- Nothing to do but bake,
  Nothing to do but stew,
  Nothing to do but stew,
  Nothing to do but make
  The children's gowns and sew
  Nothing to do but mend,
  Nothing to do but mend,
  Nothing to do but bend
  Over the cookie batch,
  Nothing to do but bend
  Over the cookie batch,
  Little feet how to walk,
  Nothing to do but show
  Little feet how to walk,
  Nothing to do but show
  Little feet how to walk,
  Nothing to do but show,
  But teaching the babe to take.
  Nothing to do but smile,
  And kiss the pain away,
  Nothing to do but be
  The little ones are at play.
  Nothing to do but be
  Sweetest and best that's found,
  Only, only free
  When the sandman comes around.
  Horace Seymour Keller, in New York
  Press.

### \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* THAT AGGRAVATING WOMAN \* \* \*

By MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

your house to hight, never to return; but, remember, I take all your happiness with me! Your seeking to find out my retreat will be of no avail. You smile at the bare idea of caring a fig for my whereabouts, but we shall see;

ha! ha!" and she shut the door and was gone.

The echo of that mocking laugh sounds in my cars even to-day, eight years after the event.

After Rose had gone, Robert came over and sat down by my side. Tears were in his handsome, brown eyes, and his lip trembled as he spoke.

"Heaven knows, Clara, that a great burden is off my mind now that your cousin is gone. I shudder to think what such a desperate woman might have done when her hopes were crossed. I wish her no ill, but she has a shadow in our happy household let me now go and see if baby still sleeps."

Lovingly and tenderly he put his arm sabout my waist, and together we ascended the stairs to the nursery. It seemed like the first happy days of our marriage, and I involuntarily extended.

claimed:
"Robert, will this happiness last?"
"Heaven grant it, darling wife," said he, as he kissed me fondly, and then bent down to turn back the light coveriet of little Maud's cradle.
The room was in semi-darkness, and, as I turned up the gas, Robert gave a wild and lightning-like glance around the room and into nurse's lap, then he turned as pale as a ghost.

HE was aggravating from ithe first; there is no mistake about that.

She would always look her prefilest when my beaucame; bitting her plump red lips to make them reider, and gazing into his eyes with her innoent-looking blue ones, until my blood boiled in my veins.

I despised her. I couldn't help it I that never before had spurned even the worm beaeath my feet, much less a human being, and that one my own cousin. And now here she was domiciled beneath my roof, as pretty as ever, and a great deal more aggravating.

"You are so sweetly situated, Clara," she said, with one of her ooft, tiltle sighs, the day after her arrival, "that I almost regret not having married myself."

"But one might travel the world over and not find such a husband as yound with a still softer sight. Rose Burton crossed her white hands in her lap and looked happy.

Yes, she was supremely happy, thave not doubt; for had she not planted one of her old-time thorns deep, deep in my sensitive breast? My husband was not romantle or outwardly demonstrative to me. Had he been so to her? Her eulogy would have led me to in fer as much, had I not known my darling to be as true as steel to the little wife he had chosen from amony many.

Rose was to spend the winter with us, and she expected a gay time of if but, what with the falling health of Robert's mother, who lived with us, and she expected a gay time of if tout, where le head chosen from amony many.

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the opera to-night, although be knows my heart was set upon going," she cried.

"He has his reason for doing so, I suppose," I said, calmly.

"His reason! that is the most exasperating part of it," she replied, going to the grate and throwing the operatickets into the fire. "He prefers the company of a miserable, puling infant to mine! Or that of a superannuated old woman. I'll quit your house to night, and I'll be revenged on him for his insult yet—see if I won!"

As Rose turned, framed in by the door way, with her eyes blazing and her dark hair streaming a half yard below her waist, she looked like a tigress. She went to her room, refusing to come down to dinner.

Robert looked troubled.

"Why didn't you go with Rose, dear?" I asked, as I passed him his soup. "Why should you anger her so! Surely the baby is better, and there is no danger of the croup returning to night. You need not worry about her so. Rohert."

"It was because I ordered her to leave the room."

"For what, Robert?"

"Go up and ask nurse, and look at believed her; but my heart had now a new sorrow. Where, oh, where was new sorrow. Where oh, and was now sorrow. Where, oh, where oh, where oh, where oh, where oh, a led ever leid the first place in my sou lext to Robert all all all all all ever held the first place in my sou lext to Robert all all all all all ever held the first place in my sou lext to Robert oher the first had now an and was over, she took intable of with all all all ever held the first place in that had lad ever held the first place in that had lad ever held the first place in that had lad ever held the first place in that had lad ever held the f

what, Robert?"
up and ask nurse, and look at ert's.
I drew the little form up to me in

"For what, Robert?"

"Go up and ask nurse, and look at baby's arm."

With my mother heart in a tumult, I repaired straight to the nursery. Baby Maud was sobbing herself to sleep on nurse's lap, and the poor, little, right arm, dimpled and so white this morning, was black and blue from the wrist to the elbow.

"How could you let baby fall?" I demanded of the nurse, who was bathing the poor, bruised arm with arnica.
"It wasn't me that done it, marmift all come of the desate of Miss Burton. She stooped to kiss baby, and at the same time pinched the poor, little, tender arm almost to a jelly."

"Oh, that aggravating woman!" I cried, as I clasped the little darling to my heart. "Is it not enough that she has tried to win away the heart of my husband from me, that she should also seek to injure our innocent child?"

That night, after tea, Rose came to our chamber door to bid us good-by!

"Addeu!" she said, in a mock-traigic way. "You both hate me, and I leave your house to night, never to return; but, remember, I take all your happiness with me! Your seeking to find out my retreat will be of no avail. You



support a fity-six-pound weight for some time.

"The Highland idea of the athlete means not a runner or jumper, but a strong man first; then if he likes he may be also agile. Dinnie held the record for putting the sixteen-pound and the twenty-two-pound shots, and at some of the Highland gatherings have seen him take prizes at flat racing, in almost record time, notwithstanding his 225 pounds. He could clear the hurdles like a deer classed by wild hunters through the Adirondacks. He was certainly the most magnificent specimen of athletic manhood I ever saw, and I have seen all the top-notchers—black, white and yellow—in the last thirty years. In his prime, about fifty-six inches around the chest and nearly nineteen inches around the biceps; trunk and limbs like a ganled oak tree, and five inches taller than either Sandow or Hackenstaller than eith

very often, alas! at the expense vitality; but, as we have said bono?' The game isn't worth the candle. Sandow by the hardest kind

"In nature nothing is given; all is sold. The first wealth is good health (wholeness, soundness), and it must be worked for like material wealth. Don't jump into a car on the slightest provocation, but see it out, even though you have to walk fifty blocks.

"The best medicine chest is deep breathing. It is irksome at first, but keep it up and great will be your re-

ward. Hackenschmidt says that five | MATERNAL INSTINCT OF FISH

The Champion of Champion

Strong Men Was Donald

Dinnie, a Braw Scof.

NOTHER champion strong man looms up on the atther beardon, forthing the control of the strong man beard of the control of the control of the strong man beard of the control of

for explanations.

The real things in this world are the unreal; the things which we are sure are the intangible—memory, sentiment. perfection. But very ordinary-looking chaps are walking the streets of New York' to-day, pursuing their modest vocations, who do not know what a dumbbell or a barbell is, but who, in virtue of some inherent nervous force, or whatever you like to call it, could make some of these so-called champion strong men look like thirty cents in a rough house.

'One night, in the wee sma' hours, I saw quite a slim-looking chap toss

rough house.

"One night, in the wee sma' hours, I saw quite a slim-looking chap toss about, not one, but seven of the finest, all powerful looking men that could be got together. He handled them as if they were so many empty sacks of four. 'We are Seven' had to execute a sort of wedge-like interference maneuvre before they could subdue this unknown Samson. Truly the world doesn't know its greatest men.

"Now, what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Perfect health, endurance and vitality, not brute strength. And these must be worked for just as hard as in getting muscularity. One of the greatest laws of life is activity. The wise for cure on exercise depend; God never made. His work for man to mend.

"In nature nothing is given; all is stem to receive.—George Haratson of the shadow."

"No ne no does the finest interference as we do not say, with reverence, truly it is more blessed."

"No ne neith the twe but seeming. Except ye become as littie children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven! Plain living; high thinking! I saw a poor old woman at Christmas time, put a package in one of \*Uncle Sam's mailing receptacles for large parcels; a postage prepaid package of haspiness. She had a thin, worn and faded red woolen shawl over her head.

As she turned I saw her face. It was beautiful, though rusged and homely. Her thoughts were far away with the loved one for whom the package was an intended, and her features anticipated the pleasure of the receipted the pleasure of the receipted the pleasure of the sam's mailing five the properties. No one could look at her and not say, with reverence, truly it is more blessed to give than to receive.—George Haratson of the sum of the control of the saw and learns to enter the Kingdom of Heaven! Plain living; high thinking! Except the saw appor old woman at Christmas time, put a package in one of \*Uncle Sam's mailing receptacles for large parcels. The saw a poor old woman at Christmas time, put a package in one of \*Uncle Sam's mailing receptacles for large parcels." I saw

trout go up into the spawning places and spawn their eggs and then turn around and deliberately eat them.

"For the past few years I have been much interested in experimenting with bass and studying their ways. Here the male parent has some maternal instincts apparently. He builds the 'nest' for the female, some little pocket with a gravel hottom protected from the strong current, but with plenty of fresh water, and then hugs or pushes the female into it. The eggs are spawned by the female, who swims away and leaves them to their fate. The male fertilizes the eggs and then for a few days watches over them, 'fanning' them occasionally to insure a circulation of fresh water and keeping off other fish who would devour the eggs. The male fish have been known to follow the little fry for several days, protecting them until they were able to care for themselves.

"I have seen a school of say 1500 bass fry devoured in five minutes by a few sun bass or perch minnows. Under the care of the fish hatcheries from fifty to ninety-five per cent. of the eggs became fish fry. How many of the fry live to be a year old or so after they are planted in the streams it is very hard to determine. If depends so greatly upon conditions that no reliable estimates can be made."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

For Justice to Baldheads.

For some time past a certain coterie of Milwaukee men who are bald head-ed have felt that they were being swindled by barbers, who have charged

swindled by baibers, who have charged them the regular prices for hair cutting.

"It only takes a few minutes to cut the hair of a bald headed man, yet he has to pay as much as a man wiith a wagon load to remove," insist the head conspirators, headed by former Governor George W. Peck and E. W. Powell.

"We don't charge for the actual work, but for the time and labor required to find it," retort the barbers. Recently Mr. Powell and some of his friends have formed a club of bald headed men, the object of which is said to be to petition the legislature for a bill in their behalf.

"What we want," explains Mr. Powell, "is a bill passed by the legislature by which barbers will be compelled to regulate their charges about as follows, as has already been drawn up by a special committee of our club: The man with a clear streak on top of his head, 20 cents; top all bald, 15 cents; small streak around the border, 10 cents; no hair on head, free. This bill was adopted by the club, and the chairman willingly indorsed it. One of the governor's men, however, objected to being selected to present the bill to the legislature, so another member was selected to perform the duty. It was claimed by one member that the matter, being purely a local one, the question should be taken up with the board of public works.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

## The Most Tedious Reading.

The Most Tedious Reading.

The proofreader took off his glasses, wiped his tired eyes, and put his hat on. "I'll go out and take a walk," he said. "I have been working two hours on these timetables, and that is all my nerves will stand."

"No work," he continued, "is harder, more tedious, or more wearing than this timetable proofreading. So much, you see, depends upon accuracy. If in the proofreading of a book an error or two is made a laugh or a frown is the only consequence, but an error in a timetable may mean a disaster.

"Sometimes we go over a timetable seventy and eighty times before we finally O, K, it. We get to know the timetable by heart. We can ruttle off the trains—2:07, 3:14, 3:26, and so on—like phonographs. How wearing the work is! In a busy season I have lost four pounds in a week."—New York

coolly standing in front of the target. Thinking the man insåne the sergeant rand 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 f' me. I marked for yer company once before."—Glasgow News. News.

## Harrow's Head Boy a Jew.

Anthony de Rothschild, youngest son of the popular Mr. Leopold de Roths-child, is head boy at Harrow school child, is head boy at Harrow school. This is the first time, says the London News, that this coveted distinction has failen 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 anthorities to Jewish scholars.



On the State railways in Germany the colors of the carriages are the same as the tickets of their respective classes; thus first-class carriages are vellow, second-class green and third-class white.

A SCH

man of th

A French farmer, who kept a number of dogs and cats, constructed ingeniously, in order to protect the latter from the former, a veritable cat's nest, which he placed among the branches of a stunted oak tree.

When all the railways now building in that State are completed, Texas will not fall far short of having lifty percent, more main track than Illinois, which was the State of greatest railroad mileage until recently.

The street curb ment market, located in a wagon, seems so tenacious of existence in some sectious of the country that the theory of disease germs has no effect whatever. This is particularly true of the South, but it applies as well to other parts of the country.—New York National Provisioner.

Some one who has been investigating Some one who has been investigating the question of superstition among thieves gives the conclusion that burglars will not enter any house where the domestic squints. If one of the craft sees three different horses fall down in one day he takes it as a bad opnen. One English burglar confessed that his profession never "burgles" houses numbered 2', 93, 111 and 444.

A novel and apparently successful burglar alarm which was recently put up in the store of a Baltimore grocer, has the merit of simplicity and cheap-ness. He placed over the door of the ness. He placed over the door of the grocery an ordinary shovel, hung on a sail so that when the door opened the shovel would fall and make a racket. Burglars visited the place the other night, the shovel did all that was expected of it, and the burglars, alarmed by the noise, took to their heeis.

# CHUKCHEES

A Nation of Suicides Living in North-eastern Siberia.

A Nation of Suicides Living in Northcastern Siberia.

A Russian correspondent was talking about Siberia.

"In that strange land," he said, "the
strangest thing is the suicidal tendency of the Chukehees. Among the
Chukehees, actually, suicide is one of
the most common forms of death.

"The Chukehees 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,
Chukehee house hangs a death coat.

"A Chukehee 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.

"Innumerable are the causes of suicide—jealousy, unrequifed love, an incurable disease, melancholy, poverty
and so on.

"I knew a man who was manepous

cide—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 moons,' he said. 'I will go to my fathers.' 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 apon this cord till he would be strangled. He died, they told me, joking.

"The death coat, which hangs in every Chukchee house, has a hood. It is for use in suicide. The hood hides the facial contortions of the dying.

"There are Chukchee families wherein 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, despife their suicidal tendency, are a happy and healthy people, moral, trutful, brave and temperate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

it is almost sure to be kined by indic-ers before the year is out; if he takes it to town le is liable to arrest for violation of the State game laws, and he has not the heart to kil the little animal which voluntarily put its life in his hands.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press,

A Merciful Laureate.

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