"It Don't Hart Much."

What, ho! little fellow upon my knee, Telling your story of trouble to me-A finger swollen, a cut and a bruise, You wonder what mother will say to your sh A brave, bright purpose to hold the tears 'Mid all the pain and the doubt and fears: Though lips may quiver and sobs may rise, No telitale drops in those brave, bright eyes As, tender with valor of childhood's touch, He whimpers: "It don't hurt very much.

There, little lad, with the wounds of fray, Scarred and stained in the light-heart play, A kiss will heal—with a kind word blent— Far better than all of the liniment. I used to come for a bandage, too, When I built castles of life like you I used to fall and I used to know The stinging pain of the brui-e and blow, The terrible gulping of doubts and fears; And the brave, bright battle to hold the tears

What, ho! little fellow, just wait a while, Till the years of care and the years of trial Carry you ever so far away From the golden valleys of dream and play. Please God, the wounds and the bruises then In the hard, cruel battle of men with men Will find you stalwart and staunch and fine To fight back sorrow with faith divine! To hold the tears with a brave, tight clutch And echo: "It don't huit very much!" -The Bentztown Bard, in the Baltimore Sun

FOR MERIT.

An' hoo are ye gettin' on at the schule, ma mannie?" enquired Mr. Purdie of his grandson who, after several invitations, had condescended to sit on the old man's

"Fine," replied Macgreegor carelessly. "Wis ye dux the day?"

An answer to this question came from the boy's mother who was washing up the tea

"Dax !" exclaimed Mrs. Robinson "Dax!" exclaimed Mrs. Robinson.
"Macgreegor dux! He's never been dux and fumbled at the fastening.
excep' at the wrang end, an' he'll never be dux till he peys mair attention to his les-

"Aw, Lizzie," put in John from his seat at the fireside, opposite his father-in-law. 'Ye're unco severe. The wean's fine. It's lowed Mrcgreegor from the close, walked with him as far as their ways lay together, and left him at a street corner, only halfdux when I wis at the schule." "An' wha wis tellin' you ye wis a clever man?" Lizzie retorted quickly.

"'Deed, ye had me there!" John admitted good-humoredly. "But ye maun mind it's Macgreegor's first year at the schule, an'-"

"Ay, ay," Mr. Purdie mildly interposed. "It's Macgreevor's first year at the schule. We maun mind that." "It's no' first year at gettin' spiled. Ye're near as bad as John, fayther !'' said

said Lizzie, as she polished one of her best Mr. Purdie chuckled and turned once

more to his grandson.
"But ve wud like fine to he dux, Macgreegor," he said kindly.
"Och, I'm no' heedin'," returned the

boy, putting one of his grandfather's peppermints into his mouth. "Macgreegor !" his mother exclaimed in

a tone of warning. "Whit's the use of bein' dux ?" said the "Ye get naethin' fur it but a daftlike medal-and it's no' real silver, an' ye

dinna get keepin' it." "Nod, that's truth !" murmured John. "Haud yer tongue. John !" said his wife. "The medal wis a notion of the

young leddy that teached the-the infant clesses, an'-"I'm no' in the infants," cried Macgree-

gor indignantly. "I'm in the elementry."
"Weel, weel," his mother returned soothingly. "I meant to say the elementry,

"Jist that, jist that," put in Mr. Purdie. "An' I'm thinkin' the medal's no' a bad notion either. Noo, Macgreegor," he continued impressively, "wud ye no' like to get the medal to please yer Maw? Eh?" Macgreegor looked at his boots and nodded his head, rather sheepishly. 'That's richt, ma mannie ! An' to please

yer Paw ? Eh ?" 'Mphm," admitted Macgreegor under his breath. "An' me ?"

"Ay," said the boy more boldly.

Mr. Purdie looked from one parent to
the other with a smile of something like triumph Lizzie nodded soberly; John grinned broadly.

'Noo, ma mannie," Mr. Purdie resumed, "bring hame the medal, an'-an' I'll give ye saxpence !" "Oh, fayther !" said Mrs. Robinson pro-

testingly. "D'ye hear that, Macgreegor!" cried her husband gleefully. "There's yer chance !"

"Macgreegor! Whit dae ye say to yer Grandpaw fur his kindness?" Mrs. Robinson enquired, a trifle sharply.
"Thenk ye, Grandpaw," said Macgree-

gor. He was looking unusually thoughtful. "If I get the saxpence, wull I need to pit it in the bank?" he asked presently. "'Deed, ay!" promptly replied his mother.

"Then I'm no' heedin' about it," he returned shortly.
"Na, na," said Mr. Purdie, winking at his daughter, "ye'll get daein onything ye like wi' the saxpence."

Lizzie compressed her lips and shook out her towel with nunecessary violence. John was discreet for once, and hid his satisfaction behind his evening paper.

Mr. Pardie stroked the back of the boy's

head. "Weel, ma mannie, ye'll ha'e a try at the medal onywey. Eh?" "But ye'll not be here efter the morn's nicht, Grandpaw," said Macgreegor.
"Ab, but I'll shin hear if ye get the

medal, an' ye'll shin get yer saxpence," Mr. Purdie returned, reassuringly. Macgreegor meditated for nigh a minute. Then he slipped from his grandfather's knee and procured his lesson book.

"I'll try an' get it the morn," he said bravely, as he settled himself on a stool by his grandfather's side.

Mr. Purdie's countenance fairly shone. 'An' I'll hear ye yer readin' an' spellin the nicht" he cried, and John and Lizzie looked at each other until the latter's lips

relaxed into a smile. A quieter and more studious evening Macgreegor had under sending evening Macgreegor had unverspent, and before he went to bed he knew his lesson perfectly. It was however, unfortunate that, in his eagerness to do his best, he should have Tearned a lesson which he was supposed to rather hot. She did not trouble him with have learned a week previously.

The winner of the medal for the next day was Johany Knox, who was quite accustomed to the honor : it was his three days, at least, out of every five. But it was not once a week that he enjoyed the honor of being addressed by Macgreegor, who had once championed his cause in a fight with

"Here, Johnny, I want to speak to ye, said Macgreegor, when school was over.
Johnny's small pale face beamed.

"It's a secret," added Macgreegor, drawing him away from the stream of young

The beam increased in brightness "I'll not tell onybody," said Johnny, and took it in the best possible part when his companion retorted "Ye better no' !"

Macgreegor took Johnny's arm and conducted him into a convenient close. Then in a whisper, he put the question 'Wull ye len' us the medal till the morn's meinin'

"Len' ye that medal!" gasped the as-tonished Johnny. "Whit d'ye want the medal fur?" "Fun," was the brief reply. "I'll give ye it back the morn's mornin,' Johnny."

Johnny looked exceeding dubious. "Come on!" said his friend persuasive. "Len' us the medal, Johnny." ly. "Len' us the medal, Johnny shook his head.

"I-I'll give ye a ha'p'ny, if ye len' us the medal," said Macgreegor after some consideration. "But whit are ye wantin' it fur ?"

"I'll give ye a penny !"

Johnny stared. "Whaur's the penny?"
be suddenly enquired. "Ye'll get it the morn's mornin'."

"Fine ham !" said Johnny in a tone that made Macgreegor clench his fist.
"As shair's death!" he said, restraining

himself from grabbing the battered disk pinned to the other boy's coat. But Johnny was not satisfied.
"Ye micht loss the medal," he said slow-

"an' then-" Macgreegor drew his forefinger across his throat, as he said solemnly: "Ye'll get the medal, an' the penny furbye, the

morn's mornin' " He repeated the mystic sign, and John-

in his hand.

Johnny looked fearful, but his power of reassured by many solemn promises and a repetition of the mystic sign.

As for Macgreegor, he set off for home at a quick trot, which, however, was not sustained all the way. Indeed, he climbed the stair to his abode at a slower rate than usual, and knocked so gently for admit-tance that his mother was surprised to find him at the door. She had Jeannie, then a mere baby, in her arms and was just going out to make some purchase for the tea, so Macgreegor was somewhat relieved to be

left alone with his grandfather. "Weel, ma mannie, an' hoo did ye get on the day?" cried the hearty old gentle-

Very bashfully the boy opened his jacket, disclosing the medal on his vest, the raised letters of the words "For Merit" glistening in a ray of the afternoon sun-

Macgreegor had never seen his grandfather so pleased. Indeed, the old man's enthusiasm and exictement soon dissipated the depression which had been enveloping the youngster's being, and for the moment Macgreegor felt almost virtuous at making his grandfather so happy.

"Ye see whit ye can dae when ye try, ma mannie!" said Mr. Purdie, gaily, as the boy pocketed the sixpence. "Deed, yer Paw an' Maw 'll be prood, prood the nicht !"

Macgreegor hung his head and stopped fingering the sixpeuce.

"I'm gaun ootbye fur a wee while," said abruptly.
Mr. Pardie looked a little disappointed.

but said cheerfully enough; "Just that Ye'il be wantin' to play efter yer day's wark. But ye'll be wantin' me to hear ye yer lessons later on, Eh?" "It's Friday, so I dinna need to learn

ony lessons the night," Macgreegor explained, and departed. In the street he met his chum Willie Thomson. He had intended to ask Willie to join him in melting the sixpence, but

somehow he didn't. He felt the medal under his jacket, and wished he had removed it before coming out. He was glad to get rid of Willie, and when the latter had gone, he hung about in the shade of a neighboring close until it was time to go Mr. Purdie, unable to contain himself,

had broken the great news to Lizzie and John in turn, and Macgreegor was receiv-ed, literally, with open arms. John, of course, was much more demonstrative than his wife; still, it could hardly be said that she took the matter coolly.

"Ye're to get a fried egg to yer tea, dearie," she informed her son, after suggesting that he should wash his face and

"Thenk ye, Maw," mumbled the boy from the midst of the towel. To eat an egg cheek by jowl with his grandfather was asually a treat indeed—it gave Macgreegor such a manly feeling !—but on this occa-sion the promise failed to arouse rapture. "He's rale modest." whispered Mr. Purdie a little later, when the boy was stand-

ing gazing out of the window. Macgreegor received numerous pats or the head and compliments from his grand-

father and father, but he accepted them stolidly. It was the fried egg that finished him. "Is yer egg no' nice, dearie?" asked Lizzie at last, after several anxious glances at his plate. Mr. Purdie and John had finished their eggs, and Macgreegor was not

usually behind them. "Ay, Maw," he replied huskily, and endeavored to eat.

"Whit's wrang, Macgreegor ?" John en quired, deeply concerned.

Macgreegor gulped something which was not egg, and a tear rolled down his cheek.

"Puir mannie!" said Mr. Purdie gently,

and put out a kindly hand to stroke his on's head.

Knife and fork fell from the youngster's ands, and he hid his face. "Are ye feelin' no' weel, dearie?" asked

his mother, rising and coming to his chair.
"Ay," came the muffled reply.
"Ye best come an' lie doon," she said
after a moment. "Come to yer bed, dearie." Macgreegor rose at once and followed her to the other room. He lay down on the

bed and hid his face.
Lizzie laid a hand on his brow. It was

"It's a peety ye didna pit yer saxpence in the bank," she said, sadly. "I'll awa' an' get the ile."

Macgreegor said nothing, either then or when he took the dose a few minutes later. His mother spread a big shawl over him and left him. It was the customary treatment in the circumstances.

About an hour later John who, along with Mr. Purdie, had been sitting in almost silent misery, received permission from Lizzie to visit the patient.

"Weel, ma wee man," he said softly as he bent over the bed, "are ye feelin' ony easier ?" Silence; then a sob.

"Ha'e ye a pain, Macgreegor?"

A murmur, which might have been on

assent.
"Whaur's the pain, ma laddie?"
No auswer. "Is't there?"
"Naw; it—it's furder up," Macgreegor nanaged to say.

'There ?" "Furder up." Macgreegor put his hand to his throat.

John was alarmed, and went at once to inform Lizzie. She looked auxious. "I'll gang ben an' see him, John. Stay you wi' fayther." 'D'ye no' think we sud go an' get the

doctor, wife ?" "I'll see, John. Dinna vex yersel'. It's maybe no' that serious."

She went to her son. "Is yer throat bad, dearie?" she asked him, sitting down beside him. "It's no' bad, but-but it's hurtin' me. "It mann be bad, if it's hurtin' ye,dearie. Is ver feet warm ?" She began to unlace

"Ay." "Is yer heid sair ?"

"N-naw." She'drew off his boots. "Yer feet's cosy enough," she said, feeling them.

But Macgreegor caught her hand, "Dinna lieht the gas, Maw," he cried chokingly. "But I want to see your tongue an" throat, dearie." He held her tighter and shivered.

"Ma wee man," she cried, softly, in her fear, "whit is't? Is yer throat unco sair?" He tried to speak. "It's jist-"
"Tell me, dearie."

"It's jist sair wi'-wi' sorriness," he whispered, dropping her hand and burying his face in his arms. Came then the miserable confession, or rather the broken answers to the mother's

painful questions. "I never thocht a laddie o' mines wud play sic a dirty trick," said Lizzie sadly, looking down on the culprit. "I wud faur rather see ye at the fit o' the cless-" 'I wis at the fit the day, Maw.'.

Lizzie ignored the appeal. "Whit gar'd e dae it ?" she suddenly demanded. it the saxpence ?"

"But ye didna spend ony o' the saxthat? Wis ye feart?" 'Naw. Lizzie's face softened a thought. "Wis

ye sorry ?" "Ay, Maw." There was a short silence. Then Lizzie

said quietly : "I'm no' gann to say ony mair about it, Macgreegor. I'm glad ye wis sorry in time, but being sorry disna mak' up fur daeni' wrang. Mind that! See hoo sorry ye've made us all ! Noo I'll have to tell yer springs or wells. Its extra stomach re-Paw and yer Granpaw, and give him back his saxpence.

Macgreegor groaned with shame. tender word escaped her ere she knew-."I en days, in the most awfol heat, without mann tell them, fur ye deceived them, and being given water once. This does not

She moved to the door, but a sound from the bed recalled her. She bent over the boy

take aff yer claes, an' gang to bed proper." She closed the door. It was a heavy blow to John He said nothing at all.

From the door she said : "Noo ye best

Old Mr. Purdie was greatly distressed. He blamed himself bitterly.
"I had nae business to bribe the puir laddie. If it badna been fur me be wud never ha'e thocht o' daein' the thing. An

him learnin' the wrang lesson, puir lamb ! An' noo he's lyin' in there wi' a sair conscience, efter no' being' able to tak' his nice egg, and efter gettin' nesty medicine-'deed! Lizzie, I'm ashamed of masel'! I am that ! Fur Macgreegor's not a bad wean-

"I never said he wis !" said Lizzie sharp "When he does wrang, he's sorry There's mony a laddie wud ha'e spent the saxpence an' never thocht shame." It was a very grateful glance that John

She affected not to see it, but a few minutes later she said carelessly : "John, ye micht gang an' see if Macgreegor's sleeping."

Apparently it took John about an hour to find out. When he returned to the kitchen his face wore a sobered but not an unhappy expression. Neither he nor his son had exchanged a word, but the big hand had said something to the small one, and the small one had replied.

"He's maybe no' jist sleepin' yet," said John, as he lit his pipe for the first smoke of the evening. "Wud ye gang ben an' see him?" he asked Mr. Purdie.

"No' yet, John ; I'll gang in a wee while," replied the old man, who was still nursing the feeling of guilt.

But ere long he rose and toddled from the kitchen. Opening the other door, he peeped in. Macgreegor's back was to him. Macgreegor's garments lay on a chair on the near side of the bed. Mr. Purdie stepped stealthily forward, stealthily slipped the sixpence into a trouser pocket, and stole quietly from the room "Is he sleepin'?" asked Lizzie.

"I couldna say fur certain," returned her father, still trembling with excite

Lizzie went to see for herself. "Are ye sleepin,' Macgreegor?"
whispered from the doorway.
"Not yet, Maw."

"Are ye hungry ?"
"Awful !" It is perhaps worthy of record that on the following Monday afternoon, Macgreegor brought home the medal—honorably gain-

Delineator. ---One cold day last winter, in the town of Yonkers, a man was observed stanling over a coal grating in the sidewalk, and was heard to mutter: "These up a whole town they aren't much ac-

ed; but it is only honest to add that

never did so again .- By. J. J. Bell, in the

WANTED-A LITTLE GIRL

Where have they gone to-the little girls, With natural manners and natural curls, Who love their dollies and like the toys And talk of something besides the boys? Little o'd women in plenty I find,

Mature in manners and old of mind; Little old flirts who talk of their "beaus," And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten, Are sick of pleasure and tired of men; Weary of travel, of balls, of fun, And find no new things under the sun

Once, in the beautiful long ago, Some dear little children I used to know Girls who were merry as lambs at play, And laughed and rollicked the livelong day. They thought not at all of the style of their

They never imagined that boys were "beaus," "Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they,

Splendid fellows to help them play. Where have they gone to? If you see One of them anywhere, send her to me. I would give a medal of purest gold To one of these dear little girls of old. With an innocent heart and an open smile Who knows not the meaning of "flirt"

'style.' -Ella Wheeler Wiley

The Ship of the Desert.

Just as there are (or were recently) counties in Kansas where not a line of railroad is to be found, so there are still many regions in the east where neither railroad nor highway nor even path connects important centers, and where the distances are so great that it is out of the question for man to travel on foot or even on horse.
Under these conditions, especially, the camel is found of great value, for more than any other quadruped man has tamed, the camel stands preeminent for endurance. His worth, in fact, is chiefly in his physical qualities, for clever instinct he has not, nor, as a rule, has he any of the affectionate or attachable nature which characterizes both the borse and the elephant. He

has a body, however, which shows almost no limit in holding out. To begin with, the camel, as is well known, requires but little food, and that only of the coarsest kind, and when deprived altogether of something to eat for several days draws on its own reserve stores like the hibernating bear. A few beans, dates, carob pods, etc., is often all that our drivers take along as food for the beasts on a long stretch across the deserts, trusting to luck that the camel will pick up some coarse grass, thorns, or the like while he

shambles along the route. The hump or humps on the animal faare nothing more than great lumps of fat, and when pushed to the extremity, the and when pushed to the extremity, the camel maintains his strength by using up this surplus fat. At the rate of fifty miles suffered terribly from a storm. a day he goes for twenty days to the familiar song of the Bedouin or the Egyptian courier; a draught of water once in three days in summer, once in six or even eight days in early spring or winter—a slender repast of paste, prepared from flour of the dourba grain mixed with a little water. will content him; but a few handfuls of

broken wheat will induce him to go an additional day with evident willingness,
I need not tell you, either, of the camel's staying powers when traveling away from is the headquarters of the fruit trade with ceives and stores great quantities of water -it has swallowed, for example, seven gallons of water at a time-and I have "Ay; I maun tell them, dearie"-the known a camel to travel from nine to elev--and ye wudna like to keep on deceiving mean that the camel does not become hunthem—wad ye?" She stooped for his auswer. "I kent ye wudna, Macgreegor." gry or thirsty, for he certainly does, and suffers with the rest of us, as you would realize if you could be here and see the difficulty we often experience in starting

the beasts off into the desert. They seem to know what is ahead of them, and kick and struggle and protest against embarking from their stalls. once underway, they are infinitely patient, and many a traveler has added to my testimony as to their willingness to suffer pathetically to the bitter end. How much our demands upon them in taking us across the boundless Saharas costs them may be seen by the disappearance entirely of their humps of fat before we sight the minarets that tell us the long pull is over; and what a wonderful provision nature has made in storing up for them a reserve supply of water, may be gathered from the fact that, when killed, camels are often found to contain much water almost as sweet as that in

I shall never forget one such experience soon after I first came out here and attempted, American like, against the advice of wiser heads, to transport a cargo of spices across the sands. Indescribable agonies of thirst followed our failure to strike the oasis trail; nothing was left for us but to sacrifice one of the camels in order to get some of the drinking water still stored in his stomach; nor were we disappointed in the maddening search. Some two gallons of greenish water was found which when allowed to stand a little, settled

This killing of a good camel and the necessary reloading of the animals, reminds me of the carrying powers of these aids to eastern commerce, and the difficulty we had with the other camels, due to their refusal for a while to transport more than a certain amount. The camel, partly because of its trestle like back, partly besinking into the sands, is able to carry two enacted along the line of retreat. He esti or three times as much as a mule, a load 1,000 to 1.500. This huge weight the camel, according as he is naturally built or naturally lazy, will, when once started, bear along steadily and patiently; but if he feels that he is loaded too heavily, he will means of communication, and t refuse in the beginning to budge, no matter how he is cudgeled. When our camel was killed, we divided his load and added it to the burdens of the others; and two camels

at once lay down to their jobs. Choice Koreanic oaths and heavy sticks were thrown at them, but with no avail; finally, the oldest of my drivers thought of ruse. He unloaded the extra burden from one of the heasts, and the animal straightway rose; but while he was getting up, the driver threw on the bundles again without the camel detecting the trick. The same thing was tried with success with the other camel.

Amateurs, as I can testify from my own early experience, usually underrate the strength of these living transports, and perhaps it is no wonder that Major Wayne had difficulty with the people of Indianola, Tex., as I remember he reported to the Secretary of War. Some hay being needed at the camel yard one day, a man was sent to the quartermaster's forage-house with a camel, to bring up four bales. When two peeky things may be good enough to heat bales, weighing together 613 pounds were up a church, but when it comes to heating loaded on the animal, doubts were expressed by the hystanders as to whether he could

rise; and when two more bales, making a kers."

load of some 1.250 pounds, were added, indignation was expressed, and a local con-stable was about to interfere until told to get out of the way of the camel and Uncle Sam. The camel rose and walked off.-

Kingston and Its Disasters

Kingston, like every capital city Jamaica has ever had, seems to have been doom-ed to disaster. Thrice it has been lashed by hurricanes; thrice it has been shaken by earthquakes, and thrice it has been

practically wiped out. The first capital, Seville D'Ore, founded by the Spaniards in 1509, was overcome by a pest of red ants; Spanish Town, the next, from the fifteenth century, being founded was allowed to fall into ruin because it wss not conveniently situated for governing purposes. Port Royal, the capital of the buccaneers, was swallowed in the sea Horner," "Little Miss Muffett," "Old

the last capital. The city was built on the Liguanea Plain immediately after the destruction of Port Royal. It grew from a settlement to a town, then to a city with a population

old negroes as long as can be remembered. The prophecy was not altogether disbelieved by persons who had not become too familiar with the city to overlook its topo-

graphical situation The earthquake of Port Royal sank most of that city into the ocean, leaving a strip of sand above the surface about twelve miles long. At the tip of this saudpit was what was left of Port Royal, and at the other end it joined the mainland at a point

called Rockfort. Pounded on one side by the breakers of the Carribbean sea, the sandpit was lapped on the inside by a shimmering lagoon, the entrance to which was only separated from the mainland by a narrow passage. This passage, which can be navigated only by a skillful pilot, admits to a great almondshaped lagoon, in which a few years ago it was found that the whole British fleet could anchor in safety. It was within this smiling lagoon that the city of Kingston

nestled in seeming safety.

Kingston, built on the inward shore, stood upon land which shelved into the water at about the rate of one foot in fifty, and had the same halfsubmerged appearance that Port Royal has had since the great earthquake. The continued sinking of piers and the shifty gravelly nature of the soil which slid into the sea with every beavy rainfall formed a foundation for the

dismal croaking of earthquake prophets. In 1782 it was burned to the ground. It was rebuilt gradually, only to be wiped out again in 1843. This last fire was a dismiliar to the visitor to the American zoo astrous one, costing the city about \$15,-000,000. Hurricanes, too, came between

> The greatest hurricane was perhaps in 1880. Kingston was on the edge of it, but got its share of trouble. In August, 1903, a cyclone swept the island and damaged banana plantations, houses, wharves, and steamships to the extent of \$10,000. Antonio, the American colony, on the north side of the island, was nearly wiped out. But it arose again, a model of American swiftness and utility, and is today one of the prettiest towns in the West Indias. this country.

Binder Twine For years the Agricultural Department has been trying to find an American sub-

binder twine is made. This strong cord, with which the har vesting machines tie up the bundles of wheat, is indispensable to the western farmer. Its manufacture has reached such proportions that "binder twine" plays an important part in each new tariff schedule, and has absorbed the attention of politicians as well as of farmers.

The United States has depended upon foreign countries for the raw material, and a powerful trust controls its manufecture. These facts give peculiar significance to the successful outcome of the experiments of the Department of Agriculture. The material which has now proved its

commercial importance is the strong wire grass of the slough lands of Wisconsin, Minnesota and other Western States. The plant known to botanists as carex stricta, is very abundant, but has always been considered useless. The process of manufacture consists of washing the grass, combing to separate the

fibres and spinning in a specially devised machine, which twists a fine protecting yarn in with the fibres, thereby insuring the evenness necessary for use in harvesting machines. The waste is made into bottle covers, and a cheap and very durable floor matting is also woven from the grass. The new twine sells for one-third less than the old-fashioned article, and is said to do its work equally well.

China Now Prey to Smallpox. To the horrors of famine have been added an outbreak of smallpox among the refugees at Singkiang, China, necessitating the demolition of the mat sheds erected to shelter the thousands who have arrived

there in search of food. Captain Kirton, who was sent out by the relief committee to investigate the sitnation, reports that 300,000 destitute persons have been driven back toward their cause of its spreading foot that prevents it homes, and that terrible scenes are being mates that 250,000 persons are likely to be running anywhere from 500 pounds up to doomed at Singkiang alone and 400,000 at Antung, where small relief works have been started. The official records are gen-

The distress is largely due to lack of means of communication, and the fear that the Chinese officials may appropriate any money for relief work they undertake. Dykes being dilapidated, renewed rains

are certain to cause fresh floods. Every bouse in the neighborhood of Antung visited by Captain Kirton contained dead bodies or dying persons. The relief committee, which has 150,000 taels (about \$100,000) at its disposal, has

instituted relief works under foreign supervision. -Two officers were sent to arrest a Quaker; his wife met them at the door and

said, "Walk in, gentlemen; my husband will see thee." After waiting some time they got impa tient and called the woman, saying, "You said we should see your husband presently.'

"No friend," she replied; "I said he

would see thee-be did see thee, did not like thy looks, and went out by the back door."-Ladies Home Journal. -Howell-"What would you do if a

Origin of Nursery Rhymes

Slang phrases, in course of time become absorbed into the vernacular, just in the same way that nonsense thymes and nursery verses become institutions. Take the following examples: The famous lines,

"Mother, may I go out to swim? Yes, my dearest daughter; Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, And don't go near the water,"

are at least thirteen hundred years old, being found in a book of jests of the sixth century complied by Hiercoles.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall," etc., bas come down to us from the days of King John. "The Babes in the Wood" dates upon facts, an old house near Wayland Wood, Norfolk, having the whole story in after an earthquake in 1692. Kingston is Mother Hubbaid," "Mother Goose" and 'Goosey, Goosey, Gander'' are each traceable to the sixteenth century.
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You

Been?" helongs to the reign of Queen Eliz-abeth. "Three Blind Mice" first appeared of 50,000, four-fifths of whom were negroes and only 2 per cent. pure whites.

The earthquake which would destroy Kingston has been the prophetic croak of Come Out to Play" and "Lucy Looket Lost and the company of the control of th Her Pocket" both bail from the period of Charles II. And last of all, "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Bluebeard"and "Tom Thumb" were published by their author, Charles Perrault, in the year 1697.

New Theory of Sleep

Sir William Gowers has recently developed a new theory of sleep. According to his explanation, the suspension of con-sciousness in sleep is probably due to a "break and make" action among the brain cells. The activity of the brain is considered to be due to nerve cells, from which spring nerve cords that go on dividing and sub-dividing until they terminate in little knobs. Formerly it was believed that the nerve cells of the brain were in permanent connection by means of their terminals; but now it appears that these are only in opposition and capable of being separated. The hypothesis is that during sleep such separation takes place, and the fact that narcotic substances are capable of inducing sleep is held to support this view.

-There will be a legal holiday this year on every day of the week except Sat-urday, as follows: Monday, Labor day, September 2nd; Tuesday, New Year's day, January 1st; Election day, November 5th; Wednesday, Christmas, December 25th; Thursday, Decoration day, May 30th; Independence day, July 4th; Defender's day, September 12th; Thanksgiving, November 28th; Friday, Washington's birthday, Feb-22od, Good Friday, March 29th. Next year there will be a legal holiday on every day of the week, a rare occurrence.

-Schoolmaster : "Anonymous" means without a name. Give me a sentence showing you understand how to use the word. Small Boy: Our new baby is anonymous. - Chums.

-First Motorist: What is the name of this big cemetery we are passing? Second Motorist: That's not a cemetery, my dear Boy, those are milestones .- Lor

Uncle Sam's Antisuperstition Bulletin According to an official of the weather bureau in Philadelphia, a bulletin recently issued from the government office at Washington was put out solely for the purpose of compating and overcoming superstition-something which a government rarely undertakes in an official way, says the Philadelphia Record. The bulletin in question is concerned with an emphatic declaration that long range weather forecasts based on the position of the planets. phases of the moon or the behavior of animals, birds or plants are valueless and without reason. The bulletin is said to have been made necessary by the large number of inquiries concerning such forecasts received by the department. "The belief of many farmers in the powers of the ground hog as a forecaster of the winter season is as firmly fixed as their religion." said the Philadelphia official referred to. "Another sure sign to the farmer is the moon. These things are jokes to readers of city newspapers, but out in the country they are believed in as signs, no matter how many times they fail."

Rings For Engaged Men. Beyond a great light of joy in his eyes and a manner of walking as if he were treading on air or eggs, the engaged young man hitherto has borne no outward signs of the fact the girl has said "Yes." But now comes a new freak of behavior, says the New York Press. It is ordained that he should proclaim the fact of his engagement by wearing a broad gold band on the third finger of his right hand. This ring must be presented by his fiancee in exchange for the solitaire with which he adorns her hand. After marriage his circlet must be moved to the left hand. Two members of the German embassy in Washington have made the hopes of belles fall to zero because the golden circles tell the secret.

Good and Osgood.

The subject of ancestors is often an interesting topic of conversation. A lady extremely proud of her mother's family created a sensation and made her listeners wonder a little when she remarked: "My father filled many responsible positions. We all have the greatest respect for him. My father was a good man, but"-and a certain stiffening of the shoulders and an added expression of firmness in the good lady's face added importance to her conclusion-"my mother was an Osgood!"

Man to Blame.

Women are more prone to deceit than men. From the time when Scheherazade told her lord 1,001 lies to keep the peace it has been the accepted way. And the men, not the women, are the most to blame. It is what they like, and they get It -- Good Words

Love is intoxicating, it is said. What man called you a barefaced liar?"

Powell—"Fool him by raising whisa good thing it is that marriage has a tendency to sober a man.—Terroll (Tex.) Transcript.