HER LITTLE FELLOW YET.

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

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

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

A Blue Umbrella.

OLONEL, why did you never marry?" If a cyclone had struck the sharp featured man who sat th his feet elevated upon the iron ling of the veranda it could not have used him to start up more quickly. e snipped the ashes from his cigar, ed to the farther end of the veran- and returning to the questioner's e, he said:

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

The young man, upon whose shoul- r the other's hand rested lightly, lift- his eyes. Evidently the Colonel was eply moved.

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

"But you have not married."

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

"But you could support a very com- rtable household if you were not—ell, what you are," said the Colonel, be moved away.

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

The other, paying no attention to his words, went down the broad steps d walked slowly away in the moon- ght.

"I know what he means; he might st as well have told me in so many ords—spendthrift! Hang it all! I ow very well that I am careless out finances and all that sort of ing. If I had been forced to work rly I'd know the value of dollars and a very different sort of chap now. h, well! Life is too short to fret er mistakes gone and done for. Edith sle is a—here she comes now."

Was it the tap-tap of tiny feet or the ou-frou of snowy skirts that made arry Lancaster's heart throb tumul- ously? It was both—and the fact at the woman he loved more than others was nearing him. Rising, he sed his cigar away, lifted his hat, d offered the charming creature in hite a chair.

"Do not disturb yourself, Mr. Lan- ster; I merely came for a brief walk and down the veranda. Isn't it a ely evening?"

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

"It is indeed a delightful evening. If u will not rest here for a few mo- ents will you permit me to offer you y arm for the stroll?"

She laid her dainty hand upon his m and the pair strolled slowly to the rther end of the veranda; they turn- to retrace their steps when Edith id:

"Was not that a firefly? Over there ong the bushes to the left? See, ere it is again, and such a glowing e, too! There, it has disappeared."

"It may be a firefly, but it is my inion that Colonel Drake of the reg- ars is smoking a cigar out there ong the shadows," said Harry.

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

"He came this afternoon."

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

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

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

"Umbrella? What umbrella, may I k?" inquired Harry, puzzled at her emark.

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

"Never."

"Colonel Drake possesses a blue, old- shioned umbrella which is supposed be a very potent love charm or some- ing like that. Plainly, so it is told, hen he invites a lady to share its elter against the rain her heart is on forthwith. Strange, is it not?"

"Absurd! Have you ever——"

"No, not yet."

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

If she understood his meaning she as coy of acknowledgment, for, lift- g her hand to his arm again, the pair sumed the stroll just in time to meet e Colonel as he ascended the steps. he Colonel lifted his hat and passed doors, while Harry and Edith stroll- d and chatted the hours away.

The next morning Harry Lancaster's eart sank when he looked from the indow and saw the leaden clouds urrying along the darkened sky.

"Rain! And I was to take her for a ive! Well, I suppose I must make e best of it and while away the time n the parlors," muttered he, as he per- rmed his toilet.

When he entered the dining room he aw that Miss Lisle's chair was va- nt. Ah! the Colonel's chair, too, was acant. Over his coffee Harry made e resolve to make a break before ight. He would ask her for that dain- y white hand. He felt in his heart of earts 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 Coolnel, 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 as 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 adjutant 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 improved 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 wonderment 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.

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

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 comprise 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 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 160 feet and an oscillation of seventeen feet vertically. The controlling works are operated by admitting water through conduits controlled by a valve.

THE BEAR TRAP DAM AT LOCKPORT.

PALESTINE WAKING UP.

Many Signs of Progress Due to German Enterprise.

According to United States Consular Agent Harris at Elbenstock, 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 Bagdad 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 the projected Bagdad route she would be in a position to practically monopolize the trade of Palestine and Asia Minor.

"The commerce of Palestine to-day is not unimportant," said Mr. Harris, according to the Washington Star. "The products of the country are wheat, barley, oranges, oil, wine, nuts, figs, apples, peaches, pears, pomegranates, apricots, citrons, almonds, cucumbers, lettuce, onions, wild artichokes and asparagus, truffles, tobacco, sesame and silk, while potatoes and other European and American vegetables are being introduced by German and French colonists."

HAVE A TREE DOCTOR.

Several Cities Add a Dendrologist 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 shows 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 in the subject and took it up as an amusement. At that time there were few facilities for the acquisition of tree knowledge, but in recent years it has not been hard for intending doctors of trees to gather knowledge of the best methods of arboriculture.

Sam's Choice of Brides.

Former Lieutenant Governor John C. Underwood, of Kentucky, told a story at the Canadian Society dinner at the Arkwright Club Tuesday night about a negro in his employ who was married four or five times, every time receiving as a gift $5 from his employer. The sixth time the servant appeared Mr. Underwood said: "This thing has gone too far, Sam; this time you have got to get married in the regular form. I will get you a license from the County Clerk which will cost $1.50, which sum I will deduct from the $5 I am going to give you."

Sam demurred, but finally consented to have the license procured. He came to Mr. Underwood's house in the evening and when the certificate was read to him it contained the name "Mary Ann Jones," the name of a woman to whom Sam had been paying attention.

"Land's sakes, Marser, Mary Ann Jones ain't de woman. It's Sarah Jenkins I wants to marry."

Colonel Underwood replied that he would arrange it all right, says the New York Times, and would take out another license, costing $1.50, which sum he would deduct also from the $5.

"This is getting too expensive," cried Sam. "I think you better leave de paper like it am. I did wanter marry Sarah Jenkins, but dere ain't $1.50 difference 'tween dem, so I reckon I'll take Mary Ann Jones dis time."

Great Salt Lake.

According to the report of the United States Geological Survey, Great Salt Lake has been steadily sinking for a number of years. If that clear, briny drop of ocean, left behind when the Pacific rolled westward, should sometime dry up into a salt basin, there would be grief and loss in Utah, since it has become a prominent point for business and pleasure. As to the cause of the decline opinions vary. It is thought by some that the lake is subject to cycles of change, and this is its low water period. Others attribute the sinking to the clearing of the forests from the neighboring mountains, thus destroying the protection of the head waters of many streams flowing into the lake.

Politeness is the zero mark of love's thermometer.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

In the course of an object lesson on the "Cat" in a Philadelphia public school—the teacher trying to find out what her pupils remembered of the previous lesson, asked this question:

"What boy can tell me to what family the cat belongs?"

After questioning eight or ten boys, she was giving up in despair, when a hand was raised.

"Well," asked the teacher.

"I think the cat belongs to the family that owns it," was the diminutive pupil's answer.—Philadelphia Times.

No Time to Make Enemies.

"Has she many friends in society?"

"Yes, quite a number. She only came out two years ago."

Naturally.

"She's awfully stuck up."

"Naturally. Her father made all his money as a bill poster."

New Kind of Trouble.

"Wealthy, is he? Why, the last time I saw him he had trouble keeping the wolf from the door."

"Well, now he has trouble keeping his poor relations from the porte cochere."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Quite English.

Aunt Debby (viewing the city)—What does that sign "Misfit Store" mean?

Uncle Abner (a close observer)—I s'pose that's where these 'ere anglermaniacs gets measured for clothes so folks'll think they was made in London.—New York Weekly.

Saved by the Signal Service.

Longleigh—Then you didn't propose to Miss Gotrox after all?

Shortleigh—No. My knowledge of the signal service code saved me from making a fool of myself.

Longleigh—Well, put me on.

Shortleigh—Just as I was about to commit myself she hoisted the cold-wave flag.—Chicago News.

Met His Match.

Bumpus—Zizzazo, the wild animal tamer, has met his match at last.

McSmith—You don't say! How did it happen?

Bumpus—He has married a "new woman."

Doubtful Compliment.

Mrs. Newed—Just think of it, dear. I made every bit of this cake with my own hands.

Newed—Is it possible! I never suspected there was so much strength in those fair soft hands.

Of Course Not.

"My wife doesn't seem to be progressing, doctor," remarked the anxious husband.

"No," answered the physician; "when she gains a little strength she uses it all up trying to tell her friends what's the matter with her."—Philadelphia Record.

Sure to Be a Fight.

Teacher—Suppose there were four boys going skating, and they only had two pairs of skates, how many boys would have to look on?

Bobby—The two that got licked!

A Good Sign.

Mistress of the House—Bridget, do you think that policeman who calls here so often means business?

Bridget—Yis, mum; I think he do. He is begun to complain about my cookin' already.

Success to the Season.

Rev. Mr. Gassaway—What did you think of my sermon?

Snappe—Most appropriate sermon for Lent I ever heard. There wasn't any meat in it.—Philadelphia Press.

Progress.

His Friend—Are you writing a historical novel?

The Literary Cuss—Don't say a word. I'm writing a prehistorical novel!—Puck.

The Mean Man.

Mrs. Scrappington—If somebody should threaten to abduct me and hold me for a ransom, what would you do?

Mr. Scrappington—Laugh like thunder.—April Smart Set.

Friendly Advice.

Maude—What! You don't mean to say that you are going to the fancy-dress ball in the character of "Night?"

Clara—Yes; what of it?

Maude—Oh, it's all right, of course, only it will be another case of making night hideous.

A Matter of Contrast.

"Give an example of how heat expands and cold contracts."

"In the summer the days are long; in the winter they are short."—Judge.

The Head of the Household.

"Of course," said the bachelor, thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head."

"True, but the scepter passes from one to another."

"How?"

"Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again."

"She keeps it forever?"

"Oh, no; the baby gets it next."—Chicago Post.

The Magic of Time.

"What a lot of rubbish! Utterly worthless, I should say."

"Now, of course. But I shall leave it to my son, and he to his son. In the day of my grandson it will be bric-a-brac!"

And the junkman shrugged the shrug that is the badge of all his race.—Puck.

At the Club.

"Rounder has written a rather clever little book, 'Don'ts for Club Men.'"

"Huh! the don'ts don't worry me half as much as the dues."—Philadelphia Press.

His Plea.

"Vat? Do you mean to charge me $2 a visit?"

"That is my regular rate to every one."

"Yase, but I introduced der disease into der neighborhood!"—Life.

On a Larger Scale.

"It's just horrid, Bertie, to think of living in a flat after we are married."

"You don't love me when you talk that way."

"Oh, yes, I do, but not on a small scale."—Life.

Woes of the Weatherman's Wife.

"Oh, mamma," cried the bride of the weatherman, "I think George is a brute!"

"Why, daughter!" gasped the mother. "What on earth makes you say that?"

"He knows that I am planning for my spring dresses, and all the time he persists in predicting snow and cold waves!"

Here she pointed a wrathful finger at the thermometer, which registered 46 degrees below organdie.—Baltimore American.

A Way Out of a Difficulty.

"Your uncle was a very eccentric man. He stipulated in his will that $100 should be buried with him?"

"All right, make out a check for that amount."

Wide.

"You say Miss Pinkerton is accomplished."

"Why, I never met a more accomplished girl. She knew just a little about every subject I introduced.—Detroit Free Press.

Not That Kind.

Clerk—Here is some delicious cough candy.

Miss Wiseleigh—But I haven't a delicious cough.

Repartee.

Pat—What's repartee?

Mike—It's whin a feller sez right off the answer he doesn't think av till tomorrow marnin'.—New York Sun.

A Favor to the Public.

"We have called," said the head of the deputation of citizens, "to protest against the street car service you are giving us. Why, some of us cannot even get a strap to hang on by."

"Very well, gentlemen. I shall at once increase the service," said the affable magnate, while the hearts of the deputation leaped with joy, "by putting in more straps."—Baltimore American.

Overdoing the Thing.

Tomson—Can you recommend to me a first-rate bookkeeper?

Bilton—Why, I thought you had a perfect jewel.

Tomson—Yes, but now I am suspicious of him; he attends too closely to his duties and refuses to take a vacation.—Town Topics.

Reward Seekers.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "is so drefful business-like dat while dey looks foh a reward in de nex' worl' dey's mighty skeery foh fear deal do any mo' dan what's necessary to earn it."—Washington Star.

The Effective Wink.

"Look here!" said the mystified policeman, "why are you winking at me? I have noticed it for the last five minutes."

"I thought I'd like to be protected while I was in this big town," replied the old man with the chin whiskers. "My nephew that keeps a saloon in town somewhar wrote me word that he just has to wink his eye at the police an' he gets all the protection he wants."—Chicago News.

When Courtesy Failed.

Senator-elect McCreary, of Kentucky, was in Washington a few days ago calling upon his old friends in Congress whom he knew when he represented his State in the House.

"McCreary was a fine campaigner," said a Kentuckyian. "When he went the rounds of his district he kissed all the babies, praised the cooking of the housewives, judged the cattle of the farmers and adapted himself to all circumstances. One night he drove up to the house of a farmer to stop all night, but arrived after the supper hour. The good woman of the house insisted on getting him a supper, but he resisted and said he would take anything cold that she had.

"She told him she had some cold ham and cold biscuits and would warm the coffee.

"'Never mind warming the coffee, madam,' said McCreary, 'I prefer it cold.' Next morning at breakfast the good lady handed him a cup of sickly looking liquid, saying, 'Governor, you seemed to enjoy the cold coffee so much I saved some for your breakfast.'"—Washington Star.