Too Bad That She's Gone.

Somebody who has taken the trouble to investigate has found that Elizabeth Barrett Browning tried to make "eagle" rhyme with "vigil," "heiress" with "terrace," "nature" with "satire," and "woman with "gloaming." It is a pity that Mrs. Browning is dead. She might, if she could return, make a wonderful success as a writer of lyrics for musical comedies. Undoubtedly she possessed the chief qualification.

The Two Classes.

The man who is looking for trouble is a source of endless wonderment to the men who can't get away from it.

For the LITTLE ONES

LEGEND OF THE MISTLETOE

Some Claim Goddesses Kissed All Who Passed Under Plant as Symbol of Love.

(By E. R. GAILLARD.)

According to Scandinavian mythology, Loki (the god of evil) was the sworn enemy of Baldur (the god of light), and tried by every means in his power to kill him, but failed because he was invulnerable to everything that came from earth—air, fire, or water.

Loki, at last, conceived the idea that the mistletoe, springing from neither, would serve his purpose, and, having an arrow made from that wood, he helped Hodi (the blind god of darkness), to aim it, and Baldur fell dead—shot through the heart.

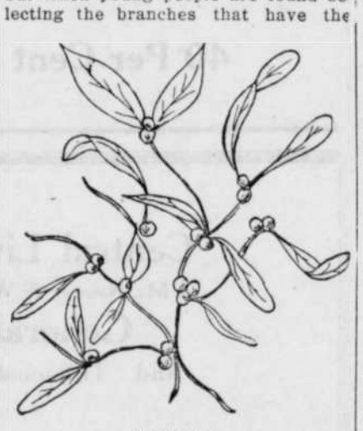
All the gods and godesses prayed for his restoration to life, and when the prayer was granted it was decreed that the mistletoe should never more have power to do harm unless it touched the earth, and the goddess of love was appointed to guard it.

Some legends claim that the goddess kissed all who passed under the plant as a token that it was no longer a weapon of death, but a symbol of love, while others assert that she exacted a kiss from each as a propitiation, or the bough should be allowed to work harm.

Another reason for the kissing privilege conferred by the plant is said to be that a lovely maiden preferred death to the kisses of an old monk who pursued her, and her prayers for deliverance were answered by transforming her into a mistletoe branch and placing her in a tree.

The monk waited for her return, but rather than that, she clasped the tree and remained clinging to it, leaving the waiting monk to kiss whomever he could catch.

The custom of "kissing beneath the mistletoe" is so old that no one knows when or how it originated; but when young people are found selecting the branches that have the



Mistletoe.

most berries on, it is fair to suppose that they know a kiss must be given for each berry plucked, and that the ceremony is never complete until every berry is off the branch.

There was once a common, though mistaken belief that the mistletoe grew on oak trees only, but that was so far from true that the Druids, who held the oak as absolutely sacred because they believed it to represent the One Supreme God, deemed the mistletoe doubly sacred if found on one, and carefully guarded it until the sixth day after the first new moon of each year.

When this time arrived, priests robed in white surrounded the tree and held solemn ceremonies, among which was the sacrifice of two white bulls.

After the ceremonies, a priest in spotless robes ascended the tree and, with a golden knife, cut the mistletoe and let it fall on to a white cloth held by other priests.

The branches were then formally "blessed" and divided among the people who believed the sprays given them to have miraculous powers.

The common belief in the efficacy of the plant was such that it was called all-heal; but according to an old legend, a certain lover searched many days for a specimen growing on an oak tree, that he might secure its branches for the cure of his betrothed, who was sick unto death, but when he found it he touched the sap while cutting the branches, and fell dead near the tree, indicating that the sap was a deadly poison.

The plant thrives in America from New Jersey southward and westward, and those who know it only as a part of Christmas decorations can have little idea of how often it overruns trees to the extent of being a nuisance.

Appropriate Locations.

The place for baby carriages—Wheeling.

The place for bank savings—Port Deposit.

The place for politicians—Boss-ton

The place for an auto center—Mobile.

The place for a laundry town—Washington.

The place for the national game—Baltimore.

The place for earthquakes—Cleveland.

A place for connoisseurs of rare old wine to avoid—New-port.

Interesting Relic of Old Days.

The remains of the old Roman boat found embedded in Thames mud during the sinking of the foundations of the London county hall, at Westminster bridge, were transferred to the London museum. A coin which was found in the boat points to its date being probably about 293-296 A. D. Researches have led to the opinion that the old boat is probably a relic of the first fleet formed to protect the shores of Britain.

Economy in Cooking.

Much gas may be saved with a little care. I bought a number of pans of various sizes, but all with tightly fitting covers. Whenever I bake bread or a roast or for any other reason have a hot oven, I plan to cook other things also, as many as the oven will hold. Stewed fruits and all vegetables will cook as well in an oven as on top of the stove if started boiling in plenty of water and then put in the oven in the covered vessels. Potatoes, however, are spoiled by this process.—Exchange.

No Wedding Presents.

Those who are opposed to the giving of wedding presents will hail with approval the step taken by a very wealthy Chicago society girl. When her wedding invitations were issued they contained this sentence: "It is a special request that no gifts shall be sent." Probably there are others who will follow her example.

Not the Other Extremity.

From Canon Beeching comes the following story: "It was the morning after the banquet, and a solicitous friend who had set beside Bishop Stubbs, happening to meet him, asked if he got home all right. The bishop looked slightly surprised at the question, but at once added, with an apparent gleam of comprehension, 'Oh, yes, it was only my boots that were tight.'"

Remembered the Lesson.

My little girl, who was about three years old, had always had it impressed upon her that after she was once dressed she should not get dirty again. One afternoon after being dressed she went out to play and fell down in the dirt. She then came running to me and cried, "O, mamma now I'm all undressed."—Exchange.

One Member All Right.

Little Edith, aged three, was supposed to take her afternoon nap, a thing she dreaded very much. Her mother came into the room, but Edith pretended she was sleeping. Her mother could tell by the unsteadiness of her eyes that she wasn't sleeping, and said: "Mamma knows you aren't sleeping." "Well, I isn't sleeping, but my eyes is."

Stronghold of Wasps.

An extraordinary nest of wasps was discovered lately on the Bedfordshire (Eng.) estate of Lord Ampthill, where a man, using three wire wasp traps, has caught over 4,000 wasps. The nest consisted of six tiers, which stood six and a half inches high, and measured eight and a half inches across. The cells contained grubs and young wasps in different stages of growth.

True Ideal of Right.

Practical duty enriches the fancy and the heart, and action clears and deepens the affections. No one can have a true idea of right until he does it; any genuine reverence for it till he has done it often and with cost; any peace ineffable in it till he does it always and with alacrity.—Dr. Martineau.

Windows in Umbrella.

An umbrella with windows is the latest in Paris. The reason given for the innovation is the difficulty of getting about on account of the danger caused by traffic, especially in wet weather.

Wouldn't a Lamp Post Do?

A newspaper correspondent urges the need of an individual banister. Wonder if the man expects us to tote 'em around in our pockets?—Columbia State.

Moscow's Municipal Pawnshops.

In Moscow, Russia, the pawnshop is a municipal affair. Last year over half a million artcles were pawned, having a valuation of over $3,000,000. It is noticed that in March and April the poor element of Moscow keeps the pawnshop busy, and during that period customarily parts with its warm overclothing.

Finesse.

"How did you get old Bunkins' consent to marry his daughter?" "Finesse, my boy—just finesse. I told all over town that he had caught seventeen four-pound bass on that last fishing trip he took."

Lightning Freak.

A strange freak of lightning is reported from France. During a recent thunderstorm the lightning struck three byres in a village in the department of the Loire, killing off the cows in each byre that were lying down—16 in all—while all those standing up escaped unhurt.

Tolstoy's Wise Counsel.

Never say, "I can indulge in this little thing without fear; it does not amount to anything." Never say, "This particular virtue is so insignificant I might just as well do without it."—Tolstoy.

Queer Place for Wedding Ring.

A merchant at Aberdeen, N. S. W., while cutting a cheese the other day found that his knife was stopped by something hard. On investigating he saw that its progress was barred by a heavy gold wedding ring.

A Destructive Success.

"What has become of that man who said Mars is habitable?" "He made the mistake of convincing too many people. There wasn't enough skepticism to keep up a fairly interesting controversy."

A G. Washington Hat.

"It is said that a woman's hat which turns up in front forces her to admit every year of her age." "Then a woman is liable to be turned down on account of a turnup hat."

Metal Adaptable for Airships.

The new metal known as Liege metal is said to be 40 per cent. lighter than aluminum, which makes it particularly useful for airships.

The Only Way.

Hewitt—"I want him to stand back of what he says." Jewett—"Then you'd better get him to say it by telephone."

Supreme Quality.

All our life is in thinking. According to the quality of our thought is the quality of our being.—J. Brierley.

Triumph of the Young.

Modern life is arranged entirely to suit the tastes and needs of the younger generation.—The Graphic.

The One Great Institution.

"Would you say the presidency or the judiciary is the noblest institution in the land?" asked the Interrogative Person. "Without intending to cast a slur on either the presidency or the judiciary," said the Opinionated Person, "I should say that pay day holds that enviable eminence."—Buffalo Express.

Whistler's Sarcasm.

James McNeil Whistler is said once to have confronted Oscar Wilde—at the height of the aesthetic movement—with Du Maurier, who was satirizing the Postlethwaites in Punch with all his might, and to have genially inquired: "Which of you two invented the other?"

Uncle Eben.

"De man dat expects to git sumpin' foh noffin'," said Uncle Eben, "generally makes a mighty risky investment of time an' trouble dat ought to be worth considah."

Not All Succeed.

One hears a great deal of the country boys who make good in the great cities, but there are a number of others who go there and get less publicity.—Atchison Globe.