THE LITTLE WOMAN.

One of the Little Women, she came up to Heav en's gate; And seeing the throng was pressing, sighed that she fain would wait.

"For I was not great or noble," she was poor and plain;"
And should I go boldly forward, I know it would

She sat near the shining portal, and looked at the surging crowd

Of them that were kings and princes, of the that were rich and proud; And sudden she trembled greatly, for one with a

Came to her, and hailed her gladly, and spoke to her her name: "Come, enter the jeweled gateway," he said" for

the prize is thine; The work that in life you rendered was work that was fair and fine :

So, come, while the rest stand waiting, and enter in here and now-A crown of the life eternal is waiting to press thy

Then trembled the Little Woman, and cried: "It may not be I!

Here wait they that wrought with greatness, so how may I pass them by? I carved me no wondrous statues, I painted no wondrous things,

I spoke no tremendous sayings that rang in the ears of kings. "I toiled in my little cottage, I spun and I baked and swept ; I sewed and I patched and mended-oh, lowly the

house I kept! I sang to my little children, I led them in worthy ways, And so I might not grow famous, I knew nought

but care-bound days. "So was it by night and morning, so was it b

week and year; I worked with my weary fingers through days that were bright or drear : And I have grown old and wrinkled, and I have

grown gray and bent;
I ask not for chants of glory, now that I have found content."

"Arise!" cried the waiting angel, "Come first of the ones that wait, For you are the voices singing, for you do we op

the gate: So great has been thy labor, so great shall be thy reward!"

Then he gave the Little Woman the glory of the Lord.

DEFINITIONS.

-Chicago Evening Post.

By polite manœuvering they had managed to have their deck-chairs placed together, and since they all bore some sort of social introduction to each other they combined to thwart the ennui of the long,

smooth afternoons. The ocean lay glinting like a vast jewel under the slant light of the afternoon sun. fact, I approve in the main."

Far off. it raised its edges somewhat to He stood up and stretched himself his restlessly in her chair.

"Yes," went on the mummy, "I can tell then a strange, unwonted quiet. Soon the stewards came down and told us to hurry are fully as I could,

he relapses into his natural sphere. ter, who seemed to feel that titillating at- constitution for life. After forty-two derstand." traction toward each other which demon- women are safe. If they catch love then, strated itself in minor squabblings and it is in the harmless form of the affec-chaffings, had taken to quibbling over the tions; a really useful trouble that acts to restore the peace.

This honorable gentleman, having been compensating President to London as its blood at about forty-five, and the disease consul-general. He had his daughter thereafter partakes more of the nature with him, and was giving her, at the of— same time, her first trip abroad and her "R first experience of a stereotyped society. The Hon. Parkes-Sterling was genial. This was his striking point. His pronunciation had always passed muster in his own home, where it was not unusual for dues and does to be pronounced doos, so that in his spread-eagle speech, at the close of the concert given for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the seafaring, he spoke with emphasis of every man who "does his duty"; but he made up for all such lapses by a broad, untrammelled home-maker, the mainstay of the family, human feeling. He knew every one on as the family is the mainstay of the the steamer, and he liked them all; the state." children, the sailors, the stewards, the steerage passengers, the captain, and the purser. Doubtless the little eccentricities of speech would only serve him in England, where the funnier we are the better they like us. The young English journalist, who had lived so long in New York that he had adopted its accent and added its slang to his varied English stock, had met the Hon. Mr. Sterling elsewhere, and young journalist making his name. His name for a writer and conducive to the choice of a public career. He was traveling in the interest of a well-known weekly, and intended reporting the entire politics of Europe in one page of his paper each week. His superiority in New York he was an Englishman, and in England, that he had lived so long in America that he was practically an American. He compared the countries volubly, and always to the disparagement of the one he inhabited for the nonce. He was tall and athletic and blonde and sunny. His smile was delightful and full of a sense of good things to come. He quite evidently intended his work on the weekly to be a success, and, en passant,

He was traveling with Dr. Holmes, the short, dark, spare man, whose wiry frame, thin hands and face all marked his sense of his real importance to the universe. He had dealt with the exact sciences and what he didn't know had diminished in his consciousness in comparison with the vast and fertile field of what he did know. He was taking charge of Mrs. Regis Point-Dexter, who was to meet her husband's ship at Gibraltar. She was as obviously pretty as a chromo on a cigar box, and blissfully unconscious that the type verged upon the banal. It was a fact that escaped so many people that it might quite readily escape her whose chief interest it was to overlook it. For a passing glance, at any rate, round eyes, pink

cheeks, waving hair, and small features sufficed. She was not in the least disturbed by the presence of the antithetic type in the next deck-chair. Ethel Sterling was a slight creature one would not look at twice on the street any more than one were to step off her shell across her conventional, sharp-edged little wavelets, don an every-day dress, and walk down Broadway. An artist, if he had lived in the house with her, would have learned to watch for certain curves in the long peacock-like throat, to note the poise of her head like a pale flower on a fragile stalk, head like a pale flower on a fragile stalk, the peculiar harmony of soft, brown hair with the clear olive pallor of the skin, gray-green eyes, and the heavy eyelids letting through the glint of eyes, half upper world of the long months of dark-

ess and of sleep. Warde Wells contemplated Miss Ster- ed its searchings through the past, ling frequently, and reflected that if she had had a bit of color she wouldn't have been half bad. This party of six was completed by a small, aged skeleton engranged in manifest of the searchings through the past, "As for love—love, my dear, that is—well, what do you think it is?" She jerkep her head sidewise and watched the girl. completed by a small, aged skeleton enwrapped in magnificent fur coats and mantlets. Her face, what was left of it, was glaringly beautified by more than youthful, by waxen doll-baby whites and pinks. The lines about the eyes were boldly, one might almost say impressionistically, laid on. Her voice swung from gruff to shrill without will of her own, researched to the responsive property of the research of the responsive property of the responsive pr

fifth what all agreed about it; and the sixth read it aloud. "In short," said Dr. Holmes, "you suggest that we indite a sort of compact 'Ring and the Book." 'We are just six," suggested the Hon. Mr. Sterling.

"And it's quite worth trying," said the young journalist, thinking something wit-ty and suggestive might turn up for his Weekly. They played, but it bored them, and Dr. Holmes and Mrs. Point Dexter would have preferred infinitely a squabble a deux. The absurdities were merely dull absurdities.

"Let's do a last one and stop," yawned the doctor. He wrote and handed on the the doctor. He wrote and handed on the paper. It passed down the six steamer-chairs, and the Hon. Parkes-Sterling read it aloud: "Love is a nervous disease. Some call it a kind of yellow journalism. Others a rose out of Paradise. All agree of the stars and the sea. Once more in the stillness the raucous voice resumed its initial theme.

Tive been married three times. I've and it was hard to move about. The song and it was hard to move about. The song the stars are seased filled all the dear was the sease and the stars and the stars and the sease are seased filled all the dear was the sease and the stars and the stars and the sease and the stars and the sease and the stars and the sease are seased filled all the dear was peopled with though I believe I had them all, but it was my moment. For the time, I was one with the sease and the stars and the sease and the stars and the sease and the stars and the sease and the sease and the sease and the stars and the sease and t it aloud: "Love is a nervous disease. Some call it a kind of yellow journalism. Others, a rose out of Paradise. All agree that whatever else it is, it is a huge bore." "That's not so bad," said the doctor. "It's the best yet. I hope nobody peeped." "I wonder," said Mrs. Point-Dexter, "who wrote a rose out of Paradise." It

meet the bending sky; and in this confull five feet seven. "Love is unquestionable ably a nervous disease. Its attacks are and the blue of the sea a small white desage and the blue of the sea a small white desage."

"Yes," went on the mummy, "I can tell then a strange, unwonted quiet. Soon the stewards came down and told us to hurry only thing—the only thing in a lifetime.

The rest my dear is just filling in—it's for I wasn't in the least frightened. I and the blue of the sea a small white despotism beneath the sway of the White Star captain sped on its way to other shores. It was a day of unflecked beauty. The sea yearned to the sky, and the sky breathed upon the sea all obvious of the floating intruder. The occupants were not obvious of the splendor spread about. They ejaculated several times and then tution, and the patient is then vulnerable went on being bored. The sublime has afterward. The later sieges are more its momentary hold upon man, and then serious, too. From thirty-five to fortytwo the disease is apt to be fatal-some-The doctor and Mrs. Regis Point-Dex- times it kills and again it undermines the definitions of certain words, and the Hon. like a tonic and gives them an interest Parkes-Sterling was doing what he might in things. As for men, the danger goes on with them indefinitely, according to This honorable gentleman, having been the general vigor of the physique. But the dangerous element in love, the power by the force of political feeling in his of imaginative idealization, dies out and Western State, was now being sent by a gives way to the general torpor of the compensating President to London as its blood at about forty-five, and the disease

der a fixed and critical gaze. "There are things for which there can be only homoopathic cures; as I told you this morning, for the man who fancies Spencer has solved the universe, more universe and more Spencer, and for a man who knows as much about love as you, more love."

"True, most true," broke in Parkes-Sterling, pacifically. "Love is the great home-maker, the mainstay of the family, "Love," said the blonde journalist, and he towered up six feet two and looked down on the little doctor--"love must be

every way perfectly tremendous; but do let's have a walk before dinner.' They strode off, and the Hon. Parkes-Sterling only lingered long enough to dilate upon the curative properties of cock-

met the Hon. Mr. Sterling elsewhere, and had renewed acquaintance, thinking his party probably the most profitable to a know about it is that man knows very little. Are you going to dress for dinner, name was William Warde Wells, a good dear?" It was a religious tenet with her

shook out her skirts.
"I'm lazy," yawned Miss Sterling. "I think I'll keep Madame Nordinghame company and have dinner on deck. One can always see a huge, lighted-up diningroom, but one can't always dine with a setting sun and a rising moon."

"Oh, well, my dear, if you like to be poetic! For myself, I like the feel of a dinner gown and the knowledge that my hair is dressed. Good-by!" and Mrs.

Point-Dexter left them.
"I wonder," said the girl, plaintively to the mummy, after a long silence—"I won-der if all men are cynical about love?" The mummy had collapsed inside her coat, but she emerged for a moment and turned her skull sidewise and stared. "I've been married three times," she ejaculated, and her voice was its gruffest. "Three times, and I know all about it."

"Yes," said the girl, coaxingly.
"Yes," said the mummy, after a pause.
Three times, and I've lived a long life; I know all about it." There was a long pause. Old age and youth know no time, and the mummy measured the slow distance betwixt her

offered they failed to elicit her interest. brown—eyelids such as the early Greek sculptors gave to Presephone—a remnant clinging about her even in rebirth to the low the horizon line and silence reigned carefully trained whiskers. I thought a on the deck, practically cleared of people. In a little while the raucous voice resum-

hadn't been drawn. Then I held out both hands to it and thought, 'Home! Home!' those leisurely days one couldn't stand Afterward I knew that when love came talking half a day to a young sailor. it would find me just that way, and that 'Love! Love!

the fur collar that the girl jumped. She was sorry she had unveiled her thought. What could an old woman who had been married three times know of her feel-was beautiful then, just as for the given

lived everywhere and done everything. I've seen it all—all the futile round of existence. I've done more than most peofinle of the meaning of life. Now, that "It's the best yet. I hope nobody peeped."
"I wonder," said Mrs. Point-Dexter, "who wrote 'a rose out of Paradise'? It does not sound like any of us."
"I wonder," said the doctor, "who wrote 'love'?"

"I wonder," said the doctor, "who wrote 'love'?"

He looked pointedly at it's all worth, I know! I kn t's all worth, I know! I know!"

"Well, everything has its beginning, She gave a hoarse chuckle by way of its climax, and its end. That was the be-

the girl asked:
"Was it your first husband?"

"My first-what?" When the rocket went up, I mean."

passage just like this-smooty and bril-liant. It was in mind when I wrote 'love' on that paper.

Mortchai was to follow a fortnight later. The sea voyage took a good eighteen to twenty days then, and we had plenty of "And what became of him?" asker day out. He was apparently only a com- do.' mon sailor, but beautiful. Oh, my dear, beautiful! Sometimes, as I sit here in the the same sunshine, with the same beatand see him walk across the deck—still big and blonde and young and beautiful; not a thin, tall, treacly, pulled-out kind of blonde, like that foolish young man who lessly in her lap and her eyes fixed on l says he writes a newspaper. No, he wasn't that kind; but a big sun-god, with a smile that was all strength and peace—a look like that of the young Antinous in the Vatican. Do you remember? The sweet full lips curled outward, and the round chin and great quiet eyes. Well, I knew somehow that he wasn't a common sailor and that he had no right there; measured the slow distance betwixt ner youth and the present hour, while the girl, with a past all empty of experience, waited expectantly.

I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I saw I went up and touched the rope and I went up and touched th

shackles and took my freedom."

"Ah?" said Miss Sterling, listlessly. The marital ventures of Madame had not the quality she had hoped for, and thus badly going to marry a big blonde sailor with the sun in his curls and the sea's strength great many thoughts that would have shocked my mother if she had known them, but she never knew. She was blissfully unconscious. She had arranged a suitable marriage for a day not three

months off. "You need not fancy I did not try to but she won her way into the good graces of mankind by a mocking wit and caustic tongue.

When the Hon. Parkes-Sterling had failed to divert the conversation from a channel too near to squabling, Madame Nordinghame had saved the day by explaining a game played at country bouses. The sand reiterated kind nesses, and it must be in its essence in the smile. The days couldn't be long enough for me then. I counted them as they sped by. I used my rosary for it. I could not say my prayers, because I couldn't think of them, but I told the Blessed Mother about it, and told her the beads that had once been her salvation had beads that had once been her salvation had become more thoughts of the precising Nordinghame had saved the day by explaining a game played at country houses in her youth. A long narrow sheet of paper was handed about; the first person wrote a noun and folded it over; the second, without looking, wrote a definition; the third told what some people called it; the fourth what others said of it; the fourth what others said of it; the fifth what all agreed about it; and the long and cold fell suddenly. The road was rough and the horse hegan to stumble, and suddenly I was; my hands were so numb I could hardly hold the bridle, and suddenly I became panic-struck. Then the horse made a turn of his own accord, and I saw all over, all over. I couldn't rest until I had asked him if he were going to stay with the ship. It took a long time. my own sitting-room, where the shades stay with the ship. It took a long time

"Then I began to wonder what I lookshould feel peace and safety and say, ed like, and to stand in front of the dingy ove! Love!"
"Bosh!" It emerged so suddenly from I know quite well what I am like now, The second bugle had sounded, and the deck about them was peopled with though I believe I had them all; but it

and we see the He was there, and he turned as I came blaze and the light and the glory, and then the stick falls with a thud and it's all over. After that we go on—living it over in memory—but the real end of life dear, I am sure I replied. 'Of course,' will be held in the Roman Catl is then. The rest is the learning to un- though I'm not sure I spoke aloud. My mother was crazed with fright and was The stillness fell upon them, and then clinging to me. There seemed an endless black distance between the railing and the little life-boats filling up down below. Some one seized my mother and began to go down the ladder with her. Then more "The rocket! Oh yes! Certainly! I'll orders were shouted. Some one came totell you. It will do you good to hear, ward me as if to take me down, but I Youth lives upon lies. But the truth is turned and held out my arms to the sungood. And it was at sea, too. It was a god and at the same instant he lifted me. I was hardly more than a child to him, he was so big and so strong. I nestled close to his shoulder and looked for a ed, reproachfully. "And that doctor thought it was I. I wouldn't for the world have him think that I—"

"Yes, it was a passage just like this," interrupted the mummy. "I had just come out of a convent school, where I had been for eight years. My mother was a Frenchwoman, well born but without a dot, and she had married an American for love. It turned out well, but she was all the more determined in the speed, and he smiled. I dropped my head on his shoulder and kissed his neck and the lobe of his ear. We were moving through black space, and there seemed no reason why it should not last forever, that instant! Just then he whispered, 'Good-by,' and he kissed my cheek, and then I was sitting in the little life-boat with my back against my mother's knee. I knew it then, my dear. I knew it then, my dear. I knew it then, at that instant what I wouldn't for the Virgin Mary, otherwise designated as Candlemas, will be celebrated in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches Wednesday, February 2nd.

Unhealthy Exercise

**Almost everybody rides the wheel today, and there is a certain ambition in most bicyclists to show a good record of the Virgin Mary, otherwise designated as Candlemas, will be celebrated in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches Wednesday, February 2nd.

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**Interview of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, otherwise designated as Candlemas, will be celebrated in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches wednesday.

**Interview of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, otherwise designated as Candlemas, will be celebrated in "Really, you know, I don't find you're interesting or instructive," broke in Mrs. Point-Dexter, who had been writhing untrumed out well, but she was all the more determined to make a conventional, well-regulated French marriage for meand in my case the dot was ample. I was myself pleased with any arrangement that left the convent in the past, and especially well you know the most down that instant, what I was glad still. I knew it then, at that instant, what I "runs." Both men and women aspire to records of "centuries." It is always doubtful whether so protracted a run as a doubtful whether so protracted a run as a century run is not too great a strain upon the body. But even ordinary runs may left the convent in the past, and especially well you know the most don't use. Well you know the most don't use. myself pleased with any arrangement that left the convent in the past, and especially with being allowed to go about Paris getwith being allowed to go about Paris getwith being all my lingerie ready. Oh, my dear, it was a very orderly disaster; it was an unlimited enough for the dear, it was a very orderly disaster; it was a very orderly disaster. with being allowed to go about Paris getting all my lingerie ready. Oh, my dear, it was an unlimited supply for that day, and a great source of solace to me often and a great source of solace to me often crew went in to shore off Newfoundland.

were picked up by the Kronig within two lists only when the body is healthy. When there is weakness, especially stomach weakness, and a great source of solace to me often in the troubles that came after! Clothes—
my dear—clothes—learn to love them!
It is really difficult to harbor an undisguislit is really difficult to harbor and the properties of the ship and all that. The
ment. Many bicyclists have proven this,
and recall violent nausea, loss of appetite, headache and other physical results
of an extra long run. Dr. Pierce's Golden
lit is really difficult to harbor and the proven this,
and recall violent nausea,
lit is really And then we can always go out and buy clothes—and after the thud it is just such external interests as that that consoles us. Well, when we had bought until we were exhausted we started home, and M. de Mortchai was to follow a fortnight later. The sea voyage took a good sighten to the following the following

time to get ennuye—you can fancy it— girl, timid and somewhat awe-struck.

can't you?—if in seven we fall to playing 'Became?' repeated the old lady, gruf'definitions' to get rid of the afternoon. fly. "Became? Nothing became, nothing

-"If a man is friendless it is his own fault." "That's right. Why, there are fine fellows standing on every corner who would gladly borrow money from him."

-Do you know we have the old style inded her.

his hands; they were smooth and slender, sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cer
"Yes. As I was telling you, the first and between the fingers I could see how 60 cents per gallon, Sechler & Co. sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and The Unmusical Bears.

"Music has charms to sooth a savage breast," sang the poet, but evidently he referred entirely to uncivilized man and not to the savage beast—at least, not to the brown bear of Alaska. However, Mr. Congreve did not specify any particular kind of musical instrument to be used in making a test, so probably be understood the brass band to be eliminated. If such duct is known the world over from the name of the town where it is manufactured. No pains are spared to secure the best results.

The kind and quality of the milk is imbe the case the above quotation may yet embrace Alaskan brown bears in its

rock on an abrupt hillside. When the music begins most of the animals display little interest other than an occasional little interest other than an occasional little and the music begins most of the animals display little can be scrupulously clean. The dairies are in dry and airy spots, and the whitethe former inhabitants of Alaska are not among those blase bears. These two big brown fellows, although confined in different dens and with companions of other species, are strangely affected by the music. Apparently greatly excited and alarmed, they gallop about their enclosures turn of over ninety degrees Fah: enheit alarmed, they gallop about their enclosures seeking a way of escape and endeavoring to get as far distant from the disturbing sounds as possible. When the brasses crash in some martial tune these beasts become terrified and retreat within the become terrified and retreat within the idea of the time and care necessary. From caves that have been cut into the cliff at the back of the dens. It is unaccountable days to turn out a satisfactory production. that, whereas the grizzlies, black bears, European, and Asiatic specimens, all dis-regard these concerts, our two Alaskan friends are totally unnerved by them, and doubtless long for the return of cold weather and the disappearance of that band.

World's Greatest Sulphur Mine.

One of the strangest mines in the world is located underneath the prairie of Louisiana. In this mine there are no shafts. No one goes into it with pick and shovel, and they need no cutting ma-chinery or safety lamps. Hot water and compressed air do all the work. From this mine more sulphur is taken than from any other place in the world, and as a result of its discovery the United States stands today as the greatest sulphurproducing country.

Here is the unique method of mining the sulphur. Boiling water is forced down the space between the 10 and 6 inch pipes, which turns the sulphur into a liquid, and this is sucked up to the top through the smaller pipes by compressed air, whence it flows by gravity into great vats. Some of these vats are 350 feet long, 250 feet wide and 40 feet in height. They are made of heavy planking, and as the sulpher flows into them it becomes a solid mass, like a lot of coal or iron ore. When it is desirable to move it the sulphur is broken into lumps with hand picks and shoveled into cars like so much

oal.
Some of the single wells actually produce 500 tons of sulphur daily. region now supplies more sulphur for the world's use than the combined Italian volcanoes, from which formerly came the principal supply for all countries. And, while the Italian sulphur is about 50 per cent. dirt and other foreign substance, the Louisiana product is 99 per cent pure. -Van Norden Magazine.

Moveable Feasts of the Year.

Now that the Christmas festival has passed devout churchmen and church-women will soon be turning their atten-tion to preparations for the Lenten season, beginning on Ash Wednesday, which as described in Genesis. The vessel as

The usual solemn services appropriate to the beginning of the penitential term will be held in the Roman Catholic and Bible. When launched the ship, to the Protestant churches on Ash Wednesday. The several moveable feasts of the year, including those of the Lenten period will fall as follows: Mid lent, March 2nd; Palm Sunday, March 20th; Maundy Thursday, March 24th; Good Friday, March 25th; Holy Saturday, March 26th;

Easter Sunday, March 27th; Low Sunday; April 3rd; Rogation Sunday, May 1st; Ascension Day, May 5th; Whit Sunday, May 15th; Trinity Sunday, May 22nd. The Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul will occur, Tuesday, January 25th. The Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, otherwise designated as Candlemas, will be celebrated in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches Wednesday, February 2nd.

Well accustomed always to keep doves on board their vessels, which they were in the habit of releasing when they wished to learn the distance and direction of land.

nat's all."

ky medicine, and contains no narcotics.

"And what became of him?" asked the

It is the ideal medicine for the athlete, who needs physical strength and develop ment.

In those days the sailors sang and tugged at ropes and walked all over the deck in gangs. The dinners were not so long nor good as now, but life was more picturesque. I think I noticed him the first day out. He was apparently only a com-"Dear, yes. So we do," interrupted the so "ugly." To an experienced physi-Hon. Parkes-Sterling, catching the last phrase as he appeared with two dry Martinis on a tray. "We all live out our gans and the nerves are strained to the ing of the engines, like a secondary pulse, thumping against my chair; and the lives, and very good lives they are; and same deep wrinkled ocean rolling against now you must both try one of these, for the horizon, I shut my eyes for a moment the steward is bringing up your dinsult from diseases of the womanly organs, is one of the special features of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals inflammation and ulceration, cures fe-male weakness and the backache, and nervousness caused by these diseases are cured at the same time.

> -"Society" is now a combination of men and women who overdress themselves at the expense of their tradesmen that they may overeat themselves at the expense of their friends.

-"I wish there were ten days in the week," sighed Gladys.
"Why?" asked Grace. "Jack could call oftener then."

Genuine Roquefort Cheese.

The kind and quality of the milk is imbe the case the above quotation may yet embrace Alaskan brown bears in its broadest application, for the experiment with any other milk. Inspectors are emwith the music of a band.

During the summer months, on Sundays and on holidays, there is an openair concert in the New York Zoological Park. The bandstand is just above the bear-pits, which are cut out of the solid rock on an abrupt hillside. When the music begins music begins

washed walls, cemented floors, and screen-

days to turn out a satisfactory product. The various operations might be briefly stated as follows: (1) Treatment of the milk—skimming, heating, curdling, dividing the curds, draining, putting into moulds and scattering with powder of stale bread crumbs, tasting, hardening; (2) treatment of cheese at factory—receiving and weighing, first and second salting, brushing, piercing and classifying, placing in caves, first turning, maturing in caves, second turning, second classifying, maturing continued, third and last fying, maturing continued, third and last

turning before shipment.

The preparation of the bread is a long and interesting part of the process. A special kind of bread is moistened and left to mould in a cave for about two months. It is then cut into small pieces, dried, ground, and bolted. The powder thus obtained is scattered over the layers of curds as they are placed in the moulds. This makes the bluish green streaks noticed in the cheese and helps to give

Roquefort its aroma.

The caves perform an important part in the fabrication of this cheese. It is largely by maturing and mellowing in them that Roquefort cheese is celebrated throughout the world for its delicate flavor and peculiar aroma. These caves are excavations, some natural and some artificial, hollowed out in the side of the steep and rocky mountain which dominates the little village clinging to its side. They are cold and damp, but ventilated by the air which penetrates through the fissures in the stratified rocks. There are several stories in each cave containing shelves on which the cheese is placed.

After the cheese mellows or ripens for about forty-five days in the cave, it is ready for shipment or to be placed in the refrigerating rooms, which are cooled by an ammoniac process operated by electric machinery.

Noah's Ark Restored.

One of the most curious and interestbuilt is thirty feet long, five feet wide, surprise of the builder, proved very sea-

worthy.

In this connection attention has been called to a work by Herr von Ihring, The Evolution of the Aryan, in which he maintains that the Babylonians at a very early date had a sea-borne commerce; that Noah's ship was a seagoing vessel, and that, as recorded in the Babylonian annals, it was driven by a storm wave up the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates and lodged among the mountains. It ap-pears also that the Babylonian sailors were accustomed always to keep doves on

Forestry on Private Estates

In point of variety and scope the forest work done on the Biltmore estate in North Carolina is remarkable. The for-

and cords of tannic-acid wood and fuel, a thousand cords of tanbark, and several hundred cords of pulp wood are cut every year. At the same time the forest, through wise management, is bettered and is steadily increasing in value. Workmen employed along the boundaries of the forest do duty as fire-guards. Thus fire protection is secured at least throughout all the accessible parts of the tract.

In connection with all lumbering operations permanent logging roads are These minimize the present cost of trans-portation and will greatly reduce the cost of marketing future crops. Thus the extension of the roads is steadily adding to the investment value of the forest .- Harper's Weekly.

Surgery.

Surgery is the art of finding some part of the human body which is not needed. or which at least can readily be dispensed with, and cutting it out.

Surgery is yet in its infancy. Thus far is has practically been confined to the negative or destructive side. Inasmuch, however, as the dispensable portions of the human body are necessarily limited, statisticians having already discovered that the appendix supply can hold out but a few years longer, surgery in the future bids fair to become positive and constructive. Necessity is the mother of invention. It is almost certain, therefore, that long before we have a panic due to appendix shortages a use will be found for this now much-despised organ, and, in consequence, the surgeons will at once get busy putting them all back.

It may be seen, therefore, that surgery is by no means on its last legs. negative or destructive side. Inasmuch, is by no means on its last legs.

—Solitude is as needful to the imagi-nation as society is wholesome for the

character.

—I don't want to brag, but I've got my health and my friends, so what on earth more do I want?