

MOTHER HAS NOTHING TO DO

Nothing to do but bake,
Nothing to do but stew,
Nothing to do but make
The children's gowns and sew.

THAT AGGRAVATING WOMAN

By MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

She was aggravating from the first; there is no mistake about that.
She would always look her prettiest when my beau came; biting her plump, red lips to make them redder, and gazing into his eyes with her innocent-looking blue ones, until my blood boiled in my veins.

The Champion of Champions

Strong Men Was Donald Dinnie, a Braw Scot.

ANOTHER champion strong man looms up on the athletic horizon, Grubn by name, a London-born German. This champion strong man business has been much overdone. Henry Labouchere once said—and his opinion on any subject was always worth having—referring to Rochester, the hero in "Jane Eyre" (and what a hero! matinee idols please note), "What earthly good does it do to your fellow mortals even though you can bend a poker double with your hands, etc. Mere brute strength is nothing."

MATERNAL INSTINCT OF FISH

The "Mother Love" of Other Creatures

The female fish has no maternal instincts whatever, said J. Nevin, of Madison, superintendent of the State fish hatcheries. "In fact, the fish is the most unhuman creature in existence; that is, of the animals which have any degree of intelligence at all."
"Perhaps it is well that it is so, for if the parent fish took care of their young as other creatures do the waters of the earth would be filled with them in a very short time. Under natural conditions not one egg in a million ever becomes a fish a year old. As an example, I have seen a female brook trout go up into the spawning places and spawn their eggs and then turn around and deliberately eat them."

ALCONRY

A Sport That Still Belongs to the Life of the Earth.

Most persons today think of falconry as a sport belonging to the picturesque past—to the day when knights and pages and fair ladies, mounted on steeds with rich trappings, their hooded hawks perched on their gauntleted wrists, rode through green fields in such a gaily moving pageant as poets and painters loved to celebrate. But in Chitral, a State on the northwestern frontier of India, under British suzerainty, it is still the popular pastime, and the skilled Chitral falconers think the wildest of what creatures to obedience and servableness in fourteen days, and have even been known to accomplish the feat in five. Major R. L. Kromm, who went hawking with Shuja-ul-Mulk, the melhtar, or native ruler of the country, has recently described the sport as he saw and shared it.

CHUKCHEES

A Nation of Suicides Living in North-eastern Siberia.

A Russian correspondent was talking about Siberia. "In that strange land," he said, "the strangest feat of the suicidal tendency of the Chukchees. Among the Chukchees, actually, suicide is one of the most common forms of death."
"The Chukchees live in northeastern Siberia. They are small and copper colored. They dress in skins and ride reindeer. Tallow and raw kidney are their chief delicacies. In every Chukchee house hangs a death cord. A Chukchee doesn't kill himself by his own hand. He appoints his nearest relatives—his wife, son or daughter—to do the deed. And the delegate never rebels, never declines this sad and horrible task."
"Numerable are the causes of suicide—jealousy, unrequited love, an incurable disease, melancholy, poverty and so on."
"I knew a man who was prosperous and apparently happy. Suddenly a desire for death seized him. In three months," he said, "I will go to my father's. And he calmly settled his affairs, and at the appointed time bade his wife to knot a cord about his throat and his two sons to pull upon this cord till he would be strangled. He died, they told me, joking."
"The death cord, which hangs in every Chukchee house, has a hood. It is for use in suicide. The hood hides the fatal contents of the dying."
"Here are Chukchee families where suicide is hereditary, wherein it is a point of honor for the sons to kill themselves, a natural death being regarded in such families as disgraceful and scandalous, a sign of the most unpardonable cowardice."
"The Chukchees, despite their suicidal tendency, are a happy and healthy people, moral, truthful, brave and temperate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Law and Deer.

F. J. Morris, a Bear River home-steader, last spring found a little doe fawn, scarcely able to walk, staggering into his farm enclosure. Mrs. Morris took the wail in and by feeding it with warm milk from a bottle soon gave it strength. It soon showed no disposition to return to the woods to live in the wild stage, and it became a great pet of the children. Intending to remove with his family to Hibbing to spend the winter, and desiring to take the fawn along, Morris addressed State Game Warden Samuel P. Fullerton for permission. Mr. Fullerton replied that he could not grant permission to keep a deer in captivity. Morris now does not know what to do with his pet. If he leaves it behind it is almost sure to be killed by hunters before the year is out; if he takes it to town it is liable to arrest for violation of the State game laws, and he has not the heart to kill the little animal which voluntarily put its life in his hands.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

A Successful Laureate.

The poet laureate, in writing to M. Clemenceau on the subject of Trafalgar, addressed him in prose. Mr. Austin has always been a true friend to M. Clemenceau, declares London Punch.

Great Britain's Railroad Men.

The railways companies of England and Wales employ between them 312,000 men. The Scottish and Irish companies employ 40,000 men between them.

Harrows Head Boy a Jew.

Anthony de Rothschild, youngest son of the popular Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, is head boy at Harrow school. This is the first time, says the London News, that this coveted distinction has fallen to a Jewish boy who has not conformed to the ordinary religious exercises of the school, and who has availed himself of the generous concessions granted by the Harrow authorities to Jewish scholars.

In Favor of a New Cable.

Owing to the impossibility of repairing the Canary Islands submarine cable, the Spanish Minister of the Interior is in favor of laying a new cable between Spain and the Canaries, and another to the north of Africa.

He Knew His Place.

Last summer, during the training of a certain Scottish militia battalion, a company was ordered off one day for target practice. The "marker" on this occasion was an old militiaman named Sandy, who was noted for his simplicity. Before the firing began the sergeant in charge of the firing took up his glasses to see if all was ready, when, to his horror, he observed Sandy coolly standing in front of the target. Thinking the man insane the sergeant and a couple of men hastened to the rescue. In an authoritative voice the sergeant demanded the meaning of such reckless conduct and branded Sandy as a fool. "I am nae sic a fool as ye think," retorted Sandy. "I ken the safest place for me. I marked for yer company once before."—Glasgow News.

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