

THANK GOD FOR THE POSTMAN.

He trudges along through the snow and the sleet. With pack that is heavy to bear: The slush of the roadway has hampered his feet...

PETER FREMWELL'S LEADING WOMAN.

She laughed. "Now if you had said 'young men' I should feel the force of your argument, for after seven p. m. young men all over New York are buying four, perhaps six, American Beauty roses..."

At the sound of her name Jean turned in astonishment but laid a detaining hand on the man's arm, as if she feared he would escape. "I am a friend of your sister," Margaret explained, "and I've been searching for you because your absence from the Eagle Theatre is endangering the success of the play..."

His voice reached only the people just about him, and instantly the physician had pulled him gently down. "Wait until the play is over, Mr. Bennett," he said. "Afterward Alice sent for us. We found her literally in the arms of her family, while Fremwell the Hun hovered in the background, waiting for a word with her—looming meek for a Hun..."

front on this beautiful wide stream. There are several railroads that have bridges across the Ganges and Junna at this point and one is a mile long and as we sat in the boat and watched the trains crossing these long bridges, then looked down and saw the Indians bathing in these waters, superstitiously believing that thus all diseases will be healed...

WIRELESS WAVES. Puzzling Problems With Which Scientists Have to Contend. What we don't know about wireless telegraphy is still by far the larger part of that science. Practical efforts to use this means of communication are constantly hampered by difficulties that cannot be overcome or only partially overcome by clumsy makeshifts because they are not understood.

THE CURIOUS AXOLOTL. It's a Regular Jekyll and Hyde Sort of Reptile. Persons of only ordinary powers of observation know that tadpoles become frogs. This process of transformation is one of the most interesting of the many curious things that go on about us every day.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Violets in Wintertime. A Trip to Allahabad and a Description of that City. JHANSI, DECEMBER 16th, 1912. Dear Home Folk: The festival season of these Mohammedan folk is surely demanding much attention; when I go out and come again near the native city or huts, I see brilliant colored tissue paper being put over a square frame, which when finished is to represent a tomb, and the drums are being beaten almost constantly...

FLYING BULLETS.

Going Very Fast, They Leave Air Waves and Eddies Behind Them. If a photograph of a speeding bullet could be taken the print would probably show a space like a body of water marked by what looked like speeding water bugs, each leaving a ripple in its wake. Photographs of projectiles have been snapped in time of peace, but it is doubtful if the camera ever caught one as it sped on its mission of death.

MYSTERY OF THE SALMON.

Their Annual Mad Rushes and Death After Spawning. The world's greatest salmon runs are to be found along the shores of the north Pacific ocean, in the states of Washington, Oregon and California, the province of British Columbia and Alaska, on the American side, and Siberia and Japan, on the Asiatic side. So far, however, but few salmon have been canned on the Asiatic side.

A Wonderful Bird.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's (wife of the famous arctic explorer) home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and in another moment she covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar region. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose. The trail courier darted out into the blizzardily air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

Caught It.

A man with a very red face met a friend on the street and the following conversation took place: "You look warm." "Yes, been chasing a hat." "Did your hat blow off?" "It wasn't my hat! It belonged to someone else—there was a pretty girl under it." "Did you catch it?" "I should say I did. My wife saw me chasing it!"—New York American.

The Poets.

"Poets are born and not made." "But they ain't born tagged," opined a rural philosopher. "Their fathers consequently hafter go ahead and educate 'em, jest as if they was going to be good fer something."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two or Three Hits.

"I suppose your new automobile made a big hit when you went out in it?" "Yes, it did. Most of them are hospital cases."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Natural Choice.

Gabe—Bragley says he would rather fight than eat. Steve—I don't blame him. I had dinner at his house one night.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Tip Terror.

"Give me a penny, sir, for something to eat." "But you've got sixpence in your hand now. What's that for?" "Oh, that's to tip the waiter, sir."—London Globe.

Since September 12, 1912, there has been an average of nine hundred fires per month. Cities and towns throughout the State are constantly purchasing new fire apparatus. Why not spend a portion of the amount for fire prevention. The annual fire loss in the State amounts to \$25,000,000.00. Shingle roofs are one of the most expensive causes of fires and cost the State an enormous amount of money that might be saved by using fire proof material for roofing. Defective flues at this time of year is another destructive element. Prevent this by close inspection and correcting defects. Rubbish and trash allowed to accumulate cost the citizens of this State over two million annually. This can be avoided and should be by carefulness.

ALLAHABAD, December 19th.—I left Jhansi Tuesday night at five o'clock and I laughed at my traveling kit. I had a thin cotton mattress and a pair of gray blankets wrapped in a piece of burlap, on top of this a pillow in a blue case, strapped together with a shawl strap; these things were for the train. In my "bisier" (hold-all) I had some sheets, towels and pillow cases, a comfort, and another blanket, my long coat, a basket dress suit case, a black bag with my hat in it, completed the outfit. Could you imagine such a start to go to Philadelphia for ten days. The journey to Mainpur took until 1.15 a. m. (108) miles, I then changed cars and had a wait of two hours. It was picturesque; I was the only European woman, there were two white men, but of the other fifty waiting, from the squatting postures, the "sauris," the absolute indifference as to passing events, every drop of blood in their bodies was purely Indian. The platform was unpaved and simply covered with a yellow sandy gravel, and it was in this, under a shed roof we waited. The train was late and we were glad when it finally came along. The coolie put my things into a compartment and I tumbled in after them and was soon fast asleep and slept so soundly that when the train finally stopped and they told me it was Allahabad, I doubted their word. I got out, gave up my ticket, and after seeing that the coolie had my packages I started down the platform to find some friends. I got to the mission without any trouble and found one of the women, a most charming girl, coming to see me. I have been seeing Allahabad, took a row on the Junna to where the Ganges and a supposed underground river meet, thus forming a triangle, where there were many natives bathing, and flowers and pretty leaves floated past us down the stream. There is a large Presbyterian college here and their bungalows and college

Blue butterflies that on faint wings float where the azure myrtles creep, Out of what dream-land came you forth, Return you to what sleep? Perchance you flew from fairy-realms, Where the lost princess scans the skies For tidings of her Love, until At dawn the old moon dies. Perchance your souls will change to flowers. In sunny glades or shaded spots, Where lovers bend with linked hands To pluck forget-me-nots. Alice sang through the first verse before the melody seemed to reach the numbed ears of Charles Bennett, but I observed an intense stillness in his attitude. Then gradually over his worn features spread a light that I can compare to nothing but to the dawn coming, as it does in the South, with a kind of divine swiftness. Uttering a muffled cry, he half rose. "Alice!"