

# The War of the Quah Ju-Ju

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...By Cutcliffe Hyne

I was standing in my engine room door to get a breath of air and have a think, and as I watched the wooded shores slip by, with the breakers creaming right up among the tree roots, I can't say that the situation altogether pleased me. I had gone to the office as directed and seen the owners and asked to be put back in my old berth, just as Laura told me. They gave me the bill without a warning. They fired out another man then and there to make it vacant, and they looked upon me while the business was being done as though I was some strange animal in a show. I took it all with an easy face. I didn't turn a hair. I could keep a brazen look on me before the provost of Edinburgh, but I didn't feel comfortable for all that. It looked as if there was some bigger influence being brought to bear for the sake of a mere native curiosity. The thing didn't seem proportionate somehow, and I heard the Camerons' name whispered about in a way which told me they were more considerable people than I had guessed.

But there was one thing certain— whoever was in at the back of the matter, Debbis was not. Debbis had met me at the head of the gangway when I came on board, and "By thunder," says he, "it's McTodd! Is it you they have sacked my last chief for?"

"You're wearing my marks on your face yet," said I, "and if you don't carry a civil tongue I'll give you one or two more to add to the collection."

"You don't appear to have grown an other tooth," says he, "in place of that one I ubent."

"I left the gap to remind me of you and your ways," said I.

"How's the funeral trade?" I said, for I knew that would touch him.

"He didn't trust himself to speak. He turned away, and I make no doubt gave his own tale of myself to the whiter officers, for, excepting as the blindest of duty matters, no further word did I have with either them or him till the M'wara got back again to her anchorage off Freetown, Sarry Leone.

It suited me very well, and though probably Debbis was pleased enough to me in the cabin, it's nothing in my line to have to wash up and dress just to sit down and be uncomfortable with a lot of swells. So I just used to chop stone in my room, and I preferred much to do without company rather than be sawneying in with that sort.

It took us a two days' run down to the mouth of the Quah river, and we had to hang off twenty-four hours more because a bad sea was running on the bar, and we should have been swamped if we'd tried to cross it. As it was we bumped pretty badly in going in, and had the decks swept fore and aft. A native pilot came off to take us up the river, for Quah Town was some thirty-eight or forty miles above the mouth. It seems we were swamped in a hurry. The Quahmen had got their throats against the European factories were in a state of siege, and the whites in them were scared out of their lives.

All was hurry then, you can bet. The soldier officers were full of fight, and it was "Push along those engines of yours, Mr. McTodd," twenty times a day. The mud banks gleamed against the wry mangroves on the banks, the sun glared from overhead, and the brown waters of the river gave out a smell of marigolds fit to make you choke. The whole place reeked with fever, and I rolled a cigarette paper full of quinine and swallowed it every watch.

But at last we came up with the factories, and then the fun began. All the buildings had been grass roofed, with bamboo walls, but two of them had been burned out, and not one of them could withstand a gunshot. They'd a palisade round the whole, with sentries here and there, and they looked very warlike, and very slick, and very down on their luck. There were only eighteen whites all told and sixty Kroobloys, and their principal weapons were flintlock "trade" guns made out of a gas piping, with only nails and trade powder to load them with.

There was no fighting going on when we steamed up. The native town was in at the back, and there was a noise coming from it of tomtoms and bits of iron clashing together and music of that kind that made you think of ship-building yards on the good old Clyde. It appeared they'd one of their "customers" on in the native town and that they'd captured some dozen of the factory Kroobloys and were going to sacrifice them to the ju-ju and chop them afterward.

Our soldier officers were very full of bustle. A wharf straggled out into the brown river from one of the factories, and Debbis (according to instructions) laid the M'wara squarely across its end. They got all their giddy warriors ashore, took over the defense of the place from the traders who were glad enough to be shut of it and prepared to fight according to book. It was edifying to watch them, and I hoped they'd give the Quahmen plenty of occupation. But, for myself, I'd the business matters of Miss Laura Cameron to attend to.

Now, I quite understood by this time that grabbing that idol was not the soft job it had looked in Sarry Leone. But the longer I was put off the worse it would get, and for this reason: The soldier officers were after the ju-ju themselves. It was common talk of the ship that if once they got it in charge the war would end with a snap, and the Quahmen, with their king at the head of them, would come in and make submission. And, besides, if the Quahmen were badly pressed by the troops they would try and carry the ju-ju off to the bush and hide it in some spot where no mortal white man could live. So, anyway, the longer I waited the worse chance I would have of being successful, and if I wanted to earn

he was only in saying they had killed them funny way." Debbis said.

However, these poor devils of Kroobloys were not my plavver. The British army had come to square up for them, and my business seemed to lie inside the ju-ju house. So I took an other wee nip and screwed up my nose and stepped across and walked through the doorway into the dark inside.

He hanged if the first thing I did wasn't to trip over a fellow lying on the floor. Well, it was a sly trap to fall into, but I'd got my wits in use and gripped him by the wrist before he could sing out and then brought down the monkey wrench, whack, just above his port eyebrow. He lay still, and I got up.

"That's the parson," thought I, "and there were more of 'em out there inside. I listened, but I could hear nothing except the drumming of the insects, which on the west coast never ceases. I listened on till I could hear my own heart thumping under my shirt, but the ju-ju house seemed empty. Then I scraped a match and blew it out again quickly. I had seen what I wanted.

The idol stood on the ground in the middle of the ju-ju house. It was a squat little wooden manikin, with bits of looking glass for eyes, daubed white and so badly carved you'd think they'd set the brains on to do it. It was a bit hard to think that a trumpy little image like that had cost, one way or another, many a thousand lives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TRICOLOR AND COCKADE.

Origin of the Historic Red, White and Blue of France.

Some seventy or eighty years before France was invested in the flames of the revolution—that is, at the epoch of the war of the succession when she was in close alliance with Spain and Bavaria—it was thought desirable to distinguish the allied soldiers by a cockade which combined the colors of the three nations—the white of France, the red of Spain and the blue of Bavaria.

To none of these incidents, however, would it be wise to attribute the origin of the historic tricolor and cockade adopted by revolutionary France. At the outset there seemed a likelihood that green, which Camille Desmoulin had popularized at the Palais Royal, but men remembered in time that it was that of the livery of the Comte d'Artois, the most unpopular of the Bourbon princes, and it was thereupon discarded.

A proposition was then made to assume the colors of the city of Paris—blue and red, as Dumas reminds us in his "Six Ans Apres." To these was added the white of so many glorious memories, because it had been selected by the national guard—always faithful to the throne and its traditions.

Not until some months after the capture of the Bastille was the tricolor definitely adopted, when Bailly and Lafayette presented it to Louis XVI. in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and the convention issued a decree in which it was described as consisting of three equal, disposed in three bands, equal, de couleur que le bien soit atache a la garde du pavillon, le blanc au milieu, et le rouge flottant dans les airs"—that is, in equal vertical sections, with the blue inward, the red outward and the white between.

This is the historic flag which Napoleon's legions, in conjunction with their eagles, bore victoriously from the Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Borge and the Danube, which they planted victoriously on the walls of almost every European capital—all the Year Round.

## RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Spin flax if you canst not weave silk.  
Dull silver is better than shining brass.  
Even the stupid man is clever enough to make an excuse.  
He who receives too much praise grows donkey's ears.  
No brass is prouder than that which has lately been coined.  
If thou sayest snow is dirty, what wilt thou say about chimney soot?  
Eat the honey thou canst find; drink the vermouth thou canst not avoid.  
When the avaricious man has sold his forest he wants to sell the trees.  
Do not look too long at the holes in your coat, but put patches on them.  
When the nightingale's voice was praised the cart horse began to neigh.  
The bees gather wax and honey. The avaricious man asks that they should also prepare his mind.  
"What a pity to lose my splendid boat!" cried the ferryman as he and his passengers were drowning.

## SHEEP IN INDIA.

They are the favorite beasts of Burden in Mountainous Regions.

In Tibet and among the mountainous part of India sheep are employed as carriers. The mountain sheep of these districts, true to its nature, is remarkably sure footed and can carry loads of twenty-five pounds, or even more, over steep crags, and precipitous passes where hardly any other animal could find a footing.

In the inner ranges of the Himalayas the yak cow and the hardy mountain sheep are the favorite beasts of burden. Sheep withstand the intense cold of the higher parts of Tibet much more easily than the yak and can better face the stony roads.

Sheep carrying from seventeen to twenty-five pounds of baggage and living entirely on the scanty grass found growing by the way accompanied Sain Suigh, the famous Indian explorer, on a journey of more than a thousand miles. It is very common in the Himalayas to load sheep, high up in the mountains, with borax and then to drive them down to the plains, where they are shorn of their wool and return laden with grain or salt.

Considerate.

"Why don't you take me with you sometimes of evenings, dear? I get so tired of staying at home alone."

"Because I can't afford to dress you as well as myself. I don't want to be seen around with a woman dressed as you are."

## A BEAT THAT FAILED

HOW THE PLANS OF AN ENTERPRISING EDITOR WERE UPSET.

The Times to the Great Domino Dealoo Match Race as it Developed in the Office of One of the Metropolitan Afternoon Dailies.

"I never read of a close finish in a big running race nowadays that I'm not reminded of a famous punctured scowp in which I figured when I was working in a New York newspaper office," said an old time telegrapher who is now employed in Washington.

"It was back in the days when the great Domino was the star colt of the Keene stable and, with one exception, was acknowledged as the greatest two-year-old of the season.

"The exception was Richard Croker's dier Dobbins. These two youngsters finally met in the Futurity, and, although the Keene colt won, with Dobbins third, the latter's owner was not satisfied with the result, and a match was speedily arranged at the Futurity distance for \$10,000 a side.

"Now, the paper I worked on was an evening sheet, and it was the ambition of the managing editor's life to beat the opposition evening paper and get the news of a big event like this on the street first.

"The other fellows had beaten us on the Futurity story a few days before, and the managing editor made no secret of the fact that he was going to get even.

"Accordingly he laid all of his plans a day ahead, and although we did not know at the time what they were, we felt sure by the way he strutted around on the morning of the race that he had the winning combination in his sleeve.

"Along about noontime of that day the editor, the most nervous man I ever met, called me into his office and told me that Dobbins won the Big Match, and the other just the same, except that Domino's name appeared in the place of Dobbins. The Dobbins extra was on press No. 1 and the Domino extra on press No. 2. Whichever horse won, the managing editor was to call out No. 1 or No. 2, and the press would be started in quicker time than it takes to get to the arrangement.

"I couldn't help but inwardly snifle as I watched the managing editor striding nervously about, waiting for the start, just like a man who had thousands of dollars wagered on the chance of one of the races.

"Suddenly the key of my instrument began to click, and he quickly stopped and looked anxiously at me, but it proved to be only the operator at the other end testing. Learning this, he resumed his walk up and down the room.

"Presently the key began to click again. This time the horses were on their way to the post. The next I got from the other end was that the horses were at the post and would be off in a minute. This information, instead of steadying the managing editor, only increased his jumpiness, for he ordered the men who were standing around to count their talking and also called downstairs half a dozen times to know if everything was ready below in the press room.

"In the midst of this the key again began to work, and I called out that they were off.

"The clicks of the instrument that followed now told me that they were moving along, nose and nose, at the quarter. At the half mile Domino was in the lead by a nose, and at a announced this I was watching the managing editor, and I could see his lips framing the words 'No. 2,' which was the Domino press.

"Dobbins just managed to shove his nose in front at the three-quarters and the boss moved nearer the speaking tube as I made this announcement. Coming into the stretch the two gamblers, their talking and the managing editor, with the mouthpiece of the speaking tube pressed tightly against his lips, was waiting for the result.

"Well, the result came along in good season. But never so long as I live shall I forget the expression on that editor's face when the key told me that the match race was a dead heat. I bet that just a second before calling it out, for I could almost picture in my mind what effect it would have on him. Finally I called out in as firm a voice as I could, 'Dead heat!'

"Well, that editor's knees just gave way from under him. If he had not grabbed a chair I am positive he would have fallen to the floor.

"Dead heat!" he gasped, with a livid face. "Are you sure?"

"I told him that it had been repeated to me and that there could be no mistake. He was too dumfounded to move for two or three seconds, but when he saw all of the men who were about to jump to their places ready to throw together a new scare head, while others hustled around to find the stereotypers, who almost to a man had gone out of the building, he came to his senses and was the same old hustler.

"Everybody took hold and worked harder probably than he ever worked before or since, and although we didn't beat the opposition paper, as we were so certain of doing, we were on the street only a minute or so behind it.

We afterward learned that they had made exactly the same arrangements to beat us and had been fooled in precisely the same way.—Washington Star.

## MONUMENTS OF SHAME.

Monads Erected to Men Who Were Liars While on Earth.

While other nations build monuments to the memory of men who have done great and noble deeds, the Dyaks heap up a pile of the branches of trees in memory of the man who has uttered a great lie, so that future generations may know of his wickedness and take warning from it.

The persons deceived start the tugong bula by heaping up a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the main road. Every passerby contributes to it and at the same time curses the man in memory of whom it is.

The Dyaks consider the adding to any tugong bula they may pass a sacred duty, the omission of which will meet with supernatural punishment, and so, however pressed for time a Dyak may be, he stops to throw on the pile some branches or twigs.

This custom dates from very ancient times. It is interesting to notice that though the ethics of the Dyaks, even at the present day, do not agree in many points with the moral code of other and more advanced races, still from the earliest ages the Dyaks seem to have agreed in considering a lie a most disgraceful crime and a liar a man who deserves the curses not only of his own generation, but also of people yet unborn.

A few small branches, a few dry twigs and leaves—that is what the tugong bula is at first. But that by day it increases in size. Every passerby adds something to it, and in a few years' time it becomes a large and imposing monument raised to the memory of one who was a liar.

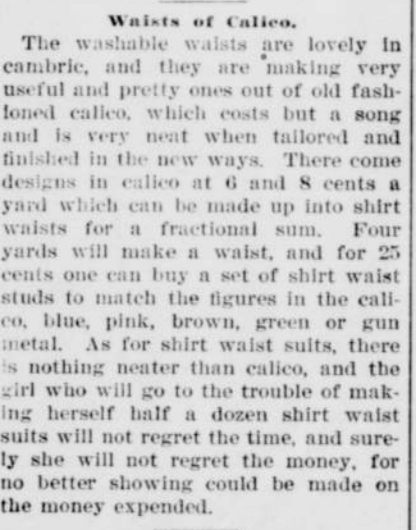
It has often been remarked by Dyaks that any other punishment would, if a man had his choice, be much preferred to having a tugong bula put up in his memory. Other punishments are soon forgotten, but a tugong bula remains as a testimony to a man's untruthfulness for succeeding generations to witness and as a standing disgrace to his children's children.

Believing, as the Dyaks do, in the efficacy of curses—a curse among them being a fineable offense—it is easy to understand how a Dyak would dread the accumulation of curses which would necessarily accompany the formation of a tugong bula.—Straits Settlements Budget.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

Design for Young Girls.

No dress of the season is more satisfactory or generally useful than the simple shirt waist model. This one, designed for young girls, is peculiarly attractive, as it includes the new drop yoke with shoulder straps and applied box plait at the front so allowing of



STYLISH SHIRT WAIST DRESS.

effective combinations. As illustrated, the material is figured batiste combined with plain white and finished with fancy stitching and applique of heavy lace. The plait in the skirt are stitched for a short distance only, falling in becoming folds below that point and harmonizing to a nicety with the waist. To make the waist for a girl of fourteen years of age will be required 4 yards of material 21 or 27, or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide. To make the skirt, 5 1/2 yards 21, 4 1/2 yards 27 or 2 3/4 yards 44 inches wide.

## THE PENGUIN.

It is Awkward on Land and a Gymnast in the Water.

A kind of penguin, the Adelle, is a laugh provoking bird. Adelles are not inquisitive and at times are in such a hurry to follow up a clew that they will scramble along the ice on using their flippers alternately like the padding of a canoe. They get over the ground at an astonishing rate, and it is hard work to overtake a penguin when it takes to this means of locomotion, especially when it doubles. In the water the penguin is perfectly at home, diving and steeples in grand style. It can jump clean out of the water and pop down on the ice exactly like some one coming up through a trapdoor on the stage and dropping on his feet. The penguins collect in enormous numbers and are sometimes seen marching about like a regiment of soldiers in Indian file, all acting in unison.

A much larger penguin, the emperor, weighs sixty or seventy pounds and stands well over three feet high. It possesses the most extraordinary muscular powers in its flippers. When presented with the end of the shoe stick the emperor gives it such a smack that one's hands tingle. At the same time it utters an angry guttural exclamation.

## THE SNIPE'S DRUMMING.

A Naturalist's Theory as to How the Sound is Produced.

It is disputed whether the snipe's drumming—a curious noise, suggestive of a miniature thrashing machine—is made by the bird with its wings or by its tail or by both wings and tail. Some recent observations incline me strongly to believe that the drumming, at any rate, the more important part, during the performance the bird flies at a great height round and round in a wide, sweeping circle. At intervals he makes a sudden and rapid descent, holding his wings partly flexed and his tail spread to its full extent. The outermost tail feather on either side points outward at a greater angle than those adjoining it, so that when the bird is watched through a good field glass daylight shows between it and the rest, and, if I am right in my view, the drumming sound is due to the rush of air against this isolated feather. The snipe's tail feathers seem so puny that it is at first difficult to believe that they can produce so great a result. But if an outer one be taken—it is slightly scimitar shaped, with the outer web much reduced—and swung rapidly through the air the drumming noise may be distinctly heard. It is not so loud as a very faint echo of the loud, throbbing hum that startles one when it suddenly descends from an ethereal height, and the small bird is described, hardly more than a speck to the naked eye, circling round in wild career and now then swooping headlong downward and thrilling the air with his weird music.—London Nature.

## THE LITERARY DETECTIVE.

His Hunt is One That Adds Spice to His Reading.

There is a certain type of literary man who seems content to take little part in the struggle of letters beyond keeping an eye on his contemporaries and pointing down on them every now and then to accuse them of having given a meaning to such and such a word which that word should not possess. It is strange that the number of these literary detectives is not larger, for there are few more fascinating occupations than this. It lends a spice to one's reading. The dullest book becomes as readable as the most deftly written novel. Certain words have taken to themselves meanings in the course of time which they have no right to possess. "Phenomenon" is a very handsome word. To use it as a word meaning something "strange" instead of something "that appears and is visible" is to insure arrest at the hands of the detective. Lately the word "temper" has been exposed. Through long impunity it has come to imply bad temper, whereas, if it had its rights, it should mean just the reverse. We strongly advise every one who desires a never failing source of amusement to read the next novel he takes up with the eye of the detective. Starting with the easier words, like "phenomenon," the novice may go on from strength to strength until before long nothing can escape him. The exercise, moreover, is not only a pleasure, but a duty.—London Globe.

Time to Die.

City Editor—See here! In your account of Congressman Crook's funeral you continually refer to his "prema-ture demise." Reporter—Well, he was a young man, and— City Editor—That scamp's demise couldn't possibly be too premature.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## WAIT FOR AN APPETITE.

You Should Never Eat Simply For the Sake of Eating.

A profligate cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit and simply because it is mealtime and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish the salivary glands do not act, the gastric fluids are not freely secreted, and the best of foods will not be digested. Many perfectly harmless dishes are severely condemned for no other reason than they were eaten perfunctorily and without relish and due assimilation.

Hunger makes the plainest foods enjoyable. It causes vigorous secretion and outpouring of all the digestive fluids, the sources of ptyalin, pepsin, trypsin, etc., without a plentiful supply of which no foods can be perfectly digested.

Wait for an appetite, if it takes a week. Fasting is one of the saving graces. It has a spiritual significance only through its great physical and physiologic importance. If breakfast is a bore at an astonishing rate, and it is hunger and not a matter of indifference, cut one or both of them out. Wait for distance and unmistakable hunger and then eat slowly. If you do this you need ask few questions as to the propriety and digestibility of what you eat, and it need not be pre-digested.—Exchange.

## LOVE.

Love is a whetstone to the mind.—Amoree stoops as fondly as he soars.—Wordsworth.

Love's best habit is in seeming trust.—Shakespeare.

They who love are but one step from heaven.—Lowell.

Love is not where most it is professed.—Spencer.

The deeper the love the more exacting it is.—George Sand.

There is but one kind of love, but there are a thousand different copies of it.—La Rochefoucauld.

Love is never lost. If it be not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.—Irving.

Love looks through spectacles which make copper appear like gold, poverty like riches and foul teeth like pearls.—Cervantes.

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NOVEL SAILOR SHAPE.

Side, have a deep bandau in the headpiece, which lifts the shape off the face, while the back bends closely to the head. The model is in burnt yellow straw, faced with chiffon, with a double crown folded over to one side and trimmed with yellow tulle and bronze green velvet ribbon.

## For the Neck.

Few of the collars in the fancy waists are boned. Ruching basted in the neckband and finished with a band of black velvet ribbon gives a cool appearance if one can wear her neck slightly low. Linen collars, stocks and linen turnovers are still the proper thing to wear with tailored shirt waists.

## Literature Versus Nature.

The essay naturalist observes and admires; the scientific naturalist collects. One brings home a bouquet from the woods; the other, specimens for his herbarium. The former would enlist your sympathies and arouse your enthusiasm; the latter would add to your store of exact knowledge. The one is just as shy of overcoloring or falsifying his facts as the other, only he gives more than facts; he gives impressions and analogies and as far as possible shows you the live bird on the bough.

## Important Part.

Lawyer—Then, too, there will be the court crier's fee. Fair Litigant (breach of promise)—Oh, I shall do my own crying! I should never think of trusting anybody else to do that—goodness, no!—Puck.