

FATHER.

How strange, now he is gone, that I  
Keep thinking of him as he was when young.  
I never knew him as a young man. No,  
Nor ever thought of him as old.  
To me he always stayed the age he was  
When as a child I first knew what age meant.  
But now my thoughts go back to him in youth,  
My father, lying here with snow-white hair.  
I see him as the careless little boy  
Like that old picture in the roundabout.  
The one they said my oldest brother was like—  
Playing about grandfather's woods and lanes.  
Or over any town was here at all:  
How much he loved to talk about that time—  
Oh, how I wish I'd let him tell me more!  
But I had other things to do, I thought.  
I see him as a happy college boy  
In that old Quaker college years ago:  
My quiet care-worn father, deep in "scraps!"  
And yet they say he led in all such things.  
That old man, who came said so awhile ago  
And then tell me how he loved to hunt.  
And how he once rode better than them all.  
My father! Whom I've only known to tell  
His only pleasure being our good times.  
How far away his mouth has seemed,  
His hopes and dreams, his passion's early fire!  
They did not seem so far away—they never  
Seemed at all.  
He was just father, never young  
To me, nor ever to be old.  
But now! O God! How old he looks!  
I never dreamed that father was so old.  
But when I think how long since he was young  
How long he's been just father toiling for us,  
My heart breaks.  
These hands—so worn!  
This silver hair—When did it turn so white?  
O God, wherever he is now,  
Let him be young again!  
—By Alice L. Wood.

THE GIFT.

Mary Shipp drew back in pretended  
confusion, but the soft color in her cheek  
was genuine. Leonard, her husband, had  
been kissing her for twenty years and still  
she blushed!

"One more," he insisted gaily. "To  
make the twenty, Mary."  
"You have had twenty already—I kept  
count. You never were good in arithmetic."  
"Nineteen!" he persisted stubbornly.  
"I shan't stir till I get my twentieth."  
And suddenly, like a girl, she yielded  
her lips to him, but the next moment she  
drew them away for scolding. "Leonard  
Shipp, you're forty-three years old! You  
ought to be ashamed of yourself!"  
"Mary Shipp, you're forty! You de-  
serve to be kissed again!" His plain,  
good face was momentarily radiant  
with the shining rough of his soul.  
They were no better, the both of them,  
than young and foolish lovers. This was  
their anniversary day. It was their  
twentieth, though it might have been  
their first.

She had a question to ask him and he  
read the signs of its coming. Stupid  
Mary, she had asked it nineteen times  
before! He had his answer ready; he  
gave it before she had time to speak.  
"Yes—yes—yes!" he said. "Mary,  
listen—yes, you have been a good wife to  
me! Yes, I am glad I did it! Yes, dear, I  
love you."  
When he went out, overcoated and  
muffled, for his drive to town, there was  
a suspicious moisture in his eyes. The  
man's soul was quivering with tenderness  
for the woman he had loved and lived  
with twenty years. He remembered exactly  
how she had looked about her sweet  
face; only a particular of her eyes  
or hair or fresh young face eluded  
him. Yet it was to-day's Mary who  
sat, invisible yet clearly present, on the  
carriage-seat beside him as he rode away.  
To-day's Mary was matronly and plump,  
with a few gray strands above her sweet  
face; only her eyes remained unchanged,  
the eyes of the Mary of yesterday. He  
loved both Marys, but he was satisfied  
with the gentle exchange that time had  
made.

They both had little secrets connected  
with this anniversary. Ordinarily, Mary  
would have gone to town, too, but her  
secret kept her home. It had to do with  
spice-boxes and raisins and a yellow mix-  
ing-nappy, and, later on, a wondrous  
miracle to be wrought slowly and pain-  
stakingly out of powdered pink and white  
sugar.

Because of a secret plot of his own,  
Leonard had not urged Mary to accom-  
pany him on his morning drive. He  
meant to select an especially beautiful  
anniversary gift for Mary—what it should  
be occupied his attention during the en-  
tire drive.

"I'll ask Clara," he decided with a sigh  
as he found himself nearing town. "I'm  
not up to it alone—by George, it's got to  
be something above par this time!" But  
in his heart he was conscious of  
a longing to decide the momentous  
matter by himself. Why could he  
not think? What would be beau-  
tiful enough to mean to-day to Mary—  
that after twenty years he loved her more  
than ever—ever? And would love her  
always better, every twenty years? Fool-  
ish Mary, to worry about growing old!

Clara was a distant connection of  
Mary's and she had married Leonard  
Shipp's most intimate friend, Ambrose  
Jewell. It was at their home he would  
take dinner to-day in accordance with an  
understanding that was in the nature of  
a promise—Clara and Ambrose would  
never forgive him if they heard of his  
going to a restaurant. Although Clara  
was an invalid, he knew that the omission  
of one of these little visits would hurt  
her more than the work of putting  
on an extra plate and cup.

"I'll consult Clara," he finally con-  
cluded, and with that end in view, drove di-  
rectly to the Jewells' modest little home.  
A tiny person in blue rompers was play-  
ing in the yard.

"Well, I declare!" uttered the visitor in  
surprise. "But whose little Silly?"  
"Nobdy's to this house. I've just come  
to stay while the minister buries mother—  
does it take long to bury anybody?  
Then—the little red lips strained to  
reach his ear; this was a secret. "Then  
I'm going home an' dig her up."

Leonard Shipp, looking into the small,  
sober face, was suddenly conscious of a  
grip on his heart-strings. The piteous  
little story of the child seemed all told;  
nothing more was needed.

"Nobdy knows—don't tell!" cautioned  
the child earnestly. "I've got to, 'cause  
nobdy but mothers can unbunton you an'  
silly you."

"Silly you, little Silly?" His own voice  
shook in his ears with sympathy for this  
little lone creature.

"Yes, to the Isle o'Noddle, you know.  
Mothers sail you there in rocker-chairs—  
didn't yours never?"

At this juncture appeared Ambrose  
Jewell. He stood regarding the man and  
child with smiling eyes.

"Don't move—that's great! That's just  
what we need—Clara and I. Clara said  
right off, 'Leonard and Mary are just the  
ones!' I was going out to see you as  
soon as Clara was better."

Leonard shifted the warm weight in  
his arms; he could not bear to set it  
down. As always when a child nestled  
against him he was supremely content.  
The old uneasiness and longing for little  
sons and daughters would come later when  
his arms were empty.

"Begin at the top of the story," he ad-  
vised. "But, first, is Clara worse again?"

"One of her attacks—perhaps it was  
fortunate it came now instead of a little  
later or she would have wanted to keep  
the baby herself. We'd both like to,  
Lord knows, but it's no use thinking of  
it. You take her, Len, we've got it all  
planned! She's a little Jim Dandy, aren't  
you, Cilly? I told Clara the only trouble  
was you'd want to eat her up, to get the  
sugar! You'd like to go home with this  
nice man, wouldn't you, Cilly? He's the  
one I told you about that loves little girls  
right off their feet—my, and the beau-  
tiful place he lives in!"

"Hold on—hold on, Amb! Give a fellow  
time to get his breath." Leonard's ruddy  
face had actually whitened at the ram-  
bling chatter of his friend. He felt now  
an almost irresistible impulse to turn  
about with the baby in his arms and run  
home to Mary.

There had never been a little son, never  
a little daughter. It was the one subject  
Leonard and Mary never broached be-  
tween themselves. Behind the little  
closed door of it in each breast lurked  
hidden thoughts. Behind Leonard's door  
had dwelt for twenty years an insatiable  
unappeased hunger and thirst—he had  
never been quite sure what was behind  
the little locked door of Mary. Instinct-  
ively he realizes that she was acutely  
sensitive to any mention of her lack of  
motherhood and he, in his intense loyal-  
ty, would as soon have plunged one of  
his big, blunt-fingered hands into the  
flames as to have wounded Mary's heart.

Although he had many times longed to  
adopt a child, such a possibility had  
accurred to him, in his certainty that  
Mary would shrink from the mere men-  
tion of such a thing. He had reasoned  
with himself that this thing his man-soul  
yearned for—this denied fatherhood—he  
must sacrifice upon the altar of his great  
love for Mary.

"Her mother had just died. She hasn't  
a relative in the world, poor little bit,  
to take her in. No, no," in response to a  
warning glance from Leonard, "she  
doesn't understand what it's all about.  
She's not five years old yet, just a baby,  
I tell you she's a little dandy, though!  
Lord knows Clara and I would keep her  
if we could—poor Clara! We were all  
cut up till we thought of you folks—Len,  
you look at the way she's taken to you!  
Look at her cuddling down!"

"Suddenly the child spoke.

"I'll go," she said with the finality of  
mature age. She gazed upward with  
witching confidence into the man's face  
above her head. It was as if, by some  
secret telegraphic code, the big beats of  
his heart close to her ear had revealed to  
her his longing.

"I guess I better get my doll first—you  
wait for me." She struggled down and  
sped toward the house.

"She's a little beauty—her mother was  
a lady, every inch, too. You can't be tak-  
ing any risk—"

"Don't tempt me, Amb!" almost groan-  
ed Leonard. He suffered a sense of loss,  
even though he had never yet pos-  
sessed. His arms and breast felt cold and  
tenantless.

"You'd like her, wouldn't you, Len?  
Clara said she guessed she knew you well  
enough—"

"Don't! I must be going—you tell Clara  
I couldn't think of stopping to dinner  
with her sick. Give her my love and  
Mary's. Tell her I'd like—tell her—I tell  
you, Amb, I can't take the child and  
there's an end of it! I hope to goodness  
somebody else can."

He was off before his friend could ex-  
postulate. He was running away from  
temptation—from little hands that twist-  
ed his heart-strings and pulled him back.  
A little voice pulled, too.

"Wait! I'm a-comin'! I've brag Jos'ph-  
ine John." The child with a whirl of  
brief petticoats was scurrying along the  
path to him; for an instant Leonard  
Shipp resisted an inclination to run in  
very truth.

"Come on!" he laughed unsteadily. He  
caught her up and perched her with her  
fantastic doll on his shoulder. I'll give  
her a little ride," he called back to Am-  
brose. "I'll take her to dinner at the  
restaurant with me—you'll like that, won't  
you, Thumbkins? We'll be back in an  
hour or two."

For an hour or two he would adopt her  
—she should be his completely for that  
tiny space. He would crowd it full of  
joys, denied delights.

"Call me father," he commanded joy-  
ously. "Here—up you go! Now we're  
snug as two bugs."

"Free bugs," she corrected with unex-  
pected erudition. "You didn't see Jos'ph-  
ine John, I guess—what you want Jos'ph-  
ine John to say, father?"

She had adopted the beautiful name  
with instant ease. The sound of it was  
a wonderful sound to Leonard Shipp, yet  
he, too, accepted it without embar-  
rassment, as though in some other remote  
but remembered existence some other  
little child had called him father. He  
seemed used, after all, to the name.

"What's Jos'phine John a-goin' to call  
you?" repeated the baby voice.

He laughed out gaily. "Grandfather,"  
he said.

The ride was a joyous one. The little  
dinner afterward, the trip through the  
shops selecting toys and dolls's trappings,  
the ride again back to the Jewells' were  
joyous things. It did not occur to Leon-  
ard Shipp that in his lavish bestowment  
of delights he might be cruel to the child;  
he wanted to be good to her and, more  
than all else perhaps, he wanted to pam-  
per for this meager little time to his  
own intense yearnings. Just this little  
time! Then he would go home to  
Mary—dear Mary, poor denied Mary.

Back at Ambrose Jewell's, Leonard re-  
membered quite suddenly the anniversary  
gift he was to take home. The riotous

little frolic with the child had driven it  
temporarily from his mind. He decided  
not to trouble Clara, but to depend upon  
chance to suggest something appropriate  
and sufficiently choice for Mary. He  
would put the horse up here in Ambrose's  
stable to eat while he himself ran back  
down-town and made his hunt.

"I've got an errand to do that I couldn't  
attend to very well with the Little Bit  
guess," he explained to his friend. "I  
guess if you don't mind I'll leave the old  
horse here to rest. Tell Clara I'm sorry  
I couldn't be to have seen her, but I knew  
I'd tire her. Mary, now—I wish I'd  
brought Mary with me."

It was a fragile, most beautiful vase he  
finally chose for Mary. Its exquisite  
modeling and cloisonné ornament ap-  
pealed to him as almost dainty enough—  
he could find nothing that entirely ful-  
filled his requirement. Requesting that  
the vase be carefully packed, he waited  
with patience, then with his rather bulky  
package retraced his steps to the little  
place of his friends. On the way he ran  
across a neighbor of his and Mary's whom  
he invited to ride home with him. The  
neighbor had come to town by trolley, but  
welcomed the opportunity to go back  
with Leonard and enjoy a good neighbor-  
ly talk. The two went on together, to  
be met by Ambrose at his gate. He was  
greatly excited.

"Sh!" he prefaced, holding up a warn-  
ing finger, "Clara mustn't know, but the  
little kid is lost."

Leonard ejaculated Leonard softly.  
Coming so upon his period of father-  
hood, it was like being told his child was  
lost.

"I can't find her anywhere, I tell you!  
She was out here playing and then she  
wasn't—I've looked the neighborhood  
through—she's just disappeared." Am-  
brose, too, was pale. "I've had a time to  
keep it from Clara; she's too sick to  
know. What I'm going to do next is more  
than I can tell!"

"I left her playing," Leonard repeated  
helplessly. He had a dazed feeling that  
in some way he might be responsible for  
this calamity. The memory of the little  
appealing, lovely face rent his heart.

"Of course—I left her playing. She  
was so happy. She had the time of her  
little life with you, Len. Insisted you  
were going to take her home in the  
'horse'—up and called you 'father,' the  
little scamp! Well—Well? For heaven's  
sake tell me where to look!"

"I'll stay and help you look—I'll write  
a note to Mary and explain. I can go  
home on the trolley when we've found the  
little thing. If you'll drive my team  
back—he looked at the neighbor in-  
quiringly. Of course—of course the  
neighbor would drive it back."

Leonard wrote the note hastily: "Dear  
Mary, I'm letting Si Hardy have the old  
horse and I'll come out later on the car.  
I've got to stay and help Ambrose out of  
a scrape. Will explain when I see you.  
You'll find a little sweetie under the car-  
riage-seat, dear. When you take it out  
say, 'This is for love—just love.' Mine  
for you, Mary, God bless you! It was the  
prettiest little gift I could find—like it,  
sweetheart, for my sake."

Hurriedly slipping the vase in its pad-  
ded wrappings under one end of the seat,  
he backed the old horse out and started  
the neighbor home. Then he and Am-  
brose renewed the search for the missing  
baby. The neighbors were aroused and  
the town authorities who took the place  
police boys, the fire department and  
of the trouble. But night came on with-  
out any news of the lost child.

At nine Leonard dared wait no longer.  
Poor Mary would be so anxious. But he  
promised to return early the next morn-  
ing; his own anxiety, he felt, would drive  
him back to the city in the evening. He  
had for a brief, brief moment, he  
held in his arms grew to be with each  
hour of ineffectual search a heavier loss.  
He could scarcely bear it. The joyous  
promise of his anniversary day had en-  
ded thus—in positive bereavement. On  
the way home he he car-torturing thoughts  
came to him. If he had yielded to Am-  
brose and Clara's urgings and consented  
to take the baby home—he had a vision  
of the child, safe and protected.

"I'll go," it had said. "Father," it had  
called him.

The house was lighted generously.  
There seemed a subdued air of festivity,  
about it. In Mary's room a lamp burned  
low. Mary met him in the doorway, not  
anxious and disturbed as he had ex-  
pected, but a radiant Mary! She looked like  
a haloed Madonna in the soft surrounding  
light. He thought how beautiful Mary  
was.

"Hush!" she cautioned. She smiled as  
the Holy Mary might have smiled. "Hush—  
hush—don't wake my baby up! She was  
wide awake and laughed when I undress-  
ed her—you never saw such beautiful lit-  
tle legs an' arms! And her little soft,  
cool cheeks—Dear, you sent such a beau-  
tiful gift!"

"Mary!" he cried in his utter bewilder-  
ment. Then dawned a partial understand-  
ing and his heart leaped in his breast.  
He caught his radiant Mary in his arms.  
"Mary!" he said.

"Call me—mother!" she whispered with  
a curious sweet shyness. He felt the  
pulse of her joy. The moment was solemn  
with both their joys.

Little Cilly had taken things into her  
own small little hands. She had climbed  
into the carriage and discovered a cun-  
ning little house behind the flap of the  
seat had crept into it to wait for another  
ride. She was going home with the father-  
man, of course, but perhaps sometimes  
father-men forgot. Here she would be  
sure of going.

Mary had found the baby there asleep  
when she looked for her anniversary gift.  
The first startled surprise had been swal-  
lowed up in the sweetness and wonder of  
the little find. She had drawn the tiny  
crumpled thing out into her arms and at  
that instant there had flown open the lit-  
tle closed door in her soul to let forth the  
baby's welcome. It had burst forth with  
the impetus of twenty years waiting.

"Hush!" whispered Mary in the lighted  
doorway. She drew him in. "Hush,  
dear—come up and see!"—By Anna  
Hamilton Donnell, in the *Woman's Home  
Journal*.

Where a Meteor Fell.

The rarest and most interesting rocks  
that are ever found on the face of the  
earth are meteors that fall out of the  
sky. Nobdy knows just how they are  
formed there. Some think that they  
are parts of comets or pieces of stars  
that have broken loose, or that they have  
been hurled out of other worlds or plan-  
ets by great volcanoes, and were thrown  
so far that the attraction of their world  
was not strong enough to draw them  
back. Other wise men think that they  
are formed right here in the atmosphere  
that is around the earth. They are all  
very heavy with iron, and almost all have  
diamond crystals in them; and when  
one strikes the earth, it sinks far down  
into the dirt, and even pierces through  
thick rock.

There is a place in Arizona, near Can-  
yon Diablo, where a large noted meteor  
and many thousand smaller ones have  
been discovered, and where men are dig-  
ging for more. They expect to find one  
larger and heavier than any ever yet dis-  
covered. The spot where they have been  
found is on an open plain, and a large  
circle of dirt stands there surrounding  
about fifteen acres. When you are ap-  
proaching it, the appearance is that of a  
low hill; but when you climb to the top  
you find that it extends round in a circle  
about a quarter of a mile in diameter.  
On the inside there is a hollow, and in  
the center there is a deep hole—no-  
body knows how deep—filled up almost  
completely with dirt and rocks. On the  
inside of this circle and in the vicinity  
many meteorites have been found, and a  
company of men are digging out the hole  
to find the bottom. They think that the  
largest meteor that ever fell on earth  
made that hole, and that when it struck  
the earth it knocked up that circle of  
dirt, and that the smaller ones that have  
been found near were swinging round it  
when it fell as our moon swings round  
earth.

Now, one peculiar thing about meteors  
is that they nearly all have diamonds in  
them. Some of the diamonds are pure  
and sparkling, and are worth a hundred  
dollars for a stone no bigger than a bird  
shot, and others are just as hard, just as  
pure carbon and crystallized in the very  
same way, but they are as black as jet.  
Now the scientists are beginning to think  
that all diamonds are formed in meteors,  
and that the long pipe holes that run out  
from the diamond mines in South Africa  
and elsewhere are holes made by meteors  
when they shot in from the sky.

I am not sure that this hole in the cir-  
cle of dirt in Arizona will turn out to be;  
but if it was made by a meteor, it must  
have given the earth a good job. As to  
the diamonds, when God wishes to make  
a diamond, he could crystallize the car-  
bon in the atmosphere, or he could melt  
the water to make a snowflake, or the  
salt on a dry beach, or the quartz deep  
down in the earth.—*The Visitor*.

Legend of the Great Dipper.

There is a beautiful legend told of the  
Great Dipper, which begins in the dear  
old fashioned way, "Once upon a time  
there was a little girl." The little girl  
lived in a country where there had been  
no rain for many months. Her mother  
was ill and almost dying with thirst, so  
she and the girl went out to a fully-grown  
steer, and its tusks were 11 inches long,  
and when she awoke the dipper was over-  
flowing with fresh, clear water. Gladly  
she took it up to run home to her moth-  
er, but when she reached her bedside the  
mother had died, and she was so tired  
and more tired and thirsty now than I  
am." And as the little girl took the dip-  
per she saw, to her wonder, that it had  
turned to silver in her mother's hand.  
Just as the little girl was going to sip a  
few drops of the precious water the  
mother's nurse came into the room, and  
so weary did she look that the child held  
out the dipper to her, telling her to  
drink. And as the nurse took the dipper  
it turned from silver to burnished gold.  
"We will divide it among us," said the  
nurse, but she spoke a tired traveler  
knock at the door with a white cloth  
around her neck, and she said with the  
nurse said: "Let him drink first."  
The stranger smiled and took the dipper,  
and immediately seven gleaming jewels  
glowed in its bowl and handle, and a  
great glory home to the room. The  
sparkling water overflowed to the ground,  
and a marvelous fountain sprang up,  
quickly becoming a beautiful river which  
wounded in and out through the thirsty  
land, bringing relief and comfort to every-  
one.

Blessed is he who gives even a  
cup of cold water in my name, said the  
stranger, and immediately the seven  
gleaming jewels floated up and up into the  
skies, where they may be seen on clear  
nights, ever speaking of love and unself-  
ishness to the little folks who have learn-  
ed to love this old legend and the seven  
golden stars that form the great golden  
dipper.—*Picture Lesson Paper*.

Questions and Answers.

When is a turkey like an English poet?  
When it is browning.

What can pass before the sun without  
making a shadow? The wind.

Why should the number 288 never be  
mentioned in company? Because it is two  
gross.

Why are persons with short memories  
necessarily covetous? Because they're  
always for-getting something.

What is the beginning of every end and the  
end of every place? The letter E.

What letters of the alphabet are most  
like a Roman emperor? The C's are.

Why is a sneeze like Niagara? Because  
it's a catarrh-act.

When does water resemble a gymnast?  
When it makes a spring.

What bird is in season all the year  
around? The weather-cock.

When is a sick man a contradiction?  
When he is an impatient patient.

When do cards most resemble wolves?  
When they belong to a pack.

How do little fish have a proper idea of  
business? They start on a small scale.

In what trade can one cut a figure? In  
the sculpturing business.

When is a man immersed in business?  
When he is giving a swimming lesson.

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheap-  
est place in England? Because it was  
bought for a crown and kept up by a  
sovereign.

What is the difference between forms  
and ceremonies? You sit upon one and  
stand on the other.

What is a remarkable fact when a  
Chinese actor loses his head? He is pretty  
sure to lose his cue at the same time.

An advertisement in the *WATCH-  
MAN* always pays.

The Curiosity of a Little Boy.

Little things and little people are often  
responsible for great results, and maybe  
you do not know that the discoverer  
of that important instrument, the telescope,  
may be traced to the curiosity of a little  
boy, and this is how it came about:

The little boy I am telling you about  
was the son of an optician who lived in  
Holland. He and his sisters loved to play  
about their father's work bench, and of-  
ten they amused themselves by looking  
at the sea through the little smooth con-  
cave glasses which their father used in  
his work.

Now, one day, it happened that the  
boy, while playing with two of those  
glasses, chanced to hold them before his  
eyes in such a way that the face of the  
cathedral clock seemed very near.

This surprised him greatly, for the  
clock was so far away that he could  
scarcely see the hands with his naked  
eyes.

For awhile he stared at the clock, and  
then at the glasses, each of which he tried  
in turn, but the clock was as far away as  
ever, and so it remained, turn them as  
he would, until by chance again he held  
both up together, when, lo! as if by  
magic the church stood beside him.

"O, I know, I know!" he cried aloud.  
"It's the two together." Then in great  
joy he ran to his father and told him of  
his remarkable discovery.

The father tried the glasses in his  
turn and found that the boy had spoken  
the truth, when he said he could bring  
the great church clock nearer.

So this was the way people learned that  
putting a concave and a convex glass  
together in just the right position, would  
make distant objects seem near. With-  
out this knowledge we should never have  
had the telescope, and without the tele-  
scope we should have known little of the  
sun, moon or stars.

So if you ever have a chance to look  
through a telescope, and see the wonders  
it has to reveal, just remember the little  
boy who once lived in far off Holland.—  
*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Big Hogs Once Roamed Prairies.

Hogs half as large as motor cars,  
weighing three or four tons each and  
worth, at the present price of pork, more  
than \$1000, once roamed the prairies of  
Nebraska. The skeleton of one of these  
monsters has just been discovered in Sioux  
county, Nebraska, and has been placed in  
the museum of the University of Nebraska.

According to scientists, it was some hun-  
dreds of thousands, or some millions, of  
years ago that these animals walked the  
earth, and, while they were very plentiful  
once, only two skeletons of the species  
have ever been found. The big hog and  
his mate were discovered embedded in a  
matrix of hard sandstone in northwestern  
Nebraska. In the museum this hog is  
valued at \$50,000, the head alone being  
valued at \$15,000.

And such a head! Scientists say this  
hog's head was almost as large as an en-  
tire present-day hog. The skeleton head  
is more than a yard long, and its tusks  
are so long and sharp that it could liter-  
ally have ripped open a rhinoceros with one  
swing of its giant head.

The big fellow stood nearly ten feet  
high at the shoulders, but dwindled rap-  
idly to the hind quarters. Its neck was  
thicker than the body of a fully-grown  
steer, and its tusks were 11 inches long,  
and when she awoke the dipper was over-  
flowing with fresh, clear water. Gladly  
she took it up to run home to her moth-  
er, but when she reached her bedside the  
mother had died, and she was so tired  
and more tired and thirsty now than I  
am." And as the little girl took the dip-  
per she saw, to her wonder, that it had  
turned to silver in her mother's hand.  
Just as the little girl was going to sip a  
few drops of the precious water the  
mother's nurse came into the room, and  
so weary did she look that the child held  
out the dipper to her, telling her to  
drink. And as the nurse took the dipper  
it turned from silver to burnished gold.  
"We will divide it among us," said the  
nurse, but she spoke a tired traveler  
knock at the door with a white cloth  
around her neck, and she said with the  
nurse said: "Let him drink first."  
The stranger smiled and took the dipper,  
and immediately seven gleaming jewels  
glowed in its bowl and handle, and a  
great glory home to the room. The  
sparkling water overflowed to the ground,  
and a marvelous fountain sprang up,  
quickly becoming a beautiful river which  
wounded in and out through the thirsty  
land, bringing relief and comfort to every-  
one.

Blessed is he who gives even a  
cup of cold water in my name, said the  
stranger, and immediately the seven  
gleaming jewels floated up and up into the  
skies, where they may be seen on clear  
nights, ever speaking of love and unself-  
ishness to the little folks who have learn-  
ed to love this old legend and the seven  
golden stars that form the great golden  
dipper.—*Picture Lesson Paper*.

Crab Rarebit.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add  
two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook thor-  
oughly. Add two cups of cream in which  
has been dissolved a pinch of soda and  
cook until thick, seasoning with salt, red  
pepper and minced parsley. Then add  
one cup or more of chopped cooked crab  
meat. When the mixture is heated add  
two tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese  
and the same quantity of sherry. Ar-  
range squares of buttered toast on a hot  
platter. Pour the crab mixture over them,  
sprinkle with grated cheese and serve  
 piping hot.

A new and delicious dainty for the  
still popular afternoon tea is made with  
crackers and marshmallows. Slightly  
butter any thin round variety of unsweet-  
ened cracker and put a marshmallow in  
the centre of each, with a tiny piece of  
butter on top of the marshmallow. Place  
in a hot oven for a few minutes, just  
long enough for the marshmallow to  
soften and spread, and brown a little on  
top. The only difficulty in serving these  
delicacies is that unless the supply is  
practically unlimited nobody will ever  
have enough.

"What! You a widow, dear cou-  
sin?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a lucky escape for me.  
Do you know, I nearly married you  
once."

—Mr. Bored—I wish I had your  
voice.

Miss Bawler (delighted)—Why so?

Mr. Bored—Well, then, I could stop it  
whenever I pleased.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Always laugh when you can; laughter is a  
cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not  
well understood. It is the sunny side of exist-  
ence.—*Home Notes*.

The informal hat of this summer is  
really very attractive. Its charm is in  
its simplicity and in its air of being in-  
vented for the tropics. The shade hats  
of those climes are quite worth while  
here.

The formal hats still hold their quota  
of roses and leaves, of plumes and flow-  
ers, but the morning hats and even those  
for afternoon wear with short wash  
frocks are free of such finery.

The sailor has returned to first favor,  
but it is not the sailor of a dozen years  
ago. The Gibson girl would not know  
it. It has a broad brim and exceedingly  
wide crown, comes down well over the  
hair and is made of rough taffy-colored  
straw.

Its trimming is a velvet band in any  
color one desires, finished with a pump  
bow at the side. The hatpins used with  
it must not be ornamental, but the plain  
black bead ones are taboos. Possibly  
the best ones are of imitation baroque  
and the mother of pearl is coming into  
favor. Squares and triangles of jet are  
also worn, but they cover up too much of  
the hatband to be effective.

There is another kind of hat worn for  
the mornings that is effective. It is peri-  
ously near the peach basket style, or  
covers the mushroom shape. It is also  
of course straw with a wide brim that  
reaches the eyes and is trimmed with a  
wide folded band of stiff silk ribbon arranged in a  
huge bow across the front.

It looks especially well on young girls  
and is probably one of the best adjuncts  
for a short dress, skirt and a separate  
white blouse. It is quite the fashion to  
change these wide scarfs to suit the cos-  
tume as one does the narrow velvet hat  
bands.

When these hats first came out they  
were trimmed with black satin or velvet,  
but the warm weather brought out the  
more brilliant tones. Grass green soon  
became a favorite, and it possibly leads  
the other colors at the moment.

There is another style of informal hat  
which is unusually becoming. It has a  
wide brim rolled up all around and a low,  
wide crown. The upper part is taffy-  
colored and the under part is any color  
one chooses—blue, lavender, green or  
dark purple. The hatband of velvet  
matches this color.

It is a novelty hat and will possibly be  
quite popular all summer. Of course, it  
is not as available as all white, for it  
must be part of the color scheme, but if  
one chooses an adaptable color it gives  
good service with many kinds of frocks.

It does not look well with foulard or  
velvet, as some women wear it, for it  
really belongs to the wash frock or suit  
by right of its severity.

Last year women wore the most ornate  
hats covered with flowers or tulle or rib-  
bons with their linen coat suits and duck  
skirts; these were not appropriate and  
were only allowable because fashion did  
not take any step against them.

The tailor hat of today, this kind of  
plain straw with its velvet band or silk  
scarf, is really correct and gives a good  
set-off to any kind of frock that goes  
to the tub and is worn through the warm  
summer hours.

High necked gowns are very much out  
of fashion for an evening affair, although  
white ones with lace yokes were accepta-  
ble for theater and informal dinners, and  
restaurant wear; but one does not see  
them any more among women who dress  
well.

Children need romping games to devel-  
op their muscles. They also need to  
make a noise, for their general health and  
happiness.

Long walks with their elders are usu-  
ally less beneficial. Small tots have short  
legs, and the effort to keep up for more  
than a short time tires them.

A child's daily bath should never be  
neglected, if the skin is to be kept active,  
a warm bath at bed time or a tepid bath  
and rub with the morning.

Watch the children's lessons at home.  
If lessons are brought home at all it is  
for the child's character if they are  
neglected.

On the other hand, while children are  
growing fast overstudy should be avoided  
at all costs, and the child kept outdoors  
as much as possible.

Some superstitions: In all lands ravens  
and crows have been considered birds of  
ill omen.

Sneeze twice when you first get up and  
you will hear of a death before night.

It used to be a pretty sure sign that  
a man was conceited if he turned  
about with his hat brim turned up in  
front.

To cut the finger nails on Sunday  
morning is a sign you will do something  
you are ashamed of before the week is  
out.

Born on a Monday, fair of face.  
Born on a Tuesday, full of grace;  
Born on a Wednesday, merry and glad;  
Born on a Thursday, sour and sad;  
Born on a Friday, golly given;  
Born on a Saturday, work for a living;  
Born on a Sunday, never shall want;  
So there's the week, and the end o' it.

A long railroad journey does not entail  
the discomfort which might have existed  
some years ago. The air pillow will save  
many a head and backache, while the  
company medicine case containing the  
"ounce of prevention" or cure and the  
small drinking glass in its leather case  
are always wise companions. The new  
"Pullman wrapper" of soft dark silk serves  
ideally as a sweater and sleeping gown,  
with its hood to protect the hair from  
cinders and dust. Turkish slippers are  
convenient and require but little space,  
being flat and without heels. Cases of  
lawn for the extra blouse and nightdress  
will keep these garments fresh and  
sweet.

The girl who drives her own automo-  
bile should have a leather pad at her  
back in order to make her position more  
upright. In driving a car the right foot  
and leg are in constant use, and the pres-  
sure necessary throws the body forward.  
This is not an uncomfortable position,  
but it is awkward and bad for the figure.  
Using a leather pad obviates this and  
greatly improves the appearance of the  
driver.

Those who are fashionable do not talk  
about running a car, but say "driving."  
and if they wish to use smart parlance  
they do not say automobile or auto or  
automobile, but use instead the words  
motor, car and motoring.