The Post Girl. By Edward C. Booth. Price, $1.50. The Century Company, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

If you have made the acquaintance of Lady Babbie, in Barrie's "Little Minister," just as you closed the book, did not the wish arise that some day Barrie would reincorporate Lady Babbie? I know of no more appealing heroine in modern fiction than she.

Whisper! Lady Babbie's cousin is surely Pam, the heroine of "The Post Girl," and the latter is certainly the best English novel sent across the water this season. It belongs to that rare class—good fiction. It stirs to unusual depths, awes with its tenderness; has almost a Scotch "pawky" humor; effectively mirrors Yorkshire country life and its character work is skillful.

At times in reading this novel, I rubbed my eyes and wondered if I was again under the spell of Barrie's genius. Booth's style is remarkably similar. Whoever he is, he is a new writer who will achieve popularity at a single bound. "The Post Girl" is not only a man's and woman's story, but it strikes such a high, clear note that it can with profit be received into the household.

Pam, known on state occasions as Miss Pamela Searle, is a girl letter-carrier, who, for carrying mail to "Cliff Wrangham, an' Far Wrangham, an' round by Shippers," is paid the munificent salary of $1.50 per week. No, she isn't a weather-beaten muscular female, with a stride like that of a grenadier. This is her picture:

> If the mere sound of her voice (there was the rare mellow sweetness of blown pipes about it) had aroused his wonder, the sight of the girl's face added doubly to his surprise. A face as little to be looked for in this place and at this time, and under these conditions, as to make quest for orchids down some pitmouth with pick and Davy lamp. He could not maintain the look long, for before satisfying his own inquiry, he sought to establish the girl's confidence, but he noted the wide, generous forehead, the big, consuming eyes, burning deep in sorrowing self-reproach and giving him a moment's gaze over the uplifted tumbler; the dispassionate, narrow nose, sprinkled about its bridge and between the brows with a pepper-caster helping of freckled candor; the small lips, parted submissively to the glass rim over two slips of milky teeth; the long, sleek cheeks; the slender, pearl-shaped chin; the soft, supple neck of russet tan, spliced on to a gleaming shaft of ivory, where it dipped through her dress-collar to her bosom.

Dear Pam, freckles and all! You create interest the moment you step across the stage.

The man in the case? He's the "spawner," otherwise known as Maurice Ethelbert Wynne, a young Englishman who came to shy, retired Ulibrig because he thought he could secure the "necessary quiet there to compose his big concerto—and although at the time he was in-a-sort-of-way engaged to a girl in far-off Switzerland, he promptly fell in love with Pam. Here is the definition of a "spawner:" "The class of visitor which is lacking to Ulibrig is the pleasure-seeking variety which comes for a month, is charged unprotesting for lights and fire, never lends a hand to the washing of its own pots, and pays town price for country butter. Our local designation for such guests—when we get them—is 'spawers.'"

Mr. Wynne is described in this fashion:

> He was a tall, lithe figure of young manhood in snowy holland, with the idle bearing of one whose activity is all in the upper story; eyes brown, steadfast and kindly; less for the faculty of seeing things than of thinking them; brows lying at ease apart, but with the tiny, tell-tale couple-crease between them for linked tussle—brows that might hitch on to thought with the tenacity of a steel hawser; a jaw fine, firm and resolute, closing strongly over determination, though void of the vicious set of obstinacy, with a little indulgent, smiling, V-shaped cleft in the chin for a mendicant to take advantage of; lips seemingly consecrate to the sober things of this life, yet showing, too, a sunny corner for its mirthmakings and laughters beneath the slight slant of mustache—scarcely more tawny than its owner's sun-tanned cheeks where it touched them.

Father Mostyn, the vicar of the parish, is a good judge of wine and morals, and his conversation is broken up with a merry, explosive "Ha." Mostyn's chum, with whom he disagrees on theological topics, is Dr. Anderson, a Scotchman, and once in discussing miracles, Dr. Anderson asks his friend:

> "Man, hae ye ever 'hairrd a donkey speak?"
>
> "Ha! Frequently," murmurs his reverence.
>
> "Ah'm no speakin' pairsonally, ye understand, but it wull hae been in the pulpit ye have hairrd it. Mon, hae ye never read Hume on the meeracles? Are ye no' conversant wi' your Gibbon? D'ye pretend to tell me ye are ignorant o' such men as Reenan, an' Strauss, an' Bauerr, an' Darwin, an' Thomas Huxley? Ah doot ye've read a wurrd o' them?"
>
> "So much the better for me, dear brother."
>
> "Mon," says the doctor, "ye're a peetifu' creature, an' ah feel shame tae be drinkin' the whisky o' such as you. Ye go inta chairrch an' fill a lot o' puir eegnorant people wi' mair eegnorance than they had without ye, teachin' them your fairy tales about apples, an' sairpints, an' women being made oot o' man's ribs (did ane ever hearr the like!). Let's awa' an', mind ye, dinna tek it inta yer heid ta fall sick this week, or it'll go hairrd wi' ye if ah'm called."

Pam has a busy time of it saying "no" to the proposals of marriage she receives from various admirers. One look at Pam—Poof! You're in love, sure. One wriggling lover is Ginger, and he hints to Pam that he must tell her something. "Go on," says Pam. "You'll have to tell me now, or I'll never be friends with you again."

> "Well, then," Gluger began, pushed reluctantly forward by this dreadful threat. "It's this." He held on to it as long as he could, taking breath, and then when he felt he couldn't hold on any longer, he suddenly shut his eyes and let go, saying to himself: "Lord, help me!" and to Pam: "Will y' 'ave me?" so quickly and indistinctly that it sounded like a cat boxed up under the counter, crying "Meeow."

Pam's most persistent lover is a schoolmaster, a "young man pallid and frail, with the high, white, student's forehead, worn smooth and rounded like the lamp globe he'd studied under; weak brown mustache and small chin, and a cough that troubled him when the wind was east." The most dramatic moment in the book is where this schoolmaster-lover and the spawner have a life-and-death struggle for mastery on the edge of a cliff.

The village folk think that Pam must be some high-born lady, because she bathes once every day and twice a day in Summer. Of course, she is, and how her aristocratic family is ultimately discovered is fashioned into a delightful ending for the once-despised-$1.50-a-week-girl.

Sir Richard Escombe, by Mat Pemberton. $1.50. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Two of the best advertised novels of the year have been "Sir Richard Escombe," by Max Pemberton, and "The Shoulders of Atlas," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. The two stories were published serially side by side in several newspapers in this country, and as one of them is by an Englishman and the other by an American woman, readers were asked to record their preference by vote as to which story was the better of the two. It does not damage "Escombe" in the least to say that American readers gave the majority of their preference, votes for "The Shoulders of Atlas," principally because the latter is a New England story and also because it tells of conditions and scenes in Yankeeland as the great body of American readers know them.

"Escombe" belongs to the stirring school of romance—adventure made popular by Alexander Dumas, G. P. R. James, Mary Johnston, George Barr McCutcheon and others. Pemberton tells of fighting days, when a cross look passed between so-called "gallant" gentlemen meant a polite invitation to a duel; of the period when soldier George ruled England about the middle of the eighteenth century, when evil lives were more common than well-lived ones and when dissipation ran high. The scene calls up masks, powdered hair, wigs, laces, three-cornered hats and riotous love.

Mr. Pemberton in his foreword wants you to understand exactly what sort of a story he is presenting, and his hint reads: "Some pages from the life story of Sir Richard Escombe, Bart., particularly concerning his relations with the notorious society of St. Francis, as founded at Medmenham Abbey, on the River Thames, by Sir Francis Dashwood and John Wilkes; of the manner in which he brought that society to an end; also of his relations with Kitty Dulcimore of Sherbourn, in the county of Warwickshire; of the misfortune which befell him when he drew her name in the lottery; of his subsequent service at Windsor Castle; the whole giving a true account of certain social practices in the reign of George II and of a club but ill remembered in the present day, though entitled to perpetual obloquy."

Medmenham Abbey occupies a prominent place in the story and the author insists that his description of it is more correct than that given in the novel published 100 years ago, "Chrysal; or the Adventures of a Guinea," which purported to give a "true" account of the revels at Medmenham and of the scandals associated with the celebrated social but drunken fraternity.

Sir Richard Escombe, by ancestry, was both English and Irish, was a gallant and soldier of his time, and the first page of the romance opens on him in Warwickshire, England, in the year 1748. Sir Richard was making his way to the inn at Sherbourn occupied by old Anthony Dulcimore, father of Kitty Dulcimore, a famous beauty of the time. Sir Richard and Frederick Lord Harborne were rivals for Kitty's attentions, Harborne being Colonel of the First Royal Dragoons, who had been sent from London to Derby after Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Harborne is described as "hatchet face and sour—a damning, hectic cheek to accuse him and a glassy look in his roving eye." Coldness ensues between Kitty and Sir Richard when the latter drew her name in a lottery from a drinking-bowl. The drunken gallants had pledged each other that he who drew the paper from the bowl bearing the name of Kitty, would marry her. Kitty finds out what has happened and her displeasure increases when she learns that Sir Richard had visited the Medmenham Abbey, which "was a Franciscan monastery in the olden time. Now it is the home of rakes and rascals—wits who have lost their wit, gamesters who have no honor in their games, the froth and scum of the palace and the city. Young Willy Fenton, a parson's son, fell head over heels in love with Honor Marwood, a dancer from the theater, who visited the Abbey in the company of Lord Harborne. Fenton broke the rule of the house, which says that no man shall come between a member and his guest—when that guest is a lady. Should he do so, he shall die by his own hand on the following day. It is a law made of necessity by men who would pass in madness the philosophies of the rosy cross. Fenton shot himself."

No wonder Kitty was shocked at the story, but little did she dream that she would be inveigled to visit that very Medmenham Abbey, without knowing it to be such. Kitty was dressed "in a pretty gown of blue and silver, and had a dark blue velvet coat covering her from shoulder to ankle. Her hat was immense and feathered such as a great round hat as the pictures of Romany and Sir Joshua Reynolds have made known to us." Her coach broke down near the Abbey building and not knowing what the latter was, she walked into it to seek hospitality until the coach could be repaired. Lord Harborne had designed the whole thing, calculating that Kitty's visit to the Abbey would so tarnish her good name that she would yield to his evil desires.

Of course Richard gets a telepathic message that his lady love is in danger and he flies to the Abbey, sword in hand, and in a duel with Harborne runs him through. The account of the sword fight concludes: "And, seeing only the face before him and writing there as upon a tablet the bitter story of his griefs, Sir Richard steeled his heart against compassion and bringing every faculty to his help, he cut the feeble guard at last, and laid my lord a dying man upon the crimson carpet before him."

Kitty is a fresh, rosy creation, and she is as much snow as Sir Richard is living flame. The romance is a pure, fighting one and it well deserves the title it has already earned, "a romance with a sparkle of steel in the sunlight." If is made for the stage. It is satisfactory to know that it has been dramatized and that James K. Hackett, the talented actor, will open with it in St. Louis, Mo., next month.

Why Worry? By George L. Walton, M. D. Price $1. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Thoughtful critics are becoming concerned about what they call "the American disease of nervousness," and the subject is getting to be so much discussed now that one had better read from a first-class authority to keep well informed. Such a one is Dr. Walton, consulting neurologist to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and it is worth while to remark that his help-book is made up from an address he recently delivered to the students of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics.

I verily believe that nervousness, with its train of unhappiness and domestic turmoil, is as much a disease as drunkenness, and that it should be treated as such. I think that the day is fast coming when the state will forcibly separate nervous sufferers from the society of otherwise healthy folks, and cure them by psycho-therapy or treatment through the mind.

Dr. Walton's book is agreeably free from dry, technical terms—so it can easily be understood by all. He patiently discusses work—"a state of undue solitude"—hypochondria, obsession, doubting folly, neurasthenia, phobia, occupation, neurosis, and psycho-therapy. Wise advice by Epicurus and Marcus Aurelius is also given.

Self-control is here taught. The central note is self-help.

A History of the Ancient Egyptians. By Dr. James Henry Breasted. Illustrated. Price, $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

Belongs to the "Historical Series for Bible Students," and the writer is professor of Egyptology and Oriental history in the University of Chicago. His meaning is illustrated by four maps and three plans.

Generally speaking, this scholarly and informing book is directly based upon what the original Egyptian monuments reveal, and tells rather of the Egyptian people than of the land which gave them birth. The most recent discoveries in ancient Egypt are noted and commented upon. Dr. Breasted fixes the dates of the already flourishing predynastic kingdoms in early Egypt as 4500 B. C. and says that the introduction of calendar and earliest fixed date in history is 4241 B. C.

As to the prehistoric immigrants that peopled Egypt, our author has this to say: "The Semitic immigration from Asia, examples of which are also observable in the historic age, occurred in an epoch that lies far below our remotest historical horizon. We shall never be able to determine when nor with certainty through what channels it took place, although the most probable route is that along which we may observe a similar influx from the deserts of Arabia in historic times, the Isthmus of Suez, by which the Mohammedan invasion entered the country."

A Week in the White House With Theodore Roosevelt. By William Bayard Hale. Price, $1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Dr. Hale had the rare privilege of a week's stay at the White House, Washington, D. C., where he had abundant opportunity to observe President Roosevelt from morning to night. He has recorded these intimate impressions of the President, within the limits of 153 pages, and the result is, I think, the newest and most graphic story of the President that has yet appeared. It is an historical document of more than ordinary value.

Dr. Hale wishes it to be clearly understood that the President is in no sense and to no degree whatsoever responsible for any statement, sentiment, or opinion that appears in the book.

On page 110 appears this reference to United States Senator Bourne, of Oregon:

> Senator Bourne of Oregon has been in again today and finds it difficult to get the President's eye. . . . Half a dozen callers are disposed of. Senator Bourne at last gets a few words. "Mr. Bonaparte will see you, Senator. Yes, I have talked with him. See him for yourself. When? Very soon, I should think." In the next day or two. He was very reluctant about it. I doubt if he is willing. But he will talk with you." And the Senator from Oregon is pulled along by means of a handshake, and the next in line takes his place.

There are nine excellent photographs shown.

The Small Country Place. By Samuel T. Maynard. One hundred illustrations. Price, $1.50. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Appropriately enough presented in a book cover of green, showing a country house, trees, and grass.

The writer of this handsomely appearing book of 320 pages is professor of botany and horticulture at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and is botanist and pomologist to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. His opening statement is one which most folks will agree with: "The ideal place to live is in the country, even though one's business is in the city."

The general subjects discussed are: The suburban home; remodeling and improving old buildings; building new houses; decoration of home grounds; lawn and flower garden; family garden; fruit growing; pears, peaches, quinces, plums, apricots and nectarines; grapes; bush fruits; market gardening; poultry keeping; dairying; the family horse and bees, and the monthly calendar.

The illustrations are first class and the whole book is on such a superior plane that it ought to have a ready sale.

The Princes Dehra. By John Reed Scott. Illustrated in color. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Mr. Scott's previous novel, "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars," proved to be a popular success, having reached the dignity of 11 editions. In this new novel we again meet the same characters that made "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars" famous. The plot concerns the death of Frederick, King of Valeria, and a contest between the Archduke Armand, the American, and the Duke of Lotzen for the vacant crown. The Princess Dehra is also a prize. The newer novel has the clash of swords, working of plot and subplot and all the elements of a blood-pulsing romance.

Delilah of the Snows. By Harold Bindloss. Price, $1.50. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City.

Has the ring of the frozen North in it, and tells of hardy frontier people in the Klondike largely made known by Jack London and Rex Beach.

Walter Ingleby is an exile because of his championship of popular rights, and with a partner, who is a Socialist leader, he goes North to hunt for gold. Most of the scenes are snow and ice-bound, and suggest a cool atmosphere peculiarly agreeable to readers sweltering on a warm July day. The novel entertains, and has the true Bindloss swing and action.

The Girl and the Game. By Jesse Lynch Williams. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

In all 17 stories and talks of college life, principally affecting athletics and sundry events calculated to stir things up at institutions of learning. The best story in the series is the first one, in which Billy, a big football guard, and Ann, his best girl, are the two chief actors. All the stories give good advice and are clean. Humor is not forgotten, either. A seasonable book to give to a youth thinking about entering college. The author finishes with a thought from the song, "The Year's at the Spring": "There is a good God in Heaven, and all's well with the world."

Paul the Mystic. By James M. Campbell. Price, $1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Many lines of St. Paul have appeared, but this study of the great apostle differs from all others in bringing forward the mystical element in his religious experience and in his teaching. Mysticism is in the air at the present time, and it is interesting to know that St. Paul was once within its influence. "St. Paul was first of all a poet," states Dr. Campbell, "who writes with the exuberant imagination of a true Oriental, often sublimely indifferent to logical sequence, and displaying a subtlety of thought incomprehensible to the mere textual critic."

South America on the Eve of Emancipation. By Dr. Bernard Moses. Price, $1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Interesting historical pictures of the eighteenth century, illustrating the condition of Spanish colonies in South America on the eve of the revolution which gave them independence. The story is told in 14 chapters, in which many patriotic lessons are drawn. Dr. Moses belongs to the faculty of the University of California, and his book does justice to his scholarship and skillful grouping of facts.

Paid in Full. By Eugene Walter. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York City.

This story of modern, industrial American life is novelized from the play of that name by John W. Harding, and the illustrations are from scenes in the play. It starts with a strike of the longshoremen of the Latin-American Steamship Company, of New York City, and bristles with lurid action all the way through—of a kind warranted to please even the most enthusiastic garrery patron. The end is terrific, depicting the suicide of Brooks.

The Early Bird. By David Nutt, London, England.

At what hour should you retire to sleep, and awake, daily? This helpful little book of good advice counsels that you should not only awaken, but arise in Summer at 5 A. M. and Winter at 6 A. M., and gives as a parting hint that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after. All of which is well, and is especially directed to everybody except night workers in newspaper offices, who are a law unto themselves.

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

New books received: "The Profligate," by Arthur Hornblow, $1.50 (Dillingham); "Nature Study," by Frederick Houk Holtz (Scribner's); "The Greater Love," by Anna McClure Sholl, $1.50 (Outing Publishing Company); "The Philosophy of the Spirit, by Dr. Horatio W. Dresser, $2.50 (Putnam); "Four Plays for Children," by John Jay Chapman, $1 (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

* * *

These books were received through the kindness of the J. K. Gill Company: The Profligate; Nature Study; The Girl and the Game; A History of the Ancient Egyptians; Paid in Full; The Cobbler Delilah of the Snows; The Princess Dehra; Why Worry? The Philosophy of the Spirit; Paul, the Mystic; South America on the Eve of Emancipation; The Small Country Place; A Week in the White House.

* * *

Not for a long time has one read such a thrilling Western story of a bad man as "Billy the Kid," in this month's Pacific Monthly. It's by William MacLeod Raine and is so good that it ought to be a Western classic. Peter Robinson continues his series, "Great Actors of Old San Francisco," and John Fleming Wilson makes good in a curious race-study, "The Restoration of Zion." The editor of the Pacific Monthly announces that with the September number he will begin the publication of a new story by Jaack London, entitled "Martin Eden," for which the management of the magazine is stated to have paid $7000. That's going some.

Books Added to Library

The following books at the Public Library will go into circulation July 6:

BIOGRAPHY.

Johnson—Stephen A. Douglas: a study in American politics. 1908.

Mauclair—Auguste Rodin, the man, his ideas, his works; tr. by Clementina Black. 1905.

Palmer—The life of Alice Freeman Palmer. 1908.

Watson—Napoleon; a sketch of his life, character, struggles and achievements. 1906.

FICTION.

Marshall—Exton manor.

Wolfstein—Idyls of the Gass.

FINE ARTS.

Gilman—Debussy's Pelleas et Melisande. 1907.

HISTORY.

Birt—Elizabethan religious settlement; a study of contemporary documents. 1907.

Denny—Pioneer days on Puget Sound; ed. by Alice Harriman. 1908.

PHILOSOPHY.

Beers—A mind that found itself; an autobiography. 1908.

Fairbanks—First philosophers of Greece. 1907.

Flammarion—Mysterious psychic forces; an account of the author's investigations in psychical research, together with those of other European savants. 1907.

RELIGION.

Strong—The next great awakening. 1902.

SOCIOLOGY.

Fisk—International commercial policies, with special reference to the United States; a text-book. 1907.

Hyslop—Democracy; a study of government. 1899.

Sumner—Folkways; a study of the sociological importance of usages; manners, customs, mores and morales. 1907.

USEFUL ARTS.

Johnstone—The horse book; a practical treatise on the American horse breading industry as allied to the farm. 1908.

BIOGRAPHY.

Kenyon—Spanish commercial correspondence, with exercises, notes and vocabulary. 1907.

Mechnikov—The prolongation of life; optimistic studies. 1908.

OPERAS.

Sullivan—Yeomen of the guard; or, The Merryman and his maid, written by W. S. Gilbert, arrangement for pianoforte by J. H. Wadsworth, n. d.

Verdi—Falstaff; commedia lirica in tre atti di Arrigo Boito, opera completa, riduzione di Carlo Carignani. 1893.

PIANO COMPOSITIONS.

Bach—Inventions, in two and three parts, n. d.

Bach—Preludes.

MacDowell—Piano collection, 3v.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Klavier compositionen herausgegeben von Rob. Fishhof, n. d.

Rubinstein—Op. 70; concerto No. 4 in D Minor, n. d.

SONGS.

MacDowell—Songs.

Nevin—Songs, 3v.

Schubert—Songs, with pianoforte accompaniment, 7v.

Schumann—Songs, 3v.

SYMPHONIES.

Schubert—Symphonie fur orchester; arrangement fur das pianoforte zu vier handen, n. d.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

Stevens, comp.—The copper handbook, v. 7.

"The Studio" year-book of decorative art. 1908.

Thompson—Cost, capitalization and estimated value of American railways; an analysis of current fallacies. Ed 3. 1908.

U. S. Controller of the currency. Digest of National bank decisions. 1908.

Rosy-Cheeked Girl One Hundred Years Ago

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE.

RAYMOND, Wash., April 25.—(Special.)—In a little old log cabin on the banks near the head of North River, far remote from civilization, lives a little old woman and her adopted daughter. Mrs. Charles McDonald, who has just celebrated her 116th birthday, was born on the banks of the Hudson, in the year 1792. To look at the picture you would scarcely believe that she was an old woman at the outbreak of the Civil War. Over 100 years ago she was a rosy-cheeked girl, playing on the banks of the blue Hudson. She spent her girlhood days there and saw the trial trip of Robert Fulton's first steamboat; she remembers when the country rang with the praise of General George Washington; she remembers the War of 1812 and recalls most of the principal events that have taken place during her life time. Mrs. McDonald talks intelligently upon the topics of the day. She says Roosevelt has made the best President since Washington, but admits that he is wise in not accepting the nomination for another term. The latter-day inventions, such as automobiles, wireless telegraphy and all the latest improvements, are not amazing to Mrs. McDonald. She has seen so many things come true that she believes nothing impossible. In fact, she predicts that within the next decade passenger transportation by water and rail will be a thing of the past. Steam will be supplemented by electricity or some other, at present unknown, power. And Mrs. McDonald goes still farther in her statements, declaring that the chemical action of different mineral substances will be all that is necessary to revolve machinery. She believes that perpetual or voluntary motion is possible and will be discovered within the next few years, doing away with the burning of all kinds of fuel. She also contends that aerial navagation will never be a success until this discovery, and all money expended in this direction will be a total loss. Speaking about her health, Mrs. McDonald says that she has taken no medicine in the last 100 years. She attributes her present good health to her simple way of living, remembering that people get sick because they do not know how to take proper care of themselves, eating what does not agree with them and taking little or no outdoor exercise. Mrs. McDonald claims that to be temperate in all things is the secret to a long and happy life. Few of us have any conception of so long a lapse of time. During her life she has retired to bed upwards of 40,000 times, spent upwards of 320,000 hours in slumber, prepared and eaten over 120,000 meals; digested at least 60 tons of food and has drank enough water to float a good-sized schooner. Mrs. McDonald spends most of her time at her spinning wheel, which, like herself, belongs to an almost forgotten time. Every garment that she wears, as well as nearly every piece of fabric in her humble home, is home-spun goods, the work of her own hands.

Philosophy of the Angler.

Charles C. Mullin in Lippincott's.

The angler angles all day long;
The fish bite mighty fast.
He grimly baits his hook until
He's up against the last.
Then, cursing, he reels in his line
And rises to his feet;
For of all the bites he's had today,
There's not one bite to eat.