

LIFE AND LOVE.

You are a dream, said Life to Love; And Love replied: "This well, I know; A dream am I, a dream are you; Then let us to our dreams be true."

"You are a dream," said Life to Love, "But I am real," said Love to Life; "A dream am I, and real are you; Then let us to ourselves be true;"

THE LITTLE CANDLE.

By JAMES WEBER LINN.

When Rodney Pinkham appeared among the candidates for the Valley-side Academy football team, the coach smiled.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Rodney W. Pinkham, sir."

"You want to play football?" "Yes, sir."

"Why," said the coach good naturedly, "you're no bigger than a Christmas candle!"

The boys who heard him laughed, but Pinkham was not disturbed. "I weigh more than you'd think, sir," he said.

"I weigh more than you'd think, sir," he said. "I weigh one hundred and eight and one-quarter pounds, and most of it is muscle, sir."

The coach smiled again. "Well, Mr. Christmas Candle Pinkham," he said, "I like your spirit, anyway, and we'll see what you can do."

The first day there were exactly thirty-four men at practice, and when the three elevens lined up for signal practice, Pinkham found himself the one left over.

But he trotted along beside the coach without the least sign of annoyance, looking up at him seriously and listening attentively to what he said.

The coach put him in at end for the last five minutes of formation work.

When it was over, he had all the candidates run from one end of the field to the other.

Little Pinkham finished sixth. "Hello!" said the coach. "You can run, can't you?" "Yes, sir," said Pinkham.

The next day was rainy, and only about twenty boys came out. One of them was Pinkham.

"Hello, Candle!" said Tommy Horton, the halfback, winking to big Sloan, the centre.

"Aren't you afraid the rain'll melt you?" "No, sir," answered Pinkham. After a moment he smiled, a shy, embarrassed smile.

"I guess that was a joke, wasn't it?" he said. Sloan and Horton doubled themselves up with laughter.

After that every one called him "Candle" Pinkham. He appeared on the field every day, rain or shine.

Football was his pastime, and he was a very different person to the one who had been at the end of the parade.

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practice, he called: "Pinkham, you take right end!" The boy actually jumped.

"What, sir—?" he said. "Hurry up!" answered the coach.

And Pinkham's eyes shone like the candles he was named for as he trotted to his place.

The game that week was with Neoka. The field was wet and the ball slippery.

The first time Tommy Horton was given the ball, he squeezed it out of his arms before he was fairly started.

There was a wild scramble. When the players of both sides were untangled, at the bottom was Candle Pinkham.

The ball hugged tight to his stomach. Valley-side made three more fumbles in the first ten minutes, and in two out of the three little Pinkham saved the ball.

Then Valley-side braced and scored. "Rah, rah, rah, Horton!" yelled the crowd; and then, after a moment, "Rah, rah, rah, Pinkham!"

Through the dirt on his face the boy's embarrassed smile made its way. Neoka kicked off, and the running and smashing began again.

So, also, did the fumbling. At last Valley-side's right half got the ball, circled the opposing end, and was caught by the defensive halfback; and as he was tackled the ball flew high and wide.

Pinkham, racing behind, caught it on a lucky bound, and pushed on; but the opposing fullback tackled him squarely, and down they went in a heap.

Noaka's captain and right tackle, a boy weighing a hundred and seventy pounds, came up, and just as the referee's whistle blew, hurled himself squarely upon Pinkham and

laured equally with Jimmy Edwards. After the game was over, and the shouting, there was, as usual, a big dinner, at which the head master presided.

He spoke, and the coach spoke, and the captain, and then there were cries for Babb. The boy rose, tall, cool, master of himself.

"You fellows will excuse me, I think, if I say one or two words about myself," he began, "for they're only the preface to what I really want to tell you."

You know I wouldn't come out for the team at first, and I think many of you know why. Last year I was ruled off twice for slugging.

I knew I meant to be a gentleman, and I figured that it was the game that was bad, because I was ungentlemanly when I played it.

"Well, you saw the Neoka game, and what happened there; and you remember what little Pinkham did."

"Rah, rah, rah, Pinkham!" cried somebody far down the table. But Babb went right on:

"That set me to thinking. It seemed to me if a boy could love the game as he did, and yet be as square as he was, the game couldn't be all bad; perhaps there was something wrong with me."

On the next Monday afternoon Captain Edwards asked me again to go out, and I said I would. I did, and I played as well as I knew how; and because I was big and husky and lots older than Pinkham, I made the team, and he went back to the scrub.

And now I'm going to tell you the real reason why I went out to practice. It wasn't only what Pinkham did at Neoka; it wasn't at all because Captain Edwards came and asked me on Monday afternoon. It was because little Pinkham came himself on Monday morning and begged me with tears in his eyes to go out and play, when he knew that if I made good, it would mean putting him off the team; and I said I would. And I swore if a boy who loved football as much as he did it was that kind of a chap, I'd stick at it as long as I could, and keep my temper while I played it—and I mean to!

He sat down suddenly, and because the speech and the emotion were both unexpected, the boys were quite still for a moment.

The head master leaned over to the coach, smiling. "How far that little candle throws his beams!"

So shines a good deed in a naughty world!" he quoted.

Up jumped the coach. "The Little Candle!" he cried. "Now, boys, three good ones for Little Candle Pinkham!"

And he, with shy, small, embarrassed smile, sat wondering what it was really all about.—Youth's Companion!

A fracture of a new German system of photography is that the wire used to transmit a picture may be used for telephoning at the same time.

coach. "I'm—I'm too light!" His eyes were full of tears.

"Nonsense!" said the coach. "You played a good game, Pinkham. Don't you fret. I wish you were twenty or thirty pounds heavier, but you did your level best, and that's all anybody can do."

"I'm too light!" repeated Pinkham, mournfully.

"It's perfectly true," said the coach afterward to Edwards. "He is too light. I'm afraid Rockville will smash things up round his end. What do you say we play Horton with him on that side of the line?"

"It wouldn't do," said Edwards. "It would only weaken the other end and throw Tommy all off."

"Well, anyway," said the coach, "Pinkham keeps end—that's settled. He's the best man that's played there, in spite of his weight, and he's a dandy little sportsman, besides."

"He's all that," admitted the captain. "But I wish that man Babb would come out!"

"Why don't you make one more try?" asked the coach.

"I think I will," said Edwards. Early on Monday afternoon he went to Babb's room.

"Look here, Babb," he said, "I'm no beggar, but I've got something to say to you." He outlined the situation, and ended, "Now the school needs you; will you come out?"

Babb, a tall, dark, quiet young fellow, listened in silence. When Edwards had finished, he answered:

"To tell the truth, Edwards, I've been thinking the thing over, and I guess I was wrong. Yes, I'll come out."

"Good!" said Edwards. "To-day?" "To-day, certainly. When I make up my mind, I make it up."

The captain, overjoyed, hastened to find the coach. On the way one thought troubled him a little—the recollection that when Babb came on, little Candle Pinkham must be dropped.

"It's too coincidentally bad," agreed the coach. "I never coached any boy I liked more than that little chap. But if Babb makes good, it's got to be done, and he'll be the first to see it."

"Yes, that's true," said Edwards. Babb came out, and little Pinkham retired to the scrub, where he played as faithfully and apparently with as much enjoyment as on the first eleven. In three weeks more came the great game with Rockville, and Valley-side won. Babb was everywhere on the field—he shared the

PROCESSION OF THE TOOTH

MOST SACRED RELIC OF THE BUDDHIST FAITH.

Elephants in Carcass Trappings—Herds, Tomtom Beaters, Banner Bearers and Devil Dancers That Take Part in the Ceremony—Exposing the Relic on the Temple Steps

The Kandy Perahera is the Arabian Nights and Walpurgis Night in one. Ten days before the August full moon, when the dusk wraps the little hill capital of Ceylon in a purple haze, the tomtoms that glare out every evening from the Dalada Maligawa (Temple of the Tooth) are met by an answering sound from the Nata Dewale (Hindu temple).

A little procession sets forth. A boy leads the way, holding in his hand a strange iron instrument shaped like a pipe, with a long handle and a long bowl filled with flaring cocoanut oil. Behind him come the tomtom beaters and men bearing Buddha's banners and a temple kapurala (official), with his flat white pincushion cap. On his bare brown shoulders he bears a pingo (yoke), hung at each end with garlands of flowers.

The little procession circles the shrine. It is strange and arresting in the dimness and aloneness of the dewale (a large enclosed space), where the great white dagoba (usually a bell shaped erection containing a sacred relic) looms up and the sacred tree rustles night and day—and there are many little white shrines strewn with temple flowers and marigolds. The kapurala passes into the shrine, the little boy beats out the flaming cocoanut oil, the men furl their flags and the tomtom beaters steal away. Within the shrine on a flat white stone lie the portions of ehela tree and jak tree and the cocoanut flowers and the jasmine blossoms which symbolize the beginning of the Perahera.

Three nights later the real Perahera begins and lasts for ten nights. The culminating night is the full moon and the next day the procession takes place in the daytime. Every night it increases in splendor, writes Bella Sidney Woolf, in the Queen.

It is seen at its best from the Octagon, the highest portion of the Temple of the Tooth. The quadrangle in front of the temple is a dim, dark plain, faintly lit by torchlight; along the road and on the walls the people swarm—a sea of dusky, eager faces. Looking down from the balcony of the Octagon, dimly under the archway of the temple gate, is seen the huge form of an elephant swaying slowly to and fro. The stone passage leading from the shrine is brightly lit with torches—the painted reliefs of tortures and devils on the walls show up against the night.

Suddenly the distant noise of tomtoms coming nearer and nearer, and along the road that stretches away in the darkness beyond the temple come the four Peraheras (processions) from the four dewales (shrines). A bare and a flare—a medley of elephants and whirling, twisting, frenzied devil dancers, Kandyan chiefs in their wonderful swathed white garments, headmen and villagers and tomtom beaters. The great elephants are trapped in red and gold, with long masks over their heads and trunks. There are silts for their eyes; they look like grim, uncanny monsters masquerading. A dragon in fancy dress would create an equally curious impression.

There are men with long, glittering fans, men with gold and silver umbrellas perched aloft on the elephants' backs. It is an orgy of red and gold and silver, and flickering, glaring lights and dancing shadows and jangling of elephant bells and throbbing of tomtoms and wild shouts of joy and the clanking of devil dancers' armlets and anklets. The whole procession moves slowly, as if detached from the hurlyburly that surrounds it. At the gate of the temple they halt.

The great gold rundoli (palanquin) is carried down the stone gallery and placed on the elephant's back, over the gold and crimson embroideries which deck him. Then a white cloth is laid down. The golden carandua (Casket of the Sacred Tooth) is to be brought out—the Tooth of Gautama Buddha, the most sacred relic of the Buddhist faith. The Diwa Nilami, a Kandyan chief and guardian of the temple, comes forward out of the shadow. He is a magnificent figure, tall and stately, with flowing gray beard and piercing eyes set deep in his impassive brown face.

He wears a jacket, something like a zouave jacket, with large sleeves to the elbow, gold buttons, and swathed round his waist till he is the shape of a petgop at its broadest, are folds upon folds of white muslin. It takes him two hours to dress in this fashion. He wears white gaiters, frilled round the ankles; his feet, of course, are bare. On his head is a flat white pincushion cap, and his gray hair is twisted in a knot like a woman's at the back. The great moment has come. The tooth in its gold carandua wrapped in a silken covering is brought out by the Diwa Nilami. He hands it to the kapuralas, who reverently place it in the golden palanquin. A detonator is let off with a terrific bang and scattering of sparks from the topmost point of the temple. The tomtoms crash out, men and women shout for joy, the elephant bells ring, the devil dancers leap high in the air.

Then comes the most impressive moment of the whole Perahera. The great elephant, bearing the relic, lurches forward from the dimness of the archway, the torchbearers run alongside, and as he steps majestically through the main entrance he and his golden burden are shown up in relief against the glare of the torches, silhouetted in the square of the archway, darkness around him—the very centre of the procession.

Then he marches slowly down the steps and into the road. The Diwa Nilami comes down. The devil dancers prostrate themselves in the dust before him. Two smaller elephants form up alongside the bearer of the tooth and the whole procession is set in motion. It moves along the side of the lake, a glowing, serpentine crawling slowly, weirdly. It disappears in the distance. The sound of the tomtoms comes at last faintly, and the square is almost silent.

Then again the sound draws nearer and the throb, throb, throb of the tomtoms becomes more insistent. The Dalada Maligawa Perahera is returning. Again the glare and the glare of the temple, and the gate of the temple. The tomtom beaters go before; the temple kapuralas and attendants, the men with golden umbrellas and the men with the fans swarm over the walls helter-skelter like a stage crowd. Then the Diwa Nilami paces slowly through the archway, and the great elephant follows. The same ceremony is observed at the removal of the carandua from the palanquin.

In the lamplight between two rows of brown, eager faces the Diwa Nilami goes with stately step through the temple, bearing the carandua in the silken cloth, amid the deafening din of tomtoms and golden trumpets (nagasinnam) and tambourines. He passes through the doorway that leads to the shrine—the music is hushed. Men follow with all the other trappings and accoutrements. The tomtom beaters pack up their instruments in cloths. The play is ended for the night. Only the sound of elephant bells breaks the stillness of the moonlit night—tinkling, clanging, ting-a-ling—as they tether the elephants, the great and small, in the courtyard of the temple under the palm trees.

Pigeon Photographers. By PRISCILLA LEONARD. A German genius, Dr. J. Neubronner, of Kronberg, has been experimenting with carrier pigeons as photographers of bird-eye views.

Dr. Neubronner's father, a Kronberg apothecary, was a carrier pigeon enthusiast, and organized a sort of rural delivery by providing country doctors round Kronberg with pigeons, to which the prescriptions were entrusted. These the birds brought to the shop more quickly than any human messenger could do.

Dr. Neubronner, the son, added to this messenger service a parcel post. He sent some of his pigeons to the wholesale dealers of whom he bought his drugs. Whenever he needed any medication in a great hurry, he would telephone or telegraph for it, and the dealer would attach a tiny pack to the pigeon's back, and dispatch it at once. A vigorous pigeon can carry seventy-five grains' weight in this way.

But one pigeon was false to its trust. It never came home with its burden for a month after its release. Where had it been? It occurred to Dr. Neubronner that it might be possible to fit such a wandering pigeon with a tiny camera, and see where it had been from the pictures it brought home.

Now the German Patent Office has granted patent rights to Dr. Neubronner for this idea, and the German War Office is a partner in the undertaking, and hopes through it to get views of jealously guarded frontiers fortresses. The apparatus that Dr. Neubronner has devised slings the camera in a kind of harness over the pigeon's shoulders and back, so as not to interfere with its flight. The films are four by five centimeters in size. A small india-rubber ball, allowing the air to escape, effects the opening of the shutter at regular intervals, so that eight bird-eye views, with half a minute's interval between each, have repeatedly been secured.

A transportable cot and dark room are provided for the training, feeding and transportation of the pigeons, and the development of the photographs. The Technical World, which describes the new invention, gives two views taken by pigeon photographers, one of the imperial park at Friedrichshof Castle, which is jealously kept private, and another of some works, which shows the place and even the details of the buildings to some extent.

THE ORIGINAL BIG STICK, ROOSEVELT PARK, COLO.

Since the departure of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt for his African hunt, the American people have been searching for the hiding place of the "Big Stick." Admirers of President Taft declare that it has vanished from the White House and that its place has been taken by the "Big Smile." But Coloradoans claim to have found the formidable weapon, and in support of their assertions that they have been made its custodians, present the accompanying photograph of "The Big Stick."

In a large natural park on the open plain, about fifteen miles east of Colorado Springs and within sight of Pike's Peak are many curious rock formations, similar in a certain degree to those of the Garden of the Gods, but of white instead of red sandstone. The existence of this strange park has been known to ranchmen in the vicinity for a long time, but it was not until the remarkable similarity of one of the rocks to "The Big Stick" was noticed that any notoriety was given to it. The tract was then named Roosevelt Park, and to the club-shaped rock formation, standing fifteen feet in height, was given the sobriquet "The Big Stick."



Plain Dealing. Reformer (earnestly)—"Let's have an honest election." Politician—"That's what I say. Let's have it all fair and square, straight up and down. Let's don't expect any votes we don't pay for, and let's don't pay for any we don't get."—Brooklyn Eagle.



Rather Clever, What? While the proverbial Englishman may not be able to distinguish a joke in less than two weeks' time, he often says something to arouse the risibilities. Among the passengers on one of the big ocean liners lately coming from Cherbourg was a Britisher with an appetite for information on topics of every conceivable description. Wherever knowledge was being disseminated he was to be found.

One day he overheard another passenger remark that the captain had said they should see Sandy Hook within twenty-four hours. "Sandy Hook!" exclaimed the Englishman; "and who's he; some prominent Scotchman in New York?"—New York Times.

Only Way He Could Get Even. Frank Bertram, a well known actor, tells the following story: "I was playing at Leicester during the fair week and in the market place there were several merry-go-rounds. "I noticed one melancholy individual who, despite the fact that he was apparently suffering greatly, persisted in riding on one of the merry-go-rounds. "Eventually I spoke to him and asked him if he liked it. "The man replied, 'No, I don't like it a bit; the blessed thing makes me ill.' "I then asked him why he persisted in riding, and his reply was: 'I can't help it. The man who owns this roundabout owes me money, and the only way I can get even is by taking it out in rides.'—London Daily Telegraph.

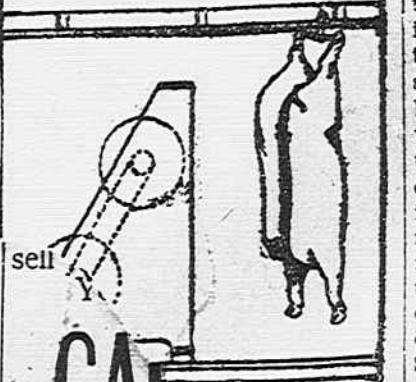


He—"And did you see Monte Carlo while you were at Nice?" She—"No, papa called on him, I believe, but from his disappointed appearance, I think Mr. Carlo must have been out."



rolled along the runway from the cars to the packing establishment, and there is no time lost in taking it to the block to be chopped up with much less accuracy and dispatch. The machine consists of an inclined plane with two saw wheels operating between its sides. One of these wheels is above the other and set a little further back, following the incline of the stand. The lower wheel is operated by a chain running over the power wheel, below the upper saw, and it in turn operates the power saw. The carcass is trundled along the supporting track, and when the machine is reached is turned so that the saws can rip through it in the desired direction. It is then passed over the machine and rolled on for the next operation in the process.—Washington Star.

Saws Carcass in Two. An invention of interest to pork packers is the carcass-splitting machine.



Watch Recovered From River. John Norris, a former chief constable of Coventry, was the possessor of a historical Tay Bridge watch. This was engraved with a view of the Tay Bridge and was inscribed as follows: "The Tay Bridge Disaster, December, 1879. This watch lay in the River Tay for six weeks; it stopped at the time of the accident, remained silent many days, started again and worked nine hours under water."

It was a gold keyless lever watch had been lent to Mr. Bynan, an agent of Cheltenham, who was drowned by a charge of dynamite was after used with a view to raising the bridge from the river, and this doubt started the watch again.—London Standard.

The Worst Pain. "I see where laid up for very 'Hum' 'He Oil' 'Ame' 'C O' 'e, \$7.00, retail."