IN NATURE'S AISLES.

The woods and dales, And the hills and vales These are a church for me. The chorus sweet

That the birds repeat

And the paeans of the bee; The rustling prayer On the still, sweet air Of the leaves on the kindly trees;

The light divine Of the soft sunshine. And the woodland harmonies; The sturdy strength

Of the monntain length As it stretches athwart the sky; The fresh clean thrill Of the mountain rill As it rups a-whispering by:

The perfumed scent Of the meadows blent With the pine of the balsam boughs: And the sweet wild rose,

And the grain in the brimming mows All speak to me Of the majesty

And glory of God above, Who made the hills, And the dales and rills. And taught them to sing His love! -[John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Week

THE LEE SHORE

It was strange that all day he should have thought of her. Not for years had she been more than a memory—vagrant, lingeringly bitter-sweet. It was years even since her presence—that like a spirit had haunted him so often-like a spirit was laid. And then in the midst of a particularly busy day, while he was turning in his mind a question of some moment, her face had risen before him vividly, recur-

But perhaps it was that very problem instead of shotting out the conflicting influence, invited it, for Richard Marsh was hesitating on a step which meant much—much of material gain, much of moral loss; and each time some memory of her had flitted with a seemingly pervers incontinence across his mind, he had paused to wonder what she would say if she

He could have little doubt of what she would say. Though their intimacy had been so short-lived it had sounded all of the many chords to which they were mutually attuned. They understood each other in a world that neither had found sympathetic. They were compatriots of temperament meeting in exile, and each shared conviction was an article of faith to bind them closer in a common creed.

How far he had fallen from the grace of their beliefs Richard Marsh might have measured by his mere consideration of this soiling transaction. It marked yet anothed step in his deterioration. Two years ago he would have shuddered at the idea; five he would have laughed at it.

ping down into the creeping tide : youth moved. Grief and pity, natural emotio for a moment. What was the use? There er to the disappointment of failure or the | existence. far keener disappointment of success. What was the use?

He had met her years ago at a little fishing village on the Maine coast where they were both spending the Summer. Their acquaintance had been of the briefest, their friendship, carried on by a scattering flight of letters, had lasted somewhat longer while their love-his love at least-had survived through the years

It was on a morning early in October any of the East coast folk could supply the year and date, for it was the morning of the great gale. All night the storm had raged and the dawn broke wild and gray. with the wind driving sheets of rain against the sodden earth and the cobbled gutter of the steep-set street roaring like a waterfall.

The glimpse of the sea, visible through the drawn skein of the storm, gave promise of a fine spectacle for any who would venture out; and Richard, clad in fisherman's oilskins and high boots, set his face against the gale, picking his way down the slippery rocks to the beach while the roar of

surf grew louder every moment in his ears. He paused at the head of the steps as a furious gust snatched his breath from him, hesitating as to whether he should go on, He often thought of that in after years-if only he had not gone on, how different his whole life would have been; what a placid, eventless course he might bave steered !

And then, looking down, he noticed someone just below him pressed back under the shelter of the rocky cliff, gazing out across the wilderness of leaping, driving water. A second glance and he felt a thrill -but a thrill less of surprise than one vaguely premonitory: It was a girl.

Richard descended the steps, drawn, strangely quiescent, by a feeling stranger still—an almost unconscious conviction that this scene was familiar, the stagesetting of a predestined experience.

The son'wester was pulled down over her eyes, but a lock or two of heavy black hair had escaped from it and was blown flat against a cheek showing, even under the sting of the wind, a miraculous transparent whiteness. There was indeed a rather wild quality in her beauty that seemed singularly appropriate to the scene. She might have been a nymph borne ashore by the gale, her slim figure hidden beneath the cloak of some poor fisher-lad she had

Three feet away Richard had to raise his voice to be heard. His smile gleamed and he swept a hand toward the sea. "Isn't it magnificent?"

She turned meeting his gaze quite frank ly, and be noticed her eyes were of that rare crystalline quality which, like the sea, seems to reflect a color in barmony with its surroundings. Now like the sea they were green with a fleck of white, clear as foam, in the slightly raised corners.

It was all the more uncanny that his words did not, seemingly, reach her. Her Her brow slightly drawn, the corners of her

"Have they any chance?" she said.
Richard followed vaguely the direction
of her gaze. Not fifty feet before them the waves were shattering their bissing, highraised crests against the long black reef that drew its head up on the beach; its oruel jagged vertebrae stretching away, covert, treacherous, to the thin pencil of the Gray Shoals Light.

Beyond that presumptuous human de-flauce, barely discernible through the clouds of spindrift and the recurring sweep And it was so that they had made their of the rain, was a ship, a two-masted schooner; heeled over till her deck, with every incoming breaker pouring over it, looked from where they were standing like the terrace of a waterfall. Close pointed, her drenched sails quivered as though with the fear of a living thing.
"Good God!" Richard muttered,
hadn't seen that."

The girl was watching his face anx-

"Is there no chance?" He glanced back at the little knot of fishermen huddled in the boat house door, and shook his bead.

"Not much, I'm afraid." "But it's too awful to think we are just to stand here and watch them drown. we could only do something."

"It's a lee shore and the tide is running

With this sea there isn't a craft on the coast could reach them." He drew a step closer to her and they stood thus, side by side, watching while the long minutes dragged by and the little

vessel, with a nerve-torturing rhythm, sank from sight in the trough and struggled high up on the crest. She was making a gallant fight and slowly-so slowly as occasionally to deceive the watchers—she was losing it. The storm

was driving her against the fangs of its pitiless ally, and as this pertainly grew in their minds the man and the girl, with a low-breathed question and assent, turned and moved over to the boat house. There were half-a-dozen men and a few children gathered in the porch—the rapt silence of the little ones giving to the scene

the most solemn touch of all. of the group, though they had been there for hours, shifted their gaze as Richard and the girl joined them. Do you think they could get in with

the dingy ?" Richard asked after a mo-"No chance in God's world !" It was an

old man that spoke. Peter Harley, bowed and weather beaten; his faded blue eyes peering out across the reef; his knotted old hands working nervously, like a blind

creature groping its way.

"She's a trawler, isn't she?"

"Yes, the Martha M., young Jim
More's."

"What ! he lives here ?" "That's one of his chillen right there," the old man responded. "Only she don't know it's her dad, pore little bit. Be careful, don't speak the name. There ain't no use in Martha knowin'-yet."

A little boy stole over to them. "Hullo, Miss Katherine," he said, addressing Richard's companion. She slipped her arm about him and stooped down. "Bring little Janey More over here,

Then she seated herself on the bench. and throwing back the oilskins took the

little girl in ber arms. The child was not more than five, but she was born of those who for generations had gone down to the sea in ships, entrusting their lives day by day to the everchanging moods of its treacherous surface, confronting open-eyed that yet greater mystery of which it is the fitting symbol. And so it seemed that there lurked in the wide, innocent eyes some half-instinctive understanding of what it was that bushed the voices of those about her and froze to wanness the accustomed smile.

Miss Katherine pressed the little creature And her face, that he so often longed to close against her breast to hide, perhaps, forget, came back and made him remember her own unchecked tears, and Richard, -remember other things that were slip- looking down at them, was strangely pe and helief. He threw his arm springing from the fountains of being, across the desk and rested his head upon it swept aside the horror which had been the first feeling inspired by this sudden meetwere no ultimates in life. Ideals led eith- ing with one of the great primal crisis of

He stooped down and whispered tenderly : "Won't you let me take her home? And you-there is no use in your staying on."

She shook her head, meeting his auxious gaze with a grateful smile.

"No. I couldn't leave now." The child reached a hand sleepily up, grasping his lapel, and in almost unc ions response he stooped and kissed her. He could feel the girl's warm breath on his neck. He could almost hear the beating of her heart in the bosom that rove and fell so close to his cheek. He closed his eyes while a strange, immeasurable hap-piness surged over him. He forgot the oat and its peril, forgot his surroundings. He was one of the sacred trinity-man, woman and child. As he straightened himself the miracle which in that moment had happened shone from his eyes.

And then, gazing back across the water, he saw that in that moment something else had happened. The boat was no longer pointed into the gale. It was flying before it, orushed and broken, struggling in a tangle of rigging like a frenzied fish in a seine. But no one was looking at the ship; all eyes were riveted on a dark speck toss ing between the mountainous breakers. It rose and fell, rose and fell. Then a great wave engulfed it and for a full minute everyone held his breath. But it reap peared, tossed skyward like a child's ball. Then once again it rose and fell, rose and fell, rose-their anxious hearts could almost deceive their straining vision. It had

risen before, surely now-? But the tumultuous green waste showed no sign of the burden it had borne so treacherously. Nothing but heaving water and low-hung, swift-driving send.

Richard turned and lifted the child

his arms. "Come," he said, "we will take her home." And he drew the hand that Katherine had laid caressingly on his bur-den under his arm, and without further home." word they went together up the path.

It was strange that all day he should have thought of her. Not for years had she been more than a memory; yet through out the busy hours her presence had clung to him, tenacious, compelling, and now at home she was still with him by his study hearth in the firelight.

He had gone once more over the old, familiar round, dwelling fondly on the picture of that first meeting, shrinking when his thought touched the wound that, unhealed, was ever throbbing back of his

How he cherished the memory of thos few gray days that had flitted by like ghosts of the pageant Summer: A deserted beach; storm-shuttered cottages; and the boats hauled back from the reach of the boldest wave. The social toosin had sum-moned their kind back to the cities, but these two lingered on, drawn together by what they had witnessed—this great and awful thing so apast from their screened

existence. Yet dwell as he might on those brief, precious hours, Richard Marsh could not tell their sum without coming to the endthe struggle when he had fought her conscience and his own, the weight of her given word against the happiness of both; for though she had fought her battle, too,

mistake-the fine idealism of youth, a too sensitive honor, and the very sublimity of their love keyed them to the point of sacri-

Then had come his first meeting with Henry.

"I want you to be friends," she said, as bing him laughed his jovial, full-fed laugh and swore they were friends aiready.

"Katherine's pals are my pals—we shall want to see a lot of you when we're mar-

His voice had had time to grow familiar

clearly as if freshly spoken.

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently, as though he would shake off the longlingering impression, and rising from his chair by the fire he took up again the paper which awaited only his signature to make it a powerful weapon—insidious, deadly, in the hands of a ruthless coterie.

"And it may have been a message after all," he said, "a beacon-light by which I may steer."

Richard hesitated, his fingers on the cover of the ink-well. He, too, was on a lee shore-he had been fighting a long time and slowly, inch by inch, losing the fight. He had done rather well at first. There had been temptations resisted, but that was long past. And after all was it worth while-had it made him happier?

A fresh current of air swung ajar the door, rustling the papers on the desk and drawing a dart of flame from the dying embers. Richard Marsh faced about, his head thrown back, filling his lungs deeply; for there had come to him, unmistak able in the moment of passing, the pungent odor of salt marshes.

And that she was borne to him on that breath of the ocean did not surprise him. Her presence had been so real to his other senses, that for the veil to be at last lifted from his eyes seemed but natural. He had indeed a strange conviction that he had

been expecting this to happen.

Yet he did not approach or for the moment address her, but sank to his knees upon the hearth-rug, then dropped back against his chair; looking up, weaving her presence into a glorious make-believe. "Katherine!"

"Richard!" The word came faint and clear as the echo of his own. Perhaps the yearning tone was an echo also. "Richard, I've come to help you. Some thing is wrong."
"Beloved," he breathed, "your coming

helps me. Only your failure to come is wrong "You want me always, Richard, but to night you need me.' His voice sank to the faintest whisper.

"How did you know?" "I heard you calling me. I heard it shove the sound of the surf. The tide and the wind are setting in together, Richard, and you are on a lee shore."

They were the words he himself had used but a few minutes before. . . Perhaps. . . But the mystery of it all was stealing into him, mounting to his brain like the incense of forbidden wine. While those fathomless eyes, piercing the shadows that lay between them, burned their way into his very soul, their color, the deep gray blue of a wintry sea, strangely visible through the dusk. "Tell me, Richard."

"Tell you? Can you do more than vatch?" he asked. "You have your huswatch ?" band, your boy ?" "Yes, I can do more than watch." The

low voice grew even lower. "I can cry to you to fight on-because I love you, Rich-He drew a sharp breath, but remained

mute while the silence, intense, absolute, became a tension straining for the cleavage of a word; giving to that word a momen tousness that withheld its utterance.
"Richard, you mustn't shipwreck-you

are the one strong man to whom I can point my boy. You hold my faith in his future-my faith in everything.

He shook his head, smiling sadly 'No, I am not a strong man, Katherine. Would to God I were even steadfast in an evil course; better that than to be unstable —a shuffler. The soaring head and the feet of clay. No, you must never point your boy to me. Do you know that now, at this moment, there is a paper lying on that desk to which I think even Henryforgive me-would hesitate to put his name hesitated tonight, but I was going to sign it tomorrow, at the office, when I had forced

myself to forget." Her brows gathered as at the touch of physical pain. She seemed to be striving to remember and understand the words be had spoken. Then with her eyes still olinging to his upturned gaze, she bent over the desk; her hands groping as though, blind, she should know the unclean thing

by its touch. He nodded

She held it out to him. "Barn it."
"Will barn-"Burn it?" he repeated. ing it bring gladness into my life? Or can this turning from youth's heroics take from me the happiness I do not possess?"

The emotion in her tense poise, in every lelicate contour of her face, pleaded with

"Burn it, Richard," she repeated But he did not seem to hear her; he was ent forward, listening. "What is that? Can you hear anything,

Katherine? "It is the booming of the surf on the

reef," she said. Then on a sudden the paporama of that tragic struggle— that dark vision to which he seemed bound as to the wheel of fate was sweeping him along. There again was the low-hung, driving soud; the hurling tumult of water; the long white line of the reef. And the seal of doom was on all.

It had recurred to him a thousand times, but there was a difference now. He was no longer watching from the shore. He was in a frail boat, are builded. boat, swinging between sky and sea in the abyss of eternity. Great mountains, snow-capped, reared themselves far up beside him, sending down crushing avalanches of water upon the staggering ves-sel; while he, Richard Marsh, clinging to a wrenching teller shaft, faced death open-

eyed.
"Katherine, Katherine," he cried. "I am losing you forever. Not without me, you were mine, and now" —her voice ed strangling in her throat-"I am slipping away from you, down, down into

the very depths." A long time must have elapsed before he struggled back from that unknown, mystery haunted void to the pain of consc All around him was dark and still and be lay there, his colder senses striving with the vividness of that last impression; the crushed paper held questioningly above the fire; the momentary glow as, released, it flutter-ed up in the draft like a spirit at the torment; and then her last words, as she laid her hand upon his head: "I know now

why I came.' He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Dreams-never more than the evanescent fantasy of a moment," he murmured. | quantities all over the country.

He struck a light. After nine. Perpaps there in that other house she was kiss-And it was so that they had made their ing the children good night, while for him only dreams.

He hesitated a moment, then walked

over to the telephone.
"Yes, one eight-three-four . . . This is Mr. Marsh . . . Oh, is that you, Henry? . . I ran across Larkins the other day and he "I want you to be friends," she said, as said you'd gone into L. P. R. pretty heavy, their hands met and the man who was robrealize now, there's a new deal on

Don't mention it, Henry . . . Yes, I am rather a hermit . . . How is Katherine? What, really? I've been dozing, too; only just woke up, but then I'm old enough to he rather bored by my own company. Give in the lapse of years, but the tone still came to Richard, awaking his distaste as clearly as if freshly spoken.

her my regards . . Yes, I'm coming to see how my godchild's grown . . . Good bye."

He turned away smiling. "Dreams dreams," but there was a sweetness in the thought now, for perhaps she had shared them. He would make himself believe

that she had.

He walked over to the desk. If he waited his mood would have time to change. His matter-of-fact seuses might hesitate at He lifted the paper-weight from a pile of

ocuments. "Funny, it was right on top," he said It was not there now. He brought himelf round sharply and dropped on his knees before the grate.

The fire was almost out. A few fast-dyng embers glowed through the fused oinders above like the fading afterglow of just such a cloud-hung sunset as he had so often watched across the rock-bound waters of his dear East Coast.

At the back of the grate the blackened feathery ashes of a piece of paper stirred under his breath.—By Guy Bolton, in the Smart Set.

The Comforts of a Snow House

The experience of those who tent in the retic during the colder winter mouths is to be summarized about as follows :

When the tent has been pitched the tem-perature within it is some fifteen or twenty egrees higher than outside, or thirty degrees if it is fifty degrees in the open ; one is damp and warm from the strenuous exercise of the day, but soon becomes cold and shivers ; one crawls into his sleepingbag and makes entries in the diary clumsily with one's mittens on ; the heat from one's body forms boar frost on everything in the tent, and congeals in the sleepingbag, so that it becomes stiff and heavy with ice during the day's travel when it freezes, and soaking wet when one gets into it at night and thaws it out; this in turn wets one's clothing, and the trousers and coat freeze stiff as sole-leather when one breaks camp in the morning; the twenty-four hours are a round of wretchedness, and the

ice crusted tent and icy sleeping-bags become a heavy load for the sled. When one follows Eskimo methods the conditions are markedly different. On any treeless open (unless it be perhaps during the first month of winter) an area of compactly drifted snow is easily found; the snow knives (of bone or iron, according to circumstances) are brought out and the surface of the drift is divided into blocks of domino shape, say fourteen by thirty inches and four inches thick; these are then placed on edge and end to end in a circle the size of the desired ground area of the dome-shaped but ; then, on the principles of architecture that apply to domes, whether made of stone or snow, the beehive to \$1,595 923 and products valued at \$4,-house is completed. Two men can in an 750,589. Almost equal numbers of men hour build a house large enough for eicht to sleep in. When the house is completed a doorway is cut in its side near the ground, skins are spread over the floor, one

brushes himself as clear of snow as possible and crawls inside. The oil lamps are then lit, and the house soon brought to a temperature considerably above the freezing point ; for snow is one of the best known non-conductors of heat, and the intense cold of the outside penetrates the walls only to a very slight degree. But when the house gets warm the inner side of the snow dome begins to thaw, and the water formed is sucked up into the snow, blotter fashion; when this water penetrates far enough into the snow to meet the cold from the outside it freezes and your snow house is turned into an ice dome so strong that a polar bear can crawl over it without danger of breaking

through. When once inside the house the Eskimos strip naked to the waist and hang their clothes to dry on pegs in the wall. On some journeys we had sheet-iron stoves (procured from whalers in former years), which we installed in the snow houses, and in which we built roaring fires.

One is well placed to take comfort in the ingenuity of man overcoming a harsh environment when, sitting snug, warm and lightly clad, one listens to an arctic bliz-zard whining helplessly over the ice vault that two hours before was an oval snowbank. I longed for a dressing-gown and slippers, but one cannot burden his sled with such luxuries. There was no cold to make the hands numb in writing diary, no frost to congeal on the bed-clothing and make them wet, none of the night's discomforts and the morrow's forebodings that have been the stock in trade of the makers of arctic books. And when we broke camp in the morning we did not burden the sled with an ice-stiffened hundred-pound tent, but stuck in our belt the ten-ounce snow-knife, our potential roof for the coming night.-[V. Stefansson, in

Harper's Magazine.

-There seems to be a popular impression, according to Good Housekeeping, that an oriental rug will wear forever, no matter what sort of treatment it receives, but this is one of those mistakes which are often discovered too late to be rectified. In the East, where they are worn smooth by the gliding of bare feet, their chances for immortality are great, but in America boot-heels are their constant and insidious enemies. However, their lives may be prolonged by skilful attention. If the overcasting on the edge is gone or giving way, a thread of carpet wool or yarn will supply new evercasting and give new re-sistance. If a warp or weft thread on the back is broken, it should not be left to slip out, taking the knots with it, but should have a linen thread tied to it at one end be woven over and under as far as the break extends, and then be tied at the other. If knots come out they should be replaced at once with the aid of a coarse, old-fashioned worsted needle. If the selvage wears crooked, it should be ravelled out and overcast, saving the surplus wool for other repairs. All these are valuable preventive measures. A good Oriental rug is a work of art, and it should be treated with the reverence which it deserves.

-Russians never eat rabbits, as they say they nest with rate, nor will they touch snails or turtles, which are found in great Crows, Crows, Crows.

Some American boys, and girls living in the cities have scarcely ever seen a crow, and those living in the country are used to seeing them only in the fields and woods where they scratch up the planted corn, or pull out the first shoots that appear, and where the young ones make a fearful clat-ter during the time before they are able to leave the nest. But in Burma, while there are not many crows in the fields, the cities are full of them, and any boy or girl who was balf as bad as a Burman crow would he put in jail for life. They live up to the doctrine of total depravity to the very best of their ability, which means that they are as bad as they can be, and are glad of it and don't want to be any better. There are some boys who at certain times in their lives would like to have you believe that of themselves, but down deep in their hearts they would like to be kind and nonest if they thought they could be.

The reason there are so many crows in Burma is that the native people will not kill them because it is against the law of their religion to take life in any form. This is not so much because they are kind-hearted but because they believe the crow may in some former existence have been a man who has now become a crow because of his sinfulness, and it would bring great punishment upon them if they interfered with his fate and put an end to crow exis-

tence before his time. The crow is a most persistent and skill-ful thief. He will dodge in through a win-dow and soatch victuals off the table while it is being set for breakfast. The Burmese women go to the bazaar for eatables every day and carry them home on trays on their beads, but if each didn't keep her tray covered the crows would soon empty it. One day I saw a little naked Burman boy about two and a half years old going along the street munching "piazo," a sort of cake made of shell fish and onions, etc. A crow kept hopping along in front of him just out of reach. A noise behind him caught the lad's attention for an instant and immediately the crow snatched his "piazo" from his hand and made off with it, and

seemed to chuckle to himself as he gulped it down on the roof of a neighboring house. The other evening I saw a flock of crows flapping noisily about the finial on the tor of a house. No sooner would one light on the point than another would fly against and knock him off. The game seemed to be to see which could maintain his position the longest, but none seemed to make a

They very often light on the backs of cattle and buffaloes grazing in the fields, and I have seen one light on the back of a vulture that was busy picking at a dead dog in the stream. I presume the flies on the cattle and the vermin on the vultures are the attraction. I once saw a crow try to pick off a huge leech that had fastened itself on a bullock, but I guess he thought he had struck too tough a proposition that time, for the leech seemed tougher than India rubber.

The best that can be said of the crow that he belps much with the scavenging of a tropical city, but what a scamp he is .-By Rev. B. M. Jones.

Pins, Needles, Hooks and Ever

According to the cenans of 1905 forty six establishments made a specialty of panufacturing one or more varieties of needles, pins hooks and eyes. These es-stablishments reported a capital of \$5,331,-939, 3,965 wage earners, wages amounting and women were engaged in this industry, the numbers being 1,862 and 1,860 respec-

tively In addition a number of factories pro duced quantities of these articles without specializing on them. The total output amounted to 1,766,073 gross of needles, valued at \$1,518,411, and pins valued at \$2,632,656, a total value of \$4,151,067 for

both classes of products. The leading variety of needles manufactured was sewing machine needles with a production of 776,542 gross, valued at \$600,046. Latch knitting machine needles were next in rank in importance, the 310,-846 gross of such needles being valued at \$422,655. More spring knitting machine needles (332,788 gross) were manufactured but their value was considerably less (\$118,223).

Large quantities of each variety of pins were produced—132,632,232 gross of com-mon or toilet pins, 2,550,650 gross of safety pins, and 1,704,900 gross of hairpins. The values of these varieties were \$1,129,006.

\$829,386, and \$109,245 respectively.
All other products, including books and eyes, were valued at \$1,542,028.—Scientific

The Japanese Growing Taller.

A Scotch physician and ethnologist, Dr. Munro, resident in Yokohama, says that the stature of Japanese young people of both sexes is increasing, and that this increase has become more noticeable since they have become accustomed to use benche chairs, instead of squatting on the floor, as was formerly the custom, in public schools. While not expressing any positive opinion on the subject himself, he says that many able men in Japan are inclined to believe that the Japanese stature will be further inoreased with more general abandonment of the squatting habit. It is by no means im possible that there is some truth in this view and that attention to posture in early life may tend to a better physical development. The Japanese people bave shown them-selves not lacking in physical vigor and endurance, and with a larger frame they may be able to exceed their former reco There are, of course, many other factors influencing stature; the question of subsistnature of the soil all may have their influence on the growth of a people, aside from the effects of racial peculiarities.—Medical Record.

The following questions are to be answered by the abbreviations of the names of

the states: What is the most religious state? What is the state of exclamation? Best state in having time? Best state to oure the sick? Best state in a flood? The most maidenly state? Name the numerical state? The father of states? Best state for mines? State represented by a girl's name? Good state for the untidy? State named in the vocal scale? The most egotistical state? The state that is the sickest? The most military state?

- [Children's Magazine

-The original regiment of dragoons i

Never say, "It is only a game." Games are valuable for many reasons, and the person who scores them would often be benefited in mind and body if she would only

learn to play them. If you go in for exercise, it is better to take it in the form of a game, particularly an outdoor one, as you will be much more

apt to keep it up.

Besides the help to your health, you are gaining certain essential mental and moral

The advantages of golf over mere walking is a case in point. One could walk indefinitely without acquiring the control of temper, the keen judgment and precision of eye and hand that is necessary good golfer.

world, could ever in regulation exercises, however violent, bring body, mind and disposition into combined action as they are when matched in a skilled game of

No one, with the best intentions in the

Indoor games are even less to be disregarded for their effect on the mental and

The boy or girl who has been trained to game playing from youth will be more alert, decisive and make quicker decisions than the child whose taste has not run to-

ward this form of amusement.

Game players also learn to be good do not go their way. They likewise get a horror of not "playing fair," as even a suspicion of cheating at any form of game is not tolerated by companions.

Games that brush up the wite and

strengthen the memory are particularly to be commended. Certain ones, such as authors, geographical games, and other literary contests are adopted by many advanced teachers for impressing necessary

facts on small children. In one successful school part of Friday afternoon is always set apart for playing games of all kinds, and teachers who have watched the effect declare their pupils learn more history, geography and literature from that hour once a week than they do from the most laborious teaching.

It is not uncommon to hear said of a woman, "She has no card sense." This may seem a slight lack to the opponent of cards, but it is a real defect, not only for the unfortunate partner who must play with the person so afflicted, but for woman herself.

Card-sense usualty means good judgment, the power to make deductions quickly, promptness of decision, and the faculty of looking forward to what others may or may not do; any or all of which faculties are invaluable to the possessor in every business of life.

One quite noted teacher declared recently that she would like to see whist taught in every school as part of the curriculum, for the mental discipline it gave. If you do not like games, of course it is

not necessary to martyrize yourself, but do not make the mistake of discouraging children from playing them. If in no other way they will benefit socially, for the woman who is unskilled in every form of game, both indoor and out, often finds her society is not in demand where she would much like to be included, when her more adaptable friends are invited.

Our Own Country.

There was a mighty wise little woman I once heard of who had a way of inventing many odd devices to inspire her children with a fervent love of their country. When she laid out the little garden around her bouse there were shady retreats filled with wild acacias and mountain laurel. "We must have them because they are American flowers," she said. A bedge of Indian corn shut in the slope like a phalanx of stately sentinels with tossing plumes, "because it is so beautiful, and is an American plant," she exclaimed. In their vacations the boys were taken to see the finest scenery on the continent, from the Hudson River to the Grand Canon of the Colorado, and they were told: "This is yours; this belongs to your home. God has given it to

Do you wonder that when these boys, as men, climed the Alps or came into the val-leys of Italy, they did not feel their beauty less, but more, because they thought, "We, too, have a fair land, as fair as

this!" It was, too, always the habit of this little family to hoist the flag over the roof on all estivale of the year, not only on the Fourth of July, but on their own birthdays, their mother's wedding day, and all family anniversaries.

"Your country and you are one," the mother would say. "You cannot rejoice yourself and leave her out." She taught her smallest child this reverence for America. When she played the evening songs for them to sing around the piano, the last song she played, the last notes they carried to their beds with them were the notes of "The Star-Spangled Ban-ner." And never, they were taught, no matter where they were, must they hear that song unless they stood with their caps and hats off. The little mother went to her last sleep years ago, and sons, now sane, intelligent men, are not blind to the faults of their country. But America is their mother. They had been taught to love her. They never will disgrace her, depend upon that. They have that patriotism which is one of

King Edward's Almsgiving.

-Ladies' Home Journal

the strongest forces to uplift a human soul.

The annual distribution of the royal ounty, in the form of Maundy money, has just been made with picturesque ceremo-nies in Westminster Abbey. Sixty-seven old men and an equal number of women

were the recipients. Every year for several hundreds of years Maundy money has been distributed by the English sovereign to as many old men and women, separately, as there are years to his age. Thus on the last occasion of Victoria's benevolence eighty-one Queen persons of either sex received this alms.

A long procession marched along the Abbey choir, including the Lord High Al-moner, the Dean, the children of the Chap-el Royal, the Abbey choir, and the Royal Almonry, the secretary of the Almonry and his assistant, girt with towels, as well as the Yeomen of the Guard.

Each man received, in all, \$25, and each woman \$22.50. These sums included the Maundy coins, sixty-seven pence in spe-cially minted money, twopenny, threepenny and fourpenny pieces. These coins were eagerly sought after by collectors, and bought up at many times their value. Three other bounties had been previous-

ly given. They were the minor bounty, the discretionary bounty, and the royal gate alms, and they were doled out at the —The original regiment of dragoons is Royal Almonry to one thousand aged and said to have been organized in England in deserving subjects of the king.—[Harper's