

The Old Horseshoe.

A teacher and his son were walking along a dusty road on a warm summer day. The boy saw something in the road, and on looking found it was an old horseshoe. His father advised him to take it along, but the boy did not seem to think the shoe of any value, so the father picked it up and put it into his pocket.

They passed through a little village, and there the father sold the shoe and bought some juicy cherries with the money.

Pretty soon the boy began to feel thirsty. He looked about for water, but could not find any. Then the father took from his pocket the bag of cherries, telling his son that he had bought them with the money obtained from selling the shoe. In this way he taught the boy the valuable lesson that everything that has value should be taken care of.

Selections For October.

Full fast the leaves are dropping
Before that wandering breath.—*Bryant.*

October turned my leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers;
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.
T. B. Aldrich—Maple Leaves.

Now she showers
By brook and pool her white and purple stars,
And lifts in all her fields her golden-rod.—*Ibid.*

Autumn's earliest frost had given to the woods below
Hues of beauty such as heaven lendeth to its brow.
—*Whittier.*

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spots; upon its grassy mould,
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.
—*Bryant, October, 1866.*

Bending above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways

With gold of elms and birches from the maze
Of forest.—*Helen Hunt Jackson—Verses October.*

I always write the name October with especial pleasure.
There is a secret charm about it not to be defined. It is
full of memories, it is full of dusky splendours, it is full
of glorious poetry.—*Longfellow.*

And school girls, gay with aster flower, beside the meadow
brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet
looks.—*Whittier.*

Take a world full of crimson,
Mix well with warm gold,
And blue tints and bronze tints,
And brown tints, I'm told—
Quite sober—
A dash of pure purple,
A pinch of pale pink
And green just to suit you,
You'll have then, I think—
October!—*Selected.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

Experiments have been made in Algiers by French officers with a new vehicle for the desert, consisting of a kind of sledge mounted on six wheels, driven by a fifty horse-power motor, and equipped with a propellor working in the air. The vehicle carries three persons and travels easily over the rolling sand at a speed of twelve to eighteen miles an hour. It is hoped, by fitting it with wings, not only to facilitate its progress, but to enable it to leap over objects in its path.

A Swiss expedition has succeeded in crossing Greenland from west to east, over the barren ice. The members of the expedition have arrived at Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, all well. They started from Jakobshavn, Northwest Greenland, and were three months in reaching the east coast. A Danish expedition is to cross next year, by a more northerly route.

Methods of making an artificial light with an almost perfect resemblance to daylight have been simultaneously discovered in England and in Germany. Most of our present artificial lights have an excess of red and a deficiency of blue.

An ocean-going ship using oil engines, the second to sail from Europe and the first to cross the Atlantic, has recently visited New York on her return trip from Vera Cruz to Hamburg. She has no smoke stack. The exhaust gases pass out high above the deck, through a hollow mast.

The British government has decided to make a large addition to its fleet of hydro-aeroplanes. It is reported that by the use of these machines in recent experiments, bombs were dropped down the funnels of warships with absolute accuracy from a height of a thousand feet. The new oil-driven battleships now being designed will have armoured funnel shields to protect them from the bomb-dropping aeroplanes; and will also be fitted with guns of high elevation for attacking air craft.

A London inventor has produced a loud talking telephone. By an arrangement of the instrument, the sound of a voice may be increased in transmission, so that words spoken in one room in an ordinary conversational tone will seem like a loud shout to a listener in another room. As at present used, it provides a means of communication from room to room in offices or factories, by which a conversation may be carried on without either the speaker or the listener having to go to the instrument. The receiver will catch words that are spoken five or six yards away, and the transmitter will so magnify the sound, if adjusted for that purpose, that the words can be heard by a whole room full of people.