Grenville counties and in two groups of townships forming the southern portions of Lennox, Addington and Hastings counties, the progress of deforestation has been arrested and there is a slight increase in the wooded area.

A survey of the forestry situation in Ontario gives reason for both congratulation and dissatisfaction, says the report. The province has gone far towards solving the forestry problem as far as crown lands are concerned, but the woodland area in older Ontario is getting scantier and scantier, until denudation is imminent. As regards reforestation, he says that Ontario's position is much better than that of the adjoining states, owing to the fact that lands are held by the crown when timber licenses are granted.

Speaking of the growth of forest reserves, Mr. Southworth says that the Lake Temagami reserve, which comprises 1,400,000 acres, contains from 3,000,000,000 to 5,000,000,000 feet, board measure. He recommends the further increasing of these reserves, in districts where the land is fitted for the growth of timber. He says there are large tracts of country on the north shore of the Georgian bay, and lying along the C.P.R. between Pembroke and Mattawa, which are being reclothed with young pine, and he thinks these could be advantageously set aside as timber reserves, the only difficulty being the cancelling of the licenses. He recommends an addition to the Sibley township reserve.

Mr. Southworth regards the disposal of the brush, etc., left by the lumbermen as one of the serious forestry problems. It is a menace because of its combustibility, and it prevents new growths.

Lumbermen, he says, are beginning to realize the value of tanning as an industry, and are paying more attention to the bark of the hemlock.

The report contains a resume of the legislation in the different states of the union regarding forestry.

Thought Bliss Carman a Woman.

A Kenwood lady, who belongs to a literary club, and has written papers about a number of things, while calling with her husband at the home of one of the professors of the University of Chicago a few evenings ago, expressed a desire to see the latter's library, says The Chicago Record-Herald. "I have such a love for books," she said, "that when I go into a house where I know there are a whole lot of them I just can't keep away from the dear things. I can't see how people can be satisfied to sit down and play cards or just gossip about common, ordinary things when there is a library to look through. My! Professor, what a lot of fine books you have! I like to see books arranged that way, too, with the different kinds of bindings all mixed up together. It makes a library look so much more easy, don't you know, than where the books that are just one size and bound alike are all in long rows after each other. Ah!" she exclaimed, picking up a neat little volume from one of the tables.

"Bliss Carman (the Canadian poet). I'm so glad you like her, professor, for I do think she's so sweet, I've been reading several articles about her in the newspapers lately, and I'm just in love with her."

The professor coughed behind his hand and tried to get the lady's attention centered upon a first edition of Boswell's "Johnson" that he had found in a London bookshop, but she couldn't get over her enthusiasm for Bliss Carman, and after a hasty glance at the old book said:

"I do think she writes some of the loveliest things I ever saw. She seems to have such a tender—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said the professor, unable to stand it any longer, "but Bliss Carman is a man."

"A man! Why, no, professor; you must be mistaken. I know she writes under a nom de plume, but you know she is really the Queen of Bulgaria, or Armenia, or something over there. Didn't you ever hear that before?"

The professor sighed and turned away, possibly ashamed of his ignorance.

A Dark Skinned V. C.

When visiting Halifax, Nova Scotia the Duke of York chanced to hear that amongst the ranks of the company of old soldiers, known as the Royal British Veterans, who were drawn up on the line of procession

near an arch erected by the military authorities, was a man wearing that coveted decoration, the Victoria cross. His Royal Highness commanded that the hero should be brought to him, and he proved to be a "colored" man, the son of an ex-slave. His name is William Hall and he now lives on a small farm near his birthplace in the little village of Avonport. For nearly twenty-three years of his life he was a seaman in the Royal Navy. He wears medals for service in the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny. He won his cross during the relief of Lucknow. It was presented to him by Queen Victoria herself, and is said to be the only one worn by a man of his race.—From The Leisure Hour.

Lally Bernard

Were I a publisher I would bring out two separate volumes of Lampman—one, the "Snow World," and one the "Glory of the Summer," writes Lally Bernard in the Globe. To so few poets the "intense life of the northern solstice" proves as inspiring as that of the tropics, but there was that in Lampman's soul that was closely akin to the magical purity of the winter night. It is seldom that the actual daily round of a man's life is so clearly indicated in a volume of poetry. One reads with absorbing interest the brief yet admirable sketch of his life which prefaces the complete collection of his poems, and one finds there only the story which the poems themselves reveal. Yet in the verses the inner life is revealed as no autobiography ever published has been able to accomplish. In this age, when the rage for robbing the private life of the individual of the sheltering veil is rampant, one turns away with a sensation almost of disgust from those "lives," which are at the best but poor attempts to solve the mystery of "personality," and delicate, cameo-like, as is the work of Lampman's friend and brother poet, it seems almost superfluous beside the written record we have in the poet's own work. To me the whole story of Lampman's life stands recorded in one sonnet, which I have often quoted, but which in its grasp and power grows daily more significant and penetrating:

"Not to be conquered by these head-long days,
But to stand free, to keep the mind at brood
On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
At every thought and deed to clear the haze
Out of our eyes, considering only this,
What man, what life, what love,
What beauty is,
This is to live and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill-fortune and harsh human need
Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb
With agony; yet patience—there shall come
Many great voices from life's outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity."

Youth Becomes Insane
Seattle, June 28.—William Fitzgerald, a 17-year-old boy, became insane on the steamer Roanoke while en route to the city from St. Michael and had to be kept in close confinement. A small room was selected for him by Purser J. E. Ramar and closely padded to prevent the lad from doing himself an injury. One of the crew was detailed to keep watch over him. Dr. T. R. Brenton, the ship surgeon, rendered what medical assistance was possible.

When the boy boarded the steamer at St. Michael he was perfectly rational, but appeared to be subject to attacks of melancholia. During these periods he would refuse to talk to anybody and sat in an isolated spot with his head bowed, presenting an appearance of abject misery. The attacks grew more and more frequent, until finally the young fellow became violently insane. He was turned over to the authorities here and sent to the county jail. He will be examined today, and doubtless sent to an asylum for treatment.

Composers of Songs.
The man who composed "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home. The man who composed "On the Banks of the Wabash" never had a bank. The man who composed "My Bark is on the Sea" never had a dog. The man who composed "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" never owned a tomato can. The man who composed "Just One Girl" is married and has a bunch of promise suits on his hands and the man who composed "Goo Goo Eyes" ought to be shot.—Ex.

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Accepts Senate Bill
Washington, June 27.—The agricultural committee of the house concluded to accept the senate substitute for the Appalachian forest reserve bill, with minor changes, but will defer action until next December.

Maker Favorable Report
Washington, June 27.—Senator Bard, of the senate committee on fisheries, today made a favorable report on the bill prohibiting the taking of fish, seals, etc., by the use of explosives.

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