House in Holly Street

By JOHN ELKINS

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"For lo! my own shall come to me."

The little thin woman in the rocker, darning stockings, kept saying this over and over in spite of the protest on her daughter's face.

"Well, why don't it come?" asked the girl starting to set the table.

"Perhaps I haven't had enough faith. But I keep on trying." And the calm, sweet face again bent over the work with just the faintest shadow across the patient lines.

"I know mother, you are a dear. I wish too I had more faith. But some day I get just desperate. The little, mean eight dollars a week I earn at that typewriter only keeps us alive. And this street is enough to give one nervous prostration."

"My dear, I thought it was very quiet and decent."

"Yes—but I'm ashamed to ask anyone here. If we could only move into a better neighborhood."

"But we couldn't afford it, dear."

"I know of some new flats in Benton place for no more than we pay here."

"How much room?" asked the mother.

"Oh, two rooms, a kitchenette and bath."

"But we couldn't do with that."

"We could manage. And it's just a swell entrance."

"But here we have a little garden, and—"

"And chickens," finished Florence disgustedly. "Chickens that are an awful bother."

"But they furnish us with nice fresh eggs, and—"

"And get into the yard next door. It's all right as long as no one lives there. But just wait till there's a tenant, and there'll be a row. Lady Grey is determined to go over there."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Bennett, "I don't see what has got into that hen."

"I know, mother, you like the little patch of ground and the chickens—but I do want some of the good times other girls have. I could go with the people around here—but you know I don't care for them."

"No, dear, you wouldn't be your father's daughter if you did."

A fashionable neighborhood meant more to the dwellers in this small city than a cosmopolitan can well understand. It was the sized place where one calls on the new neighbor when she moves into the same block. Holly street with the small, poor houses, in which the Bennetts lived was well-nigh a reproach to mention in the good society of Brentford.

The next morning she turned back as she was starting out. "Mother!" she called. "They are painting the vacant house!"

"Why so they are! I guess we're going to have neighbors!"

Workmen went in and out, and a man was preparing the ground for a small garden.

"Ah ha!" cried Florence. "Now Lady Grey will have to go into retirement, or lose her neck."

"I'll watch her," protested Mrs. Bennett.

"Well, I don't want your job," laughed the girl as she swung off to the office.

That evening a tale of woe awaited her.

"Oh, Florence! Such a dreadful woman has moved in! Just a common Irish creature with a thick brogue!"

"I told you your own wouldn't come to you by way of Holly street!"

Her mother being in the joking mood, went on: "She spoke to me—well it was insulting!"

"I foresee Lady Grey made the first call."

"Yes, I thought I had stopped up that hole in the runway, but she got through, and the way that woman went for me. I don't know what we're going to do."

Two or three days after this, as Florence was taking a survey of their small grassy plot with it's hardy annuals and shrubbery, a female voice hailed her over the fence. She turned and saw the owner gazing at her.

"Say, miss," she called, "I'd loike ye to look afther that hen o' yours, or as thru' as I'm talkin' I'll look afther her meself. Here's the row of phlox all mixed up wid the 'sturtions, an' the sticks layin' galley west. It's enough to be thryin' the patience o' a holy saint, so it is!"

Florence heard a door open on the other side of the fence.

"Yes," she agreed. "I should think it would be. Mother thought she had fastened in Lady Grey. I'm very sorry. Did she get over there again?"

"Whether t'was Lady Grey or Lady White, she's a divil of a hen, an' if she comes over again, I'll—"

Here the torrent of words came suddenly to a stop with a masculine voice breaking in: "Margaret! Margaret! what is the matter?"

"Well if yer wantin' a garden just ye thry havin' it wid a hen!"

"But the lady has said she was sorry."

"Yes indeed," said Florence, "and I promise you you shall not be annoyed any more."

Here a rather good-looking young man emerged from obscurity. More explanations followed, and the militant Irish lady went into the house. When Florence related the incident to her mother, the latter rejoined:

"I suppose she's taking boarders, and it'll be noisy and unpleasant with men running in and out."

"I shouldn't suppose anything but day laborers would be likely to board in Holly street. But maybe he's a clerk on a small salary—still he spoke like a gentleman."

"A clerk can be a gentleman," added her mother.

"Yes," said the girl doubtfully. "He can be."

It was really quite astonishing, the way in which the acquaintance over the fence progressed, till one day Mrs. Bennett invited him in.

"This place must look very dingy to you after your shining new paint in there," she said to him.

"No," he said, "it looks very cozy, very homey." He took in the ample library table, the shaded lamp, the books, and the good pictures on the walls. "It looks very much as I thought it would."

"We've asked time and again to have this room papered and painted, but that miserable old skinflint of an owner won't do it. It seems he had to next door."

"Did you ever see the owner?" he asked.

"No, I don't even know his name. The agent said he wouldn't."

"I think he will," said the young man.

"Mr. Royal! But how do you know?"

"Well, you see, I work for him in the silk factory."

"Does he own that too? Well, he's worse than a skinflint!"

"No, he's a decent fellow, if he is a millionaire. It's the agent who's to blame."

The speedy way in which the cottage was overhauled, and everything done just as Florence and her mother wished convinced them that young Mr. Royal must have some "pull."

The love route is sometimes subject to fluctuations, but this one seemed to progress steadily. One day he put the important question:

"I'm getting only twenty-five a week now, but I'm promised a raise. Would

She Turned and Saw the Owner Gazing at Her.

you be willing to live on that?" he asked.

"I've got to think of mother," she answered. "If you'd let me go on with my typewriting—"

"No, no," he demurred. "I want to be mothered a little, and I want to take care of you both. I don't want you to work in an office."

"I must say for a poor man, you have some foolish pride," she pouted. Then the next minute: "I don't care if it's only twenty, we'll manage."

When Mr. Royal again found his voice he announced that he would bring his father to call.

The old gentleman scrutinized his future daughter-in-law so searchingly she began to feel uncomfortable.

"Miss Bennett," he said, "I feel it is my duty to inform you that this young man has been telling you a perfect tissue of falsehoods."

"Father!" interposed the young man glancing at the surprised face of the girl going white with the shock of the revelation.

"It's true he is getting twenty-five a week, but as to a raise—"

"If that's all," she cried, "I don't care. We can live on it. If there's nothing against Mr. Royal's character—"

"'Mr. Royal,' " sniffed the old man. "You rascal! you didn't even give your right name."

"What?" she gasped.

"Now never mind, Miss Bennett! It was just a part of his Quixotic game. He wanted to see if you really cared for him. You're the right sort. I shall be very proud to have you for a daughter. I tried out Jack to see what he was made of. Now, I'm going to make him superintendent."

"Superintendent!" she echoed incredulously.

"Yes, you see I'm the owner, and the old skinflint who owns these houses. All I have will be the boy's. Just now I want him to take a vacation—for a honeymoon—and I want it to begin right away. Come here, and kiss your father!"

Florence somewhat dazedly complied. Then she glanced at her mother who had taken the old gentleman's outstretched hand, and she knew her own had come to her.

Growth of Orange Industry.

The first Washington naval orange tree was imported to the United States from Brazil in 1873 and planted in California. From this beginning has developed the enormous California orange industry, which in 1916 returned orange growers more than $40,000,000. More than $200,000,000 are invested in the citrus property of that state. At the present time 205,000 acres of citrus are in bearing in California and 64,000 acres will add their yield within a period of four years.

When the Mikado's Cold.

The Japanese do not sleep on European beds, but on many thick, soft puffs piled one on top of each other upon the floor. For bed covering they use more of the same kinds of puffs. It is said that the Japanese emperor has 200 such puffs. One of those which cover him is made in the shape of a kimono and has a velvet collar. Probably he creeps inside of this if he feels cold in the night.

Brookfield, Vt., enjoys the distinction of possessing the first library organized in the state.

THE SEVEN AGES OF A CONGRESSMAN

By JOHN A. CORWIN,
Member Gridiron Club, Washington, D. C.

The Gridiron club of Washington, D. C., is composed of the Washington correspondents of the big American newspapers and newspaper organizations. Twice each year they give elaborate dinners at which a very large number of the prominent men of the nation are the guests of members of the club. Included in these guests are the president and vice president, members of the cabinet and the Supreme court, diplomatic representatives of foreign governments, many senators and congressmen, prominent army and navy officers and others from all parts of the country who are prominent in financial, industrial, commercial and professional lines. These dinners are numbered among the "real" events of the winter season at the national capital, and invitation to one of them is highly prized. The members of the club provide an entertainment of jests and jokes and caricatures, many of which are at the expense of prominent guests, but all of which are taken in the spirit in which they are offered, and are never intended to be offensive. A rule of the club prevents the printing of anything any guest may say at one of these dinners, but it is permissible to print anything any member of the club may say or do as a part of the program provided by the club. One of the many appreciated features of the program of the last dinner was the following poem prepared and recited by Mr. John A. Corwin, entitled, "The Seven Ages of a Congressman." It will be appreciated by every reader of this paper, as it was by every guest at the dinner:

ALL the world of politic's a stage,
And all the men therein are merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,
The chief contestant in the baby show
At county fair. Then country school teacher,
In winter term at fifteen plunks per month
And boarding round; with Blackstone under arm,
Dog-eared, well thumbed, and frowsy morning face,
Creeping like snail unwillingly to school.
Whereat he flogs unmercifully the boys
And kisses the more comely bigger girls
To's heart's content.

AND then, scant twenty-three,
A licensed member of the county bar,
Prosecuting attorney by the people's choice,
A standing menace and a holy terror
To horse and chicken thieves; the mortal foe
Of those who sell intoxicants or sack
In violation of the law; his stipend being
Two hundred bucks a year, and fees derived
From fines imposed on the unfortunate;
And many are the fines he doth contrive
To have imposed, and swiftly doth collect
On penalty of jail.

BEHOLD him now
At twenty-six part owner of the sheet
That issues weekly in his native town,
Hub-deep in politics, sudden in quarrel,
Boosting the bubble reputation of the burg
In season and in out; teacher of Bible class,
An officer of Epworth and Chautauqua Leagues,
President of county fair, and orator
At all old settlers' picnics; mayor of the town,
No salary attached, but great emoluments
In increased practice; and his business grows
And eke doth flourish like a green bay horse.

AT thirty-five
He's in the Senate of his native State
And president pro tem thereof; chairman
Of the Judiciary, with membership upon
Committees such as Railroads, Agriculture,
Municipal corporations, License, Education,
And of the little select committee of seven
Which meets in quiet every Tuesday night
To try the rights of property; twenty-five-cent chips,
With every pot a jack, rudels round fours,
And consolation purse of dollar ante
To finish all.

THE sixth age shifts
Not into lean and slippered pantaloon
But into Congress in a long-tailed coat
Our hero finds himself the chairman now
Of Ventilation and Acoustics, and his clerk,
At $5 per day, is son of manager
Who swings his district; his daughter, son,
Perchance his wife, his private secretary;
With stationery and mileage well conserved,
He lives within his means term after term:
Fills in Chautauquas at $100 per,
The morals of the District of Columbia regulates,
And moves from stuffy flat to roomy house;
And so he plays his part.

LAST scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Behold the Senator, with eye severe,
In fair round belly with good canvasback
And Cuvee Brut well lined—Now getting his;
Living upon a fashionable street
In gorgeous palace, with big limousine.
While he retains back home a modest house
For voting purposes; a few productive farms
In native county, and a block of stock
In National Bank, a traction line or two,
A safe deposit box with bonds well stuffed;
He holds the world by its constructive tail.

His appetite both keen and amply satisfied;
Full joyously he cometh to the Gridiron feast
And stoweth away his share of terrapin
Sans care, sans hate, sans grouch, sans everything.

Eliminate.

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS.

One of the greatest gifts of use in the bringing on of success is the ability to Eliminate.

The ability to Eliminate every thought, habit, action that does not contribute and construct toward some useful purpose.

Carry no Dead Wood.

The soldier entering upon his long campaign straps to his back nothing but the lightest equipment—yet he carries everything necessary and every article figures 100 per cent Efficient.

Carry no Dead Wood.

Why fume and fret and fuss over little annoyances? They are not worth it. Eliminate them. Then step ahead and you will be surprised at your increased agility through lighter equipment.

Carry no Dead Wood.

Here are a few things to Eliminate today—Time Wasting, Bitter Words, Worry over things that never happen, useless spending of Money, the memory of Unintentional Mistakes.

Carry no Dead Wood.

Buying at Home.

A surgeon in a Western town, engaged to perform an operation of minor character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient, asked him if he were willing to have only a local anesthetic. "Sure," replied the other, "I believe in patronizing home industry whenever you can."

Plainly Not.

New York judge rules wives may frisk their sleeping husband's trousers, if the husband fails to turn over a fair portion of his weekly wage. And then they say this is man's world.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mother's Cook Book

Let us question the thinkers and doers,
And hear what they honestly say,
And you'll find they believe, like bold wooers
In—"where there's a will, there's a way."

The Delicious Pineapple.

Delightful dishes of pineapple may be enjoyed the year around as the canned variety is always available and lends itself to many combinations. A pretty salad just now, when cress is at its best, is this: Make a nest of crisp green cress, lay on each a ring of pineapple and in the center place a small ball of seasoned cream cheese. Serve with French dressing. The combination of pineapple, orange, banana and mashmallows all cut in small pieces and served with a boiled dressing, using two tablespoonfuls of the dressing to half a cupful of slightly sweetened whipped cream, makes a most pleasing salad.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream.

Scald a pint of milk, add three egg yolks mixed with half a cupful of sugar, cook until it thickens, add a quarter of a box of gelatin soaked in one-quarter of a cupful of water. When dissolved strain and cool, then add half a can of shredded pinapple and a half pint of cream whipped. Turn into a mold and chill by placing the mold in a pan of crushed ice. When ready to serve turn out on a plate and garnish with pieces of preserved pineapple.

As a filling for cake, finely chopped and mixed with either boiled frosting or with sweetened whipped cream, pineapple is a most enjoyable combination. Waffles served with a pineapple sirup thick with the fruit is a most delicious dish, worthy of any occasion.

Pineapple Bomb Glace.

Line an ice cream mold one-half inch thick with ice cream, fill the center with sweetened chopped pineapple to which has been added to juice of a lemon. Cover with ice cream, pack in ice and salt after covering with oiled paper before putting on the lid.

Harlequin Cup.

Place shredded pineapple in sherbet cups, then a layer of chopped almonds that have been blanched, and a few quartered marshmallows. Place a spoonful of sweetened whipped cream and a maraschino cherry on top.

Nellie Maxwell

A foot-power can opener for restaurants cuts the entire top from a can as a pedal is pressed.

The Cat a Birdcatcher in Ancient Times

By E. H. FORBUSH.

The ancients recognized the cat as a destroyer of birds. If we may judge from pictorial representations on the buildings, tombs and monuments of the ancient Egyptians, the principal early use made of the animal was as a killer and retriever of birds. To the ancient Egyptians, birds (except the sacred ibis and the hawk) meant just so much meat. Apparently these people were able to utilize the bird catch-

The Cat as a Bird Killer.
(From an ancient Egyptian painting at Thebes.

ing propensities of the cat, and to train her even to enter the water and catch or retrieve waterfowl.

In the Egyptian gallery of the British museum there is a painting of a man in a boat engaged in throwing a crooked instrument like a boomerang at a flock of birds, and on the same tablet a cat much like our common striped tabby, (the word tabby does not refer to the sex of the cat but to its markings, which resemble those on watered silk) but with longer legs and tail, is represented as seizing a duck by one wing, while she has a short-tailed bird like a quail and another apparently a songbird, under her feet. In such situations puss often appears on the monuments of the middle empire, but so far as I can learn she is not represented as catching mice or rats. Diodorus tells of a mountain in Numidia inhabited by a "commonwealth" of cats, so that no bird ever ventured to nest in its woods. No remains of cats were found in Pompeii or Herculaneum, but in the museum at Naples are some mosaics that came from Pompeii which show that cats were known there, as they are represented as attacking or killing birds.

A writer who lived from 527 to 565, in the reign of Justinian, has left two epigrams in which he scores a cat for tearing off the head of a tame partridge. A celebrated ancient poem bewailing the cat's destructive proclivities is the "Anathema Maranatha," by John Skelton, in the "Boke of Phylyp Sparrowe," in which he calls down upon the whole race of cats the vengeance of the gods, mankind and the monsters of all creation in punishment for the killing of a pet bird. The poem begins:

That vengeance I aske and crye
By way of exclamacyon,
On all the whole nacyon
Of cattes, wild and tame.
God send them sorrowe and shame
That cat especyally
That slew so cruelly
My lytell pretty sparrowe
That I bought up at Carowe.

He devotes this cruel "catte" to the tender mercies of the lions, leopards, "dragones," the formidable "mantycory of the mountaynes," and hopes that "the greedy gripes might tare out all thy trypes," and so on. The little bird's mistress also joins in the denunciation. She wails:

Those vylanous false cattes
Were made for myse and rattes,
And not for byrdes smalle.

Power of a Kiss.

A kiss restored his power of speech to a soldier. Private Davis has fought at Loos, where he lost his speech and hearing by shell shock. Recently he and a number of friends were together in Aberdeen, when a young lady, who knew his story, and had heard of wonderful cures effected by pleasant surprises, called to him and said: "Give me a kiss, and you will speak again." Thereupon she planted a kiss upon his cheek, her action causing roars of laughter among the company. Davis joined in, and, to the amazement of everybody turned to a friend and said clearly: "Corporal, good evening. How are you?" Davis can now speak fairly well, and there is every reason to hope the cure will be complete.

Good Advice.

"The doctor says he will let me know in a week whether I am going to live or not." "And what does he expect you to do in the meantime?" "He told me to take a complete rest and above all not to worry about anything."—Life.

AROUND THE WORLD

The Norwegian Bible society is celebrating its one-hundredth anniversary.

The "Song of the Bell," Schiller's best-known poem, came to him as he was inspecting a bell factory.

The assertion that the birds of South Africa are not song birds has been disproved.

The Woman's Co-operative guild of England, which has been in existence 30 years, has 30,000 members.

Now that European production has been shut off, Nebraska leads the world in the potash industry.

The needle of the compass does not point true north. The north magnetic pole does not coincide with the North pole.

The original spelling of Mississippi was Meche-sebe, which, in the Algonquin Indian language, means father of waters.

The queen of Holland supplies from her dairy, near the palace at Het Loo, a large proportion of the milk consumed by buyers in Amsterdam.

Wages of miners in Nova Scotia have increased by approximately 25 per cent since November 1, 1916. War bonuses have also been granted.

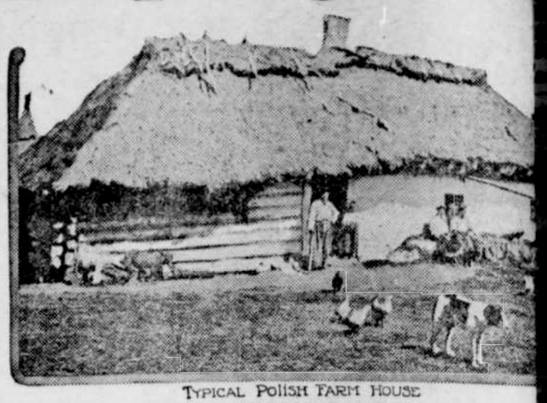
Harold K. Goodrich of Benson, Vt., recently killed in one tree five coons, whose combined weight was 60 pounds.

John Curtis, a dog, holds a card in the village library at Norfolk, Conn. John exchanges books at the library for his owner, Capt. Philip Curtis.

How to Save Night Thoughts.

A memorandum book or tablet, which is at hand during the day for the reception of the ideas of literary people and other brilliant folk, is not generally available at the bedside, and many good thoughts are lost by the failure of the author to get out and make a note of it. An electrically lighted memorandum pad is for this man. One end is supplied with a hood, under which is a tiny electric lamp and the battery to supply the current. Contract is made by pressing a slide at the end of the cylinder, and the hood shields the eyes from the light and throws the rays down upon the paper sheet.

Poland of Today



TYPICAL POLISH FARM HOUSE

"NIECH bendzie pochevalowy Jesus Chrystus"—(Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ).

"Na wieki wiekow" (for ages and ages). Thus one Polish peasant greets another, as his ancestors have done for centuries, writes Nevin O. Winter in the Christian Herald. This quaint salutation is heard everywhere in the Polish section of Austria, Germany and Russia, the peasant always removing his hat in a truly gracious way as he thus greets a noble or a stranger. It is one of the surface indications of the deep religious instinct that seems to be inborn with the Slavic races, and that is found among both Russians and Poles. Devotion to the church of their choice reaches a degree for which it is difficult to find analogies in the new world.

The events now taking place in Europe may result in a realignment of Poland, if not in a re-establishment of her national sovereignty. Independence in a limited degree has been promised by both Russia and Germany. Whatever may be the outcome of the titanic struggle now taking place, the allegiance of at least a part of the Poles is very likely to be transferred to another overlord if the dream of another Poland, so long cherished in the Polish breast, fail of realization. Our sympathies must go out to these downtrodden people, who are so proud of their own ideals. It is only in the Austrian province of Galicia, where so much fighting has taken place, that the Poles have been allowed to breathe freely, speak their own language without fear, and openly educate their children in their beloved tongue. Polish peasants do not shine intellectually, since there has been little opportunity to develop the intellect. But, for that matter, what peasant does? The most of them are not even able to read or write.

Superior to Russian Brother.

As a consequence, the Polish peasant impresses one as being rather slow in both thought and action. But he is not so slow as the Russian peasant, and he has more independence of thought and action than his Slavic brother. This quality sometimes approaches unruliness, a characteristic that, at times, has led Poles into conflict with authorities in the United States, as well as with their own clerical authorities. It has also resulted in the formation of a number of independent Polish Catholic churches on this side of the Atlantic.

The Polish peasant is essentially a tiller of the soil. This has been his occupation during all the preceding generations, and it still continues to be the height of his ambition. His talk is of agriculture, and most of his joys are connected with the different seasons. Most of his food is raised in his own garden or fields. Potatoes are a great staple, and cabbages are almost as important. Beans, corn and beets add to the larder. Cabbages are much used in making the thick soups so well liked, and a soup is also made of red beets. In summer his costume is simple, consisting only of thin shirt and trousers; but in winter a padded sheepskin coat, with the wool turned inside, is added. To the bare feet are added coarse boots, and to the bare head a hat.

"Do the women do the work of section hands here?" I asked of a fellow traveler as our train was approaching Lemberg, which has been the objective of contending forces so frequently.

Women Inured to Hard Labor.

"Yes," he answered, "and they do it exceedingly well." It was only another evidence that the lot of the Polish woman is especially hard. This is noticeable throughout all the Polish provinces of the three dominant countries. They do more than their full share of the family work. The Polish woman of the lower classes has not yet emerged from the physical and mental slavery of former ages. Sometimes one will see more women in the field than men, and a kaleidoscopic effect is then visible. Blue, green, gold, and silver are mingled in combinations. They pin up the skirt, which leaves a bright [illegible] exposed to view.

At Cracow I have seen these [illegible] carry mortar for the masons [illegible]terers, where new buildings [illegible]ing erected. They were spr[illegible] the flower-beds in the parks, a[illegible] doing the work as well [illegible] masculine overseer could ha[illegible] it himself. They can ha[illegible]per or paint a house. Along roads women would be seen [illegible] heavy bundles, or pushing [illegible] wheelbarrows. Everywhere [illegible] doing work that involves cons[illegible] physical strength. Hence it [illegible] many of these Polish women l[illegible]gard and old even before th[illegible] passed the third decade of lif[illegible] is more true than ever at the [illegible] time, for the men are in the [illegible] frequently fighting each other, [illegible] they cannot help themselves. [illegible] wonder that a girl naturally a[illegible] soon grows old and haggard [illegible] work with little pleasure, and [illegible] of a family, which is generall[illegible] must inevitably leave their n[illegible]fore many years.

Picturesque Marriage Cerem[illegible]

The marriage day is the on[illegible] spot in the girl's life, since it [illegible] the occasion for festivities, [illegible] ceremony itself is very pict[illegible] There is music by the peasa[illegible]clans, who play their livelies[illegible] The whole village turns out [illegible] occasions. Joy and jollity r[illegible]preme for the day.

The old Polish costumes h[illegible] appeared in Russia, but di[illegible] costumes are still worn. Red, [illegible]low, with alternating green st[illegible] most common. The men wea[illegible] trousers made of the same ma[illegible] the skirts of the women. In [illegible]trict, west of Warsaw, every [illegible] seemed to wear this costume [illegible] were working in the fields, [illegible] walking or driving along the h[illegible] The children looked like little [illegible] fathers or grandmothers, being [illegible] in exactly the same styles [illegible] elders. The peasants dwell [illegible] quaint villages which are s[illegible] everywhere throughout Polan[illegible] villages of Galicia are espec[illegible]teresting on Sundays and h[illegible] when the national costum[illegible] donned. The cottages are g[illegible] made of stone or boards plaster[illegible] and are then covered with a [illegible] whitewash. The straw roof [illegible]quently crowned with green[illegible] moss which adds to its picture[illegible]pearance, if not to its health[illegible] Water is drawn from the we[illegible] long pole balanced near the [illegible] These wells have a decided o[illegible] appearance. The interior of [illegible]tages is usually divided into tw[illegible] In one room the entire family [illegible] and sleep; in the other, in mor[illegible] harmonious contentment, dw[illegible] cows, pigs, chickens and ge[illegible] household would be complete [illegible] a number of geese. Around [illegible]tages a number of children [illegible] to be seen playing. A doze[illegible] or 30 of such cottages, each s[illegible] only by a small yard, make u[illegible]lage. If there is a marriageabl[illegible]ter in the house, the lintel of [illegible] and the window surroundings a[illegible]mented with little irregular[illegible] which is a notice to marr[illegible] young men.

Oldest of Brazilian Citi[illegible]

Bahia, once the capital of [illegible] is still in many ways the cente[illegible] and religion in that lar[illegible] South American republics. S[illegible] oldest of Brazilian cities and [illegible] her present inhabitants who [illegible]scended from a long line of [illegible] of the place—as many of the [illegible] look down on Rio and Sao Pau[illegible] starts and parvenus among m[illegible]ties.

Bird Life in Alaska.

Persons with a fancy for ornithology may be interested in the fact that Alaska has few birds in winter aside from grouse and the innumerable flocks of ptarmigan to be found throughout the territory. These latter are numerous at all seasons, but are to be found only at high altitudes in summer. Geese are to be seen by the million from late June to October, but seldom later. Ducks are fully as plentiful, but with the coming of fall they also migrate South. For some reason an occasional duck winters in Alaska, but a goose never. Most of the birds which nest north of the circle spend the rest of the year in South America, some, like the Alaska nighthawk, going so far as the Argentine, while the tern is not satisfied until he reaches the Antarctic regions. This means that most Alaskan birds travel annually, coming and going, from 14,000 to 20,000 miles, not counting the distance covered in side trips for food and other purposes while on the way. From the middle of May until the first of July the birds return to Alaska in countless myriads, those which travel both day and night arriving fl[illegible] the observers of union hours [illegible] exclusively on either day [illegible] shifts, come straggling in a f[illegible] later.

His Choice.

"Old man, you are too [illegible] money matters. Your friend[illegible] ginning to classify you as [illegible] wad."

"What does it matter? I [illegible] be classified as a tightwa[illegible] good thing."

Musk Loses Weight.

Charles Bazzoni, a French [illegible] demonstrates that a grain [illegible] loses weight until it ceases [illegible] its odor, after which its w[illegible] mains the same. This pe[illegible] perfume is caused by volatil[illegible] given off by the odoriferous [illegible]

The Big Eater.

He (despondingly)—"My [illegible] really must economize. Now, [illegible] we get along without?" She—[illegible] don't know, Frank, unless it's [illegible] petite."