The War of the Quah Ju-Ju

Copyright, 1904, by Cutcliffe Hyne

...By Cutcliffe Hyne

However, I didn't stop to speculate much on metaphysics just then. The ju-ju was worth £50 to me; I had risked my life to pay it a call, and the memory of what had been done to those factory Krooboys outside was a hint to get my business over and be gone. So I stepped out to take it.

The ground underneath my feet felt like a roughly cobbled street, and I shivered as I trod on it. The match light had shown me that the ju-ju house was neatly floored with smooth human craniums. But, as I say, there was not much time for sentiment. I whipped up the image, wrapped him in the mat on which he stood, clapped him under my left arm and made for the doorway. The ju-ju priest groaned as I passed him, and I felt sorry I hadn't struck harder with the monkey wrench. A man like that is not fit to live. So I took a nip of gin to wish him confusion and stepped out for back again.

This time the path through the wood was not empty. A black man was coming along it, singing to keep up his spirits against the ghosts. I slipped in to cover, and if he'd been wise he'd have passed me by. But, no; he must needs try to see who I was, and so I had to baptize him with the monkey wrench. I hit hard this time. I'd got those factory Krooboys in mind, and, thinks I, "If I have let off a parson, I'll make sure of the curate while I have the chance."

I got through the wood all right, but the town beyond was beginning to stir. I was getting in a mortal funk, I don't mind telling you. It made me sweat to remember how they had killed those Krooboys "funny ways," and I just picked up my feet and ran. The dense white mist was commencing to thin. Twice I came upon natives who stared at me agape, and I had to down them. The monkey wrench was a beautiful tool for such a job; it was heavy and handy and made no glimmer of a noise.

But the place was waking round me, and before I could clear the town there was hue and cry from twenty sides. The guns began to shoot, and men with spears tailed on in the chase, but the mist helped me still, and I footed it like a frightened doe. I struck in with the monkey wrench whenever there was a face within reach, and no one got his fingers on either me or the ju-ju.

Right down the forest road to the factory they chased me, I leading by a matter of a dozen feet, but at the sight

She threw her arms around my neck.

of that they tailed off through fear of the guns inside, and I raced up and climbed over the gate and sat down on the mud half burst at what I'd gone through.

My friend the sentry looked at me curiously.

"Dem bushmen plenty bad man, massa."

"You bet!" I gasped.

"You hurt with run, massa?"

"I'll want new boilers in," said I. "Now, look here, daddy. You keep your yam trap shut over this, and I dash you two more bottles of 'square face' before steamer sails. Sabby?"

"Sabby plenty, massa. Tank you, massa."

I stayed on in the shadow where I was till my wind came fairly back again, and then I nodded to the sentry and slipped away without making a noise. I did not want particularly to be seen with that ju-ju. I'd a notion from what I'd heard that if the cobbler officers came to know where it was the thing might be taken away from me, which would have been a pity after all the trouble it had cost, not to mention losing me £50. But as it was I managed to smuggle it aboard without any one being the wiser and stowed it away in a ventilator. I'd no compunction about the matter. If the British army wanted the ju-ju to end the war with they should have gone and fetched it themselves. I guess they'd got an equal chance with me when we first moored at that factory wharf.

I swallowed a big cigarette paper full of quinine when I got back to the M'wara and then turned in, and you may believe that I required no rocking. But I wasn't allowed much of a watch below. At 5 in the morning Debbs wanted steam. So that there should be no mistake, he came and ordered it himself.

"But," said I, "aren't we going to stay and bring the soldiers back?"

"You mind your own blooming business," says Debbs, as sour as a new apple. "You carry out my orders, Mr. McSandy McTodd, or you'll get fired out of this ship when we touch Freetown, and I guess you won't find the berth vacant a third time. No, by thunder!"

Debbs was trying to rile me into striking him. I saw that. Debbs hated me and no error about it. But I was not going to please him just then. I said, "Aye, aye, sunny face," and turned out and went below. It would suit me well enough to be gone from Quah river.

Weel, we didn't have what you might call a happy family ship from that homeward. In a tornado we picked up, the Krooboy second headman who was steering let her broach to and get swept, just to spite Debbs, who'd been striking him, and the M'wara was minus three ventilators and a surf boat when she looked up to it again. We'd all of us touches of fever, too, from the river, and that doesn't tend to improve men's tempers or tend to make them work any harder. But Debbs ran her into Freetown without an actual mutiny, and that night I took the ju-ju ashore to the Camerons' house in the Kissy road.

The old mulatto was in the store.

"Hello, daddy!" I said. "You lib?"

"Very well, tank you, sar. I hope you hab good health yo'self?"

"I am keeping my end up, daddy. Where's Laura? In the house?"

"She lib for bush, sar. Gone yesterday."

"The dickens she did! I've got something for her."

"Give it to me, sar. I send it her."

"Do you take me for a mug, daddy? Not much. I will keep what I got till she comes back. Weel, so long," I said. I had turned to go out of the store when a pretty voice from behind called out, "Neil!" It was so low that I could barely hear it, but I knew that voice, and I turned like a man on a hot plate.

"You old liar," I said to the mulatto, "Laura's here all the time."

He shrugged his shoulders and I think his face went a little gray.

"Neil," came her voice again in a whisper.

I shook my fist at the old man, nipped the ju-ju in its package tight under my arm, and went through into the house. It was all dark inside save for what light came in through the veranda door, but I saw her there in the shadow, and had my arm around her before you could say "knife." Somehow she chilled me. She seemed more pleased to see the ju-ju than the man who had got it for her, and when I kissed her it was like cuddling a figure of clay. But, besides all this, she seemed frightened. She kept listening and looking through the doorways as though she feared some one was watching her.

"Look here, my dear," I said at last. "What's all this about?"

"Nothing," said she.

"Then why did you get your dad to say you had gone up country?"

"I thought it was best so," says she, with a sigh.

"I don't understand."

"I can't explain."

I held her to me a little tighter. "Are you in trouble, my dear?" I asked.

"Yes," says she.

"Let me help you."

"You can't. You can't. You don't know what I am or you wouldn't offer. Here's the money—£50 in notes—take it and go."

I pouched the notes. There was no use being silly about that. But I did not let her loose. "My dear," I said, "I want something else. I want you. I'll marry you in the church tomorrow, and I can't say fairer than that."

She shuddered and tried to draw away from me. "You've not thought of my color," says she.

"I'm thinking of it all the time," said I. "But I offer to marry you."

For answer she threw her arms round my neck and covered my face with mad kisses.

"I can't!" she cried. "Oh, I can't! I would if I dared, but I can't. I am not a white woman, and I must go the way appointed." She kissed me again a hundred times. "That's for goodbys," says she, and then she slipped from my arms and picked up the ju-ju and ran out into the darkness of the garden outside.

I stood there dazed for a minute, and then I ran out into the garden after her. But I could catch no sight even of her dress. I searched on and searched on, and at last I found something else, and that was three Hausa policemen. They, it seemed, were on the same errand as myself. They also were hunting for Laura Cameron.

But whatever was wrong (and what it was the fellows would not say), it was plain that she and old Cameron had left the place, and presently they and I left also. They went back to the barracks, I suppose, and I got put off to the M'wara and turned in. I didn't see there was anything else for me to do. But I'd a weary, miserable night of it. I'd a lot of things to tell myself, and they were not all of them pleasant.

I was sent for to the office next morning, and one of the owners saw me in his private room. He shut the door carefully and bade me take a seat.

"McTodd," said he, "I wish to give you a bit of a warning. You were mixed up with those Camerons?"

"I kenned them, sir."

"Quite so. Mind, I'm not wishing you to incriminate yourself, but just listen to a friendly hint. They are out of Freetown now, and where they've got to heaven only knows, and may it keep them tight. If you're canny you'll keep clear of them in the future or you may get your fingers very badly burned in a way you don't suspect. Now help yourself to a cigar, man, and get back on board. The M'wara leaves this afternoon for Bathurst. Don't squabble with Debbs any more than you can help. Goodby. I'm very busy."

Weel, for the next two months I'd other matters to think about, and in the course of interviews I gave Debbs one or two marks to add to the collection on his face, and Debbs eased me of another tooth. But when we got back to Freetown again the Quah ju-ju held a prominent place. The Sarry Leone papers were full of it. How the thing had got into the colony they couldn't tell, but there it was, and the bush towns were alight with fetish worship, and sacrifices were being made on every side, and the high priestess of the idol was no other than "our comely fellow citizen Laura Cameron, who has so unaccountably fallen away from civilization and gone back to the worst practices of barbarous savagery."

I tell ye it was an awful jolt for me. I'd had more liking for that lassie, colored though she was, than I care to think about now.

Weel, weel!

But did I mention I pouched yon fifty pound?

BOY OF THE REGIMENT.

With His Dying Breath He Asked Garibaldi For a Coffin.

When Enzo Ferretti entered actively into the Italian war of independence he was just seventeen. He left Parma secretly, deserting, as it were, his father, mother and family to fight for his hero, Garibaldi. He walked over the Apennines without a penny in his pocket and, arriving half dead at Genoa, concealed himself on one of the ships bound for Sicily. When at his destination he emerged and gained the nickname of the "boy of the regiment." From that time for some months he fought until the day for rest came. He was shot in the head and carried to the hospital in a dangerous condition. Everything possible was done for him, but it was evident that he was troubled, and at last it came out that he could not die happy because he had never seen his hero. "I have fought everywhere and sought always," he exclaimed, "but I have never succeeded in seeing him. How can I die never having caught a glimpse of him?"

Another preoccupation was that he feared he might be buried without a coffin. Morning, noon and night his cry was, "Let me have a coffin!" The very day he died, by a fortunate chance, Garibaldi arrived at the hospital. Having heard Ferretti's story, he stooped and spoke to him. The sick boy's expressive face lighted up and he exclaimed: "Now I can die happy. Oh, general, let me have a coffin!"

TRAGIC IN ITS BREVITY.

The Story of the Duel Between Hamilton and Burr.

The story of the Hamilton-Burr duel is tragic in its brevity. The little party of five—the principals, their seconds and the surgeon—was on the ground not long after sunrise. The preliminaries were soon arranged. As Pendleton, Hamilton's second, gave him his pistol, he asked, "Will you have the hairspring set?"

"Not this time," was the significant reply, and then the men faced each other.

According to the best authorities upon a disputed subject, Burr fired at the word. At the report, Hamilton started forward with a convulsive movement, reeled, involuntarily discharging his pistol into the foliage above him, and fell headlong. Burr, with an expression of pain upon his face, sprang toward him, but Van Ness, his second, seized him by the arm and hurried him down the bank and into their boat.

Hamilton, being lifted up, revived for a moment and gasped, "This is a mortal wound, doctor!" Relapsing again into unconsciousness he was again revived by the fresh air of the river. "Pendleton knows," he said, trying to turn toward his friends, "that I did not intend to fire at him."

At 2 the afternoon following he had breathed his last.

Monster Bowl of Punch.

In 1694 Admiral Edward Russell, commander of the English Mediterranean fleet, entertained 6,000 people in a large garden in Alicante, where he served the largest bowl of punch ever brewed. It contained twenty gallons of lime juice, four hogsheads of brandy, one pipe of Malaga wine, twenty-five hundred lemons, thirteen hundredweight of fine white sugar, three packages of toasted biscuits, fifty-one pounds of grated nutmegs and eight hogsheads of water.

The whole was prevented from dilution in case of rain by a large canopy, which spread over a marble fountain bowl which held the punch. The punch was served by a boy, who rowed about the basin of the fountain in a boat built for the purpose and refilled the empty cups.

Two Scotch Stories.

A Scotch schoolmaster in Banffshire years ago had strong views on the subject of dress. In the day when crinoline was the rage a girl came to school with a very extensive one, which much exceeded the space between the desk and the form on which she had to sit. The teacher, seeing this, said to her, "Gang awa' home and tak' off thae girds (hoops) and come back to the school as God made ye."

Another rough and ready dominie was examining his boys in a catechism and asked if God had a beginning. "No," said the boy. "Will he have an end?" "Yes," he replied. This was followed instantly by a buffet on the side of the head. "Will he have an end noo?" "No," said the boy, and the master was satisfied.

Tennyson's "Married Brows."

"I have a question to ask," announced the literary man. "You know Tennyson's line:

"The charm of married brows.

"Well, did he mean by that the crowning charm of married women, or did he refer to the charm of eyebrows that meet in the middle? In the 'Arabian Nights' there are many passages in which such eyebrows are spoken of as a great charm, indeed, but in the west our beauty doctors give explicit directions to prevent such growths. What did Tennyson mean, anyhow?"—Philadelphia Press.

He Got It.

Teacher—Willie, give me a sentence in which the term hook and eye is used. Willie—Me and pa went fishin'. Pa told me t' bait me hook an' I did.

NEW SHORT STORIES

No Such Word.

The talk about Sir Henry Irving's retirement from the stage reminds me to tell of an incident of his first visit to Chicago. Simeon Thompson and I attended the performance of "Richelieu." Just in front of us sat a man who in his enthusiastic admiration of both the play and the player became somewhat of a nuisance by reason of his frequent commendatory remarks.

"What a beautiful thought!" he would exclaim to the woman beside him, or, "Isn't that wonderful acting?"

When Irving uttered the lines, "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail," he drew the last word out to an almost ridiculous length.

"Ah!" sighed our enthusiastic neighbor. "How true! How true!"

"So it is," said Thompson to me. "In the lexicon of youth and, I might add, in all the lexicons from Johnson to Webster and Worcester (here is no such word as 'fa-a-a-a-a-ail.'"

The enthusiastic interrupter didn't peep again during the performance.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Senator Wouldn't Prophesy.

Senator Allison's wariness of direct statements is proverbial among public men in Washington. The anecdote about a friend winning a wager of a cigar from an Iowan that the senator would not state in so many words that a flock of sheep approaching had been sheared has become familiar.

"They seem to be sheared on this side," the senator is quoted as having said.

Recently in the senate this anecdote was duplicated after a fashion. There

"AS TO THAT I WILL NOT PROPHESY."

had been discussion about the wisdom of appropriating a lump sum annually for keeping the sidewalks and streets of Washington free from snow and ice. Mr. Allison was drawn into the discussion.

"Snow has been falling on the streets and sidewalks of Washington for many years past," observed Mr. Allison.

"And will for many years to come," interposed Senator Spooner.

"As to that," rejoined Senator Allison, "I will not prophesy."—Washington Post.

Story of Lafe Pence.

The Congressional Record, though containing columns of dull and uninteresting pages, catches an anecdote sometimes which was not deleted when the official notes went to the printer. There is the one which the colleagues of Representative Livingston of Georgia like to tell on him. It happened when Lafe Pence was in congress. Near the close of a short session, when the legislative mills were grinding exceedingly fast, Livingston was in the midst of an impassioned partisan speech. He had about reached a climax and raising his voice to a high pitch shrieked: "Yes, Mr. Speaker, I am tired of demagogy. I will have nothing to do with it!"

Then he paused to catch his breath, but before he could finish his period Lafe Pence drawled, "Mr. Speaker, have the gentleman sworn before he changes his mind."

An Appropriate Prayer.

The Rev. John Robertson of Glasgow told Mr. Spurgeon about some of the difficulties that he had to surmount when he commenced preaching. For example, one worthy office bearer came to church and seated himself before the minister with one finger in each ear.

"There was a nice thing for a young preacher! What would you have done?"

"I should have prayed"— began Mr. Spurgeon.

"And," said Mr. Robertson, "I got my face very solemn, for I expected something very spiritual."

Spurgeon continued, "I should have prayed that a fly might have alighted on his nose!"

Punishment by Proxy.

School Superintendent Maxwell often hears funny tales of woe from his corps of teachers, and this is the latest: An east side mother brought her little son for his first time to school last winter and said to the teacher, "This boy o' mine is very delicate, as he is afther a fit of harmonia on the loongs, but if he does anything bould, an' I know he will, bate the wan next to him, an' 'twill frighten him."—New York Times.

Prompter.

Mrs. Prunes—When do you actors at the theater draw your pay?

Boarder—I am not an actor at the theater, madam. I'm prompter there.

Mrs. Prunes—Well, you'll have to be prompter here, too, or find another boarding house.—Kansas City Journal.

Nothing Definite.

Her Mother—Mr. Sloman has been coming to see you for quite a long while, Maude. What are his intentions? Do you know? She—Well, I think he intends to keep on coming.

ANCIENT BABYLON.

The Way the Excise Question Was Haggled by Its Solons.

A translation of King Hamourabi's code, written about 2,250 years before Christ, gives us an insight into the life of the great city of Babylon at that remote time and of the way in which the excise question was handled by its legislators.

Nearly all the dealers of wines and liquors at that time were women, as many of the laws translated from the code speak only of women as sellers of drinks. Severe measures were taken against those who adulterated the wines or mixed them with water, so as to safeguard the purity of the article for the use of the public. The barmaid was held responsible for all disorderly scenes or drunkenness in her premises, and death was the penalty for those who did not denounce all cases of drunkenness to the police. Those women who were employed in the temples were forbidden to enter public hostelries under penalty of death, and even drinking in private was forbidden to them.

Special police officers were detailed for the enforcement of the excise laws in the city of Babylon, but then as well as now the officers charged with this duty were, if we are to believe the code in question, either negligent in the performance of their duties or too willing to accept bribes from the barmaids in the shape of drinks or even money.

Severe punishment is dealt out in the document to the police officers who shall accept bribes in connection with the enforcement of the excise laws of Babylon, but it is probable that then as well as now many of the fair saloon keepers found a way to bribe the officers and evade the laws.

THE OSSETINIANS.

A Race of the Caucasus Mountains With a Georgian Dialect.

In the highest parts of the Caucasus mountains, around the Kasbeek region, there is a tribe, very tall and handsome, which speaks its own peculiar dialect of the Georgian language and has its own peculiar customs, differing in many ways from those of the Tscherkesses, Armenians, Circassians and other tribes that dwell in the same country. It is the tribe of the Ossetinians.

Like the rest of the Caucasus tribes, they have recognized Russia's authority. But they adhere to the claim that they are not descended from Asiatic races, like the other tribes, but that their ancestors were German knights who had gone to the crusades and who, after the disastrous end of the last crusade, had been driven into the wild valleys of the Caucasus, whence it was impossible for them to win their way out and homeward owing to the vigilance of the Moslem foe. So at last they settled down and took wives among the Caucasus mountain women, who have always been noted for their beauty.

It is a strange fact that the Ossetinians understand the science of brewing malt liquors, and they are the only ones who drink beer, the other tribes preferring Asiatic liquors.

THE WORD LIVERY.

It Originally Meant Something Delivered or Freely Given.

Our word livery is derived, through the French, from the Latin liberare, to deliver. Hence a livery originally meant something delivered or freely given, and came to be applied to an allowance of food or clothes.

From Norman times an English nobleman allotted a fixed "livery" of bread, wine and candles to his servants for their private use. A remnant of this system still survives at Oxford and Cambridge, where the fellows of a college are entitled to a daily allowance of food called "commons."

An allowance of provender for a horse was also called a livery, and a horse fed and groomed for its owner at a fixed charge was said to be "at livery."

In the middle ages "livery" was worn by any one who was in any sense in the service of another of superior rank or station.

The trading companies of the city of London used to provide a special attire for their freemen, who became known as liverymen, a title which they still retain.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

They Were Started by the Stationers of the Middle Ages.

The earliest form of circulating library was the lending out of books for hire by stationers of the middle ages but this was of very limited extent. In the reign of Henry IV, Richard of Bury, bishop of Durham, left his valuable library for the use of Oxford students. Two provisions are very practical, one being that no book was to go into circulation unless there was a duplicate; the other, that the borrower had to deposit security exceeding the value of the book.

Dunfermline, Scotland, established the first proper library of this description in 1711, Edinburgh following in 1725 with one founded by Allen Ramsay. The first public one in England was established in Salisbury by a clergyman, Fancourt, in 1740. This failed to survive, but others in Bath, and at London in the Strand, succeeded in becoming popular. Many London scientific societies established circulating libraries in the eighteenth century, and in the nineteenth they became far more widely spread.—London Globe.

Among Them.

Clara—Do you know, Maud, Mr. Smithers paid me a great compliment last night?

"No. What did he say?"

"He said I was among the prettiest girls at the party."

"Yes, I noticed you were among them."

An Inhuman Wretch.

"I never saw such beautiful teeth and magnificent eyes as that girl has," said the young man who raves.

"Indeed?" answered the cold blooded person.

"Didn't you notice them?"

"Certainly not. I am neither a dentist nor an oculist."—Washington Star.

WOMAN AND FASHION

One of the New Waists.

Broad shoulder, or 1830 yokes, as they are called, are seen in many of the latest and most fashionable waists and allow ample opportunity for effect. The very excellent model shown is

SHIRT WAIST 1830 STYLE.

adapted to many fabrics, but in the original is made of pin dotted batiste combined with white tucking and bands of imitation Irish crochet, a lace that is admirable on washable fabrics and that has the merit of laundering well. To make the waist for a woman of medium size will be required 3¾ yards of material 21, 3 yards 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with half a yard of tucking.

Buttons as Hat Trimmings.

One of the latest ideas in millinery is to trim a straw hat with painted buttons and nothing else. The straw used is most fanciful in character and closely resembles coarse lace. Decorative as it is, it requires very little adornment, certainly not more than a row of very handsome hand painted buttons provides, placed at intervals upon the brim, and in appearance very much like the large velvet pastilles used in this way not long ago. Any amount of ingenuity may be exercised to produce unique buttons, and as well as hand painted ones silver, steel and jeweled openwork ones may be used. Moreover, there is everything to be said for the new cockade buttons made of quilled silk or lace round a flat center.

Dictates of Fashion.

Tortoise shell is the newest shade of brown.

Silks strewn with mauve orchids are simply exquisite.

The modern raincoat tips the scales at less than one pound.

A small collar finishes the neck of many fashionable jackets.

Net ruchings, very fine, are smarter than those made of chiffon.

Forgetmenots are among the very charming hat trimmings.

Sleeves are as elaborate as ever, and still bouffant below the elbow.

In Sailor Style.

No frock for morning and play wear is prettier or more satisfactory than this one, made with sailor blouse and plaited skirt. Various materials can be utilized, such light weight wools as serge, flannel and the like and all the sturdier washable fabrics, but the model is made of dotted batiste, with

GIRL'S BLOUSE COSTUME.

collar, cuffs and shield of white. The straight skirt is laid in deep, backward turning plaits and joined to the body lining which closes with it at the center back. The blouse is separate and is closed at the center front, the shield being attached to the right side and hooked into place at the left. To make the costume for a girl of ten years of age will be required 6¼ yards of material 27, 5⅛ yards 32 or 4 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 inches wide for collar, shield and cuffs.

The Quaint Shawl.

An addition to the smart woman's wardrobe this summer is a "grannie" shawl of embroidered crepe de chine worn with the ends pointed and not disguised, as in former summers, by being draped around the shoulders as a scarf. Still the long, wide scarf of guipure is a possession not to be despised and wound mantilla style over the hair is a fascinating affair.

A Last Resort.

Little Boy—I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday, Jeweler—Eh? You are not my son. Little Boy—N-o, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her doesn't go right.

What a Question?

Mistress—Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frogs' legs? Nora—Sure, mum, I dinnaw. He wore pants.—Cornell Widow.

KANGAROO HUNTING.

A Dangerous Sport In Which Thick Breastplates Are Worn.

Tiger skins, elephant tusks, antlers and a dozen other trophies decorated the smoking room of the huntsman.

"You can't guess what this is," he said, and he took down from the wall a piece of curiously woven matting. It was about two feet square, green in color and five inches thick.

"This," he explained, "is the breastplate that is worn in kangaroo hunting. Without it the kangaroo with a fore leg blow would smash in your chest as though it were a pasteboard box. This breastplate is a souvenir of an exciting kangaroo hunt in Australia.

"All big game enthusiasts are familiar with tiger shooting, elephant shooting, the chase of the grizzly, of the boar and of the hippo, but I know few men who have ever hunted kangaroos.

"Yet this is an exciting and dangerous sport. The kangaroo when he is brought to bay will fight. He jumps straight at you, like a great cat, and with his small fore legs he aims at your chest two tremendous blows—first the right and then the left—and these blows, with a speed and an accuracy that no prizefighter could equal, would kill you if they landed on an unprotected surface. So you wear, for a protection, this thick green guard, woven of native grasses by native women.

"You hunt the kangaroo in 'sets.' Eight huntsmen compose a set, and each set employs half a dozen native runners to stalk the kangaroo.

"The kangaroo, on being stalked, comes tearing over the plain straight at you. He travels with the speed of an express train, and he makes great bounding leaps. One minute he is crouched on the grass, the next he is ten feet up in the air, and all the while, remember, he is going forty miles an hour.

"Hence he is a mighty difficult object to shoot. If you fail to shoot him, and there is no tree handy, then you must put your trust in your matting breastplate. This breastplate of mine, you notice, has a dent in it."—New York Telegram.

CHURCH ALES.

An Old English Custom That Was Suppressed in 1603.

From almost the earliest times in England "church ales" were often given in a building adjoining any church, where were a hearth of good compass and a stout oaken table upon which the "ale" and viands were set forth. The founder of the feast gave his best brew and was content to receive money in exchange, the spirit animating these quasi religious symposia being akin to that which obtains at the modern charity bazaar—that is to say, all who attended were prepared to pay liberally or even dearly for their fare.

Thus the man who had lost his money and was "down on his luck" would give a "bid (begging) ale" that, if he was popular, might suffice to set him on his feet again. The more romantic "bride ale" assisted penurious young couples into housekeeping, while a prosaic "Whitsun ale" was furnished by churchwardens, who used to raise money for the poor, for church repairs or other pressing cause, the malt previously presented to them and stored in the tithe barns.

Dancing was indulged in at such "church ales," and if the season were propitious an adjournment might be made to an adjacent meadow, where archery, quintain and other diversions would ensue. But excesses became more and more frequent, so that in 1603 "church ales" were summarily suppressed.

KEROSENE OIL.

A few drops added to your boiled starch will make ironing easier.

Dip the fingers in the oil and rub the throat to give relief from sore throat.

Saturate a cloth in the oil and rub the rollers to clean a clothes wringer quickly.

A few drops added to the water with which windows are to be washed will save time and labor.

A few drops on a hinge or roller which has formed a bad habit of squeaking will insure a speedy cure.

One tablespoonful added to each bollerful of water will lessen labor as well as whiten your clothes when washing.

A few drops on your dusting cloth will brighten your furniture as well as prevent dust from flying from the cloth.

Saturate a cloth with the oil to clean the sink, bathtub or basin which has become greasy and discolored from use.—Woman's Home Companion.

Tailor Takes the Artist to Task.

A well formed, good looking man, rightly wearing such clothes as any high class tailor would make for him, would compare favorably with any Greek of old, togged in his best. But neither sculptor nor painter can make so pleasing a representation of the man in close fitting clothes as he can of the man in flowing robes, not because the clothes are unhandsome, nor because they are unbecoming to the wearer, but because the artist presumptuously thinks the tailor who made the clothes did not know his business, and does not think it worth while even to try to represent them as they are. As he generally represents them on canvas or in stone they look as little like the sartorial things of beauty they are as a pallid corpse looks like a living human being.—Sartorial Art Journal.

The Juvenile Japanese.

There are no children in Japan. They are dignified burlesques on the grown-ups. The little girls of the family take care of the babies by having them strapped to their backs. Nearly every maid of five or six has a baby tied to her back, and perhaps that accounts for the bent back and tottering gait of the Japanese woman. Though one never hears a Jap baby cry, if one begins to make a mouth and wrinkle up its funny little face, its child mother quiets it by raising her body on her toes and bobs as fast as she can, and placidity reigns in short order. A man would feel like a fool quoting "Mother Goose" to a Japanese child or trying to amuse it as one does our children. As for chucking one under the chin, that's unthinkable.