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He sits her highnes on his knees
And hums her nursery melodies,
He shakes her rattle, jingles bells.
And, oh, such wondrous stories tells;
He lifts her little face to lay
Its softness on his own, and play
Her dimples were the deep wherein
A thousand drops of dew had been
And with his lips upon the brink
He'd lean to them to kiss and drink.

He lets her sink upon his breast,
He sings her little lays of rest,
And when her little eyes are closed
And all her haby grace reposed,
He sits heside her little cot
Thinking of things so long forgot,
So far adown the long ago
Wherefrom the tender echoes flow
Of songs be heard, of gay love-rhyme,
On lips whose roses fade betime.

In lips whose roses into the still—the shadows fill his room! A wrinkled, lonely bachelor's doom To yearn for things that passed him by, To hold the memory of a sigh. To glimpse the shadow of a face Once sunbright with its girlish grace, To toss in play and sing to sleep, When all the lonely shadows creep, And o'er his heart a figure gleams—The little baby of his dreams!—Baltimore Sun-



be much obliged it it would wait un- wind. As she flew out of bed she til next week."

Captain Japhet Trall stood in the her brother Dick pounded on her doorway of the little life-saving sta- door. tion and surveyed the weather indications with disapproving eye. A rising wind was blowing in from the going!" sea, whistling a low note among the dead grasses and patches of scrub pines. Out at sea it whipped the sullen green expanse into ominous little whitecaps; on shore the boom of each wave striking the sand was before, and the undertow which sucked back the swirling waters was on it a young girl perched comfortably, watching the head of the lifesaving crew with interested eves

She had just come down here a good two miles from home along the suddenly shot up offshore. wind-swept beach, but Jean Redfield was a good walker, and only her red cheeks and tossed hair showed what to come! Let's go meet him and help a fine struggle that strong east wind drag up the stuff."

had given her. "Why next week?"

"Don't want any wrecks now," he Won't you come in and get warm?"

fascinating place to her. Her host of wind and waves.
was silent for a few moments, and "It's pretty bad!" he roared back, daily visits.

'Peters is away." he volunteered. "Billy's got the lumbago, and there's nobody but me and the Prices and minute." your folks that can get together in any kind of a hurry."

'But we don't often have wrecks?" close enough to shore along here, unless they lose their bearings. "Tain't Captain Trall to tell her how it was safe. But there was the bark Polly that people came ashore in that little Saunders, that was beat to pieces thing, with only a rope above them right before folks' eyes four years and a black and boiling surf beneath! ago, and every soul on her drowned. She would see it! If human hands It was the next summer that the could do it this night, she would see gov'ment built this station, and 'long that shipwrecked crew come ashore in November comes another tearing in it, one by one, over that howling big storm, and a wreck with it. We tumult of waves. She was almost saved every life on that one, down to crying with excitement as she looked a cat that came ashore clawing tight over toward the dim figures of her to a keg, and was fished in by Eh father and the boys, and thought that Peters. You were away to school they were lending a generous hand to pliments of the Beresford," and unsissy, but we ain't anxious for any more. These February gales is mean things to deal with."

interest. She had heard the same ion that she was a three-masted thing many times, but it was ever schooner, and by her location must fresh to her. She had never seen a be grounded and in momentary danwreck in her life. Her father had ger of being pounded to kindlingmoved here from an inland village a wood, but to Jean there was nothing few years before, but each succeeding but a shapeless blot against the darkwinter she had been away at school, and only the letters from home told her what terrible things the sea did on shore bent to their work. In the in the winter months. She walked gloom their faces were strained and round slowly, examining for the anxious, and Captain Trail's quick fiftieth time the simple appliances of orders showed him an entirely differ-

the life-savers. "It must be wonderful to resent people like that," she said, impetu-"Being a girl is dreadfully humdrum, Captain Trall. I think I should be happy all the rest of my you do.'

"You'd get most awful wet lots of times," remarked the captain, practically, " and pounded black and blue saving mortar threw out. Perhaps with the waves, and froze stiff's a that would do better. board. Don't you fret about being a girl, sissy. We can't get too many of the right kind. Must you go?"

"Oh, yes, mother is still away, you know, and I must get home in time to have supper ready for father and the boys. You have no idea how hungry they are when they come home these cold days. Come up to supper some night, and I'll show you

how boarding-school girls can cook." She was gone with a bright nod of terrible it must be for the poor souls farewell, bending her head before the out there! blast of wind which struck her as she opened the door. It seemed to have out over the waves, and Jean strained increased in violence in the last ten her eyes to follow it, but it was lost minutes. A fine spray was flying in in the gloom. It fell short, and at with it, the clouds were gray and the second trial the wind beat it back ing inland looked bleak and chilly.

back, for, as she had said, there was of aching suspense, followed by a a generous hot supper to be prepared lusty cheer from the shore as for her father and brothers. This was fun and business of boarding-school mast. A little more of the good work days, and had it not been for the and the first sailor would be making manifold duties of the house she that wonderful journey toward land. a long rest.

In spite of her warm wraps, Jean home, a few scurrying snowflakes be-gan to fall, and she looked anxiously out at the heaving sea, remembering what Captain Trall had said.

Jean found it almost impossible to sleep that night. The noise of the sea had deepened into a heavy rour, and the wind buffeted the house until every timber seemed to be squeak. Her own home was ing a protest. Half a dozen times she she she was hor awoke, and the last time about 4 mother was away.

"Isn't there going to be a storm, jo'clock in the morning, it was with a new sound in her ears, a muffied 'Humph! I guess there is, but I'd boom, which was neither sea nor

> "Hey, Jean! Did you hear the signal-guns? There's a wreck! We're

heard it again, and a moment later

'Oh, wait for me! I'll be there in two minutes! Do wait!" "Well, you must hurry! We have work to do."

Dick bounded down the hall to complete his own hasty tollet, and heavier than it had been two hours Jean's fingers flew. Every hook and button seemed to escape her excited grasp, but nevertheless she was downperceptibly swifter. On the captain's stairs in an incredibly short time right was a huge beam, once part of a bundled in her warmest wrang. She vessel, half-buried in the sand, and clutched at her father's arm as they started out, half-frightened by the blackness and violence of the storm. Dick and Will were running ahead, and they gave a shout as a rocket

"She's right off here!" Dick called back. "Captain Trall has two miles

They turned abruptly down toward the life-saving station, but they had not gone far before they met Captain said, briefly. "I'm short-handed. Trall and the two Prices, dragging the little mortar as they ran, panting Jean hopped briskly down from with haste and looming up like huge the beam and followed Captain Trall bears in their oil suits. Captain Trall into the hospitable warmth of the shook his head as Mr. Redfield shoutlife-saving station. It was always a ed a question to him over the tumult

then started his remarks where he hoarsely. 'There ain't a boat made had left off. The station was isolated that could be launched or landed in and lonely, and he enjoyed the girl's that surf. We've got the breechesbuoy, but I don't know how we're go ing to get a line to 'em in this wind! Come on, she may go to pieces any

Jean shuddered, but in spite of herself her heart gave a leap of excite-'But we don't often have wrecks?" ment. The breeches-buoy! How "M'm, no, they don't often come many times she had hovered around it in the life-saving station, getting

Another rocket went up from the distressed vessel, and Captain Trail sent up an answering signal from the Jean's eyes were big with attentive shore, volunteering the shouted opinness. Ugh! How cold it was!

With terrible earnestness the met ent man from the bluff, good-natured sailor of the afternoon before. One -two-three-four-five life-rockets soared out one by one toward the vessel, but each time the wind sent the rescuing line wide of its mark. life if I could do some of the things | Captain Trall shook his head impatiently, and tossed the sixth liferocket aside, turning his attention to the hooked projectile which the life-

> Jean shivered and drew her wraps closer. The darkness was slowly beginning to lift, although she could not yet distinguish the outlines of the unfortunate vessel.

The snow of the afternoon before had turned to a fine sleety rain, which froze as it fell; the waves were mountains of angry foam, and a flying spume cut the face like needles. Little kickes dripped everwhere. How

Suddenly the slender line was shot hung low, and the bare fields stretch- like a feather; but Captain Trail set his teeth and waited for a momentary She walked more rapidly going bull. Then there were a few seconds tightening of the line showed that her first winter at home after all the eager hands were fastening it to the

would have been sadly lonely at Jean's heart was pounding with times, for the dear little mother had excitement, but as she moved nearer broken in health, and was away for she heard the words, "Perishing cold, poor souls!" jerked out grimly by her father as he worked, and a sudbegan to feel chilled before the first den idea came which nearly took her mile was covered. As she reached breath away. Less than an eighth of a mile away the light in their kitchen window shone like a friendly beacon. The sailors would be dragged to shore drenched, numbed,

exhausted. The limited hospitality of the life-saving station was two miles away on one side, and the village a mile and a half on the other. Her own home was the nearest, and she she was hostess while her

Holding her lips tight for fear the good determination would somehow

escape, Jean turned and ran for home, not daring to look back again at the buoy, now bobbing out bravely over the crashing waves. It was still fairly dark, and bushes and shadows took on terrifying shapes, but there was no time to be frightened. Into the kitchen she darted like an impetuous young cyclone, threw her wet coat on a chair and commenced to work energetically at the fire.

It seemed hours before the fire would burn properly, and whole ages before the kettle finally began to sing, but all the time she was rushing busily round, starting up the fire in the chilled sitting room, opening the spare room, bringing out extra blankets, and doing everything which could minister to the comfort of halffrozen guests. Once she paused, between a sob and a laugh, and wiped her eyes.

"I know I am too greedy and selfish to live, but I did so want to see them bring the crew ashore. I'll never get another chance, never!"

When she hurried out again, the gray of a wintry dawn showed the dismantled hulk of a vessel offshore, pounded by huge racing waves which seemed about to engulf her. The little group on the shore was now much larger, re-enforced by people who had hurried down from the village, and they all were gathered about a drenched, storm-exhausted group of seamen. One of them lay flat on the sand, with several people working over him.

A fem moments later her father and Captain Trall, standing side by side, looked down in amazement at a slender, breathless girl, swaying under the weight of a kettle which gave out the most enticing odor of hot coffee. Over her left arm she carried several cups, strung by their handles over a bit of string.

You can bring them-all up-to our house!" she panted. "It's warm -and beds ready-and here's some hot coffee for them-for all of you. O Captain Trall, have they all come

She laughed next day as she recalled the desperate emphasis she laid on the word "all," but Captain Trall had had girls of his own, and he understood in a minute. Her father patted her shoulder comfortingly, and smiled over her head at the captain as he took the kettle away from

her. "Why, no, sissy, not quite," said Captain Trail, cheerfully. "You're in time to see the last and best man of all. We've just sent out for the captain. Stand right here. Your pa'll

look after the coffee." A few moments later it was all over, and she had seen it. The waves were bounding high over the schooner Beresford, but her captain, dragged out of the very teeth of the surf, stood in the midst of his crew, and offered a grateful hand to Captain Trall.

"You are brave men, sir. You have saved every soul of us, and I did not think there was a man alive could do

Before them all Captain Trall reached out his big, rough hand and drew Jean toward him.

We only did our part, sir, only our part. Cap'n, let me introduce my first mate. She's here to keep you alive, now that you've landed. some of her coffee. It's first-rate.'

Half a year later, when Jean, a rather young but very ambitious teacher, had taken her first school in a near-by town, she received a package with a foreign postmark. On a derneath it was a gold chain of quaint and delicate workmanship, with a pendant attached. On one side of the pendant was engraved atiny schooner, and on the other these words:

Jean Parsons Reffield, For distinguished services at the Wreck of the Beresford, February

-Youth's Companion

A Spanish Seaside Resort.

'At San Sebastian there is no such thing as sensational bathing. Tights and lace trimmed blouses-in the water-are here unknown. Spanish women of high degree are finished coquettes, but they do not go in at all for copying the ways of fashionable beauties.

The bathing dresses worn here are very similar to those worn at the seaside places on the English coasts; very pretty and suitable, but in no respect sensational. Dark blue serge trimmed with white braid or crimson serge. In the mornings the sands are crowded with bathers and their friends, but no one dreams of taking out opera glases, as at Trouville. The whole atmosphere is different, in

The royal bathing box-drawn up on rollers on the sands under the paiace gardens-is exceedingly picturesque; it is built in the Moorish style, with minarets on either side and the dome in the middle surmounted by the royal crown in gold. The whole thing is inlaid with blue and white enamels, and when in use it is slowly rolled down to the sea. The Queen Mother and also the young Queen often use the royal box, but it is so placed that they can bathe in perfect privacy, though the "box" is not enclosed .- London Chronicle.

A Fish Story.

Brown had returned from a fishing expedition, and, after partaking of a most welcome dinner, was relating some of his fishing experiences, says the Buffalo Times.

"Last year," said he, "while fish-ing for pike, I dropped a half sovereign. I went to the same place this year, and after my line had been cast a few minutes I felt a terrific pull. Eventually I landed a fine pike, which had swallowed the hook, and on cutting it open to release the book, to my amazer

"Ah," said his friends, "you found a half-sovereign. "Oh, no," replied Brown, "I found nine shillings sixpence in silver and

threepence in copper."

"Well, what became of the other threepence?" queried his friends.

"I suppose the pike to go through the lock with it," replied Brown.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

CHILDREN OF FLORENCE.

The Hospital of the Innocenti, the Most Famous Foundling Institution.

From the Mineteenth Century.

The piazza outside the Church of | tine love of little children than is to

world flocks to the Church of the the Medicean Grand Dukes, whose

trons of the artists who were em-

the management of the Guild of Silk

Weavers, who endowed it with a tax

astical place," a dignity which it en-

For a time after its foundation

very few babies were brought to the

that they could be passed through the

bars of a window which has only re-

cently been walled up. The first in-

fant to be received was baptized on

Agata Smeralda. Gradually in those

became possessed of considerable

property in the city. Everybody who

marks them as the property of the

the Santissima Annunziata, where for be found in the names of the great four and a half centuries childhood masters of that magnificent period depicted in its most beautiful and at who gave their work to adorn with the same time its most pathetic as- exquisite and tender sentiment the pect has looked down upon the busy refuge of destitute and nameless inlife forever hurrying by, is perhaps fancy. the place of all others in Florence In the gloom of the cloister, over where the inveterate loafer unwilling the entrance to the Church of the Into leave the sunshine and satiated for nocenti, gleams a beautiful della the moment with the treasures of Robbia relief of the Annunciation, church and picture gallery may feel surounded with its lovely garland of justified in lingering. It may be cherub heads. In the church itself, added that the steps under the behind the altar. Ghirlandajo's graceful arcade which faces the Inno-"Adoration of the Magi," with the centi Hospital offer an obvious and two little murdered innocents who, desirable resting place. An incessant kneeling in their white robes before stream of life flows daily through the Saviour, have entered into glory, the piazza, trams laden with country conveys the same feeling of gentle people returning from market bound compassion for the young and helpfor the heights of Fiesole, and with less which is the dominating note in city folk also, perhaps only going a all the decoration of the hospital.

couple of hundred yards, for nobody We find it again in the pictures in in Florence walks if he can drive; the board room, in the work of Piero while long carts of the country rattle di Cosimo, Ghirlandajo's predella, after them, carrying twice as much of and in that most tender picture of humanity as they are intended to Filippo Lippi's, in which a boy angel hold. And yet this square, one of the brings the Christ Child to the Mabusiest in the city, retains a curious donna. It repeats itself in the minatmosphere of repose. Possibly it is utest detail of decoration in the inbecause the traffic never passes or di- terior, in the winged heads of the verges from its course to disturb the puttl over the doorways; and there harmony about it, but is rather like a is always the same sense of harmony stream flowing through a quiet mead- with Brunelleschi's bold and simple At least this is how I have design, as in the medallions over the found it on weekdays. On Sundays arcade without. The hospital was and on festas, when the fashionable for a time generously assisted by

Annunziata and to the Chapel of the busts stand under the arcades, pa-Innocenti, it is another matter. ew children are generaly play- ployed upon the building, but it was ing, but in a quiet and orderly fash- placed at the outset especially under ion, about the bronze and marble sea monsters of Tacca, which serve as fountains. Upon the right the great on every pound of silk spun or woven bronze statue of Duke Ferdinand the in Florence. Very soon a Papal bull First seated on his horse gazes for- raised it to the dignity of an "ecclesiever at a blank window in the palace, where once the bust of his lady joys to the present day. smiled back at him. Theirs was surely a meritorious dilatoriness, for had the wooing been conducted with hospital; perhaps the mothers were a the heat and fervor extelled by youth little shy of the sumptuous building another bloody crime would have and the Grand Ducal patronage been added to the domestic history of Their anonymity was, however, com-Florence. So there he stands, a pletely secured, for the bables were, mighty monument to the negative as they still are, of so tender an age virtue of delay! But it is the lovely facade of the Foundling Hospital, the Spedale degl' Innocenti, which gives its chief beauty and character to the plazza. To all those who know Flor- February 5, 1445, and was named ence it is sufficiently familiar. The long harmonious lines of Brunelles- early days the society increased its chi's design, suggesting a rare com- funds by the absorption of smaller bination of strength and simplicity, analogous institutions, such as the the wide shallow steps, the rounded | Hospital of La Scala, and in time it columns, and, above the arches, the della Robbia medallions of the swaddied babies, the blue of the porcelain knows the streets of Florence must contrasting very graciously with the have noticed over the doors of cersad gray of the stone. Each exquis- tain houses the sign of the swaddled ite representation of helpless infancy bables, painted on plaster, which differs from the other, each instinct with life and grace and pathos. For Innocenti. In spite of so prosperous more than 400 years the coloring of a beginning the Hospital of the Inthese medallions has withstood wind nocents has passed through more and weather, for did not Luca find than one severe financial crisis. out the secret -- which he transmitted More especially was this the case to his nephew Andreo, among whose during the occupation of the French. early work the medallions have been when Napoleon, with his particular classed-of beauty in external deco- genius for using up waste material. ration which could safely be used decreed that all foundlings of the dove sono acque? In the courtyard male sex over the age of fourteen swaddled babies is repeated; but teen should be utilized as middles. here, though the delicate blue and Four centuries and a half have passed gray coloring is the same, the bables since Agata Smeralda was received, are only painted upon plaster. Above with how much interest and ill supthem, on the upper story, painted in pressed agitation we may imagine by the same manner, are the instru- the initiators of this princely scheme. ments of the passion, the cock of the Much water has flowed under the Bigallo, and repeated at intervals bridge since then, and at the present the ports, the gate, which is the day between 7000 and 8000 foundbadge of the Guild of Silk Workers. lings are annually supported by the The building of the Spedale degl' society, although comparatively few Innocenti, which may well, both for of them are housed in the actual age and beauty as well as for scien- building. tific development, stand before all the

The history of the Innocenti Hosfoundling hospitals of the world, is pital is a curious and instructive not so old as the actual society, for study in evolution. Here the babies manuscripts containing lists of reg- are still swaddled in the approved ulations for such a society for the Tuscan fashion, which has never protection of foundling children changed with the ages and which is dated in the twelfth century exist immortalized in the della Robbia meamong the archives of Florence. But dallions. And not so long ago an adin the fifteenth century, in 1421, ministrative council was formed owing to the eloquent appeal of whose object is to see that every new-Leonardo Bruni, the famous scholar est and most sanitary invention and and secretary of the republic, who, as practice is employed for the benefit his monument in Santa Croce tells of these nameless waifs, who are as, "enjoyed the sunshine of favor lodged and fed and nursed upon the in the palace of Cosimo de' Medici," best and most scientific principles in the hospital as we see it to-day was Europe. No heir to a kingdom could actually founded. There is perhaps be reared upon more hygienic methno stronger testimony to the Floren- ods.

Brain Worker Heir to Insomnia. The man who works with his brain, and especially the professional

man, is liable to insomnia to a greater degree than the man whose employment does not make a big strain on the intellect. The man of business, whose work

is more or less routine, has a far smaller demand on the nerve of his revived by act of Congress. brain than the doctor, who has to

One of the results of the big deliterary men, is that they suffer a Times-Democrat.

Race Woll by Three Inches.

ceured an order in Japan is related | dence Tribune. by the commercial agent of New Bouth Wales in the Far East, as follows:

It was a question of some lathes for a large factory which was being started. They were required of a cer firm said: "That is three inches onger than they are made, and we can make no alteration." The American said: "I will make them to any size you like." The American secured the order .- U. S. Consular Report,

The Last Lieutenant-General.

When, in June, 1909, Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, having reached the age limit for active service, retires from the office which he assumed yesterday in succession to Lleutenant-General Henry C. Corbin, retired for age, the grade of lientenant-general will cease to exist until rank was established as a reward for think out every case as it comes exceptional meritorious service in the along, and still less the writer, whose army and several of the nation's most work has to be the coinage of his distinguished soldiers have held it. While, perhaps, the new Hentenantgeneral cannot be classed with some mand which personal work makes on of his predecessors in the exalted poprofessional men, and especially on sition, he has, nevertheless, carned honorable place in the list of successgood deal more from insomnia than ful military commanders by the charthe ordinary man, - New Orleans actor of his services, which began almost at the outset of the Civil War and have continued ever since. General MacArthur was useful on the plains, in Cuba and in the Philippines and he reached his present er-How an American machinery agent alted rank by regular stages.—Provi-

He Lost Nothing.

Harry's mother had given him an apple and told him to peel it before he ate it. Returning to the room ta'n size. The agent for the British afte ra few moments' absence, and secing no peeling, she asked:

"Did you peel your apple, Harry?"
"Yes," answered Harry.
"What did you do with the peel-'Ata them.'—Harper's Weekly.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Up to the present nearly all the tungsten of commerce has come as a by-product from the tin-mines of Wales,

The Duke of the Abruzzi has named the three highest peaks of Mount Ruwenzori after Queen Margherita, Queen Alexandra, and King

A new electric plant is being built near Lille, France, which will start with a mechanical force of 6000 horse power, later to be increased to 10,000 horse power. It will be fitted with modern machinery and turbine engines of a new system and will light 130,000 electric lamps, equivalent to 2,080,000 electric candle-

Certain microbes, called chromophagi by Professor Metchnikoff, destroy the pigment of the hair by devouring its coloring substance According to the same authority, the whitening of the hair can be preverted by killing the chromophagi, and this can be achieved by exposing the hair to a temperature of sixty degrees centigrade, which is best obtained by the action of a hot

The next time you buy syrup at the grocery store don't make a point of picking out a pale, light-colored article under the impression that such syrup is superior in delicacy to that which is darker colored. The absence of color in these light syrups is said to be due either to the fact that all the nutritious qualities have been refined out of them or else that they have been diluted with glucose or bleached with sulphur

Much interest is taken in the recent opening of a gigantic siphon that carries the water of the Aragon and Catalonia irrigation canal across the valleys of Soso and Ribabona. By this means water is brought to more than 247,000 acres of land hitherto virtually barren through lack of irrigation. The great siphon consists of two main tubes, five-eighths of a mile long, and twelve feet five inches in diameter, lined with steel plates three millimeters thick, bound with iron hoops and encased in concrete. The tubes have a capacity of 7700 gallons a second.

RED DEVIL PROBLEM SOLVED.

Professor Finds Way to Prevent Autos From Bothering Horses.

This studious and tearned little village, which exists because it is the seat of the University of North Carolina, does not like the idea of having its decorum disturbed by heathenish and very modern automobiles and is doing what it can to keep them out. The spectacled professors who walk the long, shady avenues in the afternoon have in the past been thrown into fits of indignation when an insane chauffeur speeded his car by and left behind a trail of dust and a prolonged whiff of gasolene.

And then the settled steeds that drew the comfortable phaetons of the professors' wives pricked up their ears and took fright at the very first glimpse of a white or a green or a red devil.

This last fact caused one member of the faculty, who is a village Alderman, to introduce and have passed an ordinance that makes it a misdemeanor for an auto to exceed a speed of four miles an hour in the corporate limits. The maximum speed for vehicles is six miles an hour.

"Why did you make it four miles for automobiles?" the professor Al-

derman was asked. "For this reason," he replied. "If a vehicle sees one of them coming it has the chance to turn, whip up and keep easily out of its way without violating the law, and if it hears one of them coming, why, of course, it can also whip up and keep out of its way by driving straight ahead.

The ordinance is proving a success. -Chapel Hill correspondence of the New York Sun.

One of the Family.

"Are you the editor that takes in society news?" inquired the caller, an undersized man, with a tired and timid appealing look on his face. "Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind

of news. What have you?" "Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice. "My wife gave a small party last night, and am willing to pay to have this report of the affair put in the paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society news," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply, You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line or two that says, 'Mr. Halfstick assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' 'That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs a dollar a word. I want my friends to know, by George! that I still belong to the family."-Harper's Weekly.

"Fruitarian."

"Vegetarian" is a very bad word, misleading and misunderstood, and it repels people from adopting our diet. It is a meaningless word, whereas "Fruitarian" is a word of great beauty and means what it BRYS. People often misunderstand this

word also, and they think it means living on peaches and grapes. But when they misunderstand it they are none the less attracted by it, and therefore in England the great movement of the future is the fruitarian ovement, as it is appealing to the clases and not to that portion of the community that the vegetarian move-ment appeals to, with its three courses for sixpence dinner.—From a Letter in the Vegetarian Magazine. BUTTONING.

John Jones lives with his wife, also his sister and his mother;
He's always at the beck and call of one or of the other—
Buttoning, buttoning!
His fingers have been worn to bones, his fingernals to splinters—
He's busy through the springs and falls, the summers and the winters,
Buttoning, buttoning!

His mother and his sister and his wife affect the fashion
Of using many buttons—and it drives
Jones to a passion.
Buttoning, buttoning!
The buttons on their dresses are these homeopathic trifles.
And Jones of thinks a wicked word—which instantly he stifles.
Buttoning, buttoning!

His wife has eighty buttons, and his eleter

His wife has eighty buttons, and his eister sixty-seven.
His mother ninety-five, and Jones may lose his chance of heaven.
Buttoning, buttoning!
He cannot read a book, or smoke; they always keep him busy.
And scold him for his clumainess until he's hind and dizzy.
Buttoning, buttoning!

John Jones once had the time to go and make his club a visit.
But when his wifer calls. "O. John," he never asks. "What is it?"—

Buttoning, buttoning!
At night he loses all the rest that should be in his slumbers—
He's twitching with his fingers and is running over numbers.

Buttoning, buttoning!

They went to an old-fashioned social-

They went to an old-fashioned social—
Jones was happy hearted.

Although they kept him working for two
hours before they started,
Buttoning, buttoning!

Somebody said: "Let's play 'Who's got
the button!" Jones went frantic.

And now a trained nurse watches each de
mented act and antic—
Buttoning, buttoning!
—Chicago Post.

"Bridget, I am going out to-night."

And lave the house alone?"-Life. He-"I think modern dress reveals the vanity of the human heart." She -"Oh, I never saw one so decollete as that."-London Tatler.

In Brooklyn, an eloquent preacher
Said: "The hen is a beautiful creature!"
And the hen, hearing that,
Laid an egg in his nat,
And thus did the hen reward Beecher.
—Life.

She-"I understand that young Jenkins is quite a tennis player." "Yes, but aside from that, he is perfectly harmless."-New Orleans Picayune

"Did he really tell you I had a case of stage-fright?" asked the amateur actress. "No," replied the dearest friend, "he said you were."-Philadelphia Record. Lady (entering a kitchen and not-

ing policeman)-"So you are the brother of my cook. Are you an only brother?" Officer -- "I hope so, madame."-Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Tis sad to see young Newlywed
Each evening as he labors
To try and make his little lawn
Look better than his neighbor's:
—Judge.

"Is your horse afraid of automobiles?" asked the tourist who was mending a tire. "No." answered Farmer Corntossel, "he's hauled too many of them home for that."-

Washington Star. "Poor man!" exclaimed the goodhearted old lady, "to what do you attribute your craving for drink? Is it hereditary?" "No, ma'am," replied Weary Willie; "It's thirst."-

Philadelphia Ledger. Softleigh-"Good evening, Mrs Moran. I came to see if your dr er, Miss Mabel, would go for a walk with me." Miss Mabel-"How dc vou do. Mr. Softleigh? I shall be delighted. Mamma, do I look fit te

go to a restaurant?"-Life. Sunday-School Superintendent -'So you are the little man that won the prize books, 'The Lives of the Saints,' for good behavior. Now, what are you going to do with the books, my little man?" Johnny Miggs-'Gunner change 'em, sir, fer 'Billy der Black Pirate' and 'How Jimmy Raised der Ranch." "-Life.

Mexico's New Postoffice.

The first of a superb group of Government buildings, most of them already under construction, has just been finished in Mexico City. The new postoffice building, the cornerstone of which was laid on September 14, 1902, now awaits only the special furniture ordered from the United

States to be complete Architecturally the new postoffice is unexcelled by any building in the country and as thing of real beauty surpasses in the opinion of many even the Congressional library at Washington, It is far superior to any office building owned by the United States Government.

The interior of the building is in rare marbles, mosaics and bronze Every bit of decoration is of the finest material and the Imitation stone and marble which have so often beer remarked in otherwise handsome buildings in Mexico are nowhere te

The new postoffice building is the first Government building in Mexico of any architectural design worthy of the name. It is of fireproof construction, its frame being the first steel frame to go up in Mexico City. -Modern Mexico.

Fish in a Mineral Spring.

A remarkable discovery of the existence of fish in a highly mineralized stream, which issues from an artesian bore at a temperature of 112 degrees, is reported by our Bris-

bane corespondent. Dr. J. W. Barrett and his se while out shooting on the Dillalah cattle run in Queensland, had occasion to draw a duck they had shot from a small reservoir that had been formed in the course of the bore stream. Movements in the water led to the discovery that it was allve with fish, although it had never artificially stocked and was far dis-

tant from any rivers. A specimen about sit inches long resembling a sea salmon, was secure and shown to Professor Wilson, o Sydney, who has not been able to identify it.—London Daily Mail.