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WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 45, A. F. & A. M., C. K. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

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NOV. 23rd, 1903.

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BIRDS IN THE ARCTIC.

The Spring Rush That Breaks the Xeno-phony of the Year—For It Terry Nearly Their Only Food.

The one great break in the monotony of the whole year along the Arctic coast is the coming of the birds in the spring. The nature of it is almost violent. The last of May they begin to arrive. The notes of the first few comers are musical and buoyant with a feeling of messages from home and friends. But the stream of birds rapidly grows, and the few first joyous notes merge into a ceaseless, hideous, distracting din that robs one of his rest and for a few days becomes unbearable. Swans, cranes, geese, brant, ducks in great numbers swoop down upon the coast by thousands. The old birds are delighted at the sight of the old family nesting ground and the young ones at reaching once more their birthplace, and the thousands of them are talking and screeching at the same time. The contrast of the now endless days of sunshine and abundant and animated life with that of the still Arctic night is very great.

In a few days, however, each happy family has settled down in its little home, and quietude reigns supreme through the short summer, and then again sets in the long solitudinous night.

Many interesting things may be learned of the birds that annually visit the Arctic coast for the purpose of bringing up their families of their reasons for going there and of the intelligence displayed by them in many ways. They have not the enemies there they have farther south. The fox is very nearly their only foe, and they find so many ways of avoiding it that it would surely go very hungry were it dependent on birds for food. Little islands in lakes and streams that are free from foxes become great nesting places, and the birds swarm to them until on many of them every available space suitable for nesting is pre-empted. From "Camp Life in Arctic America," by Andrew J. Stone, in Scribner's.

NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand is an experienced Diplomatist.

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, who has been appointed British Ambassador to the United States to succeed Sir Michael Herbert, has had a long experience in the diplomatic service of his country. He was Ambassador to Spain when given his new post.

It is said that the appointment of Sir Mortimer, as he is called, having dropped the Henry, created some what of a surprise in diplomatic circles, as he is not considered a Foreign Office man. Sir Mortimer was a protégé of the late Lord Salisbury and was imported into the diplomatic corps from the India civil service.



SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND.

vice, where he attained high position. Sir Mortimer was Minister to Persia before he was appointed to his present post at Madrid and in St. Petersburg was considered the most astute diplomat Great Britain ever sent to Tehran.

Sir Mortimer is an expert shot and had many adventures with big game while hunting in India, where he was closely connected with Lord Roberts, serving as his political secretary during the famous Kabul campaign in 1879.

Sir Mortimer was born in India in 1850 and is a son of the late Major General Sir Henry Durand. During the Burmese war of 1886 he accompanied Lord Dufferin to Mandalay and conducted the Tibet frontier negotiations two years later. Aside from his reputation as a diplomatist, Sir Mortimer has been successful as a writer. His novel, "Helen Trevelyan," written under the nom de plume of John Roy in 1896, met with considerable success. He has also written a memoir of his father and a work on the Afghan war.

The Transparent Man.

A strange human freak has just died at Toplitz, Bohemia, in the person of "Count" Orloff. This individual, who was known as "the transparent man," and was exhibited all over Europe, was almost entirely fleshless, his frame being but skin and bone, and his bones possessed such a peculiar quality of transparency that one could read the dial of a watch through his leg. Needless to say, Orloff was a considerable puzzle to the medical fraternity when in the flesh, a term of strictly figurative application in his case.

ELEM LEAVES.

The leaves of an elm tree, averaging 7,000,000 to a full grown tree, will transpire water to the amount of seven tons during the normal summer day. Were it not for the ingathering of the stomata during the night a few elms would soon draw off all the water from a district. As it is every market grower knows what elms are like near fruit or market gardens.

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Westerfelt"

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"Well, I reckon it mought be called that," Abner replied as he carefully folded his newspaper and put it into his coat pocket. "None of us was expectin' it, an' it sorter bustled our calculations. Alf had laid out to put new high back benches in Rock Crest, an' new lamps an' one thing another, an' it seems to me—Abner wiped his too facile mouth—"like I heard 'im say one day that you wasn't paid enough fer yore thunder an' that he'd stir around an' see what could be done." Abner's eyes twinkled. "But, lawdy me! I reckon ef he kin possibly raise the seeds to pay the tax on his investment next year he'll do all the Lord expects."

"Huh, I reckon!" grunted Dole, irritated, as usual, by Abner's double meaning. "I fails it that the Lord hain't got much to do with human speculations one way or other."

"Ef I just had that scamp that roped 'im in before me a minute, I'd fix 'im," said Abner. "Do you know what denomination Perkins belongs to?"

"No, I don't," Dole blurted out, "an', what's more, I don't care."

"Well, I acknowledge it sorter interests me," went on our philosopher in an insouciant tone, "because, Brother Dole, you kin often trace a man's good terms. Maybe you don't remember Jamb Lynnan that staid Thad Wilson's stump suckin' hoss an' was ketchin' an' put up. I was at the courthouse in Darley when he received his sentence. His wife sent me to 'im to carry his pipe an' one thing or other—a pair o' socks an' other necessary tricks, a little can o' eye soap, fer one thing. She hadn't the time to go, as she said she had a patch o' young corn to hoe out. I found 'im as happy as ef he was goun' off on a excursion. He laughed an' 'lowed it ud be some time 'fore he got back, an' I wondered what could 'a' made 'im so contented, so I made some inquiries on that line. I found that he was a firm believer in predestination and that what was to be was foreordained. He said that he firmly believed he was predestinated to go to the coal mines fer hoss stealin', an' that life was too short to be kickin' ag'in the Lord's way o' runnin' matters. Besides, he said, he'd heard that they issued a plug o' tobacco a week to chawin' prisoners, an' he could prove that he was one o' that sort of they'd look how he'd ground his jaw teeth down to the gums."

"Huh!" grunted Dole again, his sharp gray eyes on Abner's face as if he half believed that some of his own theories were being sneered at. It was true that he, being a Methodist, had not advocated a belief in predestination, but Abner Daniel had on more than one occasion shown a decided tendency to bunch all stringent religious opinions together and cast them down as out of date. When in doubt in a conversation with Abner, the preacher assumed a coolness on the outside that was often not consistent with the fires within him. "I don't see what all that's got to do with Brother Bishop's mistake," he said frigidly as he leaned back in his chair.

"It sets me to wonderin' what denomination Perkins belongs to, that's all," said Abner, with another smile. "I know in reason he's a big like in some church in Atlanta, fer I never knowed a lawyer that wasn't foremost in that way o' doin' good. I'll bet a hossie he belongs to some hifalutin' crowd o' worshippers that kneel down on soft cushions an' believe in scopin' in all they kin in the Lord's name, an' that charity begins at home. I think that mysef, Brother Dole, fer thar never was a plant as hard to get rooted as charity is, an' a body ought to have it whar they kin watch it close. I'll

"Say thar, Pole," Abner called out, the shoe bel'n on another foot. I was goun' to tell you how this misfortune o' Alf's had affected Pole. He's been like a crazy man ever since it happened. It's been all Alan could do to keep 'im from goin' to Atlanta an' chokin' the life out o' Perkins. Pole got so mad when he wouldn't let 'im go that he went off cussin' 'im fer all he was worth. I wonder what sort of a denomination a man ud fit into that 'il cuss his best friends black an' blue because they won't let 'im fight fer 'em. Yes, he'll fight an' ef he ever does fine the ranks above he'll do the work o' ten men when thar's blood to spill. I seed 'im in a row once durin' election when he was leggin' fer a friend o' his'n. He stood right at the polls an' wanted to slug every man that voted ag'in 'im. He knocked three men's teeth down

die a heap o' times ef you jest look at it, an' it might nigh always has had soll ur a drought to contend with."

Just then Pole Baker, who has already been introduced to the reader, rode up to the fence and hitched his horse. He nodded to the two men on the veranda and went around to the smokehouse to get a piece of bacon Bishop had promised to sell him on credit.

"Huh!" Dole grunted, and he crossed his long legs and swung his foot up and down nervously. He had the look of a man who was wondering why such insufferable bores as Abner should so often accompany a free dinner. He had never felt drawn to the man, and it irritated him to think that just when his mental faculties needed rest Abner always managed to introduce the very topics which made it necessary for him to keep his wits about him.

"Take that feller thar," Abner went on, referring to Baker. "He's about the hardest customer in this county, an' y't he's bein' managed right now. He's got a wife an' seven children an' is a holy terror when he gets drunk. He used to be the biggest daredevil moonshiner in all these mountains, but Alan kept befriendin' 'im first one way an' another till he up one day an' axed Alan what he could do fer 'im. Alan said none o' yore shoutin' kind o' Christians. He shakes a nimble toe at a shandig when he wants an' knows the ace from a ten-spot, but he gets thar with every claw in the air when some'n has to be done. So when Pole axed 'im that Alan jest said, as quiet as ef he was axin' 'im fer a match to light a cigar, 'Quit yore moonshinin'. Pole. That was all he said. Pole looked 'im straight in the eye fer a minute an' then said: 'Alan Bishop, you don't mean that?'"

"Yes, I do, Pole," said Alan. "Quit! Quit smack off!"

"You ax that as a favor?" said Pole. "Yes, as a favor," said Alan. "An' you are a-goin' to do it too!"

"Then Pole begun to contend with 'im. 'You are a-goin' that because you think I'll be ketchin' up with,' he said, 'but I tell you the ain't no man on the face o' the earth that could find my still now. You could stand in two feet of the door to it all day an' not find it if you looked fer it with a spyglass. I kin make bug juice all the rest o' my life an' sell it without bein' ketchin'." "I want you to give it up," said Alan, an' Pole yanked it out. Alan is workin' on 'im now to git 'im to quit liquor, but that ain't so easy. He could walk a crack with a gallon sloshin' about in 'im. Now, as I started to say, Alan ain't got no cut an' dried denomination an' don't have to walk any particular kind o' foot log to do his work, but it's a-goin' on jest the same. Now I don't mean no reflection on yore way o' hitehin' wings on folks, but I do be-seech as they at was in Pole Baker's years till Gabriel blowed his lungs out, an' Pole 'd still be moonshinin'. An' some-times I think that sech fellers as Alan Bishop ort to be paid fer what they do in betterin' the world. I don't see why you fellers ort always to be allowed to rake in the jack pot unless you'd accomplish more'n outsiders that jest turn their hands to the job at odd times."

Dole drew himself up straight and glared at the offender.

"I think that is a rather personal remark, Brother Daniel," he said coldly. "Maybe it is," returned Abner: "but I didn't mean fer it to be. I've heard you praise up certain preachers fer the good they was a-doin', an' I saw no harm in mentionin' Alan's method. I reckon it's jest a case o'

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he's throats an' bunged up two more so that they looked like they had on false faces."

Here the preacher permitted himself to laugh. Being a fighting man himself, his heart warmed toward a man who seemed to be born to that sort of thing.

"He looks like he could do a sight of it," was his comment.

At this juncture the subject of the conversation came round the house, carrying a big piece of bacon wrapped in a tow grain bag.

"Say thar, Pole," Abner called out to the long, lank fellow. "We are a-goin' to have preachin' at Rock Crest to-morrow. You'd better have a shirt washed an' hung out to dry. They are a-beatin' the bushes fer yore sort."

Pole Baker paused and brushed back his long, thick hair from his heavy eyebrows.

"I've been a-waitin' to see ef meetin' ever 'd do you any good, Uncle Ab," he laughed. "They tell me the more you go the wuss you git to be. Nell Filmore said t'other day ef you didn't quit shootin' off yore mouth they'd give you a trial in meetin'."

Abner laughed good naturedly as he spat over the edge of the veranda floor to the ground.

"That's been talked, I know, Pole," he said, "but they don't mean it. They all know how to take my fun. But you come on to meetin'. It will do you good."

"Well, maybe I will," promised Pole. And he came to the steps, and, putting his bacon down, he bent toward them.

"It's a powerful hard matter to know exactly what's right an' what's wrong in some things," he said. "Now, looky heer." Throwing his hand down into the pocket of his trousers, he drew out a piece of quartz rock, with a lump of yellow gold about the size of a pea half imbedded in it. "That thar's puore gold. I got it this away: A feller that used to be a right bower in my still business left me when I swore off an' went over to Dalnoga to work in them mines. T'other day he was back on a visit, an' he give me this chunk an' said he'd found it. Now, I know in reason that he misbided it while he was at work, but I don't think I'd have a right to report it to the minin' company, an' so I'm jest obliged to receive stolen goods. It ain't wuth more'n a dollar, they tell me, an' I'll hang on to it, I reckon, rather 'n have a laborin' man discharged from a job. I'm tryin' my level best to live up to the line now, an' I don't know how to manage sech a thing as that. I've come to the conclusion that no harm will be done no way, because miners ain't too well paid anyway, an' ef I jest keep it 'd be a good out o' it I won't be in it any more 'n ef I'd never got hold o' the blamed thing."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ABOUT THE MOOSE.

Upper Ottawa and Lake Kippewa Grand Region for the Big Fellow.

The range of the moose in North America is of enormous extent, from Nova Scotia in the extreme East, through the United States, and to the north of Alaska. Throughout this vast extent of territory but two species are recognized, the common moose, *Alces Americanus*, and the Alaskan moose, *Alces gigas*, of the Kenai peninsula; but it is probable that further exploration will bring to light another species near the headwaters of the Laird River and the Cassiar Mountains of British Columbia; and still another further north in the neighborhood of Colville River.

The upper Ottawa and Lake Kippewa region has been a grand moose country in recent years, so far as the size of the antlers is concerned, but the moose are now rapidly pushing further north. Twenty-five years ago they first appeared, coming from the south, probably from the Muskoka Lake country, into which they may have migrated in turn from the Adirondacks. The northern movement has been going steadily within the personal knowledge of the writer. Ten years ago the moose were practically all south and east of Lake Kippewa, now they are nearly all north of that lake, and extend nearly, if not quite, to the shores of James Bay. How far to the west of that they have spread we do not know; but it is probable that they are re-occupying the range lying between the shores of Lake Superior and James Bay, which was long abandoned. Northwest of Lake Superior, throughout Manitoba and far to the north, is a region heavily wooded and studded with lakes, constituting a practically untouched moose country.

In the Ottawa district moose catching, while practiced, is not apt to be successful, and in the western mountains it is practically unknown, although a substitute is found by making any unusual noise, such as produced by rapping a tree twice with an axe in imitation of the double cough or short call of the bull, or by beating alders with a stick to imitate the antlers thrashing in the bushes. These contrivances sometimes attract the attention of a bull who is close at hand, and bring him out into the open. Calling in Maine, however, will always be a popular but unsportsmanlike means of hunting the moose; unsportsmanlike because everything depends on the guide and nothing on the hunter, the only skill required of the hunter being the ability to sit still on a very wet log or on very cold ground. Whatever shooting is done is at close range and in the dusk—Madison Grant, in Field and Stream for October.

All reading notices or local announcements must be received at this office not later than noon of the day on which it is desired that they appear in The Planet.

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