



HOW BESS AND BRANDY SAVED THE FRUIT.

It seems most as big as a real river," said Bess, who was sitting on top of the heaped-up earth beside the big, new irrigating ditch, hanging her knees taller fashion. "If the water only didn't roll so awful fast we could most ride a canoe in it, eh, Teddy?"

Teddy was not at all handsome. His hair was red and his nose turned up, and he was much freckled. But there was a great deal of sympathy in his greenish eyes as he looked up at his sister.

"You do miss Canada and the lake and boating and everything, don't you, Bess?" he said. "I was such a little fellow when the folks came west, and I can't remember much about it. But, gee! it must've been jolly fun swimming in a real big lake. An' pa said we would take us all back when the fruit trees bore."

"Yes," said Bess, staring thoughtfully at the yellow, rolling water. "But it seems an awful long time to wait, somehow. Last year it was frost, and year before, and it does seem as tho' pa would lose most everything he had before the ranch paid. And to think o' good bearing would make us rich! Rich, Ted! Just think!"

Teddy crawled up to the top of the bank of earth and looked far down the valley. He saw long rows of trees, hardly twice as tall as himself, and he was only a 10-year-old boy. But the slender little branches of the trees were covered thickly with little green bunches, and these bunches meant thousands of bushels of luscious fruit. Bess could remember when she first saw the trees. They were then only

long lines of little bare sticks in the sandy and dry-looking earth, and she could remember how her mother broke down and cried because she was homesick for the big shady trees and green grass and bushes at home.

"I do not seem like home. They lived there six years, and the sixth year was the 'bearing year' for Western fruit ranches. But, as Bess said, the frost and the worms and the blight had kept the fruit back, and three years longer they had waited. And the father had grown to look old and anxious and the little mother more and more wistful. And they now watched the green promise of fruit with anxious eyes. Would anything happen this year? Or would the rich promise at last not disappoint them?"

"The new ditch helped mightily this year," said Bess. "The trees never bore so heavily. And all the fruit is perfect—the peaches and peaches and cherries and everything. Oh, Teddy, I believe we will really see Canada next year!"

She sprang to her feet and threw her arms around the neck of a little broncho that had been nosing at the back of her head while she talked to Teddy. She kissed the horse's snaky head and hugged him lovingly. Then she put her foot in the stirrup and swung herself lightly into the saddle.

"Home, Teddy!" she cried. "Catch Soda!"

Soda, another sturdy little broncho, capered gleefully around her mate, Brandy, a few moments, then permitted Teddy to mount, and soon the lively little hoofs were beating a quick rattat-tat down the white alkali path toward the ranch home, far down the valley. The sun was bright and the sky cloudless, as it had been for all the long summer months. The clouds would sail towards the mountain tops, but there they would stop and dissolve over the peaks, where the snow gleamed white almost till fall. And no rain fell in the valley. The alkali dust lay thick in the alfalfa, the rich grass that grew so strangely green out of the hard, dry earth, and the dust lay thick in the trees and on the prickly cacti and gray greasewood that grew on the lonely foothills.

"Father will irrigate to-morrow, I reckon," said Bess, as the bronchos looped along side by side. "The ground is awfully dry and crackling badly."

"I dunno—it's getting pretty late," replied Teddy. "I heard pa talking to the foreman, and they was saying that there was signs of frost. The fruit is ripenin' bully, but there may come a nipper, an' of they irrigated it—well, it would mean another year, that's all."

Bess looked soberly at the baked-looking earth. It looked so thirsty, and the great ditch rolling along beside them seemed anxious to turn its rich torrent into the little ditches that ran like veins up and down between the trees.

"Well, I suppose it would be risky," she said. "But, my! the trees do want a drink!"

Supper was waiting for them, and their father called gayly to them as they galloped up to the door.

to-morrow and spend the day with her," he said, as they sat down to supper.

"Oh, may I go, mother?" cried Bess. "They were great friends—'Jess and Bess,' as they were called by the ranch and village people—and the fruit farm would round the valley very close to the sheep ranch of Jessie's father."

"Why, yes, you may," said Mrs. Harris, Bessie's mother. "DM Jessie want her to stay all night, John?"

"Of course—as usual," replied Mr. Harris.

"But I guess you can spare her that long, eh, mother?"

"No, I need you, dearie. But you can have a long day together and come home in the evening," said Mrs. Harris.

So next morning Bess shouted a gay good-by as Brandy danced around the mounting block, and she whirled the long thongs of her quirt merrily around his flank, which Brandy promptly resented by bringing his four little hoofs together, rising in the air and coming down on his sturdy little legs with a jar that nearly sent Bess out of the saddle.

"Oh, you'll buck, will you?" she cried while the rest cheered Brandy. "Wait till you want some sugar."

Brandy reprinted and stretched himself into a swinging, rocking-chair lunge that carried him swiftly down the trail. The air was sharp and clear and tingled through Bessie's veins, while the cold turned her cheeks rosy.

"Frost to-night, Brandy," she cried to the broncho, whose ears twitched back at the sound of her voice, and the frost came.

The girls had a long, merry day, and as the moon rose in a clear purple sky Bess turned Brandy's willing nose homeward. She turned up the collar of her heavy little coat and pulled on her buckskin gloves, for the cold was already growing sharp. And, calling cheerily to Brandy, she flew along the trail toward home. It was cold and clear and still, and she rode along a little sleepily, while Brandy's hoofs made the only sound that broke the stillness. But soon another sound startled her into wakefulness. She had reached the water gate on the big ditch, and through the stillness came a low tinkling and gurgling that sounded like fairy music. But the fairy music sent all the color out of the girl's cheeks, and with a frightened cry to Brandy she slipped out of the saddle and ran to the ditch.

Brandy meandered along after her with lazy curiosity and found her kneeling beside the gate with her arms plunged down into the cold water. And when she stood up her pretty bright face had grown still whiter. For she had found a small "cave-in" near the gate, and the water was trickling through in a steady little stream that was steadily and quickly growing larger as the earth broke and crumbled and gave way around it. In a very short time that cave-in would send a volume of water rushing and leaping along all the ditches through the ranch, and by morning—what?

"Oh, the fruit, the fruit, Brandy!" Bess sobbed, wildly. "It will be killed and mother's heart will break!"

She wrung her hands as white and lonely in the moonlight. Too late for that. Before she could go a mile toward help the ranch would be flooded and the ruin complete. Again, she plunged her arm into the water. If she could only stop up that hole! She looked on all sides helplessly, and Brandy moved closer with a sympathetic and inquiring whinny. She looked at him despairingly, then suddenly sprang forward. In a moment she was tearing wildly at buckles and straps, and then, to Brandy's profound surprise, she dragged the heavy pigskin saddle from his back and rushed with it to the ditch. There she went down on her knees and plunged the saddle beneath the water. She fumbled with it a minute or so, then listened breathlessly.

The water gurgled and tinkled uncertainly, then slowly, very slowly, it grew fainter. And soon there was only a faint whisp and drip from one or two tiny waterfalls that slipped and slid down the bank. The weight of the water had sucked the saddle closely against the earth and the hole was stopped.

So much. But the night was cold—her arms already ached and pained cruelly, and she did not dare leave the saddle lest it slip. Would they search for her? Or would they think she had stayed all night with Jess? If she could only get word home.

Again she looked at Brandy. Then she called him to her, slipped the loop of her quirt from the pommel of the saddle, and raising her arm out of the water, she turned Brandy toward home, and then brought down the lashes with stinging force on his flank.

"Home, Brandy!" she called. And Brandy, outraged and indignant, kicked up his heels, bucked three times, then tore down the trail toward home, resolved to tell Soda that his young mistress had gone crazy.

Fainter and fainter sounded the hoof-beats along the trail. And soon she could hear them no longer. Her arms ached cruelly, and sharp pains began to shoot through her body from the cold. Now and then she would take her arms out of the water and swing them and beat her hands together till they stung; but only for a moment, then the saddle had to be held in place. The time seemed horribly long, but at last far down the trail there sounded a low, thudding noise that quickly grew

lounder, and she sprang to her feet with a gasping little cheer as four horses galloped madly to the ditch gate, and all in a minute four men had dragged her up from the water, torn off her wet jacket and asked twenty questions. Brandy had reached home riderless and was now galloping back with Teddy, white and frightened, clinging to his bare back.

The fruit was saved, thanks to Bess and Brandy. The frost did very little damage that night, and at last the yield was rich and plentiful. And the following summer, in far-off Canada, Teddy and Bess splashed in the waves to their hearts' content, while "mother" looked on happily and Mr. Harris told old friends all about fruit ranching "out West."

"It was a close call," he would say, "but Bess and Brandy saved the fruit. If the ditch had burst through that night and flooded the roots it would have meant ruin."

And Bess, fully recovered from the heavy cold that followed her little adventure, was surprised to find herself a heroine.—Chicago Record.

LONG LIFE.

Sought by Members of New York's Hundred-Year Club.

To discover the secret of long life about a hundred professional and scientific men and women of New York City have organized what they term the Hundred-Year Club. These people believe that under present conditions life should be prolonged for a century. They do not seek to keep man alive merely as an exhibit, but to make him a useful member of society up to the day of his death.

They have not pledged themselves to live in accordance with any particular set of rules or to apply the secret of longevity to themselves if it be discovered. Neither are they vegetarians, Christian Scientists or Balstonites. They do not pretend to say they will live to be centenarians, but they hope they may.

Prominent among the members of the Hundred-Year Club are Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Theodore Sutro, Dr. Carlton Hinans, Dr. H. W. Wiley, Director of the United States pure food display at the Paris exposition; G. W. Smith, Albert Turner, Mrs. May Banks Stacey, John De Witt Warner, Dr. John R. Hayes, of the United States Pension Bureau, Washington, and Col. E. P. Vollum, U. S. A., retired.

Dr. Simons, chairman of the Committee on Statistics, has secured the names of twelve citizens of New York City who are over 100.

Incidentally, the club has learned that in Ireland there are 675 centenarians; in Germany, with its vastly greater population, but 76, while Serbia has fully 600 over 100, 120 over 125 and three over 135. Dr. Simons is trying to discover whether these figures can be attributed to the difference in the diets of these people. China is the only nation, so far known to the club, that sets a premium on old age, granting special honors to persons who are 90 or over.

Albert Turner, in discussing the mental phase of longevity, said:

"One of the elements in long life is a conviction that it is our duty to live; that it is not right in itself, aside from other motives, for us to shuffle off this mortal coil until we have filed out a long term. It will, I think, be seen that the importance of this instinctive love of life cannot be overestimated in its relation to health, disease and long life."

SUPERSTITIOUS WOMEN.

They Place a Great Deal of Confidence in Dreams.

It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age superstition could be rife among the educated, but there are nevertheless a number of young women who converse fluently, if not eloquently, in three languages, and who read Spencer and Browning and Emerson, but who place a dreambook by their Bible on the table beside the bed and consult it in the morning the first thing.

With a credulity worth a darky mummy, if their sleep has been visited with unusual visions, they seize this volume as soon as their eyes are fairly opened and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foretold by it, the seeker after knowledge assumes a bravado she is far from feeling.

"I don't care," she says to herself, by way of bolstering up her courage, "I'm not superstitious anyway, and I don't believe in such arrant nonsense." But she's nervous just the same, for a couple of days, until other troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of a young child without shivering and shaking for days after, in fear of some dreadful thing happening to her. She has not consulted a dreambook on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck became connected in her mind, but, nevertheless, after she's had a visitant of this sort while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions sore.

She's an intelligent woman, mind you, but she doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream.

She doesn't call herself superstitious, of course no woman does, not even the one who won't walk under a ladder, but her friends do, and make light of her until she exposes some fetish of hers, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.—Baltimore News.

Potatoes as Penwipers. A certain New York hotel uses a bushel of potatoes a year for penwipers on the tables in the writing-rooms. Every morning a large potato is put in a compartment of the pen box, and after 24 hours the potato is removed and another put in. Pens in pen holders are stuck into the potato half a dozen at a time, giving it the appearance of a porcupine. It is claimed that a potato penwiper is the best preservative against rust and mildew that can be secured for the pens.

The women believe a man should face every misfortune with cheerfulness, except the death of his wife.

Every one in love has a right to change his or her mind.

CUBAN CENSUS REPORTED.

Interesting Review Recently Published by United States Bureau.

It is doubtful whether so complete a census was ever taken in Cuba as that which constituted the first official act of this government. The American flag had no sooner been raised over Havana than preparation for the taking of the census began. In the reorganization of the government upon a practical working basis this was considered a most necessary beginning. The United States officers had but a perfunctory report of the conditions of Cuba and its people, whose needs were but indirectly understood. No one knew the numbers or social conditions of the people for whom the new government was to be formed, and without these facts the intelligent conduct of the work could not be executed.

One of the first acts which impressed the Cubans with the sincerity of this country's promises was the appointment of Cubans for this first work to be undertaken. It was a natural and correct supposition that the Cubans could conduct the census taking with



CENSUS ENUMERATORS OF HAVANA.

better success than could foreigners. The Cuban census taker could explain the purpose of his work to the people, and, moreover, he could explain the aims and promises of the new government, which was most advisable. There was need that the doubt and discontent which prevailed among the more ignorant Cubans in the presence of the United States army should be dispelled. The appearance of the census enumerator among them awakened in them a trust in the new government, particularly since the enumerators had been chosen from among themselves.

Began in the early part of September, the actual work of the census taking was completed Dec. 31 and the enumerators discharged with the close of the year. The supervisors, together with their records, were taken to Washington, where they worked until the following April, overseeing the compilation of reports in the United States census bureau. When they were returned to their own country in the late spring they were highly complimented by the directors of census upon their efficient and faithful service.

The government report on the census of Cuba for 1909 occupies a bulky volume which will prove most entertaining reading for anyone interested in the little island of which it treats. There are reports from every one of the home industries, of the agricultural development and possibilities of the country and of course of the social, educational and moral standing of the people. The chapter devoted to citizenship is interesting as giving a correct statement concerning the relation of foreign to native population of the island. The report reads:

"Of the population of Cuba, 89 per cent were born on the island and 8 per cent in Spain and only 3 per cent in other countries. Those born in Cuba of course included not only native whites, but negroes and mixed bloods. The proportion was greatest in Santiago, where it reached 95 per cent, and was least in Havana, where only a little over three-fourths of the inhabitants were native born. Three-fourths of the foreign born were of Spanish birth. The proportion of those born in Spain was naturally greatest in the city of Havana, where it reached nearly 20 per cent of all the inhabitants, and was least in the province of Santiago."

In the matter of citizenship, 83 per cent claimed Cuban citizenship, only 1 per cent the protection of Spain, while 13 per cent were, at the time of the census, in suspense, not having declared their intentions. The purest Cuban citizenship was found in the province of Santiago, where 91.7 per cent of the inhabitants claimed to be citizens of Cuba. On the other hand, in the city of Havana only 64.2 per cent were Cuban citizens. It is interesting to note that in the city of Havana only 5.3 per cent claimed citizenship other than Cuban or Spanish, while in the province of Havana 11.6 per cent were found in this class."



CUBA'S SERENDIPITY TREE.

Historic point near San Juan Hill, where negro slaves with the Spaniards were concluded.

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or public apartments, of which her male relatives discuss with them the amount of the nekiah—the dowry payable by the husband or his executors to the wife, should she be divorced by or survive him.

This question settled, and the document drawn up, the bridegroom: three repeats his desire to marry the daughter of So-and-so, upon which the imam proceeds to the door of communication with the haremlik, behind which the bride and her female relatives are assembled; and, after declaring the amount of nekiah agreed upon, this functionary asks the maiden if she accepts such a one for her husband. When the question and the affirmative answer have been thrice repeated, the imam returns to the selamluk, where he awaits the consent of the bride, and the parties are considered to be now legally married.

The couple do not, however, meet until the conclusion of the dughun zafriti, or week of wedding festivities and ceremonies, which may not be held for some months afterward. These entertainments, to which all friends and acquaintances are invited, and at which the poor of the neighborhood are also feasted, constitute the social sanction of the family alliance entered into in private. For should the girl's assent be suspected of having been obtained by force or fraud, and the match is considered unsuitable, public disapproval would very properly be shown by refusal to take part in the wedding rejoicings. And even when all these formalities are at an end, and the bride has been conducted with much pomp to her new home: If the spouse chosen for her by her parents or guardians is not altogether a persona grata to herself, she may still refuse to accept him as her husband. For, according to an Oriental custom of great antiquity, a newly-wedded husband can assume no rights over his wife until she has spoken to him.

The possession by a Moslem woman of such personal and proprietary rights is rendered necessary by the facilities for divorce accorded by law to a Moslem man. For a husband has but to say to his wife in a moment of anger, "Cover thy face, thy nekiah is in mine hand!" when she ceases to be his wife and must leave his roof forthwith, taking with her bag and baggage. In practice, however, various obstacles to divorce, religious, social and pecuniary, offer themselves. The husband, for instance, has, for instance, the ready cash which to pay the promised dowry; considerable social odium attaches to such a proceeding; a man who without just and serious cause repudiates a wife does not easily obtain a second, and added to these considerations there is the religious curse contained in the words of the prophet, "The curse of Allah rests upon him who capriciously repudiates his wife." If, however, the wife, without adequate cause and contrary to the desire of her husband, solicits a divorce, she obtains it only by foregoing her nekiah.



A MOSLEM MATRON.

Verbs from Proper Names. We say "to mesmerize," "to galvanize," "to guillotine," "to macadamize," "to gerrymander," "to mercerize," a verb of recent invention. If the heroes of Homeric epochs were real persons; we may add "to Hector" and "to Pandar." Pamphylia, a Greek lady who compiled a history of the world in thirty-five little books, has given her name to "pamphlet" and "pamphleteer." "To macadamize" is due to Pasquino, a cobler at Rome, in whose ugly face the Romans detected a resemblance to the statue of an ancient gladiator which was erected near the Piazza Navona, on whose pedestal it was the practice to post lampoons. "To sandwich" is derived indirectly from the Earl of Sandwich, who invented a repast which enabled him to dispense with regular meals when at cards.—London Notes and Queries.

Relics of Irish Lake Dwellers. An interesting relic of the lake dwellers of Ireland has just been added to the Science and Art Museum of Dublin in the form of a crannog, or elevated dwelling. It was discovered in a bog-filled lake near Enniskillen and measures over 100 feet in diameter. On removing the peat the piles of platform timbers were laid bare. The piling and cross-timbering were admirably done, untrimmed birch trees being chiefly used for crosslaying, while oak was used for the stouter piles. A large quantity of broken pottery was found in it, besides an iron ax of early form, a fragment of a comb and some bronze harp pegs.

Co-operative Railways in Australia. Victoria, Australia, has built seven local railways on the co-operative principle. The railways were estimated for by contract at £547,908, but by working the co-operative principle they were completed for £231,211.

Gigantic Pocketbooks. The Swedes and Norwegians carry their loose cash in immense pocketbooks; some of these have been in use for two or three generations, and contain almost enough leather to make a pair of boots.

Canada's Increasing Exports. The exports of butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, hams, mutton, pork, apples, oats, peas, wheat, flour and potatoes to Great Britain from Canada has more than doubled since 1896.

Most colored people never feel hard up unless there is a minstrel show in town, and they are shy the price of a ticket.

A man is never old until he begins to look as if he had neglected to bathe and shave.

MARRIAGE IN TURKEY. Safeguards Thrown Around the Rights of a Moslem Woman.

Among the Turks marriage is a strictly civil act, the validity of which consists in being attested by at least two witnesses; and although an imam, or priest, is usually present at the signing of the contract, it is rather in his legal than in his religious capacity. The civil ceremony is very simple. The bridegroom and his witnesses repair to the home of the bride, in the selamluk,

HAD A ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

Was Convinced the Judge that Sans Men Might Be Sent to an Asylum.

M. H. Chetwynd, of Philadelphia, in commenting on a recent case where a sane person was released by the courts from an asylum where he had been illegally confined, told the following story: "About twenty years ago a controversy got into a lawyer equally well-known judge. The lawyer maintained that it was the easiest thing in the world to get a sane person confined in an asylum. The judge, while admitting that it might be possible, held that it would be very difficult and that the difficulties would increase in proportion to the position in society of the intended victim. 'A person's standing in the community presents no obstacle,' said the lawyer. 'Why,' turning suddenly to his companion, 'I could even get you locked up in an asylum if I wanted to.' 'Nonsense,' answered the judge, and then he laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea and the discussion for the nonce was dropped.

"It occurred on a railroad train, which, stopping a short time later at a station, the lawyer suggested to the judge that they stretch their legs on the platform. They had not got ten feet from the train when the lawyer suddenly hurled himself upon the judge and at the same time cried aloud for help. A half dozen bystanders rushed to the lawyer's aid, and before the judge realized what had happened he was held by a dozen hands. 'All right; thank you,' said the lawyer to the men who had come to his aid. 'The hands behind his back, for he's dangerous.' This was too much for the judge. 'I'm Judge So-and-so,' he began with dignity, 'and this outrage—' Just then he felt a rope on his wrist and his self-possession deserted him and he fairly raved at the indignities that were being heaped upon him. He resorted to language not usually heard from the bench or employed by the judiciary. But the more he said the less effect it seemed to have on his captors.

"Finally he paused for breath and the lawyer in a quiet voice said: 'Are you satisfied now that I was right in the argument?' 'Satisfied! I began the judge, hysterically, 'satisfied!' But he got no further. 'Yes, d-n you!' was the manner in which he lowered his colors.

"A few words and judiciously distributed coins among his captors by the lawyer released the judge and enabled him to get upon the train just as the conductor called 'All aboard!'

"In the town where they had stopped was the State lunatic asylum and the advent of lunatics was a part of the town's daily routine. Hence the alacrity with which the judge was seized. 'But it was a pretty rough object lesson,' he complained when he had recovered sufficient equanimity to enter into conversation with his companion. 'Perhaps, but it proved what I said,' was the reply, 'and who knows but that some day it may prove of great value to you and enable you from that experience to prevent or else to 'right a great wrong.' The judge made no reply, but lost himself in thought."

Mud Mountain. The principal railroad of Costa Rica now but 117 miles long, is just being extended to reach from San Jose to the Pacific coast. The general manager of the road, in speaking of the enterprise recently, said:

"There is one place on the road which has given the engineers a great deal of trouble, and which has cost many thousands of dollars every year since the road was built. This place is about forty-five miles from Port Limon, and is called Blueud. For about 600 feet the track runs along a ledge on the side of a mountain, with the River Reventazon below. The mountain is composed of a bluish clay, which turns into mud during the rainy season and keeps constantly sliding down on the tracks. We have to keep a big gang of men at work day and night cleaning the road of this blue mud, and when the rains are very heavy the traffic has to be suspended. In July so much of the mud slid down over the roadbed that we could not run trains there for three weeks.

"To add to the difficulty there is a lake back of the mountain, and the water from this lake percolates through the mountain and keeps it constantly wet. The lake was drained by the engineers, but they discovered that it was fed by springs, and still the mountain was kept in a wet state and the mud kept sliding down over the tracks.

"At last they obtained what is known in the mining region of California as a hydraulic giant, and which throws a very powerful stream of water with great force. They rigged up this hydraulic giant, and when I left Costa Rica they were actually washing the mountain away with it into the river."

Friday Supper. A row of paupers' houses, very neatly designed, has just been erected at Alharcle, Mr. Rudd, of Ardnurchan, having advanced a considerable sum for building purposes to the parish council on easy terms. Accommodation is provided for ten persons. A few days ago H. MacPherson, inspector of poor, visited Alharcle in order to superintend the removal of the ten selected female paupers to the new cottages. They all occupied houses which were in a wretched state of disrepair, yet each of them resolutely and peremptorily refused to "flit." In vain did the inspector dilate on the increased comfort and conveniences to be enjoyed in the new dwellings. The aged dames were vainly proof against all argument—nor did threats of compulsion and sheriff's warrants have any terror for them.

At length it was elicited