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Alaska cost only \$7,000,000 and the revenue to the National Treasury is expected to amount to \$3,000,000 a year for the next twenty years.

All facts seem to prove that while the extreme scarcity and high price of fuel in Europe at the present time may be normal, yet, measured by demand, coal is becoming constantly scarcer in Europe.

United States officers recently made a raid in No Man's Land and levied on several large distilleries with a large amount of machinery and whisky. The distilleries have been doing an enormous business, supplying not only Northern New Mexico with whisky, but also portions of Kansas.

One of the flourishing industries of New York is the insurance of babies. More than one company is engaged in the business, and it produces a lucrative income. The sum paid is usually five cents a week on each child, and collectors have to trot about in lively fashion to earn this.

A Canton (China) paper estimates that 750,000 people die every year in China by fire and flood, but it is not satisfied. "The fact is," it remarks with cold-blooded cynicism, "the great need of China is the sudden removal of two or three million inhabitants to make elbow room for those who are left."

The poor potato has its ups and downs like everything else. A short time ago the distinguished doctors of Europe were condemning it as productive of throat diseases, and now they have gone wild in recommending an exclusive diet of potatoes and milk for stomach troubles. The potato is a good thing in its proper place.

Claus Spreckles, the sugar king, has been in Florida, and says what astonishes him most is the richness of the black lands in certain localities in the State, and their peculiar adaptability to sugar growing. This land, so long under water and formed almost wholly of decayed vegetable matter, he regarded as capable of producing five or six tons of sugar to the acre.

A triumph of engineering is reported from California in the lifting of the Feather River, a fast-flowing stream, fifty feet and carrying it for more than half a mile in an artificial bed at that height above its own channel. It has been accomplished in a little less than a year. The object was to drain the river near Oroville, in order to reach the rich gold deposits believed to exist in its bed.

A French court has just refused to recognize the American citizenship of a young man who, at the age of twenty-one, had taken out his naturalization papers in this country and then returned to France to reside. He has been arrested, and will be tried by a military court for breaking the law which requires every Frenchman to serve so many years under the flag.

At the Winnebago paper mills, in Wisconsin, a workman was sent to shovel snow from off the roof. In jumping from one roof to another he alighted on a skylight, which was hidden from view. He fell twenty feet, and dropped into the working parts of a 300-horse power engine. The horror-stricken employes rushed to the spot to recover enough of his corpse for burial, and as they looked they saw him creep under a crank shaft and walk out uninjured.

There has been a terrific fuss at Constantinople, Turkey, in consequence of a German photographer having rashly attempted to take an instantaneous photograph of the Sultan as his Majesty was proceeding on horseback to the mosque. He was detected by a functionary, and the guard at once rushed upon him, smashed all his instruments to atoms, and dragged him off to prison, where he discovered that he was in a truly serious plight, for the Koran strictly forbids the depicting of the human form, and his attempt to photograph the Sultan was therefore regarded as high treason of a peculiarly diabolical kind.

The Washington Star declares that "Chicago has an immense—an almost appalling task to do. It has come before the American people and announced its ability to make the World's Fair a success. To do this it must interest and attract the exhibitors of the three Americas, of Canada, of Europe, and of the East. It must not only do this, but with the exhibits secured, it must secure the attendance of the civilized world, and when this is done, take care of them in a decent way at a reasonable cost, make their stay pleasant and prevent the piracy and brigandage of local harpies who hope to enrich themselves at the expense of the throng. Most of all, it must send its guests away feeling that they have seen, not a provincial show, but, as was advertised in the bills, a World's Fair."

JUST HOW IT IS.

When you grasp the hand of fortune, And lightly step along, The hours glide on like the numbers Of a heart-cheering song. Your pathway is lined with faces Where smiles and pleasure blend, All the world will offer service When you don't need a friend. You may sneer at fair discretion, When solid at the bank, Your ruteness is mere piousness, And quite the thing for rank. Men will trust upon your favors, And fawn and condescend, Till you wonder at your kingship, When you don't need a friend. They will shout your name in meeting, And vote you into fame; They will hold your board with presents Of frolic-brace and game. They will strain themselves in showing What kindness they intend, When sunshine floods your atmosphere And you don't need a friend. But wait and note how conical This self-made world can be, When the sun throws not your shadow And your hopes go to sea. You may have heard the cucumber Has arctic chills to lend— Well, the world drops under zero When you do need a friend. —William Lyle.

BESSIE IN THE BLIZZARD.

BY KATE M. CLEARY. "Oh, dear!" sighed Bessie, "how dreary it all looks!" And indeed the view seen from the window of the big, white, Western farm-house was anything but cheerful. Bare, brown, treeless prairie all around; a sullen, wintry sky overhead, and not a living creature in sight, except a distant speck of scarlet down in the "draw"—Baby Willie at play. Indoors it was pleasant enough. Bessie was a brisk and tiny little housekeeper. When, immediately after dinner, her father had brought round the team, and he and her mother had driven off to town to do their regular weekly shopping, or "trading," as they called it, Bessie had bustled about at wonderful rate. She had washed the dishes, and put them in a shining row on the yellow pine dresser; she had polished the stove, and brought in water; she had swept the room, and straightened the rocker cushions; she had set "sponges" for the bread that was to be worked at night, and baked the yeast cakes; she had shaken the rug, and dusted the clock-shelf, and ranged the chairs by the wall with mathematical precision. Then she had washed her face and hands in the bright tin can kept for that purpose on a backless chair near the door, and brushed and braided her soft, brown hair. She took off her apron of blue-checked gingham, put on one of a snowy nainsook, hung a clean roller towel on the rack, and put a kettle of water on the fire. Then she had taken up her one dear story-book, and sat down to read. It was a tremendously attractive book to the girl who had been brought up in the tameness and monotony of prairie life; it was all about great, good and brave women; about Florence Nightingale, and Joan of Arc, and Grace Darling and Ida Lewis, and heroines of every time and place. A beautiful book! But Bessie laid it down with the consciousness that she had been intruding, that the company in the brilliance of whose deeds she had been basking was altogether too lofty and magnanimous for her. So she went over to the window and leaned her head against the pane, and thought how hard it was to be a heroine in Nebraska. There was no war here, no plague, no even any Indians now. And nothing ever happened. And pondering over this had caused her to give a long sigh, and voice her discontent over the drabness of her creation. It was no wonder her life was a wee bit lonely. The nearest neighbors lived a mile away. Willie was too young to be company for her. What did he care about her vague, delightful dreams—about her heroines? And her parents had decided she was not strong enough to go to school that winter. Indeed, were she permitted to do so, the girl would find it a recreation; merely that. For she knew quite as much as her rather inefficient young teacher could attempt to teach her. She was slender, delicately formed girl of sixteen. Her hair, of a crispy sickness, was parted over her forehead in old-fashioned style. Her eyes—large, hazel, dreamy—had a certain quiet, direct way of regarding one. Her rather clumsily made gown had a frill of homemade crochet at the neck and wrists. How the windmill was creaking! And how the bare, snow-bell branches in the front yard were rattling! And what a brisk tattoo the skeleton snowflakes of the back-door was playing on its panels! But Baby Willie was enjoying himself. She could see him running up and down the "draw," dragging his little wagon after him. She turned away. She sat in the big wooden rocker. She curled herself up like a comfort-loving kitten. And rocking and thinking, somehow or other, she rocked and thought the cozy kitchen away. She didn't live in Nebraska, within five miles of the town of Bubble. She was not Bessie Linard at all. She was a brave woman in a frail boat, out on a stormy sea. She was a helmeted heroine, leading hosts to battle. She was— What a deafening noise! Was it the clang of a coming army? Was it the beat of drums, the clamor and clash of swords, the tread of marching feet? No, not any of these. Only the creaking of the fan of the windmill, which was whirling at an astonishing rate. Only the noise of shaking window-frames. Only the clatter of milk-pails piled outside the door. Slam! Bang! Bessie sprang from the rocker. Erect she stood, dazed, bewildered, still half

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

FANCY ARTICLES. A rather unique idea for a drawing room pin cushion is a converted tea kettle. Take one of the very small, light tin ones, bought at any ironmonger's, and enamel it all over any color to please the fancy; then cut out a strong piece of cardboard to fit into the hole where the lid goes, pad this well, so that it is raised up well toward the middle, and cover it with a bright-colored bit of plush, also making a small one for the end of the spout. Fit these and glue them into their places, to some bright ribbons at each end of the handle, fill the cushion with pins stuck in a pattern or initial letters, and a novel, cheap little ornament is made. Black enamel and yellow plush and ribbon go nicely together, or white and delicate shades for a light room. BOILING SHAD AND MACKEREL. It is not a very difficult matter to remove the backbone from shad or mackerel, leaving it ready for broiling or cooking in any way. Have on hand a sharp, slender boning-knife, which costs about fifty cents, is the best for this purpose. Loosen the bones with this, using your fingers as freely to push the flesh off as you can without tearing it. It is a wonderful thing to see a regular French chef remove the bones from a fish or fowl. He seldom cuts, but pushes the flesh off the bones, using the boning-knife merely to sever tendons, and soon the entire skeleton is removed. It would be an endless task to remove all the tiny bones of shad, but the backbone, with all its long, slender spines, leaves the fish comparatively free from the chief objection to it as food, which compels some people who are fond of it to refuse to eat it. —New York Tribune. CARE OF CLOSETS. Closets are not only useful but a necessary part of a house. Many housekeepers think that there cannot be too much closet room provided. There are many things which are properly put into closets, and other things which should never go into closets. Of such are all soiled undergarments. Clothing that has been worn should not be hung away until properly ventilated. In this way two fertile sources of bad odors in closets may be excluded. Many hang their night clothes in the closet during the day. This also should be avoided, unless they have had a thorough airing before being hung. If the closet does not admit of a window, the door should be left open for a few hours every day to admit pure air. Some persons have ventilators placed just over the door, but the outside air, if admitted for a short time every day, will purify a closet where only clean clothes are hung. No matter how clean the clothing in the closet may be, if there is no ventilation, the clothing will not be what it should. RECIPES. Broth—A knuckle of veal stewed in milk with rice, very delicately flavored with lemon peel, makes a nourishing broth when beef tea is disliked. White Sauce—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and pour on slowly one pint of hot milk, in which one slice of onion, one slice of carrot, one sprig of parsley, and one bay leaf have been cooked. Add one teaspoonful of salt and one spoonful of pepper. Strain the milk before adding to the flour and butter, to prevent the vegetables getting into the sauce. Indian Pudding—One quart of milk, four heaping tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoon each of ginger, cinnamon and salt; one lemon peel, two eggs, one cup molasses. Scald the meal in half the quantity of milk, add one cup of raisins. Add the remainder of the milk before the eggs, then the other ingredients, and bake three hours in not too hot an oven. Potatoes Stewed Au Gratin—Cut boiled potatoes while still warm in neat, medium-sized pieces, cover them with hot milk, and add salt, white pepper and a little butter for seasoning. Simmer in the milk ten minutes; then fill an gratin tins with the stewed potatoes; add a top layer of grated crumbs, and bake to a delicate brown. Some like a little grated cheese added to the bread crumbs. Bisque of Prawns—Cut fine one quart of prepared prawns, and put them in a mortar with an ounce of butter, a pint of soaked bread crumbs from which the moisture has been squeezed out; pound to a paste, and by degrees add half a pint of soup stock; put the paste in a saucepan, and add two quarts of warm soup stock; whisk thoroughly; season with salt and cayenne, and place the saucepan in a pan where it will keep hot, but not boil, which would curdle it. Cauliflower with Tomato Sauce—Trim a head of cauliflower neatly; and let it stand in salted water, head down, three-quarters of an hour; then put it in slightly salted, fast boiling water, and boil just long enough for it to be cooked, but not mushy when pressed between the fingers. Test it with a long needle. After twelve minutes boiling, remove the scum that arises, or it will discolor the cauliflower. Let it drain a moment. Put in the center of a dish a liberal quantity of well-made hot tomato sauce, and add the cauliflower. Measuring Air Temperature. A novel method of determining the temperature of the air at great heights has been proposed by a German physicist, and is to be adopted by the Berlin Society for Ballooning. Small balloons are sent up at night, each provided with a thermometer arranged to give flashes of light by the closing of an electric circuit when certain temperatures are reached. A so-called "photocell" is affected by the light and gives a photographic record of the temperatures, while the corresponding altitudes are indicated in a mechanical way. A more accurate idea of the rate of decrease of temperature with height is expected with this method.

THE ROYAL RULER OF SIAM.

GORGEOUS CEREMONIES IN WHICH HE PARTICIPATES. The King's Barge Propelled by Eighty Men With Brightly Painted Paddles. Many of the temples of Bangkok, Siam, have been dedicated to the King, and hence are called "royal wats." It has been the custom, from ancient times, for the King to have a yearly visit made to each of these temples, to carry offerings of yellow cloth and other things to the priests, and to worship the images. The temples near the palace are visited first, and to them His Majesty is borne on men's shoulders, seated in an elegant golden chair of state, sparkling with gems, and followed by princes and nobles in costly carriages; and some of these carriages are filled with offerings to be presented. After this the temples on the river are visited, and then the ceremony is made impressive by grand processions of boats. Sometimes there are over a hundred beautiful boats, containing over a thousand men in holiday dress, and the confusion, excitement and noise make a scene never to be forgotten. These boats are unlike those used on other occasions, and are scarcely ever out except during the last katun season. His Majesty's barge is, of course, the largest and most beautiful; but the others are all of the same general style. It is perhaps 100 feet long, with a great, gilded, fabulous-looking creature for its figure-head, and a gilded stern that rises gracefully fifteen or twenty feet high out of the water. In the middle of the boat His Majesty is seated on an elevated, cushioned platform, under a pavilion with arching roof, from which hang curtains of crimson and gold cloth, which can be looped back or drawn close, at pleasure. This barge is propelled by eighty men with long, brightly-painted paddles, which they dip in the water and then lift simultaneously high in the air. The first part of the procession is composed of about fifteen or twenty boats somewhat like the King's barge, but smaller, and not having so many men in them. Others of these front boats have bands of native music; and all this noise is meant to drive obstructions out of the way, or, in other words, to prepare the way for the King; and the din and commotion is very exciting. Following this is His Majesty's barge; and, if the curtains be looped back, the King's genial face may be seen surrounded by either a few of his royal brothers or some of his little children. Following His Majesty's barge, and near to it, is a smaller one of magnificent adornments, which carries the offerings to be given to the priests; and following it are the boats of the princes and noblemen. When His Majesty reaches the temple landing he is received by guards of soldiers stationed along both sides of the walk to the door of the temple. When about to enter the temple he takes off his shoes; then, with the offerings in his hands, he lifts his hands above his head, and bows down low before the image of Buddha. He then makes similar obeisance to the superior priests and bestows the gifts. This done, His Majesty again enters his boat and goes to another temple. In January, 1887, there was celebrated the ceremony that confirmed the title to the present Crown Prince of Siam. At that time, for seventeen days, Bangkok was in holiday dress; banners and bunting, garlands of flowers, decorated arches, long lines of the seven-storied umbrellas in silver and gold, with hurrying crowds of both natives and foreign residents, all reminded one that some wonderful occasion was going on. The steamers on the river made a grand display of many colored flags during the day, and in the evening were covered with thousands of tiny lamps that shimmered and sparkled in many quaint and beautiful designs; and in every direction the picture was completed by displays of grand fire-works. Processions through the day and theatrical performances through the evening were kept up for several days, and at last the auspicious time arrived, that which was appointed by the best astrologers, and on January 14 the grand "water rite" came off. A temporary floating pavilion, rich and beautiful in all its appointments, had been erected at the bank of the river near the palace. The place where the prince was to go down to the water was protected first by a basket-work netting, inside of that a finer netting, and inside of that a third netting of fine wire, to keep out all pernicious animals, while soldiers with spears guarded each side of this exquisitely-prepared bathroom. Two pairs of crystal stairs led from the floor of the main room of the pavilion down to the surface of the water. When the appointed time arrived the little Prince was taken down one pair of the crystal stairs by his royal uncle, while his royal father stood on the other pair of the crystal stairs; there they waited, and as soon as the gold and silver cocoanuts, which were floating on the surface of the water, came near enough to each other to touch, then the prince was put into the water, the music struck up, artillery fired, the priests pronounced their blessings, and His Royal Highness Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh was hailed heir-apparent to the throne of Siam. These ceremonies were brought to a close by an evening entertainment given in the "King's Gardens" by the families of the leading princes and nobles of the Government; and to many who saw it, this was the most wonderful part of this very wonderful occasion. These gardens were arranged, decorated and illuminated until they were indescribably beautiful, and were much more like enchantment than reality. —Democrat's Magazine. Four silver salt cellars of the sixteenth century sold in London recently for \$700. One large two-handled cup of the seventeenth century brought \$1630, or over \$50 per ounce. The Thames River in one month provided daily 82,666,662 gallons of the London water supply.

THE COUNTRYWOMAN.

Before the blacksmith shop she waits, In her high country wagon sitting, While the good smith with friendly haste Her horse's clumsy shoes is fitting. He pares and measures, stirs his fire: His hammer blows ring out with shrillness Into the August afternoon, Steeped in its dreamy twilight stillness. With anxious eyes she watches him, Her busy thoughts are homeward straying, Shadows grow long o'er field and road And weary farmers leave their haying. High in the elm tree o'er the way, On smilt branches the birds are singing Their cradle songs above their nests, Within the whispering sweetness swinging. She knows at home the patient cows Stand lowing at the bars to greet her, And anxious goodman scans the road And sends the children out to meet her. She knows the supper fire is lit, The hearth sweet clean, the kettle singing, The kitchen table cleared to hold The things from town that she is bringing. And smiles in honest, rustic pride, At strewed, hard bargains she's been making Of snowy eggs and creamy cheese, For cloth and shoes, and "things for bakin'." The setting sun lights up her face, Turning its harshness into beauty— Pictures of rustic peace and pride, Of homely happiness and duty. —Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Extracts from the Treasury—Ten-dollar notes. Cold in the chest—When your ice-box is filled.—Boston Bulletin. Sheer nonsense—Trying to cut your own hair.—St. Louis Magazine. The King of Siam has an umbrella worth \$2000. It has never been out in the reign. "Circumstances alter cases" with some people, but with the lawyer cases alter circumstances. There is no accounting for taste except on the principle that some people haven't any.—Boston Post. Honesty is doubtless the best policy, but it seems to have expired long ago.—Lawrence American. Time will tell, but the ordinary man with an important secret won't give time a chance.—Somerville Journal. Poet—"Here is a little sonnet which I should like to get printed." Editor—"The job printing office is next door, sir."—Rocket. "Did you hear of that duel between those two medical students?" "No. Pistols or swords?" "Neither. They practiced on each other."—Rocket. Mrs. Linden—"But your milk never yields a particle of cream." Milkman—"Ah, mum! The cream is so thick it falls to the bottom."—Harvard Lampoon. How many men each day you'll see— Of such there is no dearth— Whose only mission seems to be To take up room on earth. —Washington Post. "Something strange about this," mused the growing society youth; "this dress suit grows smaller every year, and yet, whenever I take it out I find it in creases." "That's one of your patent fire escapes," as the man said when six of the ordinary matches of to-day went out before he could light his cigar.—Merchant Traveler. Miss Amity Beecker—"I'm sure I can't see why women should try to make a mystery of their age." Mrs. Edgerly—"Nor I, especially when it's out of their power."—Puck. "My dear child, what are you crying so for?" "Oh, dear! My father has gone and lost me, and I know my mother will scold him so when he gets home."—Fligade Blatter. Bronson—"What was the cause of your breaking your engagement with Miss Barnes' heart failure?" De Sappington—"No, not quite that. It was her father's failure."—Life. Bobby—"I say, Mr. Brill, what do you suppose Clara said about you?" Mr. Brill—"I haven't an idea in the world." Bobby (amazed)—"Why, how on earth did you guess her very words?"—Chatter. Mrs. Gazzam—"Who was that gentleman I saw in our pew to-day? I heard him tell you that he didn't like short meter hymns." Gazzam—"That was Mr. Lux, the President of the gas company."—Life. Pomposity Party—"So you are the exchange editor, young man. Nautically speaking, you are a clipper." Searnelle—"No. 'Inasmuch as I ply the scissors for a living, I am a revenue cutter."—Pittsburg Bulletin. A man was to be hanged, and was on the scaffold with the Sheriff and the parson. The Sheriff said to the prisoner, "You might be scared." "No, thank you," replied the prisoner, "I can't stay long."—Sioux City Journal. The deepest of gloom overshadows the sky Of the far-seeing youth who in sorrow has found, On counting the "compar" and pieces of pie, That there isn't enough of the last to go round. —Chicago Herald. Ardent Swain (to object of his affection)—"For several weeks past I've been trying to speak to you, Prudis Rous, but you never give me the chance of putting in a word. I therefore gladly avail myself of your temporary absence to make you an offer of marriage!" —Fligade Blatter. Last year there were 3131 calls to fires in London. Of these 594 were false alarms, 199 were chimney fires and 2338 for other fires, 153 of which resulted in serious damage. Forty-four persons were burned to death. To extinguish the fires 20,000,000 gallons, or 93,000 tons of water were used. It is reported that the Turkish troops are shortly to be uniformed like those of Germany.

Necessary Precautions.

In order to guard against constant larcenies, the wholesale dry goods houses of the city have an ingenious system of checking, which is in force alike for every employe of the houses and for every patron and visitor who enters their doors. Before a parcel can be carried from the building it must first pass into the hands of a private clerk, who informs himself accurately as to its contents and puts a check mark upon the wrapper if it is found to contain nothing contraband. At the outer door the packer passes again into the hands of a doorkeeper, who must see first that it has been properly certified by the clerk, and second that the check is properly canceled before it leaves his hands, in order that the wrapper may not be used a second time. So rigorously is this system enforced that if a visitor enters any of these establishments with a package—no matter how small—in his hand, he must give the doorkeeper the privilege of remarking upon its outer wrapper, in his hieroglyphic way, that the package has been brought into the building, and before the visitor is permitted to take himself off the doorkeeper must be allowed to cancel his remarks. And so with the employes; if one wishes to make a parcel of a superfluous wrap or pair of overshoes to carry out of the building, the clerk must be notified, and it must bear his private check and then pass for cancellation into the hands of the doorkeeper. And yet, with all this precaution, the larcenies committed annually are said often to aggregate thousands of dollars.—New York Sun.

A Petrified Hand.

W. H. Jones, of Atlanta, made a remarkable find in Florida a few days ago. It is no more nor less than a petrified hand. It was found embedded in the sand, only a few feet from the surface, between Rockledge and Cocoa, on the Indian River. It must have been several many years ago, perhaps by the Indians. The fingers are partially closed, the thumb resting lightly against the fore and middle fingers, and it was a young woman's hand, one of the most shapely, refined and delicate that could be imagined. The tapering fingers, nails and dainty wrist belonged, one must imagine, to a lady of great beauty. Near the wrist joint is the clearly defined mark of a bracelet. Tracing of the veins, muscles and arteries, and the porous condition of hand and wrist, indicate that it is the natural human hand, petrified. The creases in the palm are perfect. No stone or marble of which we have any knowledge at present could present such features.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Bird Language.

"To my mind, all birds have a language, and that language is as intelligible to themselves as ours is to us," said the proprietor of a bird store. "I have a pair of canaries and I often listen to their conversation. In the morning one of them gives a 'tw-et.' 'Are you awake?' he says to the other. The other gives a 'tw-et.' 'Yes; I'm a little sleepy, though,' and closes his eyes again. 'But it's morning.' 'I don't care,' says the lazy mate, tucking his head under his wing once more. 'It's time to wake up.' This time there is no reply. 'Then the other proceeds to indulge in a morning serenade. He carols up and down the scale. Then the second bird pokes out her head and shakes her feathers. It's really impossible under the circumstances,' she says. 'I hope you don't feel cross,' he says. 'Oh, no, only—' And then they patch it all up and indulge in a charming duet."—Detroit Tribune.

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"Willie!" This was the first word she said, endeavoring to say, when the long, wretched delirium of fever was over at last. Where was she? Not out on the prairie! Not in that awful white whirlwind! Not at the foot of the haystack! Surely this was her mother's room! Surely she was in her mother's bed. The brilliant patchwork quilt, she knew that she had in her mother's bed. The fringed of corocolis in the tiny stove smelt familiar. And the voice was her mother's. She could not dream a voice. "He is well, darling, safe and well. Hush! you must not talk yet." When she woke again, Doctor Henderson was standing by the bed, and just behind him was Willie's wee, rosy, roguish face. "You will be better soon now," the doctor said, "though it is a wonder you lived. You were unconscious when your father found you on his return from town."

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