

**A HOME-WEEK SONG.**

My dear's a truant, faring  
Outside the city wall,  
Unseeing and unaring  
What grim task-makers call.

Trade's narrow alleys scoring,  
My truant heart goes free,  
And of a summer morning  
Seeks out the old roof-tree.

Oh! fear you not, I'll find them—  
The silent hills afar,  
The little house behind them  
Where all my treasures are.

Oh! fear you not, I'll follow  
The ancient sunny path  
That still, by knoll and hollow,  
The old allurement hath.

And in their precious holding,  
If only for a day  
My heart, its wings enfolding,  
Shall there contented stay.

—Frank Walcott Hunt.

**THE WINNING OF MILLECENT'S MOTHER.**

It was a still, warm, Sabbath morning in mid July. The oldest of Marley's Hill could not remember when the Ridge had suffered as it had this summer; for three weeks there had been no rain and the drought promised well to last another fortnight.

Escaping from the stuffy church, half an hour before the benediction, Seth Hardy caught sight of Millicent Thurber approaching, up the road. He waited for her at the door. She was coming to Sabbath school, of course,—but alone. He remembered he had not seen Mrs. Thurber among the congregation.

"Is your mother sick, Milly?" he asked.

"No," the girl replied, "She just thought it was too hot, so I came on without her."

"Don't you want to sit down out here?"

"No, I guess not," she replied, as she allowed her eyes to fall. "I guess I'd better wait inside."

"It's awful hot," he suggested.

"I know it," she said, pulling at the ribbons of her rose-colored straw hat.

"But there's no other place—at least that's cool!"

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed. "We might go to the river—then she hesitated. "No, I guess I can't either," she added, quietly. He stepped down beside her. "Why can't you, Milly?" he asked. "Come on Milly, what's the matter anyway? Why do you try so to avoid me? Have I done anything?"

"She gave him a little pleading look. "Why, you haven't done anything, Seth; nothing that I know of."

He noticed her vocal underlining of the personal pronoun. "Oh, I see," he murmured. "So that's it. Your mother?"

His smile was rather scornful.

"Come down to the river, Milly," he urged, "and tell me about it. Won't you?" She hesitated an instant doubtfully, but as he started away, she walked beside him.

"I know it's foolish," she said, as they turned into the cross road. "But you know how immovable mother is. And then there was that last year of yours at the Academy?"

The boy tossed his head impatiently. "Oh, I know, but I was a fool then. I'm different now—a little. But I don't see—"

"I know, but mother does," the girl insisted. "She said that you must not come to see me any more."

"But I've been away two years, Milly. Haven't that given her time?"

"No, nor two million—that wouldn't be time enough for mother to change her mind."

"And did you care any about her not allowing me to come?" he asked.

"She lifted her eyes and they met his. "Why, of course, I cared," she exclaimed. "You and I were always good friends, weren't we? Just the best friends in the world, and Mr. Buck says a person can't have too many friends." She smiled.

"They had reached the old wooden bridge spanning the shallow Marley River.

"Let's go across and sit down in the shade," Seth proposed.

"But I must not be late," Millicent cautioned.

He took out his watch and showed her the face. "See, you won't be; it's only twenty-five minutes to twelve; it'll be three-quarters of an hour before church is over."

They sat side by side on the further bank of the stream near the water's edge.

"Did Mr. Buck read the notice of the picnic?" Millicent asked.

"Yes, and that's what I wanted to see you about, Milly."

"What?" she inquired, and looked up at him.

"I wanted to ask if you wouldn't go with me, but—"

"Why, Seth?" Millicent exclaimed. "Mother wouldn't hear of it for a minute. No, I can't, I'm going with mother. It's all planned. She's the head of the committee, and we're going to furnish some of the dishes. We're to go together in the democrat-wagon—perched up in front!"

She smiled as she pictured her lofty arrival at the Hunker's grove, the ancient picnic ground of the First church of Marley's Hill.

"Then you don't think it would do any good for me to ask her?"

The smile vanished from Millicent's face. "No," she said, "I don't. Why, she wouldn't let you come into the house! She said she wouldn't, two years ago, and when old Mrs. Tinker called the other day and told us you'd come home for the summer, she said the same thing again. 'Time doesn't have any effect on mother!'"

"So Mrs. Tinker was the one who spread the news, was she?" Seth inquired.

"Poor Mrs. Tinker, I'd forgotten all about her. So she is alive, is she? Does she still get to church long before the doors are opened?"

"Yes, just the same," Millicent replied. She took up her hat which she had placed carefully on the grass beside her and tied the broad ribbons under her chin. "I guess I'd better be going back," she said.

"Must you?"

"Yes, I guess so." He assisted her.

"Then you don't think it would do any good—your mother—Milly?"

She shook her head and smiled, perhaps a little wearily. "Not any, Seth. None at all," she replied.

"Then I'll go alone!"

"Oh, don't do that," she remonstrated. "You shouldn't do that. Take some other girl; there are a lot"

"Yes, I know," he said, doggedly, "A lot that I don't want to take!"

At the church door she asked, "Then you'll go anyway, will you, Seth?"

"Yes," he replied. "That is, if you'd like to have me," he added interrogatively.

"Why, of course; I want you to," she exclaimed.

"All right."

"And don't feel hard toward mother; you won't, will you, Seth?" pleaded Millicent. "It's not her way!"

"I won't," he assured her.

At dinner that day Seth told his aunt of the picnic. It was with her that he had lived since his mother's death six years before.

"And who are you going to take, Seth?" the old lady inquired kindly.

He told her that he had invited Millicent Thurber, and made known to her the grounds of Millicent's refusal. His aunt Jane enquired.

"Seems 't me Matie Thurber's gettin' to know less every year 't she snapped. 'I guess the Hardys have always been about as select as th' Thurbers ever was. I guess Matie forgot that when she wanted to marry Kep Thurber she had 't 'lope 't Lewiston 't do it!'"

Seth smiled. "Did she, aunt Jane?" he exclaimed humorously.

"Yes, she did," the old lady spouted. "How I'd like to set my eyes on Matie Thurber; mebbe I wouldn't give her a piece of my mind!"

And Millicent's mother continued to be the one topic of conversation during the meal.

II.

Though it was early when Seth Hardy, driving his colt, arrived at Hunker's Grove on the day of the picnic, he found a score of teams already hitched to the saplings in the clearing at the edge of the road. He tied his own horse beneath a tree that seemed to afford more shade than any of its fellows, and entered the grove.

Several women were spreading a long table at the edge of the pond; a little way off a group of young men and girls were applauding the efforts of a youth who had volunteered to climb a tree and fasten the swing rope to the first right-angling branch. Half-way up the trunk the climber's hold gave way, and he slid to the ground, his arms and legs scraping the rough bark.

"Oh, here's Seth; he can do it!" cried a girl in a blue dress, as Hardy joined the group.

"Oh, Mr. Hardy, do put it up. Lew Thornton can't but we know you can!"

"Seth laughed. "Mebbe I can't either," he replied.

He took off his coat, and folding it carefully, lining out, deposited it at the roots of the tree. He thrust the two ends of the rope into his trousers pockets and wrapping his arms and legs about the trunk began the slow ascent. As little by little the distance increased between his wriggling feet and the ground the faces of the group were turned up to him. He heard the shouts of encouragement flung him.

"Just a little higher!"

"You're nearly there!"

"Almost!"

"There!"

"Oh, he slipped!"

"There! There! There!"

Seth swung himself clear of the trunk from the projecting branch, and, with a splendid burst of athletic energy, succeeded in flinging his body over the limb. He sat astride it and smiled down into the faces beneath him. An enthusiastic clapping of hands had marked his achievement. He tied the ends of the rope securely to the limb and reached the ground by descending it hand under hand. The girls regarded him in open admiration.

He overheard the complimentary, not to say flattering, comments of several of them. To hide his smiles he stooped and fitted the notched board between the ropes. Mary Hooker, with that "forwardness" which had been her chief characteristic since babyhood, rushed to the swing.

"Won't you push, Mr. Hardy?" she cried, showering upon Seth a wealth of smiles.

He swung Mary will she screamed that she was flying high enough. Then he put on his coat and leaving the "old cot to die" went back to where he had tied the colt.

As he entered the clearing, Mrs. Thurber drove in, with Millicent beside her on the seat of the democrat-wagon. The second seat had been removed and the rear of the vehicle was packed high with boxes, baskets and pails, together with a leaking ice-cream freezer of immense proportions. Although Millicent had seen Seth standing at the colt's head, her mother had not. Mrs. Thurber clambered down over the wheel, Milly following, and they began to remove the boxes and baskets.

"May I help you?" Seth called.

Mrs. Thurber looked up. Perceiving who it was that had offered assistance, she replied, "No, I thank you," with Arctic politeness. But when, a moment later, Hiram Hopkins offered a helping hand she accepted it gladly, and directed Hiram where to convey the huge chunk of ice that dripped through its covering of rag carpet.

While they were thus engaged, old Mrs. Tinker entered into the clearing from the road. She was covered with dust from the hem of her black skirt to the tip of her rusty crepe bonnet. The dust, too, had been caught in the preparation of her face and now her complexion was ashy gray.

She sat, helplessly, on a little mound at the roots of a tree and fanned herself violently with the fringe of the crocheted shawl she wore.

At Mrs. Thurber's exclamation, the old lady informed every one within range of her voice that she had walked all the way. It was inferred that she had come by the river road, in order that none of the riders on the picnic might see her pedestrian plight.

"Are you hungry, Mrs. Tinker?" Millicent asked.

"I ain't now, but I've no doubt I will be, when it's ready," the old lady replied. The table was set with alacrity. Shortly before noon the Rev. Theodore Buck appeared upon the scene. It was he who presided at the head of the table. Not over fifteen of the picnicers had come dependent upon the church fifteen-cent dinner, for their food. All the others had brought their own baskets. As a result there were sufficient eatables on the table to permit of many individual helpings. Seth sat opposite Millicent. Round about sat families on the grass with their baskets in the center of the circle, eating. Little boys and girls carried their portions to the bank of the pond and there enjoyed their own exclusive play picnics. Growned chicken bones flew over the heads of the diners at the table and dropped with little splashes into the pond. It was a gay scene, together. The ever-present wall of some neglected infant, without a bone to suck, lent the necessary air of genuinity to the occasion.

The diners at the table were entertained in the course of the meal by old Mrs. Tinker's account of the first picnic of the church. She remembered it as well as though it had occurred "last week." Sarah Eggleston's

youngest had fallen into the pond and nearly "drowned." The Rev. Theodore Buck loudly proclaimed that he had not eaten such chicken pie since the last picnic. He openly regretted that Mrs. Buck was no more, or earth, otherwise Mrs. Spooner might be so good as to favor her with the recipe for the crust. It was as different from ordinary pie crust—

The excitement of the meal was furnished by little Silas Thornton who, in attempting to climb over the rough bench running down his side of the table, caught his foot, and fell head-long into the pond. He was dragged out by his thin, drawn-faced, pale, mother who, after making sure he was still alive, cuffed him smartly and ordered:

"Now you, Silas Thornton, you set right there in that sun and don't you move till you've dried out." Whereupon she immediately forgot the youthful Silas. It was quite an hour later, that his childish treble out of the air with the wail. "Oh maw, ain't I dried out yet?"

After dinner, Deacon Redway drove up with his nephew Tom. At sight of him Mrs. Thurber switched her skirts and sneered, within hearing of Seth: "Now what's that old skinkfoot doin' round here? You can just bet he wouldn't a-come before dinner. He's had to pay fifteen cents." Her remark was deeply significant. Seth was about to cross the clearing to speak to Millicent when her mother, anticipating his move, called to her shrilly: "Millicent! Millicent! You come right along here and help me with these dishes!"

Millicent turned away with a sigh.

"I'm sorry," Seth whispered.

"Never mind," she replied below her breath. "Maybe she'll get over it some day. There's no use of our trying to talk here, Seth."

In the west, great banks of fleecy cumuli had gathered which now were rolling and eddying, within hearing of Seth: "Now what's that air had taken on a refreshing coolness, but in the excitement of the swing, the games and the general commotion, the change had not been observed. Deacon Redway mentioned to Mr. Hooper the possibility of rain, but further comment was drowned in the clatter.

Old Mrs. Tinker had joined the crowd around the swing. Some one spying her, cried: "Oh, Mrs. Tinker, don't you want a swing?"

The little old lady grinned. "Why yes, 't don't mind," she replied. About her there seemed to hover the ghost of a long dead girlhood.

"Come on then; I'll push," Eber Tompkins shouted. "Make way for Mrs. Tinker!"

"Ain't you afraid it'll make you dizzy?" a woman called warningly.

Mrs. Tinker regarded the questioner contemptuously. "Huh!" she exclaimed, "I swing in this grove 'fore you was born! I guess I ain't too old to swing now!"

She gripped the ropes firmly. Eber gave the swing a push, and she sailed up and down. "Who!" screamed the little old lady. "This is fine."

Every one enjoyed the scene. The Rev. Theodore Buck seemed to extract as much pleasure from it as the others.

A girl felt a drop upon her forehead, and held out her hand. A second splashed upon the upturned palm. "Oh, it's raining!" she screamed, and dashed through the crowd toward the clearing, whereupon hands were held out and faces turned heavenward.

"Sure as you're alive," the cry went up. The crowd at the swing vanished like the fairies in a pantomime. Every one ran for the vehicles.

"Stop! Stop it! It's raining!" cried old Mrs. Tinker. Millicent had fled with the others. Seth had gone down to the pond for a clearer view of the sky. Eber, at the command of the old lady, seized the swing rope and brought it to a quiver. Mrs. Tinker slipped off the seat. She had not counted on the still slight motion and in some way she made a false step. She fell flat on her back, screaming.

Eber was for the moment too surprised to move. Seth ran up from the pond. The drops were falling faster now. They had bloated with brown the dust where the feet of the swingers had trod the earth beneath the seat. Seth stooped to help the old lady to rise.

"I don't do that! I don't do that!" she screamed. "My ankle! My ankle!"

"Do you think you've sprained it?" Eber stood by dumb, pale.

"Oh, I guess! Oh, I guess so!" the old lady wailed.

"Then I'll carry you." Ordering Eber to run to the wagons and tell the picnicers, Seth gathered the frail form of the old lady in his arms and dashed through the now fast-falling rain to the clearing.

"Where'll I put her?" he called.

"Right in 't!" Mrs. Thurber answered, designating the wagon in which she and Millicent had driven to the grove. Blankets and dusters and side-curtains had been spread upon the floor of the vehicle and upon this rude bed Seth laid the frightened old lady. With the side-curtains and the boot of his own buggy he rigged up a tent-like roof over the reclining form, then led the horses deeper into the grove. The feminine picnicers generally had clambered into their buggies and wagons, and sat there now huddled, with their skirts about their shoulders. A few had already started for home.

"Some one called good-naturedly.

The rain ceased as suddenly as it had come.

"A summer shower, 't ain't no good," Deacon Redway proclaimed.

Now it was to be arranged how old Mrs. Tinker should be taken to her home. Seth suggested politely that Mrs. Thurber might ride with him and that Mrs. Thurber might drive the old lady in the democrat with the boxes piled up in front.

For an instant Mrs. Thurber wavered. Then the light of an idea broke across her face. "No, I'll drive with you if you haven't any objections, Mr. Hardy," she said. "Milly can come on behind in the democrat just as well as me."

Seth hid his smile. Millicent gasped, but uttered no complaint. So this was the plan put into operation and Millicent became the driver of the improvised ambulance.

The boxes were loaded into the front of the democrat and the cavalcade started. Mrs. Thurber, perched upon the high seat, reminded Seth of the beauty who sits atop the globe in the circus parade.

Seth assisted Mrs. Thurber into his buggy in such a way that he was permitted to cast a glance and smile at Millicent and his smile must have reassured her for she gave it to another of her own.

Seth drove on ahead and from time to time looked back to see if all were well with the ambulance and its driver. They had not proceeded more than half a mile down the road when the rapid approach of a carriage behind was heard. Both he and Mrs. Thurber looked back.

"It's that old Deacon Redway; you ain't going to let him pass you, are you?" Mrs. Thurber inquired eagerly.

"Why not?" Seth asked blankly.

"O, don't, don't! Mrs. Thurber cried. She laid her hand upon his arm. "Don't let him!" she begged—"Don't!"

"All right."

He touched the colt lightly with the whip. With a bound the animal was off at an even gait. Deacon Redway was taken completely by surprise. It was unusual for any one to race with him, the acknowledged owner of the best horses along the Ridge. He leaned forward and touched his own animal. Its nose appeared at Seth's elbow.

Mrs. Thurber noted the proximity and became greatly excited.

"Oh, don't! Don't!" she cried. "He's passing us! Don't let him!"

Seth upon the instant, remembered how Deacon Redway and Ken Thurber had had some little differences about a wood-lot several years before the latter's death.

"Here goes then!" he shouted. He spoke to the colt. The Deacon saw himself in for a race, and, moreover, a race that promised well to test the mettle of his fastest steed. Each kept evenly to his side of the road. The rain had settled the dust, it was like a beaten course, straight-away level.

Both horses strained. They continued neck and neck for a hundred yards. The Deacon urged his animal with whip, rein and voice. His nephew clung to the side-bar of the light buggy and yelled. Seth clucked, simply, at the colt. A quarter of a mile further along stood the Deacon's house behind the trees. The colt broke. It was the work of an instant to rein him in, but that instant was sufficient for the Deacon. His animal shot ahead. Mrs. Thurber leaned forward. Her face was pale, her mouth set. She seized the reins below where Seth gripped them and jerked them from her hands. Henceforth it was to be her race. The colt knew a strange driver had tightened the bit in his mouth. Without breaking his gait he bolted. The woman screamed. The animal swept forward. Little by little, but most appreciably, he decreased the stretch of road between his fore feet and the back wheels of the Deacon's buggy.

Closer! Closer! With a flourish of the whip, a scow of horse flesh and a cry of exquisite delight, the wide Mrs. Thurber guided Seth Hardy's colt past the Deacon's breaking animal, some ten rods this side of the Deacon's house.

"Well, ye did it, didn't ye?" he shouted tartly. "But I'll bet ye can't do it again!"

Relinquishing the reins to Seth, Mrs. Thurber sank back in the seat, smiling.

"I'm so glad," was all she said, but her eyes snapped.

At Mrs. Tinker's house they awaited the coming of Millicent. Seth assisted her to the ground. Mrs. Thurber made no attempt to interpose. He carried the little old lady into her house and deposited her upon the sofa in the dining room. Mrs. Thurber promised to "go right on up and see Dr. Hunker and send him down."

"Well, I guess I'll be getting along home," Seth said as he made to untie his horse from the fence. Mrs. Thurber was to ride the rest of the way with Millicent. They drove side by side to the Thurber house.

As the gate, just as Seth leaned forward to take the whip from the socket, Mrs. Thurber said: "Won't you come in and have a cup of tea? I'm sure Milly'd like to have you. I'll send the hired man for the doctor. You'd like to have Mr. Hardy, wouldn't you Milly?" she added, turning to her daughter.

"Yes, indeed, mother."

Seth replaced the whip in the socket and turned in at the lane gate.—By Kenneth Herford, in the *Pilgrim*.

**Hot Weather Hints.**

There are a few simple rules for comfort and safety in hot weather. They are: An absence of worry; avoidance of haste; a light diet, not merely in minimum of meat and the substitution of fish and fowl, but light in the amount of food eaten. Do not "overload;" eat deliberately—that should be the watchword in all things for the heated term—deliberation. Be careful as to drink; avoid alcoholic drinks; avoid much ice-cold drinks. There is a difference between cold drink and ice-cold drink. Dress coolly, and for those that need it, have a flannel protection covering the digestive tract, particularly at night. This sort of regimen will enable anybody to have during the hot weather, as nature meant man should have—as the plants have—the most flourishing life of all the seasons. A person in perfect health should weigh more in hot weather than at any other time of the year, and have the enjoyment of his faculties at the highest. When it is not so the victim is simply abusing himself and neglecting the opportunity that nature provides for him.—*Indianapolis News*.

**Queer Things About Frogs.**

The frog's skin is so important as a breathing apparatus that the creature would die at once of suffocation if the pores were closed by a coat of sticky varnish, by dust, or in any other way. While we are speaking of his breathing, you will notice that his sides do not have as ours do at each breath we take. A frog has no ribs, and cannot inhale and exhale as we do, but is obliged to swallow his air in gulps, and if you will watch the little fellow's throat you will see it continually moving in and out as one gulp follows another. In order to swallow, his mouth must be closed; just try to swallow with your mouth wide open, and you will see what I mean. A frog, then, always breathes through his nose, and if you held his mouth open he would suffocate as surely as though you gave his skin a coat of varnish.

Mr. Frog has an enormous mouth for his size, and if we were to put a finger inside of it we would find that he has a row of teeth in the upper jaw, and that his soft white tongue, unlike our own, is attached in front and is free behind. When he wishes to catch any insect he throws out the free end of the tongue, then draws it in so rapidly that it is difficult to see whether he has been successful or not. As the tongue is coated with a gummy fluid, the insect sticks to it and is carried back into the mouth, which closes upon it like the door of a tomb. Frogs, however, are not limited to one mode of feeding; they often leap open-mouthed upon larger prey, which includes, besides insects, small fish, mice, small ducklings, poll-worms, and tiny frogs.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

**Why He Wept.**

"Death is a sad thing," said the stranger to the man who stood weeping beside a grave.

"It is, indeed," sobbed the other.

"I suppose," remarked the stranger, "you are sorrowing over the grave of a very dear friend."

"I am sorrowing over the grave of a man I never knew," replied the mourner, "yet I deeply regret his demise. He was my wife's first husband."

**The House Fly.**

Fly time is again upon us, and only for the character of the weather during the past month the house fly would be here in great numbers. We have all heard or read of the plague of flies in Egypt, which occurred many centuries ago, and the probabilities are that the house fly was an abomination and a nuisance long before that time. Until recently the fly was regarded as a nuisance only, but men of science have discovered that by its flesh it is dangerous to health, carrying on its feet and tongue germs that are fatal to the human life. While I regard a great deal of this germ fear as being very largely a craze, yet I heartily wish that in so far as it may affect the house fly it will result in the extermination of this universal pest. The introduction of window and door screens has to an enormous extent mitigated the horrors of the house fly; but we should not be content with this immunity only. Having guarded against his free access into our homes we should not seek to render the service for which nature created him, unnecessary, but keep our back premises just as cleanly as we keep our fronts.

It should not be our object so much to kill the fly as it should be to make his breeding impossible, and to accomplish this there must be no accumulation of filth. The house fly breeds in and about stables, manure piles and out closets; and an application of a little lime during the summer months to these places would not only be a benefit from a hygienic point of view, but would make impossible such places becoming the foul breeding quarters of countless millions of these detestable pests. There was a time when the streets of towns were over run by cattle and hogs, and we thought we were highly civilized then; and just as we have progressed in this particular, just so should we continue to improve in the arts of civilized life until pretty little garden spots and beds of cultivated flowers will appear in places we so often see made the receptacle of debris and filth. There is a saying by those who regard as futile any attempt at lessening the number of flies by killing them, that for everyone killed two come to the funeral. This is true only so far as it pertains to the natural law of laws which seems to govern many other creatures as it does flies. Having destroyed the breeding places of flies, either by acts of cleanliness or by the application of lime, we should pursue the nuisance in and about our premises wherever found, by means of traps and fly paper, until the fly becomes as extinct as the Dodo. And when we shall have reached something approaching this hygienic condition we shall have widened the gulf between the realms of filth and an order of things it should be the duty of all civilized people to attain. If, as we are told, there is a use for all things, and that nothing has been created in vain, then the house fly must be here to compel a proper order of cleanliness or to suffer their persistent torture.

ALFRED TRUMAN.

**Fruits as Medicines.**

Fruits are divided by the famous French Dr. Dupuy into five classes: 1. Acid. 2. Sweet. 3. Astringent. 4. Oily. 5. Mealy.

In the first he counts cherries, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, peaches, apples, lemons, oranges, and regards them as of great hygienic value.

Cherries he prohibits to those affected with neuralgia of the stomach.

Raspberries and raspberries he recommends to the bilious and gony, and denies them to those affected with diabetes.

Of the sweet fruits he particularly values plums, especially for the gony and rheumatic.

Grapes he awards the first place, and thinks them the cure par excellence for the anemic, dyspeptic, consumptive, gony and bilious.

Bananas are recommended for the typhoid patient.

Lemons and tomatoes are cooling.

Lemonade is the best drink in fevers.

The juice of half a lemon in a teacupful of strong black coffee, without sugar, often cures a sick headache.

The apple is one of the best of fruits. Baked or stewed, it generally suits the most delicate person.

Great figs are an excellent food and are laxative.

Prunes supply the highest nerve or brain food; dried figs contain heat, nerve and muscle food; hence are for both cold and warm weather.

The small-seeded fruits, such as blackberries, raspberries, currants and strawberries, are among the best foods and medicines. Their sugar is nutritious, their acid is cooling and purifying.

Sweet, ripe fruit in prime condition only is called a perfect food.—*Chicago Tribune*.

**A Corner on Ice.**

An extra piece of ice was wanted. An ice wagon was at a neighbor's door, but there was no small coin in the house where-with to pay for the desired article.

"Well, never mind," said mamma; "you run out, Blanche, and get a nickel's worth, the man will trust you until tomorrow."

Now Blanche was not accustomed to deal on credit, and did not take kindly to the idea, but was moving very slowly to do her mother's bidding when some words in large letters on the top of the wagon attracted her attention and suggested an unanswerable objection.

"But he won't do it, mamma! Look there on the wagon! It says, 'Not in the street.'"—Margaret Sullivan Burke, in *July Lippincott's*.

**Petrified Forests.**

Professor Carter contributes an illustrated article in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* on the petrified forests and painted desert of Arizona. An illustration is given of a petrified trunk which formed a natural bridge across a canyon. The silicified trunks of trees are considered to be of the Triassic age. Most of these trees are relics of the denudation of the strata; that represented in the natural bridge is, however, in situ. The "Painted Desert" is so named on account of the bright colors of the sandstones, shales and clays—the rocks being eroded into fantastic shapes, and being colored blue, yellow, red or green in places; hence the effect in sunlight is brilliant.

The silicified tree trunks mostly belong to forms allied to the Norfolk Island pine; other masses resemble red cedar. There are indications that the wood had commenced to decay before it was silicified. Professor Carter believes that the petrification took place in the sandstone and shale, and was due to soluble silicates derived from decomposition of the felspathic cement in the sandstone.

**Why He Wept.**

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"I suppose," remarked the stranger, "you are sorrowing over the grave of a very dear friend."

"I am sorrowing over the grave of a man I never knew," replied the mourner, "yet I deeply regret his demise. He was my wife's first husband."

**Curious Condensations.**

There are said to be 3,000 lepers in the Transvaal.

Switzerland has had 200 avalanches in the present year, causing 50 deaths.

Paris has the biggest debt of any city in the world. It amounts to \$400,000,000.

More than a million Jews have left Russia since 1880, principally for the United States.

The Dublin Corporation is said to have passed a resolution prohibiting soldiers walking in the main street.

The Jordan's course in a straight line is only 60 miles. Along its stream it measures no fewer than 213 miles.

The Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, is the largest and most magnificent royal residence in the world.

Professor Hensley, of California, by diligent scrutiny of the heavens for more than a year, has discovered 100 new stars.

It is expected that Nova Scotia will have 600,000 barrels of an apple crop this year—100,000 barrels more than last year.

It is said that the Czar of Russia is dominated by his mother, the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna, sister of Queen Alexandra.

Rheumatism is almost unknown in Japan. The Japanese escape the malady to a great degree by avoiding the excessive use of alcohol and tobacco.

The new city directory for Chicago has been given to the public. Based on the number of names it gives Chicago a population for 1904 of 2,941,000.

There are four ranches in Texas with an area of over one million acres apiece, and there are a number of ranches with areas of 500,000 acres or a little less.

A catapillar in a month will devour 6,000 times its own weight. It will take an average man three months before he eats a quantity of food equal to his own weight.

Italian industry spreads itself over the world. It makes in large measure the world's roads and tunnels. It built the great dam across the Nile, and it is boring the Siphon tunnel.

Electricity brought overland by wire some distance is being used in Oregon to pump water in irrigating farms. If the experiment proves successful the system will be developed further.

A recent estimate of numbers adhering to the great religions of the world is as follows: Christians, 549,017,341; Mohammedans, 202,048,240; Jews, 11,037,000; Confucians, 253,000,000; Taoists, 32,000,000; Shintoists, 17,000,000.

Instead of glass the Philippine Islanders use windows made of plates of the shell of a kind of oyster. These windows do not let in a bright light, nor floods of sunshine, but when the sun is shining they frequent earthquakes of that country they do not break as easily as glass windows would.

There are at present between thirteen and fourteen thousand cabmen in London. No fewer than 47,400 articles have been left in cabs and conveyed to the lost property office. Among them were 21,608 umbrellas, 4,552 bags, 855 pairs of gloves, several bicycles and a long list of articles of clothing.

It will surprise most readers to learn from a recent Japanese writer that there was a university in Japan in the eighth century, with schools of ethics, mathematics and history, and that text books were employed dealing with, such special ties as the diseases of women, veterinary surgery and materia medica.

The most remarkable and striking feature of the new Liverpool Cathedral will be the height of the vaulting 116 feet, and in the high transepts 140 feet,—which cannot fail to produce a very magnificent effect. No cathedral in England approaches its height. The nearest is Westminster, the nave of which has a height of 102 feet, while York measures 90 feet, Salisbury 84 feet and Lincoln 82 feet. Chester reaches only 76 feet. The "whispering gallery" of St. Paul's Cathedral is 100 feet from the floor.

**Mr. Pullman's Inspiration.**

A miner's captain at Central City, Col. gave George M. Pullman the idea for the construction of the Pullman palace sleeping cars, says James Kelly, city passenger agent for the Moffat road in the early days of the State, when Pullman was a poor young man, he came to Colorado for his fortune. For several months he was located at Central City and Black Hawk and shared the hard lot of the early day miners. Ex-Governor John L. Routt says that he remembers Pullman being here.

The arrangement of the miners' bunk beds remained in the memory of Pullman as many a night he tossed and tumbled on the hard bedding. In the poorer cabins a six-foot space is boarded in for a bed and two husky miners are put side by side. In an ordinary miners' rooming house there are from six to eight bunks in a room; both sides of the apartment are utilized. The beds are rudely constructed affairs, and a few pine boards with 2x4 scantlings is all that is required. One bunk is placed above another, on the same plan as the Pullman cars are constructed.

After leaving Denver, and while riding in a hard-seated chair one night in the East, he thought came to Pullman that beds should be provided for the patrons of the road. He immediately remembered the miners' cabins in Colorado and his inventive brain soon had the details completed.

**Salary Schedule Completed.**

The new salary schedule for rural mail carriers has been completed. The new schedule applies from July 1st. The last Congress raised the maximum salary from \$620 to \$720 a year. It was found that the maximum route was twenty-four miles long, and to carriers on routes of this length numbering 12,000, the maximum salary will be paid. The salaries of carriers on routes shorter than the maximum was fixed by deducting \$18 for each mile less than 24; the result was that slightly over two-thirds of the whole force of 34,200 rural mail carriers have received increases of \$100 a year in their salaries. The remaining carriers have received increases of less than this amount.

**Bridge Built of Coffins.**

One of the most curious bridges ever built was that made by the British troops in 1860. They were marching on Peking, but found their progress barred by a flooded river of considerable width and depth. A timber party was formed, but found nothing to cut down or borrow suitable for a bridge. At last a huge store of coffins was discovered in the village, and with these the soldiers built their bridge and crossed alive over the receptacles for the dead.