WHEN I GET RICH.

When I get rich, oh, many things I'll do;
For all poor folks whose lives are full of care,
Their days, now drear, I'll make so sweet and fair,
They'll know no grief, no sorrow, no despair
When I get rich!

When I get rich the friends I love so dear
Shall know no more those weary, toil-some hours;
I'll light their skies with sunshine, and the showers
Will scatter on their pathway fairest flowers,
When I get rich!

When you get rich! Those friends you loved so well
May not be here, but far beyond the skies,
And never know the hidden love that lies
Within your heart—ah! foolish, vain surmise—
When you get rich!

Wait not till rich, but haste to do it now!
Yes, scatter sunshine—dry the falling tear—
Light up with hope the darkened heart and drear,
That may be near you—oh, ne'er mind the year
When you get rich!

—Freeman's Journal.

HER IDEAL.

HE glanced out of the window at the gleaming avenue, and watched the snow-flakes hurrying to find their places there, only to be relentlessly trodden under foot by passing pedestrians; and then he looked back again to the bright, girlish face opposite him.

"Ideals are all very well in their way," he ventured, lazily. "They afford pleasure, I suppose, to the person indulging in them, undoubted amusement to him who has to hear of them; and, besides this, they have two other advantages, their harmlessness, and their convenient submission to being

"IDEALS ARE VERY WELL IN THEIR WAY."

twisted about to suit all circumstances."

She looked at him as he finished speaking, and he smiled at the indignant flash of her eyes.

"Do you not agree with me, Miss Louise?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"You know I do not," she exclaimed, with warmth. "You are only airing some of your wretched cynicisms because you know how I despise them; as for ideals, I believe in them, and do not understand your assertion that they will bear twisting about."

"Perhaps I am wrong there; but, to illustrate, I believe most girls have their ideal lover."

He paused.

"Well, go on," she said, coolly. "You don't expect me to answer for more than one girl, do you?"

"Certainly not," he resumed, "but don't they generally declare that, if that paragon neglects to appear on the scene, they will never marry?"

"They may."

"Now do you think this ideal ever comes?"

"Of course I do," she answered, earnestly. "What would life be worth if it did not?"

"Has yours?" he queried, softly.

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter," she retorted, with dignity and pink cheeks. "Let us keep to the subject, please."

"Certainly. Well, granted that some do appear at the proper time and in the proper place, you know that that is the exception. Now for the point of my explanation: It is very easy, is it not, to cause your ideal to undergo a change—gradually, of course—until it becomes a reality in a form less perfect, perhaps, more human than before?"

"Some people may find it so, but not many, I think."

"Would not you?" he asked, quickly.

"Since you insist on being personal, I may as well admit that nothing would induce me to alter my ideal."

"I see there is no use in trying to convert you?"

"Not the slightest."

"The least you can do, then, it seems to me," he continued, "is to introduce the gentleman to me. I am quite ready to listen to a lengthy description."

"Are you so much in need of amusement, then," she asked, reproachfully, "after all my efforts to entertain you?"

"Go on," he commanded, with a wave of his hand, "I am waiting."

"Well, where shall I begin?"

"First, what does he look like?"

"I thought that was a girl's question," she suggested, mischievously. "Really I have not thought much about his personal appearance, except that he must not be handsome. Handsome men are always conceited."

"Miss Louise, excuse a personal question, and one that has nothing whatever to do with the subject, but did you ever hear any one accuse me of being—well, passably good-looking?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, promptly. "Edith Harland assured me that you were by far the handsomest man at the ball, the other night, and Alice Barnett admires you more than Mr. Courtenay, and you know everybody raves over him; and Marie——"

"That will do. Proceed."

"Well, he must be tall."

"Would six feet two suit you?"

"Oh, no, too tall. Six feet is quite enough for me; and then, I prefer light hair and brown eyes, and——" Just then a pair of gray ones met her own, and she stopped abruptly.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, I think you have heard enough."

"Yes, I believe I have; now I want you to listen to me for a few minutes. Did you ever guess that in spite of all my talking, I too, had my ideals?"

"Impossible," she murmured.

"And," he continued, "what is more remarkable, I have found mine."

"Indeed!"

"Shall I describe her?"

"I would rather not—that is, it isn't necessary."

"No, I don't think it is, but do you believe there is any hope for me?"

Her face was on fire, and the hand which held her needle trembled nervously, but he persisted.

"Is there?" he repeated, gently.

She raised her head and whispered softly, "Perhaps."

"But, Louise," he protested, "my eyes are gray."

"Are they?" she asked, in affected surprise.

"And I thought you preferred light hair."

"So I do—for girls."

"I measure six feet two."

"You don't look a bit over six feet."

"And then, handsome men are so dreadfully conceited."

"Did I ever say I thought you handsome?" she retorted.—New York News.

Sunset

Sunset, with every sense awake
To catch the beauty of the lake:
Sunset, the sun a dying fire,
The last flame of a soul's desire,
Yet not the last, for every cloud
Is instinct with new joys allowed:
Sunset, when all the clouds confess
The glories of the rainbow's dress:
Sunset, to all who see aright
A sign of Everlasting Might!
Sunset, and when the sun has set,
The heart seems clouded with regret
Till, following the lord of noon,
Comes the calm splendor of the moon.

W. H. Pettock.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.

What a New York Episcopal Congregation Has Done.

The parishioners of the Church of the Ascension, New York, recently celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of this society. The church is on Fifth avenue, where 10th street crosses it, and when it was begun in 1827, this section was pretty much given over to pasture and timberland and the church was looked upon as an outpost of what might some day be a part of the city. To-day this locality is filled with splendid residences and great commercial buildings and the march of progress has made it down town instead of being the place where the pioneers used to retire early lest wolf and fox might waylay them after dark.

Ascension Church has been fortunate in its pastors, but five serving it since its establishment. The first was Rev. Mantor Eastburn, afterward made bishop of Massachusetts; then Dr. Gregory Thurston, who became bishop of Ohio; John Cotton Smith was third with a 20-year rectorship; Dr. Winchester Donald fourth, and Percy S. Grant the present incumbent, under whom the church has attained its greatest vigor. There are over 1,000 communicants and the donations for church purposes are on an uncommonly generous scale. He is now raising an endowment of $250,000 which will soon be subscribed.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.

The congregation has given liberally to aid and establish Episcopal mission churches throughout the country. Under Dr. Thurston $275,000 was contributed and distributed in this way. All told over $3,000,000 has been spent in advancing Episcopalianism in fields apart from that occupied by the Church of the Ascension.

VETERAN FIRE CHIEF DIES.

R. A. Williams, Who Fought the Great Chicago Conflagration.

Robert A. Williams, chief of the Chicago Fire Department at the time of the great fire in 1871, died in that city after an illness of four weeks.

R. A. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams was proud of the fact that he had never missed an important fire in Chicago for more than fifty years. Even during the last few years, when he was employed in the County Treasurer's office, he would slip out whenever he heard of a bad blaze.

Directing the department at the time of the big fire, his report is among the records of the Chicago Historical Society. He was able to tell much about it that never found its way into print. It was his opinion that the fire would have been confined to a tract two blocks wide from the starting point to the lake had not the manager of the gas works at Market and Adams street turned the gas into the sewers to avoid an explosion.

DRUGLESS CURE.

Husband's Announcement of His Intentions Worked Wonders.

"John, dear," feebly called the invalid wife, who was supposed to be nearing the end of her earthly career.

"Yes, darling," answered the sorrowing husband. "What is it?"

"When I am gone," she said, "I feel that for the sake of the motherless little ones you should marry again."

"Do you really think it would be best, darling?" asked the faithful John.

"Yes, John, I really do," replied the invalid. "After a reasonable length of time you should seek the companionship of some good woman."

"Do you know, my dear," said the husband, "that you have lifted a great burden from my mind? Now, there is that charming Widow Simkins across the way; she has acted rather friendly toward me ever since you were taken ill. Of course, dear, she could never fill your place; but she is young, plump and pretty, and I'm sure she would do her best to lessen my grief."

"John Henry Jenkins!" exclaimed the female whose days were supposed to be numbered, as she partly raised herself up on the pillow, "if you ever dare install that red-headed, freckle-faced, squint-eyed hussey in my shoes I'll—I'll——" And then she fainted.

But the next day Mrs. Jenkins was able to sit up and two days later she was downstairs.—Chicago News.

Cod Like Cold Water.

A Christiania professor has discovered that at the Lofoten Islands cod are invariably to be found in waters whose temperature is always between four and five degrees above the freezing point. Norweglan fishermen now make use of the thermometer as a means of detecting the presence of the fish.

In every home there are disagreeable tasks that are left for one person to perform. For instance: Who drowns the kittens at your house?

Paint will make an old house look new, but it won't make an old womar look young.

NOTABLE STRING OF BIG TARPON CAUGHT IN FLORIDA WATERS.

For the sportsman there is certainly something unusual and attractive in this string of fish. They are tarpon that were recently caught off Fort Myers, Fla. The "silver king" on the right weighed 180 pounds, while the smaller "bunch" averaged nearly 100 pounds each. Alligator shooting as a sport is all right in its way, but the real thrill of the tropics comes when a magnificent silver-finned tarpon at the end of the line leaps out of the water again and again in frantic efforts to free itself from the hook. It is anywhere from 60 to 175 pounds of electricity fighting for life at the end of a line. About every other kind of fishing in Florida is with live bait, but the tarpon can be taken in true sportsmanlike style with a fly. A ripple, a cast beyond, a wild rush, a superb leap, a drag of a hundred yards or more of line, and the fight is begun. It is exhaustion that captures it. Punta Gorda and Fort Myers are the great west coast points for this magnificent sport, and all other kinds of Florida game fish abound there.

NEW POSTAL CURRENCY.

Bill Authorizing the Issuance of Post Checks for Small Sums.

A bill for the establishment of a postal currency has been drafted by the committee appointed to consider the question. It authorizes the Postmaster General to cause to be issued postal checks of fixed denominations, not above $1, in even multiples of five and ten cents. These are to be redeemable or payable at any money order postoffice. A fee in addition to the face value will be charged for every check issued.

It is generally conceded that the present postal money order system is both inadequate and inconvenient, and Congress has been attempting to perfect a design for currency intended especially for transmission through the mails. The main difficulty with the present money order system is that less than half the postoffices in the country are money order offices, and even at these such evidences of money can only be obtained at the expenditure of much time and trouble and during certain specified hours.

The Committee on postoffices and Postroads have had before them a measure providing a post check in denominations of $5 and down to the denominations of fractional currency. It was proposed to retire the five, two and one dollar bills now issued by the government and substitute the post check and make the latter the regular paper money for those denominations.

The proposed post check was nothing more than an ordinary government note so printed as to permit its transformation quickly into a veritable check. By affixing a stamp and writing upon provided spaces the name and address of the payee this note would become a money order, payable only to the payee. To forge the signature of the payee was made a penitentiary offense, same as counterfeiting. As rapidly as the

SKETCH OF ONE OF THE PROPOSED POST CHECKS.

signed bills would come into the possession of postmasters they were to be sent to Washington for redemption.

By this process, should one desire to make remittance by mail he would simply take out a bill or piece of fractional currency, write the name of his creditor, affix and cancel a stamp, and it would only require the signature of the latter to again make the money as good as gold at the office named.

The Committee of Postal and Treasury Experts appointed to consider the above plan for the establishment of a postal currency, however, submitted an adverse report to the Postmaster General. While commending the general scheme, the report said the methods of detail seemed impracticable. The bill since framed is supposed to be free from the objections advanced.

ARTESIAN WATER IN TEXAS.

It Acts an Important Part in the Irrigation of the State.

A little known but interesting feature of the natural water supply of Texas is the occurrence of unusual artesian springs which flow from the rocks at the foot of the escarpment which bounds the southeastern portion of the Edwards plateau. These waters are found in springs at Austin, in the San Marcos River at San Marcos, at San Antonio and elsewhere. They issue from the ground in strong, gushing springs, and flow away in bold streams which form the source of lakes and rivers.

A careful study of their behavior shows that their flow is not constant, but fluctuates between a high and low discharge. It has also been discovered that these changes bear a remarkable resemblance, both in time and amount, to the fluctuations of rainfall on the Edwards plateau; the crest of the rainfall curve over this region being followed with great precision by the crest of the discharge curves of the springs. This similarity has been found to hold true for dry and wet years alike. The Edwards plateau is a flat, grass-covered upland, 14,000 square miles or more in extent. The rain which falls upon it does not flow off in surface streams, but sinks into the porous soil, and eventually finds its way underground to the bold scarp line of the region, where it bursts out in the abundant springs.

The San Antonio River has its source in one of these artesian springs and between it and the wells driven to supply water to the city of San Antonio there seems to be close connection, shown in their mutual changes, which indicates that their waters have a common source. It was recently noticed that when the wells were steadily drawn upon for twenty-four hours the water level of the head lake of the river fell several inches, but that on shutting off the wells the lake regained its level in about one day. So intimate is the relation between the flow of the wells and that of the river that it is always possible to tell how high the water will rise in the former by observing the river's height on a gauge rod placed upon its bank.

The supply which these springs add to the State's water resources is important and the division of hydrography of the United States geological survey, through Professor T. U. Taylor of the University of Texas, is making a study of their occurrence.

NO CAUSE FOR MUCH ALARM.

Chances of Being Struck by Lighting Are Exceedingly Slender.

How unreasoning the fear of lightning felt by so many timid people is may be seen from a compilation of statistics made by the weather bureau. The figures, which have been gathered during the past decade relative to the deaths by lightning in the United States, are certainly of considerable interest. The old question used to be how to protect buildings against lightning—lightning rods or none, solid rods or hollow rods—and on the latter point men like Faraday and Sir William Snow Harris took opposite sides and waxed wroth, each telling the other he knew nothing about the subject. Today little or no attention is given to this matter and it is generally realized that as regards where lightning will strike we must take our chances, which, according to the statistics referred to, are about one in 100,000 of being struck. The old idea that lightning will never strike twice in the same place has been pretty well exploded by the actual facts, and there is reason to assume that if lightning strikes a given point once it may be expected to strike there again, rather than at some other contiguous place.

The theory of lightning is now fairly well established. It is supposed to be due to the rapid condensation of the minute drops of moisture in the air, each of which, under certain conditions contains a small electric charge. As these minute drops coalesce the electric potential is increased, due to the fact that the total superficial area of the coalesced drops is less than twice that when they existed singly, and, as the electric capacity is proportional to this area, the electric charge of the two drops is now confined within an area of less capacity than before, with the result that the electric pressure is increased. In this way, long before the drops have attained a size to be precipitated as rain, an electromotive force amounting to millions of volts is developed.

While there is no certain immunity from lightning when it prevails, attention is called to the great desirability of persevering in efforts to resuscitate those who have been rendered insensible by lightning strokes, as recoveries have repeatedly been made of persons supposed to be dead, after more than an hour's efforts. The statistics also show that there is no immunity from lightning in a feather bed, in a house, or in a closet, and that knives and the like do not attract lightning. For those who are inherently dreadful of lightning the only comforting suggestion that can be offerd is to remember that if one lives to see the flash he is safe for that time.—Chicago Chronicle.

MISTOOK HIS MAN.

Traveling Companion Was Not a Professional Gambler.

A cautious American traveling from Paris to Nice found a stranger in the compartment in which he had secured a berth.

"Are you Mr. ——?" said the stranger.

The American in surprise answered affirmatively.

"Ha!" said the stranger. "I inquired at the booking office who was to be my traveling companion."

The American realized that this was no ordinary man, and soon found himself almost hypnotized by the stranger's commanding eye.

When the man proposed cards, the American suspected that he was a professional gambler. He made many excuses, finally saying that he cared for none of the games which his companion suggested.

"All right," was the discomforting reply; "we'll play anything you like."

When the American mentioned an obscure French game, which he hoped the other would not know, and found his suggestion taken up eagerly, he was more than ever suspicious.

"But," asked the American, "do you know how to play it?"

"No," was the reply, "but you can teach me."

The American now had little doubt that the man was a card expert, looking for a victim, but as no suggestion of high stakes was made he concluded to venture, and after some hours' playing, had seen nothing on the part of his fellow passenger that looked like cheating.

But when next morning his companion suggested that they play again to while away the time, the American grew suspicious and pleaded a headache.

When they entered the station at Nice, the man handed the American his card. It bore the name of Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England.

Long Sitting of Parliament.

The longest recorded sitting of the British House of Commons was in 1881. On Monday, Jan. 31, 1881, the house, having met at 3:45, continued sitting until Wednesday at 9:30—a continuous sitting of upward of forty-one and a half hours. The next longest sitting occurred in 1877. On Tuesday, July 31, 1877, the house, having met at 3:45, continued sitting until Wednesday afternoon at 6:15, a period of twenty-six and a half hours.

Refrigeration for Consumptives.

A Russian medical man proposes to establish a sanitarium for consumptives in the polar regions. He has observed that the members of exploration parties returning from the polar regions are always in perfect health, owing to the purity of the air and complete absence of harmful microbes. In the polar regions bronchitis, laryngitis, influenza and other contagious diseases are unknown.

Immigration to Cuba.

The Havana Post estimates that 60,000 immigrants, mostly Americans and Spanish farm workers, have landed in Cuba in the last three years. The number also includes about 1,000 Chinese.

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.

Hiram—Where's your son John now?

Silas—Oh, he's down to the city doin' literary work.

Hiram—Is he makin' anything out of it?

Silas—Yes, I guess so. At least I have to send him money every time he writes.

She Knew a Thing or Two.

She—And am I really and truly the first girl you ever loved?

He—Certainly. And am I the first man you ever loved?

She—The idea! Don't I look to be more than 7 years of age?

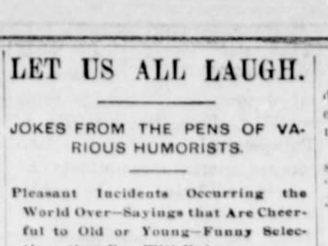
Egotistical.

Green—I understand you are looking for a donkey. I've got one for sale.

Brown—I bought one yesterday, but I may want another soon.

Green—Well, any time you can use a good one, don't forget me.

Might Return.



Customer—Bring me some cheese.

Waiter—Sorry, sir; the cheese is out.

Customer—What time do you expect it back?

Her First Question.

"At last," said the great scientist, "I have fully established communication with Mars. What great question shall I submit to them first?"

"Ask them," said the young woman promptly, "if they have discovered a comfortable and suitable bicycle costume for girls that is also attractive."—Chicago Post.

Higher Prices.

"How's this?" asked the customer in the bookstore. "Last week the prices on Bacon and Lamb were only $1.25, and now you have marked them up to $3."

"Well, you see," explained the bookseller, "since the Meat Trust began cornering supplies——"

But the customer hurried away to secure matinee seats for "A Texas Steer" before the prices went up at the theater, also.—Baltimore American.

Covered the Ground.

"De Sheriff only had me one time in my life," said the colored witness.

"And what did he do with you then?"

"He didn't do nuthin' wid me, suh; I outrun him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Various Possibilities.

"There is something fascinating about a crowd," said the alert person.

"Yes," answered the languid philosopher; "there is always the charm of uncertainty about a crowd; you can never tell from a distance whether it is caused by a prince, a politician, a prize-fighter or a pianist."—Washington Star.

Some One Else Did It.

"Oh! Willie, you are all battered up again. How did you do it?"

"Please, ma'm, I didn't do it!"

Properly Announced.

"Well, why don't you announce me?" demanded the pompous lady.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," stammered the new butler, "but Hi cawn't quite mike out the nime. His it 'Mrs. Jonesmith?'"

"No, stupid! 'Mrs. Jones-Smythe.'"

"Oh!" said the butler, and then bawled: "Stupid Mrs. Jones-Smythe."—Philadelphia Press.

The Real Thing.

"And have you no home ties?" asked the sympathetic lady.

"No, ma'am," replied the tramp. "All de ties wot I hev enny connecshion with is de railroad ties."

Now They Don't Speak.

Nell—The last thing Jack did before going away was to kiss me.

Bess—That's just like him. He always would postpone a disagreeable task until the very last minute.

What He Missed.

Stranger—Is Dr. Quackerly in?

Servant—No, sir. He went up the river this morning to shoot ducks.

Stranger—Well, I'm sorry he isn't at home. I could put him onto bigger game.

Lucky Children.

The Maid—Dear leetle Fido, he will not eat zees bonbons, madame.

Mrs. Sassiety—Ah! poor little doggie. There must be something wrong with them. Give them to the children.—Philadelphia Press.

Declining Faith.

"In my young days," said the Moro chief, bitterly, "everybody believed that a man who fell in battle had a passport to heaven."

"And is it not so now?"

"Evidently not. I have seen heretics skulking behind rocks and throwing away first-class chances of getting shot."—Puck.

Stopped the Game.

"What broke up the ping-pong social down at your church last night?" asked the young man with the clerical garments.

"Some unregenerate son of Belial," said the second man in church garb, "substituted eggs for the balls."—Judge.

As It Appeared.

Diggs—Did you buy that piece of bronze at an auction sale?

Biggs—No. But why did you think I did?

Diggs—Because it looks like it had been under the hammer.

Proof Positive.

He—Do you believe the widow's grief is really sincere?

She—I do. Why, she spent half the insurance money for a mourning suit and the other half for a tombstone.

It All Depends.

Bess—Don't you dislike to hear a young man talk shop?

Nell—Oh, not necessarily. My beau does it every time he calls.

Bess—Indeed!

Nell—Yes. You see, he's a street-car conductor, and I suppose it comes natural for him to say, "Sit closer, please."

The Husband Knew.

City Editor—See here, in your obituary of this prominent club woman you say she "is a good wife." You mean "was," of course.

Reporter—No, I mean "is." Mr. Henpeck, her husband, told me if I wanted to be absolutely truthful that was the way to put it.—Philadelphia Press.

Sad Sea-Doggedness.

The ship groaned.

But the Giddy Young Thing who was talking to the Captain was a good sailor and didn't mind a bit of rough weather.

"Doesn't it seem unnecessarily cruel, Captain," she said, "to box a compass?"

"Not any more so, miss," he replied, grimly, "than to paddle a canoe."

And the ship groaned some more.—Chicago Tribune.

Quite Remarkable.

Gushington—Ah! your wife is a most remarkable woman.

Henpeck—Think so?

Gushington—Indeed I do. Don't you?

Henpeck—Well, she certainly is able to make more remarks than any other woman I know.—Philadelphia Press.

Remnant Sale.

"What are you hanging around here for, waiter?"

"I'm waitin' for you to get fru wid dat chicken 'cause a gemman jest ordered chicken soup."—Chicago American.

As It Should Be.

Miles—Isn't it queer that a man's ears are placed in such a way that he can hear only the sounds in front of him?

Giles—Nothing queer about it at all. A merciful Providence never intended that a man should hear what is said behind his back.

The Only One.

"Everything in biblical history," said the argumentative wife, "goes to prove that Adam loved his wife."

"Yes, my dear," replied the cruel husband, "but you must remember that she was the only woman he had ever met."—Ohio State Journal.

Learned Graduation Essays.

"Each spring when I listen to the learned graduation essays of a class of wealthy men's sons, at a college commencement, I feel that I won't be able to hold my job two weeks after those smart youths get out hustling for their daily bread in competition with me," mused the gloomy-eyed, middle-aged man in the back seat. "But on my way home, as I learn that the trolley car conductor is a college graduate, and the clerk at the corner cigar store is another, I begin to chirp up a bit, and in a day or two I get over my dismal forebodings!"—Puck.

Truly American.

Sharpe—Would you care to occupy a $100 seat and see the coronation parade?

Whealton—Not if I had a quarter to sit on the "bleachers."

She Capitulated.

Maud—Do you mean to tell me that you and George are engaged at last?

Mignon—Yes; he had quit spending money on me, and I thought I might as well let him propose.—Chicago Tribune.

Visible Proof.

Ping—What reason have you for thinking De Jones married an intellectual woman?

Pong—Because most of his suspender buttons are safety-pins.

The Romance of Gum-Gathering.

In Yucatan the gathering of the famous chicle chewing gum is an occupation apparently full of romance, not unattended with considerable danger. Bands of men, known as "chicleros," go into the deep forests, under experienced leaders, armed with heavy knives of special make and pails and ladles for the sap; each one is also provided with a strong rope, more than 80 feet long, to be used in climbing the lofty sapota trees from which the gum is procured. The sap flows from gashes cut in the bark. A camp of chicleros, where the sap is boiled, resembles in some respects an American maple sugar camp. After months of work the chicleros return from the forests laden with brickllke blocks of aromatic gum. The finest gum, known as "sicte," is collected from the fruit of the sapota, mostly by the native women, and is seldom exported because it is too well liked at home.

Are you despondent and inclined to think there is nothing left worth living for? Try cherry pie.