Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—

Ust to cry for Christmas, like a youngster will, Fourth o' July nothin' to it!-New Year's ain't a Easter Sunday-Circus-day-jes' all dead in the

shell! Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around and hear

The old folks work the story off about the sledge and deer. And "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapped up in fur and fuzz-

Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy Claus" wuz Ust to wait, and set up late, a week or two ahead; Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to

Kittle stewin' on the fire and mother settin' here Darnin' socks and rockin' in the skreeky rockin' Pap'd gap', and wunder where it was the money

And quar'l with his frosted heels, and spill his liniment,

And me a-dreamin' sleigh bells when the clock 'ud whirr and buzz Long afore

I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz!

Size the fireplace up, and figger how "ON Santy" could Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said

he would: Wisht that I could hide and see him-wundered what he'd say

Ef he ketched a feller layin' fer him thataway! But I bet on him, and liked him, same as if he had Turned to pat me on the back and say: "Look

here, my lad, Here's my pack-jes' he'p yourse'f, like all good hoys does!" Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy Claus" wuz! Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared

to be-Truth made out o' lies like that un's good enough

Wisht I still was so confidin' I could jes' go wild Over hangin' up my stockin's like the little child Climbin' in my lap to-night, and beggin' me to tell Bout them reindeers, and "Old Santy" that she loves so well-

Long afore

She knows who -By James Whitcomb Riley.

"MINERVY"

Yuletide In The Far Northwest.

Minervy! Minervy! Yuh got them calves | day before Christmas.

"No'm-not vet-" I'd be ashamed to go puttin' things off so, an' a-curlin' my hair to a crisp with a redwhile you're a doin' it. I'd laff if I early torches in their hollowed palms. couldn't curl my hair evener 'n that, an' couldn't curl my hair evener 'n that, an' expectin' a beau to come an' spend Christ-

mas! Take an' give me them tongs." Minerva handed her mother the curlingiron with a sigh of mingled relief and exhaustion. She was a slim, sallow-complexioned girl, with large, irregular features. She had a little weak stoop which made her shoulder blades stand out sharply. Her eyes, alone, were beautiful; they were large and brown, with golden glints in their velvet depths. They were wholly out of harmony with her sickly face and poor figure.

Her mother gave her head a sharp push and it dropped forward in limp obedience

"There! said her mother in the vigorous tone with which she would have said, "So!" to a cow. "Bend the back of your neck out so's I can git the tongs around this lock."

The girl stretched her neck further in a futile attempt to perform this impossible

"Oh, my, there! Don't stick your neck out that way or your head'll roll off in the cellar," exclaimed her mother, with a sigh of impatience. "Yuh never can do things like other girls. There's Lily Belle Mc-Namara now-why can't yuh pattern after her a little? Her hair's always curled jest as pretty at the back o' her head 's on the forehead. She don't stick out her shoulder blades the way you do yours, either. It makes a body feel offul to see yuh stooped over so! Lily Belle McNamara holds herself up like an arrer; everybody looks when she goes up the aisle at meetin'. She always looks jest as neat as a new tin pan, too. I saw her once jest after she'd wed out a big redish-bed, an' My-O! She didn't have a speck o' dirt on her. Look-ee! there goes the minister all primped up in his best, with his chin clean shaved! I bet he's a-goin' down to see the Widow Peters. I bet."

Mrs. Bunt gave the iron a jerk, releasing a small, bobby curl on the back of Minerva's bended neck. Two strides took her to the window. She pulled the green shade cautionsly aside and peered out. Her skin wrinkled up around her narrowed

'Yes, sir-ee!" she announced, triumphantly, a moment later. "If he ain't you may shoot me! Turned right down the wonder Lily Belle McNamara ain't set her Northeast Diagonal, as bold as brass, without so much as lookin' around to see if anybody seen him. He must be pushed. His wife ain't dead a year—an' him with his chin shaved up that way! I bet the mournin' band's off 'o his hat a ready. I reckon that's where he's a-goin' to dinner to-morrow. I ast him here, an' he said he had an invite ahead o' me. She must of ast him the minute he got back from his wife's funeral! I see her 'n the Rialty in Seattle, the other day a buyin' a lavender

"I'd like to have a lavender dress," spoke up Minerva, suddenly, with a little

'A-lavender-dress! Fer pity sake! What do yuh want of a lavender dress,

complected like you?"
"I don't see why not."

"Yuh don't see why not, aigh? W'y, you'd look like sole-leather." There was a silence. Another little bobby curl nestled beside the first on Minerva's neck. Presently, she said, (and there was

a break in her thin voice) as of tears:

"What do you think I'd look best in then, "W'y I do' know." She reflected with thoughtful eyes. "Let's see." She burst bird's claw.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE FOOT BALL TEAM OF 1898.



Penrose, L. T. Newton, Coach. Cure, F. B. F. F. Miller, R. T. Hewitt, R. H. Heckel, Q. B. D. K. Miller, L. H. Curtin, L. H. Platt, R. H. Maxwell, L. H. Blair, R. E. SCHOLL, R. G. Capt. Murray, C. Randolph, L. C. Ruble, L. E. Hayes, R. H. T. H. Miller, L. T.

out laughing suddenly in comfortable mirth. "If yuh want fax, Minervy, I do' know 's there's any best to yuh. The mirth. Lord didn't do overly much fer vuh in the

way o' looks. Lily Belle McNa—''
"I guess, if you're done curlin' up my
hair ma, I'll take an' get the calves up,'' said Minerva. There was a hurt look on l her face.

"All right. It's high time. Wastin' your time so, a-curlin' your hair! Lilly

Minerva slipped out of the room and closed the door. She coughed as she went. The Bunt ranch was on one of the large islands of Puget Sound. The boats came up through a long blue arm that almost divided the island. It was a beautiful thing to see—their coming in; the white line of I'm half sorry for this little girl sweetheart of smoke winding around the firred crests of the smaller islands, and later the glistening curves of the boats themselves, as they "Santy Claus" is! came throbbing up the narrow water-avenue, floored with blue and ceiled with blue and walled with sombre green. Here and there rich fruit and vegetable farms sloped down to the water from their dark forest background. They were green with clover and fall sown wheat, although it was the

Minerva threw a shawl over her head to face. protect her new curls from the ravages of the "Well, clear out. High time. It's salt wind, and ran down the narrow path to the pasture. There had been no heavy frosts yet, and the young brakes were bravely putting up their curved heads, hot iron! Primp? My-O! what's the use pushing the moist earth into little cones in primpin' so? If Doug Hodges comes around them. The willows were hanging home with your paw to spend Christmas out their silver tassels; the wild eglantine he'll be apt to find out your hair don't curl of itself. Mercy, child! Yuh didn't cabbage had spread anew its broad leaves, git a good curl on that one at the back o' from whose velvet depths would later on your neck. Yuh might as well do't right reach beautiful golden hands bearing pale,

> slowly by invisible hands across the west. Minerva stooped by a sheltered bank and plucked a handful of "spring beauties."
> "Poor, little pale things," she said. "They've come too early; the frost or the

cold rain'll kill 'em sure.' She pinned them on her flat breast and went on. She let down the bars and the calves came leaping through from the pastine worf?" calves came leaping through from the pasture. She stood for a few moments looking down the blue arm with a soft light in her eyes. Then a faint trail of smoke drifted slowly into view. She started from her leaning posture and a rich glow burned

She put up the bars with trembling hands and hastened home; little bammers were pounding away like mad in her tem-

It was a full hour before the boat glided in to the Bunt pier-which had been most fearfully and wonderfully fashioned out of

Minerva was assisting in the preparation of the supper. "Has he come with your pa?" asked her mother, entering the kitchen suddenly; for

those two there was only one "he earth. "I do' know," said Minerva, fumbling about aimlessly. "I ain't looked."

"Yuh ain't looked, aigh? It's a pity yuh ain't looked! Why, what ails yuh Yula go around as if yuh was a-steppin' on eggs. What makes yuh ac' the dunce so? It ain't the first time he's come, by a jug-Goose-head! "D'yuh want this here apple-butter for

supper, ma?" "Yes, I want that apple-butter for sup-per—if he's come. Why don't choo look

out an' see if he's come?" "I can't," said poor Minerva, faintly.
"I'm so afraid he ain't come. You look,

"If he ain't come," said Mrs. Bunt, derisively, setting herself broadly before the "I reckon yuh'll have the creepwindow; in' paralysis come on an' stay on till he does come. He's all fixed up. He's finer lookin' 'n ever. There ain't a young man on the sound got a better pair o' legs cap at him, seein's he's been teachin's school so clost to her pa's. Not that it 'u'd do her any good. He never'd dare throw off on yuh, after his mother an' me

fixed it all up of ourselves." "Well, I'd dare-if he wanted Lily Belle McNamara, or Lily Belle Anything else," said Minerva, with a quick, unex-

pected flash in her eyes.
"Yuh needn't to explode so. They're right here 't the house. All is," she added, with a stern look as she went to the door. "I sh'u'd jest like to see him try to throw off on yuh I'd show him pretty quick that he c'uldn't come it. pened the door. "Land o' Love an' Goshen! Yuh come, did yuh? It's a cure for sore eyes to see yuh. Doug Hodges. Come right in. Never mind your feet. Whose trunk was that come in on the boat with vuh?" 'How?"

"I say whose trunk was that come in on the boat with yuh? Yuh gone deef?"

"Trunk? I do' know."

"Well, come in. Here's Minervy, a-waitin' to see yuh." Minerva came forward, scarlet faced, and The young man's face reflected the scar-

"Well, Minervy," he said, "you gettin" supper?" 'Yes sir,' said Minerva, with quivering

politeness. He sat down and slid his chair to the window with a squeak. "It's a goin to be a nice Christmas. "It is so."

"It's lots warmer 'n usual."

"Yes—it is so."
There was a beautiful happiness now on Minerva's face, which had been so pale and anxious about the time the boat landed; but it was a happiness that had something pathetic in it.

The young man did not seem to be over burdened with joy. He looked embar-rassed and ill at ease. His weak blue eyes shifted away from Mrs. Bunt's steady ask-

Finally she said, dryly, as she took a sip of the boiling gravy to test its seasoning—"What's the matter of yuh, Doug?" He gave a jump.

'Matter? Nothin'. Why?" "You look so? Benn teachin' school over close to McNamara's ain't choo?" The red came back to his

"Hunh." There was a silence. Minerva was stepping around spryly. Now and then she ooked at him with shining eyes. The little curls were bobbing coquettishly on the back of her neck and on her brow. The remainder of her hair was twisted into a tight wisp. She wore a dull green, badly fitting dress, with funny bows of ribbon sewed all over it. Once the young man gave her a long searching look; then, with out the slightest change of countenance, he the hill. turned his eyes toward the boat just drawing away from the pier.

Mrs. Bunt poured the gravy into a bowl. of many colors, which were being turned scraping the pan dexterously with a tin spoon.

> 'Yuh know Lily Belle?" The young fellow cleared his throat.

'Ye'es'm.' "Supper's all ready. Set up. Pa! Oh, Why don't choo you come to supper? I don't see where that trunk's a-goin' to.

Minerva craned her long neck.

"Yes'm." Mrs. Bunt sighed helplessly. "It beats me. Well, set up before everything gets cold. Oh, my land! I bet it's the Widow Peters's noo outfit! It just struck me all of a sudden."

"I heard yesterday that her 'n the minister was a-goin to git married," said Mr. Bunt.

"I bet." After supper Mr. Bunt went out to the barn to "fodder" the cattle. The guest arose to accompany him, but Mrs. Bunt pointed with a large, crooked finger to the sitting room. "You go in an' set down. I'll come in an' talk to yuh while Minervy

reds up the dishes." He went in with an unwilling air and got to say 'Merry Christmas!' sat down by the big fireplace. Mrs. Bunt closed the door and pulled her chair up close to him.

There was a clatter of dishes. Minerva lifted up her weak, cracked voice and commenced to sing:

"Last night there were four Marys, To-night there'll be but three, There was Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton And Mary Carmichael—and me!"

"I wish she wouldn't sing that mournful thing so," said her mother. "It makes somethin' come up in my win'pipe. She seems to lean to mournful songs-graveyard I call 'em. She's turrable happy be-

cause yuh come to stay Christmas, Doug.' He stirred uneasily. "That so?"
"Yes, is's so. You're the only thing she's ever had to be happy over. Been stuck here on this island ever sence she was knee-high to a grass-hopper. If anything happened to you, I guess it 'u'd kill her-there ain't much to her with that cough o' her 'n. How old be yuh now?"

'Twenty-five.' "Hunh. Most time yuh was a-settlin" down, ain't it?" Young Hodges swallowed before he

spoke. He was very pale. He took up the poker and commenced stirring the red coals. "I expect so."

"Yuh've been engaged to Minervy now close onto four years. There was no reply. 'Ain't vuh?' "Yes'm

"Well, why don't yuh settle down?" Perspiration began to bead upon his brow. He realized that the awful ordeal, the mere anticipation of which has given sleepless nights to more than one young man, was upon him. He was being asked his intentions." 'I do't know," he said, helplessly.

do't know just why I don't, Miss Bunt."
"Well, yuh'd best think about it. Why don't yuh live on your ranch instid o' gaddin' to the other side o' the island to teach school? Yuh'd-make more." "Maybe I would."

"May bees don't fly 'n December. How's Lily Belle McNamara?" "She's well."

He punched the fire till the sparks sputshook hands limply. Her hand was like a tered up the chimney in a scarlet cloud

"She-she-she's a-comin' over here to- the same time. morrow." "Over where?"

"Here? Here? To our house?"

Ye-es'm. "What's she comin' here for?"

"To spend Christmas, I s'pose." "People don't go places to spend Christmas without an invite. There was an awful sternness in Mrs. Bunt's voice.

'Well, I-I give her an invite.' "Yuh did! Yuh ast her to come here to spend Christmas? What made yuh?" "I thought maybe you'd like to have

"Yuh thought maybe I'd like to have her, hunh?" Mrs. Bunt's tone was withering. "Well, when I want anybody, I've got enough gum'tion to ask 'em of myself. I ain't anybody's skim milk-an' my girl ain't neither.'

The door was opened hesitatingly and Minerva entered. "I guess I'm all through, ma." "Well," Mrs. Bunt got up slowly. "Go back an' put a stick o' wood in the stove."

As the door closed, she fronted the miserable-faced young man again. "Seein's you can't screw up courage to set the day, Doug," she said, with cheerful affability, "I'll help yuh out. We'll call it the first day o May; an if yuh don't walk up to the church with Minervy on that day, I'll take that big ranch o yourn

for breach o promise." Minerva came in again, and Mrs. Bunt retired with a parting injunction, 'Don't set up later'n 12, yuh gooseheads, you!" Miss Lily Belle McNamara arrived on the noon boat. Minerva and her mother stood at the window watching them climb

'She's got a noo hat,' announced Mrs. Bunt grimly.'

'It's offul pretty; got purple grapes on't. They're the latest style. She must of got it in Seattle.

Well, I wish yuh held your head up the way she does!' The glow went out of Minerva's face. 'She's got on a noo dress, too. I'll be switched if it ain't got velvet panels up the sides! There-lookee! what a straight up an down back she's got-no wonder she looks stylish.' She turned and gave a dissatisfied look at Minerva's shoulders. "Why can't choo hold yourself up? Stead of stoop! She wears her dresses mighty short.

She's got pretty ankles,' said poor Minerva, with a sigh that had no malice. There was sufficient woman in her to envy the ankles far more than the straight, up and down back.

She went to the door slowly. 'That choo, Lily Belle?' she said, with a struggle to be cordial. 'I'm reel glad yuh come. Why, Doug, you're offul red

in the face— I never see you so red before.'
'It's hot work climbin the hill,' said her mother, drily. 'It is so,' said Lily Belle, gaily. 'I'm ready to drop—so I guess I will.' She sunk, laughing, upon a chair. 'My, I for-

She sat in a beautiful glow of health and happiness, and Doug Hodges stood looking lown upon, gloating over her beauty. As he so stood, Minerva's eyes went to his face and dwelt there—at first with gentlest love, only; but later, with something else that sent the blood away from her

plain face. 'Well, don't set in the kitching,' said Mrs. Bunt. 'There's a fire in the settin room. Step right in.'

Lily Bell cast a glance at Minerva'a old low-backed organ as she passed. 'Oh, Minervy, can you play the 'Prize Banner Quickstep?'

'No; I wish I cud.' 'Well, I can-I've just learned it.'

"Minervy can play 'Angel Voices in the Night,' announced Mrs. Bunt, proud as a peacock. 'It's lots hard n 'The Prize Banner.' It's full of little grace notes. Yuh can't play it can yuh?'

'Oh, yes,' said Lily Belle pleasantly; 'I could play it three years ago.'
She sat down at the organ and commenced to play something light and merry. She played with spirit and grace, making the old instrument turn out jigs and horn pipes far beneath its dignity. Dong Hod-ges stood with his arms folded, observing her intently. Minerva stood with her back to the window; her eyes never moved from his face. He was very pale. She

breathed slowly and noiselessly; her lips were parted. Mrs. Bunt watched all three

Suddenly Minerva commenced coughing. Doug Hodges gave her a frowning lookone that asked with the impatience of a ten years' husband if she couldn't wait till 'Rochester Schottisch' was finished. She put her hand on her chest and, still coughing, slipped out of the room.

Her mother glanced after her for a moment; then she arose and followed her. The Christmas dinner was eaten solemnly at 3 o'clock. There was a thick soup, made of canned oysters, with little rings of butter floating on top; there were two big roasted chickens with sage dressing; a dome of mashed potatoes with a pool of melted butter in its sunken crater, stewed pumpkin, stewed corn, pickled peaches and beans, brown gravy, mince pie and trembling and glowing upon the table at raise it five."-

goin to take a walk.

Minerva served her guests faithfully; but she ate little herself. When the dishes had been washed and the floor swept Mrs. Bunt stood the broom up stiffly behind the kitchen door, while

Minerva hung the dishpan out on the porch and stretched the dishcloth smoothly over it. 'Now, Lily Belle,' said Mrs. Bunt, firmly, pulling down her sleeves, 'we'll go in the setting room. Dong an Minervy's a

'I'd just as soon go along with em, Mis

'Well, I guess they'd like to be alone a leetle while-on Christmas, to.' 'We'd just as soon have her along of us,' spoke up the young man boldly, with a

red face. 'Well she'll set here with me. That's settled. Yuh'n Minervy go on now. I'd laff if I'd have anybody tag me an my girl around all day, if I was a young man.

'Why, the idee!' fluttered Lily Belle.
'Well, I wud, I'd laff.' She passed near
linerva. 'The day's all set,' she said, in Minerva. a stern whisper. 'Has he told yuh? It's the first day of May.'

The girl's large eyes glowed out of her white face.

'Who set it?' 'I did.'

The sunset was drawing its long beautiful ribbons out of the beryl skies and coiling them so low in the west in splendid loops of color. A strong wind was ing up the arm, the waves pounded and

broke upon the rocks. Minerva walked silently by her lover's side. Once she shivered and drew her cape closer about her chest. Several times she

coughed. 'You've got a cold ain't choo?' said the young man at last, indifferently.

'No, only a cough.' He looked at her. 'You've got thinne n when I was here last.' 'It's been six months.' Her voice sounded hollow. There was a drawn look

about her mouth 'It has? So long? Why it didn't seem nore 'n a month. And he began to walk more slowly, while

she fell into his pace unconsciously, like an obedient dog. 'It seems like six years to me.'

words ought to have shaken his soul-there was such a heartbreak in them. 'It all depends on the way you spend your time. I s'pose,' he said. A smile

came upon his mouth; his eyes smiled too as in memory of something sweet.

The girl saw. Her breath came with a sound that was almost a sob. She stopped suddenly and faced him. All her passion, all her heartbreak, all her despair broke loose in that second and shook her so that she could not speak. But her eyes spoke.

Presently, she got control, of her voicepoor, shaken thing that it was. 'Why don't yuh speak up?' she said fiercely. 'Why don't yuh tell me?' 'Why don't I tell you what? He stared

at her stupidly, the smile slowly leaving 'That you're tired o'-o' bein engaged to The words must have hurt. She pressed both hands hard upon her throat, and coughed. 'Why don't you tell me

that you want her.'

He had the manhood to quail-and to insult her by no lie. But before he could speak her passion had burned itself out. Her face worked strongly and tears leaped to her eyes, stinging. 'Oh, Doug, Doug,' she said gently; 'I wudn't of had yuh for long anyhow. Then yuh cud of had her, an I'd of been happy a little while first. It wudn't of been more 'n a year-an she's so well and pretty, she cud of waited. But it's all right. Yuh go on an have her, an don't worry about me. I guess the worst part is

over now. One thing, dyin won't be haf so hard.' She sank down upon a rock and turned her face down the arm-not blue now, but dull gray, like the sky from which all color has gone. 'Yuh go on in an tell her. I guess I'll stay out here a while. He stood still. 'Your-that is-your ma---'

'Oh!' she said quickly. A quiver went across her face. 'I forgot her. Oh, poor ma!' She arose and stood irresolute.
Then she said, slowly—'I'll go in with yuh. We won't let her know till you'n and Lily Belle are gone. Then I'll tell her myself.

'It'll be all right,' she assured him, patiently. 'She don't cross me in anything -since I got to coughin' so.'

He turned back, then with his head up and a glow on his face--the happiest coward that ever breathed God's air. She went swaying along beside him. The wind tore her cape from her chest. coughed often. Her face as bleak as the sea; but her soul shone like a steadfast star out of her beautiful eyes.-Ella Hig-

Under the Covers.

qinson.

Wife (waking suddenly from sleep)-"Henry did you call?" Husband (who has been spending prefloating island and crabapple jelly-all vious evening with the boys)-"No. I'll The Mistletoe

Lore of the Little Plant 80 Popular at Christmas-

A most quaint and charming little plant to study is the mistletoe, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. It is an evergreen. We seldom see it, or hear much about it, save at Christmas time. The reason of this is that where it lives and thrives and grows, it blossoms in February and March, and the berries are ripe and the foliage is in all its glory, its best dress, in the fol-lowing December, when it is imported and used to decorate our homes and add to the holiday cheer.

This strange little plant is a native of most of the tropical parts of Europe. Half a dozen varieties grow in this country, but as they are not marked by the same peculiarities as their foreign relatives, they are called by a different name, though they all belong to the same family. Some varieties have very showy flowers.

The modest, though widely known, lit-tle shrub we call the mistletoe grows mostly, in Normandy, a border portion of France, upon the trees of the extensive apple orchards. In the cider districts it is looked upon as a great pest, for once established. it draws the sustenance as long as there is any life in its host. It is succulent when young, but becomes woody as it grows older. It often attaches itself, too, to the oak, and then is supposed by the peasants to possess magical power and to bestow

wonderful strength. The mistletoe does not grow in Ireland or Scotland or the north of England, and often there young apple trees with the queer little plant grafted and growing upon them are sold as a curiosity, a freak of nature to "turn an honest" (or dishonest)

penny." In olden times the mistletoe was called All-heal. The tree upon which it grew was believed to be chosen of God, was looked upon with veneration and awe, and the curious little plant was considered an antidote to all diseases. Even at the present day in Sweden all ailments are believed to be warded off by wearing a ring made of its wood.

The berries of the mistletoe are of a creamy white, about the size of small currants, and grow in clusters in the divisions of the little branches. The leaves are long, ovate, waxy, and of a delicate green, often almost yellow.

Birds are very fond of the berries, and by them the seeds are carried from place, to place and thus the plant is propagated. The berries contain a thick, vicious fluid; they burst open when ripe, and so they readily adhere to the trees and shrubs where they chance to fall. There they germinate and take root and draw their nourishment, not from the earth as other plants do, but from some other growth. So it is a parasite, not selfsupporting, but living on something else, and when the tree to which it is fastened dies, then the dependent little

thing dies also. There is an old tradition that asserts that long, long ago the mistletoe was a big tree nourished from mother earth as other trees are, and that the cross of our Saviour was made from the wood; but after the cruci-fixion it was fated to be, not a tree, not even a shrub, but a dependent-not even to draw its life direct from the ground itself but to live upon some other plant-

doomed to be always a parasite. The weird tales and fanciful stories of the poor little mistletoe have stirred young hearts and interested older ones by their mystical associations from far, far back in the long ago, when The mistletoe hung in the castle hall. The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.

Truly a quaint and queer little plant is the mistletoe

Time to Swear Off. He Saw the Walls Bulge Out and Thought His Jag

Was Becoming Terrible. The man with the bird cage was drunk. He knew what train he was going on and he knew enough to tell all the depot officials to see that he didn't get left. Otherwise he would have been transferred to the

nearby police station. He was having lots of innocent fun singing to his birds, two red birds which he called Tom and Jerry. They couldn't put him out for that. Passenger Director Sherwood kept an eye on him, however, and finally asked him to step into the other waiting room. There the crowd was smaller, owing to the drab canvass walls, which almost encircle the room since the

remodeling began. Tom and Jerry had an unsteady ride during the change of base, but no one else would be allowed to carry them. He had taken them with him on his rounds and never set them down once, so he said. It must have been a stormy voyage. On his breath could be read the numbers of every barrel house on North Main street. He reached a seat and gazed about his new quarters.

A guest of wind caused the canvas walls

"Guesh I musht be gettin' purty jagged,"

to sway in on all sides.

he remarked, his eyes growing wild. The canvas swayed back. "Gee! Wonder when my trainsh gone? I'm gettin' awful drunk. Every time the wall bulged his body swayed forward; when it drew outward he sank back in his efforts to keep an imagined perpendicular. He took his eyes off the wall and seemed to get steadier and sadder, looking at the floor. He was worried. He

had forgotten to sing. He decided to get aboard his train before things grew worse. He got on his feet and he walked fairly well toward the door, holding Tom and Jerry carefully. All would have been well if the canvas beside him had not at that moment bulged in with a strong guest of wind. Instinctively he leaned toward it to keep his balance. He clawed the air. Tom and Jerry were capsized and together man and birds went careening into the canvas.

When he extricated himself he pushed the soft drab cloth gently with his fingers and gazed at the expanse about him. "Shought 'twash a wall," said he, laughing at his mistake. "Didn't know zhay had a b'loon 'shension at the depot..

Whensh she go up?" Forest Preservation in Bohemia.

After the many centuries during which the forests of Bohemia have furnished fuel and building material for a dense population it is said that they retain nearly primeval area. This is due to the forethought of the government in ordaining that as trees are cut down others shall be planted to fill the vacancies. The wood is mostly pine. Trees are constantly being cut, but wherever a clearing is made small trees are planted the next spring. These new trees are raised from the seed in small enclosures scattered in the mountains, and are thence transplanted.

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