

HER LITTLE FELLOW YET.

What funny creatures—mothers are! I sometimes laugh to see them. For all my bigness and my age—How mine looks after me. She wants to warm me when I'm cold. To dry me when I'm wet; I do believe she thinks me just A little fellow yet!

I'm not a schoolboy any more. With satchel at my back; It won't be many years before I don the haversack. I'm going to join the volunteers—My father was a "vet."—And surely then I will not be A little fellow yet!

Ah, well! the mother's good as gold. And kind as kind can be; There's no one else in all the world That's half so kind to me. So let her think it if she will, When I, too, am a "vet."—It may be I will wish I were Her little fellow yet! —Christian Work.

A Blue Umbrella.

COLONEL, why did you never marry?" If a cyclone had struck the sharp featured man who sat with his feet elevated upon the iron railing of the veranda it could not have caused him to start up more quickly. He snipped the ashes from his cigar, paced to the farther end of the veranda, and returning to the questioner's side, he said:

"Harry, what made you ask me that question?"

The young man, upon whose shoulder the other's hand rested lightly, lifted his eyes. Evidently the Colonel was deeply moved.

"Why, all men marry; that is, men of means or—anyhow, they should marry."

"But you have not married."

"And for a good reason; I am not able."

"But you could support a very comfortable household if you were not—well, what you are," said the Colonel, as he moved away.

"Ah! Hold on, Colonel; do not leave me in that—he's gone!"

The other, paying no attention to his words, went down the broad steps and walked slowly away in the moonlight.

"I know what he means; he might just as well have told me in so many words—spendthrift! Hang it all! I know very well that I am careless about finances and all that sort of thing. If I had been forced to work early I'd know the value of dollars and be a very different sort of chap now. Ah, well! Life is too short to fret over mistakes gone and done for. Edith Lisle is a—here she comes now."

Was it the rattle of tiny feet or the frou-frou of snowy skirts that made Harry Lancaster's heart throb tumultuously? It was both—and the fact that the woman he loved more than all others was nearing him. Rising, he tossed his cigar away, lifted his hat, and offered the charming creature in white a chair.

"Do not disturb yourself, Mr. Lancaster; I merely came for a brief walk up and down the veranda. Isn't it a lovely evening?"

There was a witchery in the tones of that low, sweet voice. Harry's heart pumped away more vigorously than ever. If the veranda roof hadn't been ever-fringed with ivy the moonlight would have disclosed the hot flush that mantled the young man's face.

"It is indeed a delightful evening. If you will not rest here for a few moments will you permit me to offer you my arm for the stroll?"

She laid her dainty hand upon his arm and the pair strolled slowly to the farther end of the veranda; they turned to retrace their steps when Edith said:

"Was not that a freddy? Over there among the bushes to the left? See, there it is again, and such a glowing one, too! There, it has disappeared."

"It may be a freddy, but it is my opinion that Colonel Drake of the regulars is smoking a cigar out there among the shadows," said Harry.

"Is that charming old bear here?" she suddenly asked, allowing her hand to slip from the other's arm.

"He came this afternoon."

"And as I was not down to tea I did not meet him."

"You seem to be acquainted with the Colonel, Miss Lisle."

"Fairly, but really I ought not to have spoken so shockingly about a fine gentleman. He is quite engaging, but I detest that absurd idea about his strange umbrella."

"Umbrella? What umbrella, may I ask?" inquired Harry, puzzled at her remark.

"Why, have you never heard about the Colonel's umbrella?"

"Never."

"Colonel Drake possesses a blue, old-fashioned umbrella which is supposed to be a very potent love charm or something like that. Plainly, so it is told, when he invites a lady to share his shelter against the rain her heart is won forthwith. Strange, is it not?"

"Absurd! Have you ever—"

"No, not yet."

"I should not like you to accept its shelter ever—though I do not believe in such silliness," softly said Harry.

If she understood his meaning she was coy of acknowledgment, for, lifting her hand to his arm again, the pair resumed the stroll just in time to meet the Colonel as he ascended the steps. The Colonel lifted his hat and passed indoors, while Harry and Edith strolled and chatted the hours away.

The next morning Harry Lancaster's heart sank when he looked from the window and saw the leaden clouds scurrying along the darkened sky.

"Rain! And I was to take her for a drive! Well, I suppose I must make the best of it and while away the time in the parlors," muttered he, as he performed his toilet.

When he entered the dining room he saw that Miss Lisle's chair was vacant. Ah! the Colonel's chair, too, was vacant. Over his coffee Harry made the resolve to make a break before night. He would ask her for that dainty white hand. He felt in his heart of hearts that she did not dislike him. On

the contrary, as he recalled the pleasant past there was more than mere friendliness in the depth of her beautiful blue eyes last night as they strolled along the veranda.

After breakfast he went to the smoking room and seated himself near a window overlooking the white stretch of sand, the curling waves, and the foam-capped billows beyond.

Ah! A couple approached from the beach. The gentleman carried—a blue umbrella! As the pair drew near Harry's heart beat wilder and wilder.

It was the Colonel's blue umbrella; it was the Colonel, but—who was the lady?

"Miss Lisle, by heavens! Pshaw! I'm a fool to think there is anything strange about this. What do I care about that blue umbrella, and its potent love charm? But I wish it had not been Edith," mused Harry; and tossing away his cigar he went out upon the veranda just in time to raise his hat and say "Good morning," to Edith, who tripped by him.

The Colonel closed that quaint umbrella with a click of satisfaction as he passed Harry with a polite bow and a "Good morning."

Two hours afterward Edith Lisle blushed as Harry Lancaster asked her a question. She recovered quickly and said softly:

"Mr. Lancaster, the potency of the blue umbrella is not a fiction. He is a charming gentleman, and—I always did like soldiers. I—I—thank you, and well—I simply said yes under the blue umbrella; and I hope we shall remain friends."—Waverly Magazine.

MAMMOTH PIGEON RANCH.

Eight Frame Sheds Used to House Ten Thousand of Them.

Situated at the sharp angle where the Arroyo Seco, or dry ditch (a ravine that extends from Los Angeles to the Sierra Madre mountains, some fourteen miles away), and the Los Angeles river (at this point eighteen miles from the sea) meet, is one of the most curious exhibits of pigeon life ever presented to the eye.

Here ten thousand pigeons, mostly light in color, are found perched upon the roofs of eight frame sheds. The walls of these sheds are composed of hundreds of empty gasoline cans with one of the ends taken out and wooden boards with apertures large enough for pigeons substituted, and thousands of wooden fruit boxes furnished with square openings. The ground is generally covered with pigeons until a stranger arrives, when there is a great whirring noise, the air is full of wings and thousands of pigeons return to their brethren on the roofs of the sheds.

This institution belongs to one of Los Angeles' enterprising citizens, and forms a great attraction to visitors from all the country round, as well as to numerous colored thieves, who make a continual practice of robbing this vast aggregation of pigeon roosts. Two large dogs properly qualified to bark and bite are located at each end of the grounds, about 200 feet from each other. These are secured safely by long chains to spikes in the ground.

But these, fierce as they are, do not represent the entire force for the defense from thieves of the 10,000 pigeons, two young dogs, trained to bark and not to bite, are on duty also all the time; these are more sleepless and it is the uproar they make upon which the owner so much depends for the discovery of the colored thieves. Disease and rats take away a great many of this multitudinous bird population; daily some young pigeons will be found on the ground dead, having gone too far from the family nest.—Pearson's Magazine.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Hiram Proved He Had a Sure Source of Wealth.

"You talk very well, and you're not bad looking," said Mr. Fewscads, the village banker, to Hiram Clover, an honest young farmer, "but you ought to know that I cannot countenance your attentions to my daughter."

"But, sir—" began Hiram.

"I don't think that I care to argue the matter, Mr. Clover," the banker cut in. "I know you are about to say that Mabel loves you and that you can make a nice home for her and all that; but I think you're mistaken. Any passing fancy she may have for you will be gone soon. All girls have to go through three or four sieges of that sort before their affections are fixed on the man they ought to marry."

"And yet, sir—"

"Don't trouble to say anything, Mr. Clover. I would spare you all unnecessary pain. But the fact is, my daughter would not be satisfied with life on a farm. And besides, pardon me for mentioning it, but you cannot support her in the style to which she has been accustomed. Mabel has had every advantage. I have reared her in the lap of luxury. I may say, and I cannot think of her entering upon a life in which she might miss the comforts with which I have always surrounded her."

The young man smiled a peculiar and masterful smile, says the Detroit Free Press, as he broke in:

"Do you happen to know, sir, that I have a flock of fifty hens, and that every hen is laying one egg a day, sir, and do you know what fresh eggs are fetching in the market at the present time?"

"Is that true?" asked the banker, pale with emotion.

"It is."

"Take Mabel and be happy."

Sparrows Destroy Insects.

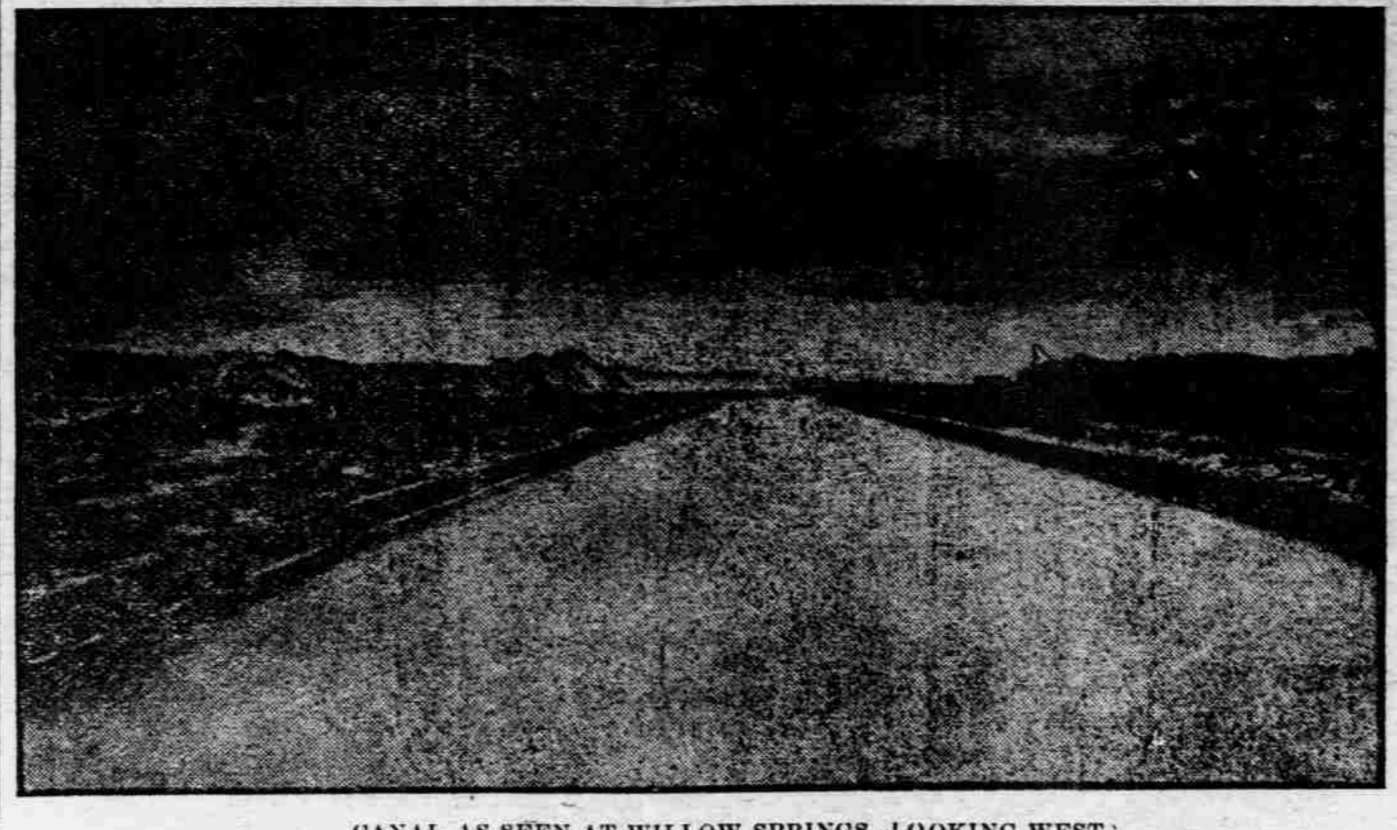
That sparrows are not the pest they are painted has just been proved by the well-known English naturalist, Bradley, who observed that a pair of sparrows brought to the nests of their youngsters no less than 3,200 insects during a single week. In the course of one summer, Bradley states, a pair of sparrows destroy at least 50,000 insects.

Storks of East Indies.

In a public park at Calcutta are several birds of the adjacent species. They are the storks of the East Indies, and average about six feet in height. These birds parade in a stately way, and at a distance look so much like soldiers that strangers often mistake them for grenadiers.

Women, like peaches, are sweetest just before they decay.

WORLD'S GREATEST ARTIFICIAL CANAL.



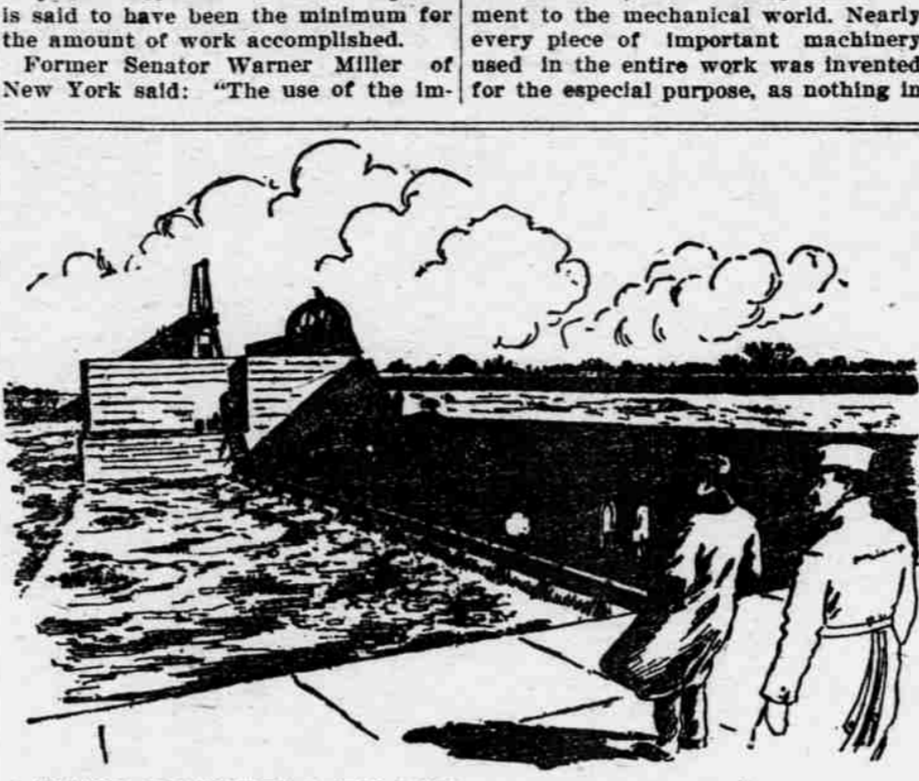
CANAL AS SEEN AT WILLOW SPRINGS—LOOKING WEST.

THE Sanitary and Ship Canal of Chicago is probably the most remarkable artificial waterway ever built in the history of the world. Its total length, including the improved portion of the Chicago River, is thirty-four miles. It has the greatest width of any canal on earth, having a cross section of 202 feet at the bottom and 306 feet at the top. The ultimate object is to afford a water way for the largest ocean-going vessels from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico.

The work is yet being carried on unceasingly, the widening of the Chicago River being now in progress. Residents of Chicago have already spent \$37,378,840 in the construction of the canal. They must spend nearly \$10,000,000 more before their part of the work is done. Then it will cost \$25,000,000 additional to complete the work necessary to the proposed shipway. This latter expense, however, it is expected, will be borne by the Federal Government, and the entire canal will become Government property.

Thus the total cost when the work at present contemplated is finished will have amounted to more than \$82,000,000. The Panama Canal is offered to the United States for \$40,000,000, or less than half the total cost of the Sanitary and Ship Canal. Had this canal been built under conditions that prevail in Central America its cost would probably have been doubled. The expense is said to have been the minimum for the amount of work accomplished.

Former Senator Warner Miller of New York said: "The use of the im-



LOOKING DOWN THE DESPLAINES VALLEY FROM THE REAR OF THE CONTROLLING WORKS.

proved excavating machinery on the Isthmian canal would reduce the cost of construction from 30 to 40 per cent. The machinery, remarkable for handiness and speed, constructed especially for this work, was a source of wonder to the mechanical world. Nearly every piece of important machinery used in the entire work was invented for the especial purpose, as nothing in the market could be found answering the requirements for convenience and speed.

The building of the canal resulted in reversing the flow of the Chicago River, a feat long regarded as an impossibility. The river which formerly emptied into the lake is now an outlet of the lake and empties at its other end into the canal proper. Even yet Chicago is debating as to which is up and which is down the river, which is its head and which its mouth.

The waters flowing through the canal are emptied into the Desplaines River at Lockport, through the controlling works, which comprises several sluice-gates of metal with masonry bulkheads and a bear-trap dam. This dam is regarded by the canal trustees as "the greatest triumph of engineering genius that has ever been achieved in this or any other country."

The sluice-gates have a vertical play of twenty feet and openings of thirty feet each. The bear-trap dam has an opening of 100 feet and an oscillation of seventeen feet vertically. The controlling works are operated by admitting water through conduits controlled by a valve.

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PALESTINE WAKING UP.

Many Signs of Progress Due to German Enterprise.

According to United States Consul Agent Harris at Eibenstein, Palestine has shown unmistakable signs of progress during the last decade, much of which is to be attributed to German enterprise.

"German colonists, merchants and horticulturists," says Mr. Harris, "are awakening that part of the Levant from a lethargy of a thousand years. Three years ago a German bank was established in Jerusalem, with a branch in Yafa, which exchanged \$15,000,000 in 1901. The waters of the Dead Sea, where no rudder had been seen for centuries, are now being plied by German motor boats. A direct line of communication has thus been opened up between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab, which still commands the caravan routes leading across the Arabian desert.

"There is no doubt that German enterprise will also exploit the phosphate fields situated on both sides of the Jordan, when transportation facilities shall have been sufficiently developed to insure success to the undertaking.

"For many years Germany has been looking to Asia Minor and other countries adjacent to Palestine as suitable territories in which to develop German markets. The Baghdad railroad, which will lead through Anatolia, intersecting the headwaters of the Tigris and Euphrates, to the shores of the Persian Gulf, is an enterprise of vast importance, not only to Germany, as the promoter, and the Turkish empire, but to the world at large. It is the greatest commercial and civilizing factor that could be introduced into this region, and will tap the rich territories which composed ancient Mesopotamia. Apart from new avenues of commerce a land will be opened up to students and tourists which, owing to expense and unsafe methods of travel, has thus far been practically inaccessible.

"The great plain of the Hauran—the granary of Syria—forms the 'hinterland,' or back country, of Palestine. The railroad from Beirut to Damascus is said to be in financial difficulties. Twelve months ago the German consul at Damascus, in a report to his government, advised his countrymen to buy not only this railroad but the unfinished Haifa-Damascus railroad as well. Were Germany to acquire these lines and connect them with a railroad running from Damascus to some point on

HAVE A TREE DOCTOR.

Several Cities Add a Descriptive to Their Official Corps.

Doctor of trees is the latest official addition to the municipal corps of large cities. Boston has engaged a tree doctor to feel the pulses of the elms on Boston common; Chicago has a consultant to help Jackson Park recover from its attack of World's Fair; New York added one to its official roster when the rapid transit subway was likely to interfere with the boulevard trees, and Brooklyn is considering the advisability of offering a permanent position to a "tree doctor" competent to look after the health of the trees in Prospect Park.

Most of the interest in city trees is directly due to the growing fashion for country houses and estates. City men have learned to recognize good trees when they see them and to observe them closely enough to detect promptly any sign of approaching decay. Landscape architects, who used to be scarce, are now plentiful and able, and they have succeeded in educating such a considerable proportion of the general public that complaint is soon made if the trees of a city show symptoms of municipal neglect or ill treatment. Indeed, since the days of Secretary of Agriculture Morton, who established "Arbor day," there has been a regular campaign of education in favor of city trees. The direct effect of this work has been the creation of the "tree doctor."

The "tree doctor" is not necessarily a practical landscape architect, or gardener, says the Brooklyn Eagle, though he very often stands high in that profession. More than one of the really successful men in this new occupation actually knew very little about trees until a few years ago. Many of them were amateurs who became interested

WHEN IS A PIG A HOG?

Decision Disgusted Young Lawyer and Drove Him to Exile.

"When does a pig become a hog?" This question was considered of such moment by a young Alabama lawyer that he carried a case in which it was brought up to the Supreme Court. When that tribunal sustained the lower court and decided against him he left the State in disgust.

The case is cited in the Alabama reports and is one of the numerous ones in which a son of Ham was tried for stealing a hog. Appointed by the court to defend the negro, the young Alabamian threw into this his first case an enthusiasm born of long hours spent with candle and book, which had charged his soul and now broke loose and rudely brushed away the dusty cobwebs of precedent which had gathered in the temple of justice before the war and had hung there undisturbed even by the cannon's roar.

He made the witnesses for the State admit that the "razorback" was of years that were few and tender, and rested his case on a motion to quash because the indictment charged the defendant with the crime of stealing a hog, and the evidence was that he stole a pig. The court denied the motion and the jury promptly returned the usual verdict "guilty as charged." But the lawyer's hot Southern blood was up and he took an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Unfortunately for the budding Bacon the Supreme Court of Alabama, like that of most States, was years behind on its calendar, and when the case involving the question of when a hog is not a hog came up for hearing the stolen pig had grown to be a hog and was produced in court by the State's Attorney as a living witness to the potential possibilities of Alabama pigs when given time to assert themselves.

With this ocular demonstration before them of the correctness of the indictment in the lower court, there was no other course left to the Supreme Court judges but to affirm the decision.

Disgusted by such "pig-headedness," says the New York Mail and Express, the young man moved to Florida, where such an experience can never happen to him, because there they grow pigs that can always outrun a man of color.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

One Gains Advantages and Escapes a Multitude of Obligations.

If you get ever so rich, what do you do? Buy a farm somewhere. If you have the roof of a good matter in you, you will want to poltice a worn spirit from time to time with healing airs and the restful scenes of the country. If you get ever so poor, what do you do? Work harder, probably, if you are fit to do anything and can find anything to do. But if you have a spirit of the requisite fiber, and have come to just the requisite degree of impecuniosity, and circumstances and your experience of life favor it, you go and live in the country. You can live very cheaply in the country if you choose, and possess your soul in complete independence, and wear your old clothes with a cheerful spirit.

You will be quit of a host of obligations to fashion, to society, which may vex and oppress you in town, for the price of superfutilities is by far the biggest item in the cost of ordinary living. You will miss opportunities, too, but not all opportunity. You will live face to face with nature. You will be able to say your prayers in peace, and develop the spiritual side of you. If you have any, with only the smallest concern about landlords, grocers, or raiment. There are no taxes of any consequence in the country; think of that! The greatest luxury you get there is time, and the next greatest are sights and sounds and smells. If you have thoughts to think, the country gives you a great chance to think them. If you have books to read, you can read a lot of them in the country, even with kerosene at 11 cents a gallon.

On the other hand, if you have money to spend, what a chance to spend it the country offers you! Gardens, cows, horses, houses, stables, roads, milk at a dollar a gallon if you like, sheep, and dogs, and, most of all, children. It is no trouble at all to spend \$50,000 a year on roads alone, if only you start with a fairly sharp land-burger and push out your borders with due energy. You can get more for your money in roads than in diamonds or pictures, and roads are a permanent investment. They don't burn down; you don't have to keep them insured; you don't have even to keep them clean, for if you build them well, let the weeds grow never so thick on them, the roads will be there still. And once you put your money into them, it stays. You can never get it out, nor can any one else. You can not even be taxed adequately on them, for no assessor presumes to see much value in a road. Indeed, a very large amount of money can be hid in a country place where the assessors won't find it—in water pipes, drains, and such things.—Harper's Magazine.

QUEER STORIES

The coldest time of the day, at all seasons of the year, is usually at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Carrier pigeons are to be bred and trained by the German military authorities in a large four-storied columbarium which has just been erected at Spandau. Great use will be made of the birds in future military maneuvers.

There are several States without debt, but no American city, with the single exception of Washington, the local debt of which is an obligation of Congress. State debts are decreasing steadily; city debts are increasing.

The deepest Atlantic soundings ever made were about ninety miles north of the Island of St. Thomas, in 3,875 fathoms. The pressure was so great at this immense depth, that the bulbs of the thermometer, made to stand a pressure of three tons, broke.

Victor Smith tells of a family that is toothless. There are three brothers and not one of them has a tooth in his head, and never had. Two of them have no children, but one of them has three children well grown up, and the inheritance sticks to all of them. Not one in the family has a tooth. The only dentists' bills are for the three wives.

There are 1,000 halls and corridors in the Vatican, and 11,000 rooms, counting everything, the quarters for the Swiss guards, the stables for the horses, the storerooms for gardeners' tools, the mosaic factory and other workshops, and it is said that an average of 2,200 people are employed under the roof, most of them being lodged there. This includes the Swiss guard.

In Cincinnati recently a woman was taken ill of heart disease in the night. A hurry call was sent for a doctor. When the doctor arrived the elevator had stopped and he was obliged to walk up three flights of stairs. As he opened the door of the woman's room she gasped her last. The doctor sank into a chair, panting from the exertion of the swift and hard climb, and an instant later slipped to the floor, dead. He, too, was a victim of heart disease.

Children of the White House.

There's romping in the red room
And whooping in the blue;
There's shouting in the attic
And in the cellar, too.
The White House floors are strewn with toys
That once were whole and new.

The shouts of gleeful children
Ring through the stately halls;
The marks of little fingers
Are on the splendid walls.
A never-beneficial noise
The storied mansion falls.

There's pounding on the stairways
And little cribs are where
The rooms were cold and empty,
And many a little page
Of socks hang on the clothesline when
They do the washing there.

There's gladness and there's laughter,
And with the day begins
The whistling and the singing
That help to make the din.
Ah, children of the White House, you
Have let the sunshine in.
—Leslie's Weekly.

Her Suspicion.

"Is your husband suffering from the toothache?"

"Well," answered the woman with a tired expression, "he says he's suffering. But from the way he keeps bragging about it I'm half suspicious that he's kind of enjoying it."—Washington Star.

No Room for Dearest Mamma.

"But there isn't a spare bedroom in the house."

"Oh, that's all right, my dear."

"Why do you say it's all right?"

"I was thinking of your mother, my dear."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No man's collections on the first of the month amount to as much as he expected.

TREE STOLE SHEEP'S HORNS.



Firmly imbedded in a tree, a section of which has been sent to the Smithsonian Institution, are both horns of a mouflon or Rocky Mountain sheep. The horns must have gotten there some long ago, that the tree has grown around them. The section was taken at some distance from the ground, and the conjecture that someone placed the horns in the crotch of the tree does not seem at all likely. It seems more probable that the animal was caught by the horns in this position in one of its prodigious leaps from the cliff above.

Messages to a Druggist.

A Philadelphia druggist has made the following collection of amusing missives that have been sent to him from time to time:

"I have a cute pain in my baby's stummock. Please give bearer something to cure it."

"My little girl has eat up a lot of buttons. Please send a nemetic by the enclosed box."

"Dear doctor a dog bit my child on the leg please send some cork plaster and cutter eyes."

"Please send by bearer one postal card. Also kindly give bearer, my son, some licorice root."

"Dear doctor wot is good for trefroy fever send some quick I got it."

"Let my Johnny have a glass of sody water. I wul come myself but I am washing. P. S. the five cents is for the sody water."

"If you can fill the enclosed prescription for twenty-five cents, do so. If not, return by bearer."

New Way to Make Writers.

"Dis boy," explained the old colored farmer, "wants to be a writer—lak dem what writes de 'Politie' Progress, 'en de 'Robinson Crowso.'"

The black pickaninny stood in the corner, fumbling with his frayed hat-brim.

"Well, what evidence has he given of it? Has he ever written anything?"

"No, sah; he can't write no name. Dat's what I fotch 'im up hear fer—make a writer er 'im! He 'lows mebbe you could sorter beat it inter 'im—des fard 'im out, lak, 'twell he tuk ter it nuchall! He already been hit side de head wid a dictionary, an de biggest sort er words is been runnin' in his head ever since! I think dat er you'd lamm 'im run' wid some er dem books you got dar he'd fetch up all right. Hit's my fones' beliefs dat all dat boy needs is a fair shovin', en he'll sprise de worl'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

An All-Round Muchness.

"They say there are too many adjectives in the latest historical novel."

"I'll bet it's the same way with all the other parts of speech."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.