

Still Waters.
 Here, dreamily, with soft deceits,
 The pool repeats
 A summer sky; bright clouds that pass
 On this brown glass.
 Here imaged is the phantom moon
 Of afternoon
 And a swift bird that dips its wing,
 Home hastening.
 Soon, yonder, where the path is laid
 In hush of shade,
 A glimmering gown, a dusky tress,
 My sight will bless;
 I'll lean above an olive cheek,
 So cool and slick,
 And eyes where veiled reflections shine
 Of love in mine.
 —I. C. Cook in Harper's Bazar.

Little Heroine-Cat.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

They were "thrashing" over at Neighbor Shanewalter's that afternoon. The Shanewalters lived only half a mile from the Bensons as the crow or the bee flies; but around by the road, as men walk or ride, it was more than three-quarters of a mile. As Katie Benson stood on the portico, looking across the intervening valley along the crow-and-bee line, she could see the straw-carrier of the thrashing machine pointing obliquely upward out of the back door of the barn, while the straw floated in ragged-edge clouds of yellow from its upper end and then dropped airily upon the great round stack where three or four men were laboriously treading about to trample down the straw. Now and then a cloud of dust and chaff would pour out of the door, driven by the fresh breeze, and completely enveloped the workmen on the stack. At intervals the hum of the machine would reach Katie's ears. One of the men was her father—he was building the stack—and she wished that she was over there herself, jumping about on the springy straw. But it was Katie's duty to stay at home that afternoon with her sister Liza, two years older than she, and Neddie, the "baby" of the family, 4 years of age. Shortly after dinner Mrs. Benson had said: "Now, girls, I must go over and help Mrs. Shanewalter to cook supper for the thrashing hands. Stay close to the house all the afternoon. Don't go away for anything. And take good care of Neddie." "Yes, of course, you can play anywhere about the house." "And mayn't we haul Neddie in his little wagon out in the road?" persisted Liza. "If you promise not to go more than a few rods from the gate." "Oh, we promise, don't we, Katie?" Katie nodded her promise readily enough, but there was a strained expression on her pale little face as if she were trying to suppress some agitating emotion. "What's the matter, Katie?" her mother queried. "You're not afraid to stay with Liza and Neddie, are you?" "There isn't anything to harm you." "Oh, Katie's such a 'frady-cat,'" scoffed Liza. "She'd be scared at a mouse's shadow, so she would, if she was alone. The other day she saw a little snake in the yard, two rods away from her, and what do you think she did? She just stood in her tracks and screamed as loud as ever she could, till I got a stick and killed the snake. Pooh! It wouldn't have hurt her." "I can't help being afraid of things," Katie sobbed. "What's the use of being afraid?" boasted Liza. "I'm not at all afraid of anything. I wouldn't be such a 'frady-cat' as Katie is! I'd have more spunk!" Liza's lofty way of putting her own heroism in contrast with Katie's timidity stung her little sister to the quick, bringing hot tears to her eyes. She knew she was a "frady-cat," and that was just what made her sensitive to her sister's jibes. For awhile after her mother had gone, Katie could not revive her courage. She stood on the portico, and gazed longingly across the valley at the thrasheys. Every sound about the house and barn startled her, and she had visions of tramps and robbers galore, if not of wild and savage beasts pouncing down upon the unprotected children left alone in charge of the large, rambling farm-house. Liza gazed her for awhile, making her weep still more. But presently a game of hide-and-seek in the large, bushy yard drove all the little "frady-cat's" fears out of her mind. A jolly afternoon they were spending, sometimes putting Neddie into his small wagon and pulling him back and forth along the road in front of the house. The wagon was an old-fashioned, home-made one, with a rough box and pole and heavy little wheels hewn out of a thick board; but it was strong and serviceable, and no doubt pleased the children fully as well as the trig express-wagons of today please our own boys and girls. At about half-past three they were playing with the wagon in the road. Katie began to feel a little tired with her vigorous romping, and presently she sighed to Liza: "I'm going to sit on our post and rest awhile." She opened the gate and stepped into the yard, and then followed a little path winding through a thick clump of rose bushes and berry stalks

to one corner of the yard, where a couple of steps enabled her to climb to the top of a large fence-post. This was a favorite perch for the children when wearied with their play. The tall, sharp pickets prevented their climbing down on the outside into the road, but made a convenient support for a tired back. Perched on top of the post, Katie watched Liza and Neddie playing in the road, her cheery laugh often ringing out at the roly-poly little fellow's comical looks and conduct. But suddenly there seemed to be a change in all their surroundings. A strange obscurity was falling over the landscape, wrapping everything in gloom. "Oh! oh!" cried Liza, "it's getting dark!" Such really seemed to be the case. A kind of flickering twilight enveloped the earth, filling the children's hearts with dismay. The chickens began to fly up into the trees, intending to go to roost, as if they thought the evening had come. Brindle and Spot, the two gentle milk-cows standing at the bars of their pasture-field, began to low. "Look, look at the sun!" screamed Liza, growing pale with terror. Sure enough, the sun had turned almost red, and—oh! oh!—a huge black sphere was slowly creeping over its disk and blotting out its light. The children had often read and talked about the end of the world and the Judgment Day, and such thoughts had always filled them with awe and terror. "The world's coming to an end! The world's coming to an end!" cried Liza. "Oh! oh! o-o-h! Come, come, Katie, let's run over to Shanewalter's and find papa and mamma." Panic-stricken, Liza seized the pole of the wagon, in the box of which sat Neddie too much frightened to cry, and then she ran, as fast as her nimble feet could carry her, down the road in the direction of the neighboring farm. She did not wait for her little sister perched on the fence-post. Katie was almost paralyzed with fright as the darkness gathered about her. She could dimly see Liza and Neddie and the wagon speeding down the slope, but the high palings, sharpened at the top, made it impossible for her to climb over into the road. By the time she had clambered from her perch into the yard, and had shouldered her way through the bushes, her brave little sister was scampering far away. Her first impulse was to dash out of the gate and follow; but, with all her cowardice, Katie was an obedient child, and even in her intense agitation she remembered that her mother had bidden her and Liza in no case to leave the house. How she wished she were a brave girl—brave and fearless like Liza, and not such a "frady-cat!" Still, she would do as her mother had bidden her, and if the great Judge came, he would find her at her post, as the preacher had said last Sunday in his sermon. This resolve infused new courage into her palpitating heart, and slipping back from the gate, she found a cosy hiding-place among the bushes, where she sat and tremblingly kept watch in the shadows. She listened a prayer to God to make her brave and forgive all her wrong-doings. "I believe its getting lighter," she whispered to herself a few moments later. Looking up, she saw that the shadow on the sun was gradually moving across it, exposing a part of its red disk. A few more moments of breathless waiting, and then the twilight was succeeded by sunlight almost as radiant as it had been before the eclipse came. For, of course, it was only an eclipse of the sun, although Katie did not know at the time what the strange phenomenon meant. "Maybe it wasn't the Judgment Day, for all," she thought. "Well, if 'twasn't, I'm glad I stayed at home, any way, and didn't run away from the house. I'm glad I obeyed mamma." The chickens began to crane their necks in wonder, and, finding that daylight had come again, they flew down to the ground, and resumed their picking and scratching. Katie was bravely recovering from her fright, when she saw something that almost made her pulse stop beating. A rough-looking man in seedy clothing came stealthily through the front gate, and looking suspiciously this way and that, walked along the path to the front door. Through the aperture in the screening bushes Katie saw him glance around narrowly, then turn the door-knob, and slip into the house, closing the door quietly behind him. For the timid girl this was the climax. What in the world should she do? The man was, no doubt, a robber. He might steal something valuable from the house—one of the best suits in the closet, her mother's silver spoons just bought a week ago or her father's gold watch, which she had heard him say he would leave at home lest it might be broken at the rough work of the afternoon. Should she run over to neighbor Shanewalter's and give the alarm? Before she could do that, she reflected, the thief would have ransacked the house. Couldn't she—her pulses beat quickly at the thought—in some way prevent him from carrying out his thieving purpose? It frightened her half to death to think of it; and yet if she could not foil him in some way, no one else could. Everything depended on her coolness and courage. She knew that. She half started to her feet; then dropped behind the bushes again, the prey of the most terrible panic, her heart leaping into her throat. But presently she rallied her courage, for great, heroic resolve had taken possession of her frail frame. She would be a "frady-cat" no longer. She would prove herself a heroine. Now was her chance.

On her hands and knees she crept along the edge of the bushes, keeping herself well screened, until she reached the kitchen door. Slipping through it, she stood still and listened breathlessly, but could hear no sound. Evidently the robber was in a distant part of the house. With trembling hands she pushed open the door leading into the sitting-room, and then stood still again, listening intently. A moment later she almost screamed out with terror, for she could hear the muffled sound of a footstep in the next room, which was the spare bedroom, and then the creak of an opening drawer reached her ear. "He's getting at the bureau," she thought. "Papa's watch is in one of the drawers, I think. The robber musn't find it; I'll not let him!" she added, a wave of heroism sweeping through her bosom. She hesitated no longer. Her whole being was mastered by one supreme purpose—to save her father's gold watch. Swiftly and noiselessly she glided into the hallway, on the wall of which hung her father's shot-gun on two stout wooden hooks. She knew that it was loaded. Under the circumstances she felt justified in touching it, although she had never dared to touch it before. She sprang upon a chair standing beneath the weapon, whose muzzle pointed directly over the top of the door of the room in which burglar was plying his business. Yes, she could reach the gun. It took but a moment to cock the hammer, as she had often seen her father do; then, bracing her nerves by a supreme mental effort, she placed her slender forefinger against the trigger, closed her eyes, and pressed with all her might. There followed a deafening explosion and a blinding flash, and the load of shot was buried in the opposite wall. The concussion almost stunned the girl, but she had self-possession enough to spring from the chair and dodge into a dark corner for safety, should the robber come into the hall. A moment of silence ensued, and then she heard a few heavy foot-falls in the next room, followed by a loud crash of broken glass, and she knew that the terror-stricken robber had leaped through the window and made his escape. Her plan, which had been simply to frighten him away, had succeeded, and her heart bounded with exultation. Through one of the windows she saw the bold robber scampering across the meadow toward a tract of woods. Then she rushed out of the front door and dived in among the bushes, where she lay trembling with excitement and fright for half an hour. Then her father, mother, Liza and little Neddie returned, her parents having become uneasy about her. "Oh, papa! mamma!" she cried, laughing and crying hysterically, as she sprang from her hiding-place, "I scared him away! I scared him away!" "What do you mean, Katie?" they asked in surprise. "I scared the robber away," and she quickly sketched her adventure. Her father hastened into the house, and examined the dismantled bureau. "You dear, brave girl!" he said, pressing her to his bosom; "you frightened the rascal away just in time. He had almost found the watch. See, it was under the pile of clothes that he was tumbling aside when you scared him by firing off the old gun. You're a genuine heroine, Katie." Her mother, too, had to kiss and hug her. "And nobody'll call me 'frady-cat' any more, will they?" she asked demurely. "No, indeed," declared her father, his face beaming with smiles. "You're a soldier—as brave a soldier as ever fought on a battlefield; and, more than that, you know how to obey orders when—when other people run from the post of duty." As he spoke he looked slyly at Liza. —Detroit Free Press.

Horses' Keen Instinct.
 The horse has a strong sense of smell. He will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, no matter how hungry; neither will he drink objectionable water, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver over the daintiest bits offered by the fairest hands. Blind horses, Tit-Bits says, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go to the gate of bars opening to their accustomed feed-grounds. The horse, in browsing, is guided to his choice of proper food entirely by his nostrils. Blind horses do not make mistakes in their diet. In the temple of Olympus a bronze horse was exhibited, at the sight of which real horses experienced the most violent emotions. It is said that in casting the statue a magician had thrown hippomanes upon it, which, by the odor of the plant, deceived the horses, and therein is the secret of the miracle.

An Interesting Butter Experiment.
 An interesting experiment has been recently made by the Queensland government in regard to the export of butter to Great Britain. Hitherto the product has been shipped in a frozen state, which, in a great measure, destroys the flavor of the butter. In the present case the shipment had a specially prepared cold chamber fixed on board the steamer, the temperature of which could be kept at a uniform height of thirty degrees. The result is said to have been eminently satisfactory, the butter having been delivered in splendid condition.

Residents of Jefferson street, Topeka, Kan., have been victims of a trained or perverted dog, which stole their newspapers and took them to its master.

WHY THE GREEKS LOSE.
A Side Light Thrown Upon Their Panics in Thessaly.
 Aversion to mechanical discipline, writes Professor Wheeler in the North American Review, shows itself in the drill of the Greek troops, as would be naturally expected from all that we know of them outside the army. As a people they always create the impression of disorderliness. Men who walk together on the street do not keep step. A Greek funeral procession presents to our eyes a most disorderly and individualistic appearance. The people who compose it go on foot, and each one seems to be strolling along on his own account. On arriving at the grave there is likely to be no fixed order of procedure. If there is, people do not conform to it. Every one does what seems to him good. Absence of previous plan of sense for order is apparent on every hand. If there occurs a halt in the proceedings through any uncertainty or lack of preparation a debate may ensue. Three out of four of the bearers will prove to be orators. There is no one person in authority. Five or six different ones are giving orders or making suggestions at the same time. The same popular trait shows itself wherever masses of people are assembled. Any single man is a potential marshal and master of ceremonies and may develop into such without warning. All this represents a deep-seated national characteristic and one that renders the application of strict military discipline in the form known to the armies of the north extremely difficult. Herein lies the chief ground of apprehension regarding the fitness of the Greek to meet the demands of modern methods of warfare. A German battalion is a firmly compacted machine in which the individual has lost the sense of autonomy. Panic cannot resolve it into its constituent elements, because steady discipline and persistent drill have made machine action a second nature. In the moment of emergency a Greek battalion is liable to become "many from one."

The Smallest Men in Congress.
 The smallest men in Congress are Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, and Representative Wheeler, of Alabama—"Fighting Joe" of Confederate fame. Mr. Chandler is sixty-two years old and General Wheeler is sixty-one, but both have slender, boyish figures, and affect somewhat youthful dress in wearing trim, natty little sack coats. General Wheeler's hat is the most remarkable piece of headgear seen in the House. It is not a derby, nor a fedora, nor the broad-brimmed black covering that many Southern statesmen wear. The dashing old cavalry leader departs from all Congressional customs in the selection of his top wear, which is an ordinary black hat such as boys in the country select. He has his special trade mark in the way of creating it. It is creased round and round to fit the shape of the head and rest closely upon the crown after the fashion that country boys affect when the new of the hat is worn off and it has been out in the rain once or twice to take the style out of it. General Wheeler boasts of an experience in bringing up a large family on his Southern plantation that is odd. He says, with an expressive gesture: "I raised a family of six children on my plantation, and never locked a door or fastened a window of the house. We were surrounded by large numbers of negroes, but in warm weather always slept with the doors open. Whenever lost an article by theft, except a few times when the family were away. I had confidence in the 'colored brother' and he respected me and my own."—New York Tribune.

A Carrier Pigeon Service in Hawaii.
 A carrier pigeon service on a large scale is about to be established on the Hawaiian islands. Pigeon flying is generally carried on as a pastime, and is the national sport of Belgium, but a company has just been formed in Honolulu to utilize the peculiar traits of the homing pigeons in a business which is set forth in a prospectus as being very remunerative. Birds have already been bought and taken to the islands. The proposition is to establish lofts on all of the different islands in the Hawaiian group, beginning first with Hawaii, Maui, Kauai and Oahu. By means of fast-flying pigeons messages can be sent from Honolulu to all the towns and plantations on the different islands, and vice versa. It is believed that not less than fifty plantations will contribute to the scheme.

Wild Horses of Montana.
 Almost anyone may own a horse in Montana. If he has not the \$5, \$10, \$20 or \$50 necessary to pay for the blood and culture with which any particular animal may be endowed he may, if he has the necessary agility, go out on the range and take one, for there are plenty that don't belong to any one else. Since the prices on horses fell below the paying point many ranchmen have neglected branding their stock or keeping any track of it, and in fact, there have been a good many local efforts made by the owners themselves to exterminate or drive the horses off the immediate ranges that there might be better grass for cattle and sheep. It is very repulsive business, to a Western man more especially than anyone else, to shoot a horse, and a man who is capable of it is regarded with rather more circumspection than one who has killed his man. So, being protected by a spark of sentiment, the herds of wild or maverick horses are really increasing and a right royal breed of animals they are. When the business was good, a few years back, the Montana breeders were

the most energetic and progressive of any in the west. They bought sires of thoroughbred and trotting blood in Kentucky and turned them loose with their herds. Others who desired size rather than endurance went to Illinois and Canada and purchased great Norman and Clydesdale stallions. While the prices ruled high the two classes were bred separately but of late years they have been allowed to run into one uniform and homogeneous herd. The new breed is of good height and strong-boned, with lung power and endurance that are suggestive of a greyhound. If conditions were to remain the same for, say, a period of thirty years longer, without any new admixture of blood it is reasonable to expect that these herds would gradually assume a uniformity of size, shape and color to as great an extent as is noted in any other wild animals.—Chicago Record.

Combs.
 Among the relics of the earliest forms of civilization combs are found. They were used in world-old Egypt thousands of years ago. Ancient Roman combs were made of boxwood, or of ivory, or of still more precious materials; and similar articles have been disinterred from the houses of long-buried Pompeii. The more barbarous races of northern Europe were equally familiar with these aids to the toilet. The old chronicler of Ely tells us that the Danish invaders, following the custom of their country, "used to comb their hair every day, bathed every Saturday, often changed their clothes, and used many other such frivolous means of setting off the beauty of their persons." In the seventeenth century it seems to have been not unusual to use leaden combs for the purpose of darkening the natural color of the hair. When wigs came into fashion, combs of special design had to be made for the keeping of the new headgear in an orderly condition. The wearer of wigs combed these hirsute adornments in public. The beaux carried in their pockets large combs of ivory or tortoise shell; and to pass these through their wigs, when walking in the Mall, or when at Court, or in the boxes or on the stage of the theatre, was regarded as an act of gallantry. Your true gallant combed his wig almost as often as he took snuff.

Inhabited by Odds and Ends.
 Out of a population of 109,020 in the Hawaiian Islands only 3,085 are Americans, 1,975 males and 1,111 females. The Japanese number 24,407 and the Chinese 21,616. Of the Hawaiians, mixed and unmixed, there are altogether 39,504. The remainder of the population are: British, 2,250; Germans, 1,432; French, 101; Norwegian, 378; Portuguese, 15,191; South Sea Islanders, 465; and other nationalities, 600. Of the whole number 72,517 are males and 36,503 females. The proportion of American to other nationalities is one in thirty-five.

Bleaching the Hair.
 According to a physician, bright sunshine is the best means of making the hair light-colored, healthy and strong. All soilers will tell you how rapidly the hair grows when on board ship in the tropics. I have had some opportunity of observing the color, or rather the average color, of sailors' hair, and have found that the fair-haired mariners outnumber their dark-haired shipmates by two or three to one. This conclusively proves that the sun easily bleaches hair, and also that exposure to the sun results in a strong and rapid growth of hair.

Railway Rails of Paper.
 The Secretary of State, at Washington, has been informed by one of our consuls in Germany of successful experiments with railway rails made of paper. In the production of these rails woodpulp has not been found sufficiently tough, but rags, rope, and other stocks are said to furnish a rail that will be as successful as the wheels made of similar material, although there is little economy in their construction at the present low rate of iron ore.

The Speed of Camels.
 Extraordinary stories are sometimes told of the speed with which camels can travel in the desert, and of their wonderful endurance of fatigue. But according to recent statements there has been much exaggeration on this subject. One writer asserts that the speed of a camel does not exceed about seven miles and a half per hour, and that even that speed is not ordinarily maintained longer than two hours at a stretch.

A Champion Game Slayer.
 Earl de Grey holds the championship among the world's hunters for the quantity of game killed by one man. He is now thirty-five years old, and during the past twenty years has averaged 25,000 head of game each year. On one occasion he shot at fifty pheasants in three minutes and killed all but one of them. He has killed eleven tigers, a number of elephants and rhinoceroses, bears and lions.

Baseball Birds.
 Harry B. Keach goes to the Reading baseball grounds every day with nine pigeons, one of which he releases after each inning. It takes the bird two minutes to get to his store, where Mrs. Keach puts the score on a blackboard. —Philadelphia Record.

For the Happy Pair.
 In a country district of Germany "pay weddings" were in vogue until recently, each guest paying for his entertainment as much as he would at an inn, and the receipts being placed aside to set up the happy pair in their new home.

I WONDER WHY?
 There comes a query of to me,
 From one who thinks I ought to know,
 The height and depth of mystery—
 The "wherefore" of the "it is so."
 And childish form, with bated breath,
 With parted lips and pleading eye,
 Stands waiting for the "What he saith,"
 In answer to "I wonder why?"

"What gives the violet its hue,
 The fern its fragile form and grace?
 Why doth the rivulet pursue
 Its ceaseless course for us to trace?
 Why bloom the flowers, why grow the trees,
 And spread their branches wide and high?
 Why sing the cheerful chickadees,
 On leafless bush? I wonder why?"

All these I answer as I can,
 And yet the little maid asks on,
 And her soft eyes my own eyes scan,
 Perchance a new reply to con.
 Till I am fain to ask with zest,
 For clearer knowledge from on high,
 Of my own duty, God's behest,
 And, like my child, "I wonder why?"

Deep problems meet us in the wood,
 Afield, and by the stream and sea,
 We see what is not understood
 About us, and that ne'er can be,
 Whether we wander far or stay
 In cloister, hid from mortal eye,
 We bide with mystery night and day,
 And of it all we "wonder why?"

So 'tis not strange a child oft asks,
 To know the "wherefore" of the fact;
 To understand what vainly tasks
 Philosophy, with all its tact.
 We all are children, striving oft
 To know what comes before the eye,
 Childlike, we vainly look aloft,
 And ask and ask, "I wonder why?"
 —Boston Transcript.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.
Jests and Yarns Made and Told by Funny Men of the Press.

OFF HIS RECKONING.
 "Queer weather we have been getting lately."
 "Yes, the forecast man must have mislaid his almanac."

POPPED VERSE.
 Minor Poet—Ah, how 'do' did you get my book I sent you yesterday?
 Hostess—Delightful! I couldn't sleep till I'd read it!

QUOTE ANOTHER AFFAIR.
 "Love laughs at locksmiths, they say."
 "Yes, but you never heard of love laughing at goldsmiths."

EXCESSIVE PRUDENCE.
 He—You insist on my getting my life insured before we are engaged?
 Sue—Yes—even before you ask papa.

HE HAD.
 "Smithers seems immensely proud of his wife."
 "Well, he has much to be proud of. She weighs 200 pounds."

PERSISTENCY OF THINGS.
 "He's inconsolable over the loss of his recently patented fire extinguisher."
 "Indeed! How was it lost?"
 "Burned up in his house."

NOT HOLDING HIS OWN.
 "Jeems—Cholly Traddles had a tight squeeze last night."
 "Deems—How was that?"
 "Jeems—I saw him hugging a lamp post."

FAMILY COMPROMISE.
 "Does your wife allow you to smoke in the parlor?"
 "Yes, you see, she also keeps her bike there."

PROFOUND GRIEF.
 "I never saw a woman mourn her husband as deeply as Mrs. Fitzjones does."
 "I see she really seem bereaved?"
 "She hasn't crimped her hair since he died."

SHIRKING EFFORT.
 "Desdemona Feyster must be a very indolent young woman."
 "What makes you think so?"
 "She is going to marry a man who is already bald."

RE-VERSIBLE GATELY.
 "We gave Jack a surprise party in his bachelor apartment."
 "Was it a success?"
 "Yes, he got wind of it and wasn't there."

STRANGE.
 "Yes," said the young wife, sadly, "I am satisfied that he doesn't love me any more."
 "Isn't it strange to find satisfaction in anything like that?" asked her dearest girl friend.

FAMILY JABS.
 Tyres—Have you dined your boy yet?
 Spokes—No, my wife and I can't agree. She wants to name him after her wheel, and I want to name him after mine.

POWERFUL FICTIONS.
 Hostess—Let me return your book to you. A charming story.
 Author—But I see you have not cut the pages.
 Hostess—Indeed? Well, you see, the story so entranced me that I forgot all about cutting the pages.

TOOK IT BACK.
 Tom Singleton—I hear you're engaged. Congratulate you, my boy.
 Henry Dietus—You didn't hear it quite right, I'm married.
 Tom Singleton—Oh excuse me, old man.

QUEER.
 "Queer, isn't it?" "What's queer?" inquired another. "The night falls."
 "Yes." "But it doesn't break."
 "The day breaks?" "Yes."
 "But it doesn't fall?" "No." "Queer, isn't it?" And he was gone.

HOW SHE APPEARED.
 Something whizzed by, a minglement of steel spokes and red bloomers.
 "What is that there?" asked Uncle Hiram withdrawing his gaze from the high buildings to look after the vision.
 "That is the new woman," answered his nephew.
 "The new woman? Looks like the old boy."