THE NEW MOTHER.

He wondered if her hair was brown like teach,

Or whether, like his grandma's, scant and He wondered if the picture on the mantel

Would not be hurt to see her coming in He wondered if his curly dog would hear her And race out, barking, where the pansi grew; And whether that a little boy should fear her

And stay inside, or go to meet her, too.

He wondered if the house would seem as empty Or whether there would be no place to play. He wondered if she wouldn't try to keep him When wander voices called him far away. He wondered, too, if daddy still would love

If, when the stars had sparkled out the blue, She'd sing a little, friendly song above him-The ring of wheels-she kissed him and he knew.

-Abbie Craig, in Youth's Compani

ANNE RUTLEDGE

This is a True Story of the Life Romance of Abraham Lincoln.

By Francis Newton Thorpe.

for a while and go back to York State for the old folks; I guess I've made enough for a starter; you won't be sorry for your bargain." He was a short, muscular man of perhaps four-and-twenty-John McNeil, late partner of Hill, whom

he was addressing.

Hill, dreaming of a monopoly of profits, now that the business had passed into his own hands, took care rather to con-ceal his real opinion of McNeil's retire-

"I reckon I shall peg along, John, somehow," he said. "You've done mighty well here in New Salem. When do you start?" "Early in the mornin', unless the old hoss dies; but he won't die. I've had good luck so long I guess it's come to "Oh, that's not it, Abe. I'm comin' stay. This here bill you've given me is back. New Salem is all right." a trifle ragged." He was running his fingers through the roll which Hill had Indiana, I'm a-thinkin'; but I'll be there

trousers pocket. ledger, whose columns of figures now registered his rank in the commercial world as sole owner of the general stock of merchandise lately the property of fool to go off to the Eastern country and lamp, hinted at comfort. McNeil closed of merchandise lately the property of Hill & McNeil, New Salem, Illinois.

the rain was beating, projected slightly the New Salem road. over the door. For a week the rain had fallen in torrents; the shack of a store was reeking with wet, and only by dexterous shifting of the stock had the ledge's, instead of with his good wife proprietors kept it from ruin. As Mc- Nancy in their cabin on the bluff—"Abe, ed curtain delaying her a moment. She helping a farmer husk his corn, now car-Neil paused on the threshold, shrinking when you go to the Legislature we shall was beside McNeil, watching the curling rying chain for the surveyor, John Calfrom the deluge without, streamlets drip- expect you to fix up that road." ped upon him, and when he stepped forth the slabs in front of the door settled into the reeking soil. The roadway was a ditch of black and yellow pools dancing "you get the polls for me and I'll get the "Now, Johnny, what is it you are going the innumerable credit accounts with the ditch of black and yellow pools dancing "you get the polls for me and I'll get the in the storm. He stopped short as he polls for the road; you can't make a thought of the mud, hub-deep between him and the tavern, a little to the left hearty laugh greeted this promise, but ing. and the other side of the road. As far the New Salem boys were in the habit of "What is it?" as his eyes could follow the road he saw laughing at almost anything Abe Lincoln only the dancing pools: the black, rank earth of the prairie bottom could no "A bargain, a bargain," Greene spoke

longer drink up the water. The winding roadway entered New Pollsalem from the west, and soon after " leaving the open prairies made a bend, if McNeil gets back in time to vote." almost at right angles, near Denton & Orfutt's store; thence it ran on, the mud deepening, past Bill Clary's grocery, and talker; he was friendly with everybody, suddenly emptied its viscid mass into the but, unlike the other inhabitants of the suddenly emptied its viscid mass into the Springfield and Petersburg road.

It was spring, though the calendar called for early summer; the frost was still and Virginia. James Rutledge, Annie's coming out of the ground, and New father and founder of New Salem, who Salem's only highway was in its most hopeless state. Along its reeking edge stood a dozen buildings, their first stories and, like hundreds of his kind, had come of logs, their gables boarded with over-west to make his fortune, and there was conspicuous, not more comfortable. Some but to attempt to reach it promised only ruin of his plan to set out for New York But Hill took defeat philosophically, and next morning with clean clothes. But Hill took defeat philosophically, and never let it disturb his business relations

"Guess I'm in for it," he sighed as he homeward-"I say, Tom, I'm a little dry. How is't with you?

"Well, you jest heave alongside and take me in and we'll wet our whistles at

And so McNeil got across to the tavern

dry-shod. He boarded at Rutledge's. It was supper-time. The dining-room had an en-trance from the bar, and McNeil stood a ment of his sale to Hill and his speedy moment in the doorway before taking his accustomed seat at table. He was looking for a face; but not for long, for he crossed the room smiling.
"Howdy, Annie? Seems to me I smell

She was a slender girl, "rising nin teen," as her mother described her. For a moment she forgot her work of setting the table as she smiled back to McNeil Her face was of the type that lingers in a man's memory. Her hair was auburn, her features neatly is not delicately chiselled, and one near her could see that her eyes were soft blue and dreamy Her dress became her figure and she carried her head well. Yet her beauty was not in her face or her hair or her figure; it lay in a certain charm which novelists have been attempting to describe in

maids these two centuries and more. "Good evening, John." A hint of color in her face told the tale better than her simple greeting. "Supper's ready."

Her swift glance assured her that the table at his place was in order, then she turned back to the kitchen and began

"Annie," he half whispered when she placed his food before him, "I want to talk over some matters with you after supper." His voice carried an accent of acquiescence; it was his way of speaking to her. "I have sold the store."

She stood by his chair a moment; he imagined her thoughts. "Yes, Hill has done the square thing want to talk it over with you, and—" express itself in a motion of his hands

prosperity. Annie Rutledge shared the

bows, and so narrow was the back of his coat that it had been no unfriendly act "Yes, Sam, I'm goin' to quit New Salem to warn him not to laugh too vigorously if he had respect for stitches and seams. "Now, Abe," protested Sam Hill, "you jes' made that thar yarn up, you know you did." Hill was dragging his chair over the uneven floor with a rasping rattle. The accused made no defence, but cast upon Hill a look of such innocence and surprise that Hill could only press his hands against his sides for relief and burst out laughing again. The table soon filled, and the story-teller found a seat by McNeil, who had given him a friendly

nod as soon as he had caught his eye. "Sam tells me you're going back to the Eastern country—bought you out. Sorry you're going to leave us. Hasn't New Salem treated you well enough?"

just handed him in final payment. awkwardly to her as for an instant he gleaming like yellow eyes. Some one to jilt her," was James Rutledge's com"Indiana shinplasters best be shed in caught her eye. He aterapidly and soon had left the window down at the top and ment when he heard the tale. "Now , I'm a-thinkin'; but I'll be there called for another cup. No one else the rain was beating in against the green the tucked the roll into his knew that it was the hand that bore the paper curtain, the head and nearly half ousers pocket.

Coffee and not the quality of the coffee the wing of the great bird-of-paradise at cross my path. Annie broken up by it, that interested him; no one in New the centre of the curtain running scarlet you say? Wife, if he's wronged her, I'll Hill & McNeil, New Salem, Illinois.

McNeil stood in the doorway. The rough board roof, through whose cracks

"Abe," spoke up Bowling Greene, who

whose political ambition was well known poles for the road; you can't make a to tell me?" good road without some log-rolling." A

up, quickly; "you shall have at least one

"Six right here," added Hill, "and sever McNeil looked up at sound of his name, smiled, but said nothing. He was not a was the product of Kentucky and Indiana kept the tavern, was from South Carolina; McNeil was the only Yankee in the place, lapping slabs to shed the storm. Salem a rumor afloat in New Salem that he was was in its fifth year. Back from the worth \$10,000-the biggest fortune in road, southward toward the bluff, a few that part of Illinois. He was engaged to but that was not my real name." cabins, on higher ground, were only more marry Annie Rutledge. It had been with with the victor. The people of New comes a prairie-schooner my way," and with approbation that, as Annie was only drawing back just inside the doorway he a young girl and wanted to attend school waited till the driver of the ox-team at Jacksonville for a term or two, her alarmed him. too, Annie's folks wished it so. John McNeil was a square man thus to "Drier 'n salt codfish," the old man accede to their wishes, for in New Salem She was trembling. shouted back, and whipped up the oxen. girls were won and wedded young, and "Well, you jest heave alongside and usually when and where they willed, and then, as now, had few rights which chil-

dren were bound to respect. McNeil was not through supper before return to the Eastern country. Why leave New Salem? Wasn't the town good he was poor as garbroth when he came, and now was rich. Was he going to take

Annie Rutledge with him? So New Salem was thinking of Mc-Neil much as Abe Lincoln, who was sitting beside him at supper at Rutledge's. In the midst of one of Abe's stories Mc-Neil finished his meal and left the table. He passed to his room and began his final preparation for an early start next morning. A burst of loud laughter welled up from the dining-room; there was the scraping of chairs and the beat of footsteps. McNeil knew that the story was done, and concluded that, measure by the explosion it provoked, it must be one of Lincoln's best. But this was an unusual thought with McNeil, for his sense of humor was rudimentary, though his wit was sharp enough. He associated story-telling with just such a poverty-clad fellow as Abe Lincoln. He could

left hand began drumming on the edge tated by the echoes of laughter below Springfield and the new house and the her all the time. Of course the game of his plate, and his right slipped in and closed the door of his room, and just search of the roll of bills Hill had paid then, looking down the road, he saw the him. He felt well pleased with himself. Iong, lank story-teller wading through but now she listened as one having ears went on singing the line over and over long, lank story-teller wading through the mud and watched him till he entered Berry & Lincoln's store. Then Sam Hill Berry & Lincoln's store. Then Sain Till she loved with all the passion of a girl's followed down the road, and McNeil she loved with all the passion of a girl's watched him till he disappeared beneath first love was playing a part. But she would believe him. And she sat very hours before, had been McNeil's centre of interest. But he was not sentimental, and the disposition of ownership easily dislocates the affections. McNeil faced facts and liked them; he hated premature But the boarders were gathering about explanations, he loved to get everything the table and McNeil left his meaning ready before making a new move; he ready before making a new move; he

was secretive and self-contained. mud. It was Dr. John Allen returning "After I do the dishes; in the parlor," she spoke softly, and resumed her duties.

Meanwhile, the half-dozen men who had entered the room and seated themhis principal possession, so poor and wrinkled, so shabby and meagre, were a wallet and counted and sorted the bills field. his clothes. His long, ungainly arms left it contained; he made little packages of his coat sleeves hobnobbing with his ellillinois bills, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and ter?" Her mother stood by the bedside; Pennsylvania; but his New York cur- she had heard the girl moaning. For a rency he folded away by itself as most valuable of all. He drew a leather bag from the trunk, emptied its silver and the whole story. As the story grew the counted the amount; he made a few fig-ures, entered some of them in an account-should John McNeil, or any other man, book, fingered through some papers, give her Annie pain? The maternal drew up a brief statement, and then care- spirit was up. Why didn't he explain all

fully packed his trunk.

"Pretty good for five years," he was thinking; "I guess that is enough to was there of the truth of his story? He future

To him it was the most familiar room in New Salem. The sperm-oil lamp on the centre-table gave a dull, heavy head-light which glinted back from the mohair at once to her husband. He was a man; sofa firmly set between the windows, and back. New Salem is all right."

from the six mohair chairs ranged in were plenty of men in New Salem who Annie set the heavy cups of black coffee military order about the walls. On the would help him. before the men. Abe Lincoln bowed table lay the big Bible, its brass corners Salem associated Abe Lincoln with any over the yellow poppies amid which the

able this evening. You are always so er of the night before. He slept in the

the habitual hostess, the sight of the ruin- employment, but worked at odd jobs, now flames. The new light glinted on her "All right," promptly promised Lincoln, hair and chased the shadows about her at one of the stores—Berry's or Denton form. He gazed at her a moment, then, Orfutt's-at a busy time, and especially

He hesitated; he seemed to be think-

His manner rather than his silence times people came to him to have their

"I must tell you, Annie-I must; I have never told any one before." He could feel her shrink away from him. "You have heard me speak of my people; they live a long ways from here, away down in York State. I have brothers and sisters. My people are very poor. I left had settled his reputation in New Salem them five years ago; they do not know where I am, nor even that I am alive. I village, he was Eastern born. New Salem am going back after them to bring them and his crew found themselves strandhere to my farm. I wanted to tell you ed, their flat-boat caught on the edge of all about it, first; I shall keep nothing the New Salem dam. He was on his back. We are to be married

Her hand lay warm and still in his; he felt her quickening breath and caught body said she must be abandoned. Her the sparkle in her eyes.
"But, Annie dear, there is one thing I

have delayed telling you, and that is about my name; they call me McNeil, and she floated. This was Abe's way:

marry Annie Rutledge. It had been with him a case of love at first sight when, in slipping away from his? "My real name had one window; all had puncheon doors, the second year of New Salem, he came but only the more pretentious had to board at her father's tavern. At first hand away; I'll explain it all to you." puncheon floors; the rest had floors of he had taken a room at Rutledge's till he 'Twas on my father's account. We were mother earth. McNeil glanced along the could look about and find quarters at in business together; we failed and lost the assistant to the clerk of election highway and up at the bluff, and then at his clean, new boots and fresh suit. He was not a dozen rods from the tavern, ledge's. Soon he had routed all rivals, ledge's. among them Samuel Hill, his partner. | help him now; I have enough and to

Her hand had stolen back into his "Don't be afraid, Annie; I have earned surveyed the hopeless expanse, but just Salem-some eighteen families in all- the money; I am worth \$12,000 in money, then he sighted a speck in the distance. promptly understood the situation, and "My luck again," he chuckled; "here at every fireside the fact was accepted much; I had to do it-McNeil to McNamar." 'Why?"

The word uttered itself in a tone that might be within hailing distance. "I say, lover was very reasonable to consent to Tom"—it was old Tom Clary drifting a postponement of the wedding; then, and taken away my property before I

"What of that if it belonged to them?" "But it wasn't theirs; it was mine.

made it right here in New Salem by hard the old folks were supposed to make the best of whatever happened; parents all. I will bring back father and mother and the children to my farm; then you and I will be married. Don't you like McNamar better than McNeil?"

He raised her hand to his lips. 'This is what I wanted to tell you. See, here is a true statement of all my property," and he drew from his pocket enough for him? Everybody knew that the sheet from his account-book showing all the items. She took it in an absent sort of way, but did not read it. 'Why didn't you tell me all this long

Again it was the tone rather than the words that reproached him Why had he not told her? All his rea-

"I thought I'd tell you all at once when I had everything ready." He stammered as he spoke. "I wasn't ready to go; I hadn't made the money yet.' "But you had changed your name." "Oh Annie, Annie, don't say it that

way! I have told you all now, everthing, everything; I must start in the morning; I shall come back soon. The shadows of the firelight played ashen gray over her face.

"I'll write often, Annie-every mail; it will not be long." She suffered him to kiss her, but she but not hearing. She seemed to herself sitting in darkness, and the man whom

still and sought to stifle her fears. She did not know how long she had been sitting alone; she remembered how swiftly he had spoken, how he had poured forth his love for her again; and he had kissed her before he left. But the fire was dying, and she could feel the gray shadows creeping over her. and a confidential nod of his head.

New Salem admired Hill & McNeil's great store; it stood in the local imagination as the embodiment of commerce and processity. Apple Putledge aboved the processity of the panes of the little window in the pa prosperity. Annie Rutledge shared the common thought, and anything John McNeil said to her absorbed her mind. It was Dr. John Allen returning her own room the rain beat roughly and the wind, sweeping down from the vast prairie, stirred strange noises all over the

selves at table seemed in great good humor. They were laughing loudly over struck a spark, blew the tinder to a blaze, and lighted his tallow candle; then some story which one of their number blaze, and lighted his tallow candle; then bed in front of dling a horse. Pulling back the curtain story-teller, a tall, dark, solemn-looking man of perhaps five-and-twenty, was laughing too, and his amusement seemed Opening a small hair trunk which he sight of her he threw a kiss, and she saw

> moment she could not answer; then, breaking with sobs, she told her mother bring them and prevent all trouble in had gone, taking his wealth with him—and " He saw that his treasure was her Annie's heart. Was he an impostor? secure, moved back the bed to its place, A fugitive from some Eastern jail? What blew out the candle and started for the peril had her Annie run in receiving his attentions? Her mother's heart was wrung; her pride was struck down. And he would know what to do, and there

> > "It kind o' looks to me as if he meant mind you, Mary Ann, if that's his game, we are well rid o' him; but he better not foller him to the ends of the earth and shoot him on sight."

At Berry & Lincoln's grocery—it was still called by the old firm name, though ed of his slight interest to Berry long "Thank you, John; a fire feels comfort- ing up" for the day; it was the story-tellloft overhead and looked as if he had Annie ran her eyes over the room like slept in his clothes. He had no fixed houn, or putting in a week eccasionally community be straightened; for Abe was Salem rated higher in honesty. Some letters written-all sorts of letters-so profound was their confidence in him. He had lived in New Salem now about three years, equivalent to long inhabit ancy in an Eastern town; indeed, he had just missed being one of the founders of New Salem. Everybody liked him. He with his first visit-a somewhat compul sory one in the spring of '31, when he way with a cargo down the river; the boat had filled with water and everynose stuck over the dam and her crew jumped ashore, but Abe bored a hole through her bottom, the water ran out, nothing marvellous when the deed was done, but just the thing to be done. He then hired out to Denton Orfutt to work in his store, but expected goods did not arrive. He found waiting a dull business. It happened to be Election Day; he called out to him:

"Can you write?" "I can make a few rabbit tracks."

"Well, suppose you sit down and make Satisfied with the specimen tracks, Graham hired Lincoln for the day. But the clerk had done more than he knew he had introduced a new source of joy to the men of New Salem. As they came up to vote and fell to talking with the stranger after the cheery informality of the West, they were soon listening to the most mirth-provoking stories of their lives. "Indiana yarns," Lincoln called them as he reeled off. That night New Salem went to bed tired out with laughing. Lincoln had made his place in the

community.

But on this morning when John Mc Neil or McNamar rode away from New Salem, had any one glanced through the window of Berry's store and caught sight of the story teller's face he would not have pronounced it the face of a cheerful man, but, rather, a face strong in hopeless melancholy, gloomy with shadows that should never lift. Lincoln was busy arranging goods for display, putting this and that in order and tidying up generally. Had he confessed to the vision, it had been to the shadow of a shapely hand before his eyes, and in his ears the sons for silence seemed to vanish into melody of a soft, sweet voice. So real was that voice he stopped suddenly in his work to listen. The lines of a hymn he had heard that voice sing persisted in

his memory: "Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear." The gloom of the thought closed in upor him in melancholy comfort, in nice ac cord with his strange temperament. The line seemed to reveal himself. Poor, without fixed occupation, without family influence, his prospect one of toil and poverty, and his mind ever craving higher things; his condition in life he about by limitations and obstacles. What a contrast to John McNeil! Mc-Able at his place was in order, then she able at his place was in order, then she arrows begin in the rousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be a his place was in order, then she able at his place was in order, then she able at his place was in order, then she feel the pressure of the roll of bills in his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. Neil had wealth, business ability and closed her eyes; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from his trousers ability and contrast to John McNeil: McClosed her eyes; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from her her was the reves; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from her are reversely and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from her are reversely and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from her are reversely and could see Lincoln. He could be reves; he was going away from her are reversely and could see Lincoln. He could be reversely and could see Lincoln. He could be reversely and could see Lincoln. He could be reversely and could b

again:

" 'Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.' ' He stepped to the window to take in the weather and the prospects of trade for the day. Across the road a man on horseback was just riding away from I am too engrossed in trying to find a Rutledge's tavern—John McNeil, of way home, through Cook's eyes, to rehe would have made on the horse—a wish I were a multi-moneyed "loidy." thought amused him.

"'Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear." Lincoln was laughing to himself. "And that's what the poetry means, is it?" he asked himself. "Why not? Why not?" need not have a committee out to welMight the line not apply to McNeil as rell as to himself? He stood still, analyzing the ques- little shy of big affairs.

(Continued next week.)

munication Can Be Easily Interfered With.

Many suppose that it is possible for cessful. It is very hard, if not impossible, to "jam" a well-organized wireless service, for there are many ways, both technical and methodical. to defeat such an intention. If the enemy attempts interference, he must put his own wireless communication Loring also believes that the risk of having the signals of the fleet intercepted by an enemy is very slight. 'Co-operation between operators, with full knowledge of each other's methods, is extremely important when hanmore skilled the organization, the more difficult it is for a strange operator to take down with the necesmessage. He cannot ask for the repetition of doubtful groups, and he has no intimate and daily familiarity with the methods of the sender to asgiving the enemy every advantage, important combination, it must be admitted—he has still failed to prevent I bought today some miniature gods the all-important information from Companion

Owners of Anthracite Mines in Pennsylvania Decide to Make Use of It Exclusively.

tirely of steam and compressed air in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania. according to a naper read recently hefore the Engineers' Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania.

The total of electric generating capacity and power purchased for use given as 79,811 kilowatts, which is ap- that would catch fire and so set fire to proximately equal to 105,400 horse- the entire place where he happened to power. The horsepower produced by be and thus set up a fight between two steam is given as 531.811.

The first electrical installation in mines was made in 1887 by the Pennsylvania Railroad company. In 1889 Thompson-Houston company placed a locomotive and a generating station in the Erie colliery of the Hillside Coal & Iron company. This locomotive was in operation until 1911, I have been fairly busy this week, it 22 years of continuous operation. The seems as though whenever the others go first electric pump installed was in away and I plan for much time to my 1890, and has been in continuous serv- self, other folks plan for much time from ice ever since. From 1891 to the pres- me, and I must needs work hard. This ent year plant after plant has been erected in the mines.

The Hearts of the People.

ponent defeated before the campaign starts?" "I'm sure of it. He is go- wish you could have seen the thing strike ing to depend on old-fashioned hand- at my nippers as I was putting it into shaking methods to make himself the bottle; you knew at once "which was agreeable. I'm learning to dance."

Great City's Shame.

At a London in juest on a sandwich man who committed suicide in the ruptions, which have been many since I Thames, it was stated that clergymen, solicitors and university men had been known to carry sandwich boards were to do my precious idea had flown in the streets of London.

Western Australia's Wealth. Western Australia produces more gold than any American state, sends than usually good to you. more pearls to Europe than any other country except Ceylon, and is said to have the richest belt of hardwood timber in the world.

Here's the Grouch Again. "I thought you told me that Jones was a piano-finisher," said the Old "Why, I saw him driving a moving van today." "Well?" interrogated the Grouch.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Empire Day Essay. "Dear Teacher: On Empire day we had a holiday. I had a flag on Frideday. On Fridday I was very happy, was you teacher when we had a holiday."-Punch

FROM INDIA

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Planning for the Trip Home. Native Gods a Cheap thing in India, Etc.

JHANSI, NOVEMBER 27th, 1913 Dear Home Folk:

I am too engrossed in trying to find a course. Had Lincoln missed on the man frain from telling you of it; and again I of the Black Hawk War; and Lincoln Of course, the Mission Board give me had been through that war himself. the amount that would take me home "Nothing beautiful about us;" the via. New York, but San Francisco and the "War veterans States demand more, so you may get a grow ugly early." McNeil was making for the Springfield road. "Hill told me last night that John was going back, and long distance call for food from Pittsburgh, for I sure can pay my ticket, but there he goes." Somehow the melancholy food-well-that will come out of my look in his face was fading; his heart own purse, and me-thinks a walking tour felt lighter as the horseman rode away. from Pittsburgh home may be a very fitting finish to this two years' jaunting spree of mine. Of course I won't ex-I departed from you in, will make me a

Joking aside, traveling is a very neat way of spending money, especially when Common Mistake That Wireless Com- not in one's own land. I sure am thankful that father made me bring the extra with me else I just couldn't do it at all and I would be horribly disappointed not an enemy to disrupt and suspend all to go by the Eastern route. I cannot wireless communication at will by pro- even yet say certainly when I shall land ducing very powerful waves of irreg in San Francisco, but it will be in May, I ular length; in other words, by inter think, and will you tell Mr. V., as I promference or "jamming." According to ised to let him know when I would be Commander F. G. Loring of the Brit there, by next week or shortly after my ish navy, such tactics are seldom sucyou know. How I wish clothes did not have to be made; of course there will be only what I may need on the way, but

even those few will be a bother. Today is Thanksgiving, and I am alone this week, the others are at Conference completely out of action for the time so I had Miss L. and Mrs. R. to tea and being, with no certain prospect of se- dinner; did not make any fuss, just gave riously inconveniencing the communithem what I had for myself, but it was cation of his opponent. Commander very pleasant and we talked of America. Of course it don't look the least like November 27th, and it is just delightful weather; the doors and windows all stand open and except for the middle of the day, which is rather hot, one would iling difficult code messages, and the not ask for anything more, except of

course, water. You should hear the jackals tonight; they are either very hungry or are mad sary accuracy the groups of a code -howling, howling, from all sides until the air rings with the racket. A dog went mad yesterday on the road and ran into Mr. H's home, where lay his sist him in his task. And, after all, wife and two week's old son. There was much excitement until the dog was finalgiving him a perfect record of the sig- ly driven out and although shot at sevnals, the 'ey of the code to his hand, eral times and struck once, he refused and equal facility of skill and lan- to die but later, fortunately, was killed guage to translate it for use—a most by a good blow. Rabies is so common

here. all kinds of writing, and no man in New eaching its destination." — Youth's to take home to you and I am indeed pleased for they are exactly what I have been telling you about-that are placed under the trees and at the sacred pools, etc., and which are worshipped. I wanted to steal one but always found them too large, but now I have them in much Electricity is to take the place en- nicer form. Don't think they were expensive for they cost only sixteen cents alltogether-and that wasn't much for four gods, do you think? And the man who made and also sold them to me told us the story of each with much laughing, not in the least offended when we said it at the mines at the present time is was funny to think of a god having a tail other very important gods. Just why he is worshipped I could not quite make out, but as that is a very common fault with their stories I was not a bit surprised. They don't know themselves why many are worshipped, so in another way they

resemble the Western people. morning the servants brought a big scorpion, without its tail removed, and I just put him into a bottle and now he adorns "So you think you have your op my table, pickled in alcohol, for a trip to America. It is a good specimen and I the business end of that concern."

I cannot imagine why I can't tell you something interesting; perhaps it is because my brain is empty, or the interbegan this, and if I had an idea, by the time I told the various persons what they completely. Then, too, I am going to try to stop talking so much and I guess I had best begin right here. I wish you all well and hope the new year will be more

(Continued next week.) Better Than Poultice.

If at any time you have a gathered finger or poisoned hand, take a cabbage leaf, roll it out with a bottle until the juice comes, and tie it on the affected part. This will draw and cleanse it far better than a poultice.

A Bit Tired. A somewhat weather-beaten tramp, being asked what was the matter with his coat, replied, "Insomnia: it hasn't had a nap in ten years."-Christian Register.

Generally Succeeds. There are more ways of winning a man than by "stringing" him-but there are few better.