#### THEY ARE SIXTY-SEVEN.

- I met a little Mormon girl; She was just eighteen, she said, Her hair was dressed with one big curl That dangled from her head.
- She had a simple way, and bland; Her speech was soft and cool, And in her honest, widespread hand She bore a milking stool.
- "How many children, little maid, Are in your family?" "How many? Sixty-seven," she said, And shyly looked at me.
- Her hazel eyes to mine she raised, And then she cast them down. \* "I did not ask," I said, amazed, "The census of your town.
- 'How many children 'round your door Disport in childish glee?" 'Just sixty-seven,'' she said, once more, 'And smiled again at me.
- "I see at last. Your meaning's clear," Said I, with laughter merry; "Is it an orphanage, my dear, Or a female seminary?"
- "My father kind is drawing near," The little maid replied; "He's been to roam; he's bringing home Another brand new bride.
- "With father dear we dwell at peace; Our mothers are eleven; 'Round every door there's room for more And we are sixty-seven."
- And then I left in dumb dismay
  The maid with eyes like heaven;
  But as I left I heard her say,
  "And I'm the oldest, by the way,
  Of all the sixty-seven."
  —Council Bluffs (Iowa) Nonpareil.

"I believe I did. And you had terri-

erstand why we were sent out to take

a walk in the garden before break-

"No, it will have to be done soone or later, and it may as well be now Hold your parasol back of you, will

you? I'm positive Aunt Polly is look-ing out of the south window." "You said the lining was unbecom-

'And you said you didn't car

"Well, any woman wants to look her best when receiving a proposal. Of course, I haven't the exquisite com-plexion of your divinity—"
"Who said I had any divinity? I

didn't. I haven't even thought of any other woman since we—while you—you with your six-feet-two ideal, your Adonis, who isn't fat——"

of field-glasses leveled from the vines on our north piazza, and I have no doubt Aunt Mollie is behind them." "They've spoiled everything for us,

"Aunt Kitty is waving her handker-

"No, I will not. There, that's done with Aunt Molly is expecting you to

with Aunt Molly is expecting you to breakfast with us, Phil."

breaktast with us, Phil."

"And Aunt Polly is expecting you at our house. Don't hurry, Helene. I say, Helene, it's an awful pity we couldn't like one another—"

"It does seem so," sighing and sink-

"It does seem so, signing the sear again.
"It will be a dreadful disappointment to all these old people," regretfully. "You see, we being orphans, and owning all these lands—isn't the air sweet

with the roses, Helene?—and such friends as we were in childhood, they really had a right to expect—"
"I know. Isn't it terrible? I really dread to meet Aunt Mollie and Aunt

Kitty, and as for poor Uncle Charlie—"
"Uncle Ben will grieve himself sick,
and Aunt Polly will be furious—"
"Heavens, yes; I'll be actually afraid

to go near your house again. I won't dare let any of them know that I re-

used you.
"I'll tell you, Helene," soothingly, "if
ou think it will make matters any

easier for you, you can propose to me and I'll refuse—"

Philip Parkhurst, you are perfectly

"Not at all," argumentatively. "It's

like this: I propose to you—you re-fuse; you propose to me—I decline. None of the relatives can attach any

That does sound like a good

"Good! Why, it's simply great!" th enthusiasm. "Now go ahead." 'Put the parasol behind you, then

Aunt Mollie and Aunt Kitty are both on the piazza now."
"Never mind; that's only a manifes-

ation of interest. And Aunt Polly is till gazing from the south window

However I'll take the parasol if you

"Yes, do; my back is toward your Aunt Polly, but I believe the others could see what I am saying—they have

The parasol is carefully adjusted.
"Is the green lining very unbecon

blame to either of us

with enthusiasm.

'Don't get excited. I can see a pair

Hunter-ahem-ahem-

ember the day

# 

While Breakfast Waited. By Otho B. Senga. Lessessessessessessessesses

They sat at the extreme ends of the have improved some," judicially crit garden seat. The man glared resentifully at the girl; the girl gazed serenely off into the distance.

renely off into the distance.

"Isn't this a deuce of an awkward position?" he began, ntoodily.

"Pardon me, I am sitting as grace"Isn't this a deuce of an awkward and cut your head, and came so near drowning?"

"I remember," very gently. "I must have drowned but for you. And you "Pardon me, I am sitting as gracefully as I know how."
"It isn't that—you know what I mean,—you know what is expected of us."
"I mean,—you know what is expected of mile."
"I remember," very gently. "I must have drowned but for you. And you carried me home in your arms, a full mile."

"I believe I did. And you had terrible." "I've heard nothing else for the last six years."

"That's right; we may as well be perfectly honest. No one need be surprised if I say I've hated you all that time, even though I haven't seen you."

"Well, I'm going to. You don't feel a time, even though I haven't seen you."

"Well, I'm going to. You don't feel a tit like failing in love—" enviously.

prised it is even though I haven't seen you.
"Well, I haven't loved you," tartly.
"No, I suppose not; I dare say it has been as bad for you as for me."
"Oh, worse; infinitely worse!" defended. "Well, I'm going to. You don't ree a bit like falling in love—" enxiously.
"Not with you. Do you feel any symptoms of anything of the kind?"
"Nary symp. Well, here goes—I suppose we may as well get the awkward job over with Helene, Miss

Oh, everything is always worse for A girl always has her woman.

"And, I don't in the least corre-ond—" tentatively, with evident anx-"Not in the least," promptly

"What is the matter with me, I'd like to know?" slightly aggressive. "Well, since you'd 'like to know,' you are too conceited." "Conceited? Me? Well, I like that!

You're talking frank, to say the least."
"I can afford to be—I'm not trying to captivate you

'I can readily believe that. Any-

You are not tall enough." measure five feet eleven inches-'My ideal," calmly, "is six feet two.

Then you are too fat—you don't take exercise—" "Great Scott! Hear her!" addressing the landscape. "And I train like

a prize fighter!"
"I am glad you do," patronizingly.
"You would be actually obese if you didn't."

The man fairly gasped with rage.
"It was you, I believe, who suggested being perfectly honest," she remarked.

A long silence. The girl scanned the hazy blue of the New Hampshire the hazy blue of the New Hampshire.

A long silence is the yield let us alone, as we were six years ago; but they conceded this scheme of joining the lands—and us—and this is the result! You the hary of the curve from ear to chin, and the fine, proud poise of the

chief, Philip. We must go in. Are you going to finish that proposal or not?" 'Do you know," he said suddenly, "if "Do you know," he said studenly, 'Il had met you anywhere else, not knowing you are Helene Hunter, whose lands join mine—I am sick of hearing about these lands—I should have fallen in love with you?"

"I would expect you to," indifferent-"Yes, I am," with grim determina-tion. "Helene Hunter, will you be my wife?"

"Certainly; I consider that I am well worth falling in love with." "Oho! Nothing conceited about her, one Nothing content about her, now is there?" appealing to the land-scape. "And yet," continuing meditatively, "you aren't at all like the girl I've always imagined—"
"Tell me about her," imperiously.

"She is dainty and petite." Miss Hunter, being five feet nine, looked mpt. "A most bewitching Miss Hunter's dark head her contempt. "She has the moved a trifle higher. moved a trine figher. She has the most exquisite complexion I ever saw—By the way, I wish you'd turn that parasol a little; that green lining makes you look positively ghastly."

"I know that," hastily. "That is the

you look positively gnastly.
"I know that," hastily. "That is the reason I brought it." The olive cheek flushed and the crimson lip quivered.
"But beautiful as she is personally," with increasing enthusiasm, "it is her

isposition that I most admire. parasol was slowly and cautiously low-ered to the ground. "She is so sweet and patient and gentle—"

modern female Moses, I dare

"And never indulges in sarcasm, firmly, "and is always anxious to please others— Oh, well," leaving the subject with seeming reluctance, "this will never do. It's understood that I ought to propose to you-" inquiring-

"Of course, it is expected of you. But

never mind," consolingly, "you know I am going to refuse."
"Oh, as to that." magnanimously,
"you may do as you like. I'm at your

"I'd have to refuse, after that whether I wanted to or not

"I suppose all the members of both families will be raging," musingly, ig-noring her blaze of anger. "They have planned ever since we were children. Every letter I've had from Aunt Polly has been filled with the most flattering descriptions of you. Of course, you "Ch, well, on an occasion like this,

Now, all ready! "I wish you'd close your eyes, Phil.
This is very embarrassing, I never proposed to any one before, you know—"
"Oh, didn't you?" Innocently. "Oh, didn't you?" Innocently.
"Philip Parkhurst, how dare you!"

"Excuse me, excuse me—of course not. I was thinking of something

'Right in the midst of a proposal "It wasn't exactly in the midst, Helene; just on the verge, so to speak. I was wondering if it would be polite for me to refuse-er-coming from a lady -I hardly know-is there any You are very sure you'll refuse,

Phil-"Very sure. I wouldn't, thaugh, opening his eyes sudenly, and speak-ing with force and decision, "if it weren't for that infernal bean-pole

ideal of yours—"
"And I would never have refused you, only for that blonde dwarf with the amiable disposition." the amiable disposition."
"Go on, Helene," he said, chokingly.

"Close your eyes again. Now—" A long pause. "My goodness! isn't it awful? I don't believe a woman would let a man flounder around and not lend a helping hand."

"Impossible, Helene; it takes both

"Impossible, Helene; it takes both hands to hold the parasol. Unless you'd like me to put that down—"
"No, no, don't. They are all on the piazza now— Uncle Charlie and all; and," glancing fearfully over her shoulder, "oh, Phil, your Aunt Polly is fairly flattening her nose against the south window."

A predictious forced wawn is the only

A prodigious forced yawn is the only "Are you sure your eyes are tightly losed, Phil?"

"Glued, actually glued, Helene."
"Well," hesitatingly, her breath coming short and fast, "Philip Parkhurst,

ill you marry me?"
The parasol went flying through the air, and the man caught the girl in a quick embrace. "Sure thing, Helene! Never was so glad before in all my life!" Hunter—ahem—ahem—
"It must be very painful," with pretended concern. "Perhaps you had
better wait a while. You know you
only reached home last night. We
might be forgiven if we failed to un-

"Oh, don't, don't, Phil. They're all "Of course they are; but you don't

we're engaged, do you, Hel-"Phil," reproachfully, "do you think that was fair?'

that was fair?"
"Well, you needn't have grown up to be so bewilderingly beautiful—"
"I wanted to," laughing joyously. "I was so afraid I wouldn't be pretty when you came back.? I knew you'd

ink of me as you saw me last."
"Helene, you do love me, don't you?" 'A little

That's enough—it'll grow; I'll see to that. Dearest, haven't you known all these years that I loved you?" "Yes," shyly, "I knew by my own

'You adorable Phil; Aunt Kitty is ring-'Just a second. Are you sure we're

engaged?' "Very sure, Phil dear."
"And you love me? Say it, Hel-

'And I love you, Phil." He drew her hand through his arm, tenderly. "All right, sweetheart; now we'll have breakfast."—Woman's Home

# QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In Mexico the family of a dead duelst can claim support from the peron who shot him.

The Ainu women in Japan tattoo their faces to give them the appearance of men with whiskers.

In the course of a murder trial at Cape Town recently the defendant, an aged Malay trader, admitted that he

In the schools of Rhenish, Prussia, a change of stockings and shoes is pro-vided for the use in school of chillren who arrive with wet feet.

The wives of Siamese noblemen have their hair cut in pompadour style. It is usually about one and a half inches in ength and sticks up straight, like the

of the black fox of Kamschatka, the skin of which, when dressed, becomes a very attractive blue. A single skin is worth as much as \$1000.

Ohio has come to the front with a all the housework or be in contempt of

death of an armless painter named Siepen, who became quite noted for his etures. He painted with his Many of his pictures are in

Cat That Summoned Maid to Open

Door.
A wonderful cat attracted the atter ion of every one who yesterday passed up or down Eighth street on th vest side between Locust and Spruc Pussy was pure white. She was stand-ing upon the step railing of a house which was just high enough to enable her to reach the electric button with her paw. She manipulated this so rigorously that the door was soon op-ened by a servant, who picked pus-ty up, took her in her arms, entered he house and closed the door. It was the sentiment of all who witnesse the trick that Maria, or whatever he name might be, was a bright cat.— Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

### "How absurd! As if that made any PNEUMONIA SUPREME. HAS SUCCEEDED CONSUMPTION AS WINTER'S DEADLY

DISEASE.

It Is Now Generally Believed to Be Infectious-If More Walking Were Indulged in Bronchial Trouble Would Not Be So Prevalent.

Among the pulmonary diseases, neumonia for some years has been pneumonia for some years has been achieving a deadly supremacy, especially in the large cities. Tuberculosis of the lungs no longer causes so many deaths in New York, for example, as pneumonia, which works with a terrible rapidity upon much the same tissues. We are now in the midst of a pneumonia season; and people in this northeast section of the country are in the heart of the penumonia belt. Until April, or the last of March, the danger from this disease will be the danger from this disease will be constantly lurking about us, and wise people will, so far as possible, be on their guard.

In the two largest American cities last week the death rate from pneumonia broke the municipal records Chicago there were 139 deaths and in New York 172. The mortality in New York the present week, from this one ill, is expected to go higher still. It is significant. that while in New York the general death rate the past year has been the lowest in a century, the rate for pneumonia, influenza and "consumption" has shown no decline, pneumonia alone carrying off nearly 2000, persons. That this disease, to appears to be particularly dead appears to be particularly deadly among persons of advanced years is a matter of common observation; and there is some scientific confirmation for this view in the fact that in New York the past year the only increase in the number of deaths has been

among people in age 65 years or more If pneumonia is an infections dis-ease, as is now generally believed, its ravages in great centres of population may have been increased and extended on account of the modern system of rapid transit. This, at any rate, is being advanced as a hypothesis to account for the marked increase of the mortality from pneumonia at this season of the year, in places like Chicago and New York, where millions of peo-ple ride daily in the closed cars of the surface and elevated railroads. These cars also contain many persons with "colds," the cars are often badly ventilated, with polluted air, and some-times they are damp and low in tem-perature. The complaint in New York is that the cars are not warm enough and that people become ill because they have been chilled.

they have been chilled.

Yet even warm cars are not the healthiest places to be in for any length of time at this season of the year, especially when they are crowded. The man who persists in riding on the platform, where the air is fairly fresh, even if it is cold, may have a fine method of seeming madness. It is surely not very conducive to health to bake over a hot-air register in a to bake over a hot-air register in a trolley car for half an hour and then suddenly pass out into the open, where the temperature is well below freezing.

If every one walked as in the good old days, it is probable that pneu-monia and bronchial troubles would not show such an alarming increase; and this may be said without throwing the blame for the conditions com plained of upon the trolley. City people now walk far too litle at any season of the year. A nickel is a small sum, and the temptation to ride has settled into a confirmed habit. It is little realized, however, how much good the habit of walking in winter does for the physique in toughening i to exposure, and thus warding off colds, bronchial and pulmonary troubles. Great numbers of city people who live in the harsh winters of the north temperate zone have actually become strangers to their own climate. Instead of "cultivating it," so to speak, as their amestors were obliged to, they have in a real sense deacclimatized themselves. The most of their time, day and night, is spent within an area of artificial heat. Their houses are always kept at an average temperature of 75 degrees to 80 degrees; when they start out to businorth temperate zone have actually grees; when they start out of such ness or go shopping they allow them-selves but a few minutes in the cold, oracing open air, taking the inevitable car, and then passing the rest of the time in hot offices and stores

It is literally true that hundreds of housands of well-to-do people in our titles live indoors during our winters tt least 22 out of the 24 hours. And here they sit and steam and wonder here they have caught such dreadfu olds. It is a significant fact that encumonia rages among all classes, he rich and comfortable as well as the poor. It is a real eye-opener to some of us, after the coal famine, to find when the winter was over that we and our families had enjoyed befter average health during the season of imited fuel supply than before in a

If we are going to live in this clinate we must not forget to keep on alling terms with it. Our forefathers ealling terms with it. Our forefathers undoubtedly sacrificed considerable human life in having to live in conditions which may be described as the other extreme. They were too often baked in front and half frozen in back by their ancient system of open wood fires, and the weaker ones had a periliars life iowner. But we are only to ous life journey. But we are going to the opposite limit of effeminacy. It is as if the polar bear shaved off his coat of fur and tried to live on the ice pack in a muffler and a \$12 overcoat. Evidently the climate is here to stay t is the business of those who have in it to keep in touch with it by a proper amount of physical exposure. There is a lot of medical virtue in

"braving the elements"; for they are really kind to one who values a certain intimacy with them. The mere habit of turning up one's coat collar against the cold air has probably killed off thousands of people since civilization came in, for a throat may become deli-cate in no time because of superfluous

The fundamental problem for The fundamental problem for a well man or woman is to keep up the general health; special conditions, of course, always apply to those who lack natural vigor or have been enfebled by disease. To keep up the general health is to keep such diseases as pneumonia, colds and coughs at a distance. But when you take every means to deacclimatize yourself by forever evading contact with the rough embraces of our wintry weather. Keep embraces of our wintry weather. Keep on good terms, if possible, with the climate. It will pay you well.—Springfield Republican

#### INDIAN LEGEND.

How the Chief's Squaw Found a New Dish.

"One morning, the mighty hunter, Woksis, bade his wife cook for his dinner a choice bit of moose meat, and have it ready when the tall stick which he stuck in the snow-drift should throw its shadow to a certain point. qua was a meek wife, so she prom sights on earth to watch a score of sights on earth to watch a score of the score o the fire.

"Then she sat down to her embroidery. It was her pride that Woksis, her lordly husband, should sport the gayest moccasins in the tribe, and many hours did she spend every day many loars dut she spend etc. auin working with bright colored porcupine quills. For no brave in all that
country was so warlike as Woksis, no
squaw so skilled in embroidery as
Moqua. As she worked on the moccountry was so warlike as Worksis, no squaw so skilled in embroidery as Moqua. As she worked on the moccasins hours passed as minutes. She clock no note of time, so busy was she in her labor of love. Suddenly she heard a startling noise, the bark string that held the kolds suspended was Watch the children and one sees neard a startling noise, the bark string that held the kokh suspended was burned off, and a quenching, scattering explosion followed the overthrow of the pot.

"What could she do? There was no water, the melted snow was gone, and she must boil the moose meat before her lord's return. It was growing late, there was no time to melt more snow, so seizing a birch bucket of maple water that was always tapped in the spring for its sweet flavor, she filled the kokh anew and hung it over the mended fire. Into it she pounded corn to bake on the slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the quills were both needle and thread. She was working the totem of her race, the bear, so different from wolves, eagles and turtles of other

success in hunt and battle, the hours passed away by; the shadow crept past the mark; the fire burned low; the once juicy meat was a shirveled morsel in a mixture of gummy dark liquid. When she saw this the fright-ened squaw ran into the bushes and hid herself from the rage of her com-ing lord. After a long and silent waiting lord. After a long and shelf watering she carefully drew near the camp once more, and what did she see? There was Woksis devouring the morsel of moose meat, and her wonder was great when he deliberately broke the earthen pot and carefully licked out the last vestige of her spoiled cooking.

"She forgot her fears and cried ou "She forgot her lears and cried out in surprise. When discovering her Woksis said, 'Oh, Moqua, my wise squaw, who taught thee such a marvel of cooking? Was the Great Spirit thy instructor?" With great joy he embraced her, and in his sticky kiss she tasted the first maple sugar."— Pittsburg Gazette.

Russia and the Supply of Flax. Russia produces 80 percent of the flax crop of the world, and the pro-duction of that country practically con-trols the market in America and all duction of that country practically con-trols the market in America and all other countries. Samuel Gerstle, who is engaged in the importation of linen, the countries of the provincial treasurers is instanc-ed. Each of these (they are all Amengaged in the importation of linen,

world's linen supply, and flax is rais ed there quite cheaply. It cannot be produced successfully in America, and the country's supply is imported. If it were not for the import duty the material would be cheaper than cotton, and the market for the latter product in America is preserved only by the duty which must be paid. The war will not have any effect upon the market, in my opinion, but what will effect it is the fact that Russia is contemplating levying an export tax on the commodity, and that will be a heavy drawback if carried out. The product now leaves Russia duty free

We Are All Just Folks.

"My boy," said a man of the state of Texas to his son, who was starting out for a career in an eastern city, "my boy, let me tell you something which may be of help to you. You get up there and you may see a heap of people who have got more money than you have; a heap of people who have got more brains than you have, and ore success. Some of them may uperior, you just look at him and say to yourself, 'After all, you're just folks.' You want to remember for yourself, too, that you're just folks. My boy, after you have lived as long as I have, and have knocked around the world, you will come to see that that's all any one of us is—just folks."

## PANTOMIME FAIRIES

How They Learn the Difficult Task of Ballet Dancing.

Nobody has the least idea of what Nobody has the least idea of what training for pantomime means until a visit has been paid to Mme. Lanner's school of ballet dancing, says the London Daily Mail. There dancers ranging in age from sweet faced tiny mites of 6 to beautiful women whose are one will not be unrailant enough. mites of 6 to beautiful women whose age one will not be ungallant enough to think about, daily and patiently go through a course of training, acquiring steps and deportment that later on will be seen at the Garrick, Vaudeville, Empire, Alhambra and elsewhere.

Mme. Morris, one of Mme. Lanner's teachers, told the writer that a finished dancer is the product of many years strenuous work. A child of 6 can learn to dance well in a few months, but to acquire the grace and agility of the finest of the Spanish dancers now performing in London rewives trenty years of unremitting quires twenty years of unremitting

There are very few boys ever trained as pantomime dancers. The reason is that the male sex is awkward, their joints are hopelessly stiff, and their joints are nopelessly still, and they can never hope to aspire to anything of a higher grade than step dancing. It is one of the prettiest sights on earth to watch a score or so of little girls assemble in the dimes are held.

with her sharpest stone knife, and filling an earthen pot, or kokh, with snow for melting, she hung it over walls, a piano stands in a corner, but saldom gets played, because for a Huge mirrors are arranged round the walls, a piano stands in a corner, but seldom gets played, because for a long time the novice has to practice nothing but steps to a monotonous one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, hop!" spoken by the teacher.

"All ze girls please togazier!" commands madame, and promptly tiny tots of 6, and graceful young women of 16 or so, all garbed to a girl in short,

of 6, and graceful young women of 16 or so, all garbed to a girl in short

third, and fourth positions, under which headings the various steps are grouped, has been studied by the litgrouped, has been student by the tele ones, and each member of the class endeavors to give to her individual rendering harmonious movement of the whole body.

Many of the little dancers can

stand on their toes and pirouette like stand on their toos and product he tops, and then, with modesty, elegance and ease, go down until their knees almost touch the ground, rising up again with a graceful wave of the hand and a sunny smile.

the hand and a sunny smile.

To give suppleness to the limbs a series of exercises are gone through with first one leg, while the whole weight of the body rests on the other. The positions are reversed every few minutes, and in this manner both limbs receive equal attention and ob-

tain equal suppleness.

A watering-can plays a prominent part in a ballet class room. It would seem that the thousands of steps in-dulged in have a tendency to raise the dust and bring about an epidemic of coughing. Therefore, a little judic sprinkling at intervals has the effect of allaying this.

Safety in the Philippines.

A white man throughout the Philippines is as safe in traveling or living as in Arizona or Colorado or Montana He may go about with perfect freedom. Not only that, but the people are ready and anxious to show him hospitality. The Filipino from whom he asks a night's lodging feels highly honored, and gives him of his best. The men salute him as he passes, and The men salute him as he passes, and the children cry "Buenas dias," and are very proud if their salutation is returned. Among the wild people, the situation is much the same, although here it is better to send notice of one's coming in advance, and the same series of some series of the same series.

ericans) is required by his business to miles of travel overland on horseba or by carromata. So far as known no treasurer has ever been molested although he often carries much money about him. The provincial supervis-ors, also Americans, are obliged to travel everywhere, as are many other travel everywhere, as are many other civil officers of the government. At the present time, Americans are all over the islands on one arrand or another, public or private. No one thinks of danger or proviles against it.—Henry Gannett, in the National Geographic Magazine.

The Saltness of the Dead Sea.

What makes the Dead Sea salt is a question that has been discussed for centuries, and the most recent explan-ation is that advanced by William Ackroyd, who assigns as the most importoyd, who assigns as the most impor-tant cause the atmospheric transporta-tion of sait from the Mediterranean Sea. Previously it has been assumed that the saltness of this historic body of water was due to the soil and rock which, it is now thought, would not be able to furnish the amount required, and that the Dead Sea was once a part of the Red Sea, which had been cut of by the rising of Palestine and concen-trated by evaporation, a hypothesis which is not supported by facts. Ac-cording to Ackroyd's theory the winds blowing from the Mediterranean would bring rain charged with salt, in proo Dead Sea that it is in the Mediterrane-