THE HONEYSUCKLE.

"The clover," said the humming-bird,
"Was fashioned for the bee;
But ne'er a flower, as I have heard,
Was ever made for me."

A passing zephyr paused, and stirred
Some moonlit drops of dew
To earth; and for the humming-bird
The honeysuckle grew.
—Harper's Weekly.

JIMMIE'S AMBITION.

BY LESTER L. LOCKWOOD.

"Hello, Jim! What's up now?"

"Chicken coop—that is, it will be when I manage to get a few more nails in."

Sam Simmins vaulted the low fence, and, standing with his hands in his pockets, watched Jim a few moments. Then he gave an amused whistle. "I say, Jim, there's nothing like having conveniences to work with. Now, if I were to build a chicken coop I should be silly enough to use new wire eightpennies and a steel-tipped hammer; but I daresay I'm quite behind the times, and that assorted sizes of bent and rusty nails and a slippery stone to drive them in with are the latest improved implements—a sort of renaissance in carpentry, eh?"

"Not exactly," replied Jim, laughing, "but it gives you a chance to air that French pronunciation that you had to stay for after school for last night. So there's some good comes from my impoverished resources; after all, that was the phrase I struck on yesterday."

"Don't Miss Lamb put us through the definitions and pronunciations for all they are worth, though? Father says if this thing keeps up he'll have to buy a new dictionary before the year is out—such wear on it, you know. But, to 'resume the original theme,' what are you going to put in your coop when it is done?"

"That is also Miss Lamb's doing. You see, she knows all about my poultry craze—knows I'm saving up to go into the chicken business, I mean—and yesterday she showed me a chance to begin. The folks where she boards are regular chicken cranks, you know—fine stock, incubators, and all that. Well, yesterday she heard Mrs. Jansen says that she had a hen so determined to set that she couldn't break her up, and that she'd sell her very cheap to get rid of her. So Miss Lamb told her about me, and she offered to sell me the hen and a setting of fifteen eggs—all good stock, too, mind, you—for $1. Don't you call that a lay-out now?"

"Tis, for a fact. And you happened to have the dollar?"

"Yes; I've saved up $1.15, and if I can get the coop done I'm going after school tonight for the hen."

"And I suppose you will buy a bicycle with the proceeds? But that doesn't explain why you are using rusty nails and a stone hammer."

"Why, you see, our hammer is lost, as usual. Some of the children are always getting away with it, and I can't afford to spend my extra 15 cents on nails. That has to go for chicken feed, and I don't know when I'll have a chance to earn any more. So I'm drawing these nails out of the boxes on the kindling pile. They are really mine, you know. I worked for them at Mr. Lake's grocery last vacation."

"Going into business on a strictly cash basis, eh?"

"Yes, sir-ee! That's my ticket, every time."

"Been reading the life of Rockefeller and all those penniless-boy millionaires, I suppose?"

Jim flushed.

"Well, that's the way to begin, anyhow," he said, sturdily, wrenching at a stubborn nail with the cold chisel; "but I do wish they wouldn't always lose the hammer."

"Why don't you wait till it turns up?"

"Too much risk. You must 'make hay while the sun shines,' you know—in other words, set hens while they're in the notion."

"Going into the poultry business with one hen is too slow for me. I'm going to Klondike as soon as school is out, and when I strike it rich in mines you'll be puttering away with an old clucking hen and a half-dozen scrawny chickens."

"All right," responded Jim, cheerily. "It may be slow, but 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"Which, being translated, means 'a hen in the coop is worth two mines in the ground,' I suppose?"

"That's about the size of it. But I say, Sam, before you start for Klondike won't you please hand me that stone lying at your feet—the smooth one that looks like a petrified potato? This loose granite chips off so."

"It does look like a potato—the white elephant variety," said Sam, tossing the stone to Jim.

"Thank you. This will make a fine hammer—so hard and smooth."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! I should say so!" for at the first stroke on the rusty nail head the stone broke in two, one-half falling to the ground and the nail head grazing Jim's hand. As he turned his hand over to examine the scratch the broken surface of the stone caught his eye. He gave a loud whistle.

"Look here, Sam. Stop your laughing and see what is inside your white elephant potato."

With that keen interest in "specimens" which is the natural birthright of every Rocky Mountain boy. Sam stepped eagerly forward.

"Geode?"

"Not much! Nothing so common as that. I never saw anything like it."

"What do you reckon it is?"

Jim shook his head, turning the stone from side to side and letting the sunlight play over its surface and reveal its delicate beauty, for in the heart of the common brown stone lay a circular ribbed hollow lined with mother-of-pearl and in one side of this polished nest was a cluster of crystals.

"It must be the impression of a fossil shell," said Sam, eying it intently.

"Why, yes—of course."

And Jim stooped to pick up the other half of the stone.

"Yes, here it is. Did you ever see anything so perfect? Some spiral thing that seems to go way down into the stone. Just look at the coloring, will you? Rainbow tints, every one! And—see?—here is the hole where that little bunch of crystals was broken out, and the inside of the shell, or animals—whichever it is—is lined with crystals as far down as you can see."

"Jim, you're in luck. You can sell it at the museum, and for a good price, too."

"No, I shall give it to Miss Lamb for her cabinet. I owe her something for her starting me in business."

"I do believe Jim, you'd give away your head if it was not well fastened on your shoulders. But come, there's the first bell and we must hurry."

Miss Lamb's admiration of the fossil was all that he could have desired.

"I cannot tell you what it is," she said, "but I am sure it is something too rare for you to give away. It ought to have a considerable money value. I cannot accept it from you until I have ascertained its worth."

"All right, then," said Jim, winking at Sam. "You can sell it if you wish, and all above $5 that it brings you may give to me for my chicken house."

"It's a bargain," said Miss Lamb, laughing, "and the $5 shall go to the Children's Fresh-Air fund."

The following Saturday Miss Lamb took the specimen to Professor Black, an eminent geologist.

"A turrilite!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Where did you find it?"

Miss Lamb told him the story.

"Well, well, well! Now, I might go on breaking open stones with my geologist's hammer till the end of time and get nothing for my pains, while this unlettered boy, by a chance blow—why, this is really the finest specimen of its kind that I ever saw! Such a perfect fracture—the whole thing so complete! See how perfectly the two pieces fit together—not a fragment gone!"

"There you are. Just a common stone again. You can scarcely see the crack. Why, Miss Lamb, if I had that in my cabinet I would not take $100 for it."

"Will you give that for it?"

"Do you mean to say it is for sale?"

"Yes, the finder is a poor boy and would make excellent use of the money. He is going into the chicken business, and that sum would give him a good start—buildings and all. I tell you, professor, Jim Jones has real pluck and principle."

"I judge so from the novel way in which he was using this rare stone," giving it affectionate, professional little taps.

"Yes, I will give you $100 for it and thank you very much besides."

The professor wrote his check, gave it to Miss Lamb and locked the turrilite in his choicest cabinet.

Of course Jim could hardly believe his good luck, but you may be sure he was quite reconciled to it. By the time his modest chicken house was finished and a dozen glossy black Langshans strutted proudly in their grassy run the old Brahma was off with ten healthy chicks and was given the most comfortable quarters and the choicest food that the yard afforded. Miss Lamb and Sam Simmins were invited on a special Saturday to inspect the new buildings and stock. They both smiled when they saw a neat arch over the gateway upon which was painted:

TURRILITE CHICKEN RANCH,
JAMES CONN,
Proprietor.

"Did you drive these nails with stones?" queried Sam.

"No, indeed," laughed Jim, shaking a new steel-faced hammer perilously near Sam's nose, "but I shall never be sorry that I drove the first ones so."

"Providence helps those who help themselves, you see, Sam," said Miss Lamb.

"Yes," sighed Sam, "Jim struck it rich before I even got started for Klondike, and if I don't get some sort of a move on me he will beat me getting a bicycle yet."

"Struck it rich—that's pretty good, Sam. Yes, it was literally a rich strike, that of the turrilite on the rusty nail."—Chicago Record.

A Personal Equation.

In an Edinburgh school an inspector wishing to test the knowledge of a class in fractions, asked a boy whether he would rather take one-sixth or one-seventh of an orange if he got his choice. The boy promptly replied that he would take one-seventh. At this the inspector explained at length to the class that he who would choose the smaller part, as this boy has done, because it looked the biggest fraction, was very foolish; but the laugh was on the other side when the chirping voice of another little urchin broke in, "Please, sir, but that chap disna like oranges."—San Francisco Wave.

Where Reason Totters.

Husband—What! Another hundred-dollar gown? Didn't I tell you that you must keep within your allowance?

Wife (triumphantly)—You said unless in case of absolute necessity!—Puck.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Cleaning Out Old Apple Trees.

When a tree dies in an orchard, or becomes so old that it is not worth while to keep it longer, it is better to dig it out than to cut it down, leaving a stump that will be in the way for years. Dig each side of the tree so as to uncover as many roots four or five feet from its trunk as possible. Then go to the top of the tree and hitch a chain to one of the stoutest limbs, and have a horse at the other end of the chain to pull. After cutting off as many roots as you can get at, start the horse, and the tree will come over. If in pulling some lower roots will be found that hold the tree it is easy to cut them off with an old, dull axe. The roots of trees are generally more easy to cut than the parts exposed to light and air above ground. Besides, the tree as a lever strains the roots so that it is more easy to cut them. Many a man has plowed, cultivated and mowed around stumps, when, if he had taken out the tree whole, he would have a good piece of ground where the stump was, and it would have cost him comparatively little more labor.

Proper Grinding of Food.

Most dairymen and farmers who feed cattle in any quantity agree that ground food is a decided saving in the cost of rations besides being of great benefit to cows in showing an increase of milk. When grains, and especially corn, are to be ground care should be taken that the work is done by a machine that will crush the feed thoroughly—not cut, but mash it. In this way it is easily digested, while if simply cut the particles are sharp, irritating to the digestive organs and apt to cause scours. Whether the feed be ground fine or coarse is a matter of opinion, although of course the animal will masticate it more or less, and if fine and bolted by the animal it will do no particular harm. As corn is so largely used for feed, particularly when ground food is used, much discussion has been raised as to whether the cob should be ground and fed with the grain. While it is admitted that the cob has no nutritive value, it may be used when bran is not to be had to lighten the heavier grain. The main point is to have all grain food mashed rather than cut in the grinding and have it of the best grade.

A Mistake That Is Made.

Most beginners can easily trace their mistakes with poultry to a desire to breed and raise exhibition fowls, which they can send to the show room. Poultry breeders of years of experience, who have spent both time and money, find it difficult indeed to get even a small per cent. of show birds from a large flock. Still the novice, who does not even know when he has a good fowl, will hazard his time trying to do what others with a knowledge of the subject find so difficult to accomplish. Exhibition birds are truly the life of our pure bred fowls, but if the average beginner will only content himself to try and produce what is termed good breeding stock and leave the show birds to those with more experience, the cry of failure will not be so often heard. The exhibitors of show birds, though, are much to blame for the beginner's failure, because they encourage the belief that what they have done others can easily do. Such is not the case, and the sooner we learn to be content with good, vigorous breeding stock, the better it will be for everyone interested in the business of poultry keeping.—Farm and Home.

Potatoes for Seed.

For years there has been an annual controversy over the question of the superiority of northern grown seed potatoes for planting. The several experiment stations have reported results of tests favorable to both sides of the question. The hard-headed potato specialist makes good his argument in favor of northern grown potatoes for seed in this manner: Undoubtedly the climate of the north is more favorable to the growth of the Irish or white potato than that of the south, and it naturally follows that the tubers intended for seed will not sprout as quickly in the north as in the warmer climate of the south, hence lose none of the vitality necessary to make good top growth. This seems plausible and the same object, retarding the sprouts, may doubtless be accomplished by keeping the tubers in cold storage. This retarding of sprouting is the foundation for the claim that the second crop of potatoes is best for seed purposes, for ripening later in the season they naturally sprout later than the earlier matured tubers under similar conditions of temperature. In the south obtaining the second crop for seed is an easy matter and is well worthy the attention of southern potato growers. In the middle states the second planting is done about the middle of July, the seed being selected from the first crop harvested early in the month and spread out on the barn floor in the sun for ten days or two weeks to be "sun-sprouted." The tubers from this second crop are as good for the following season's planting as seed tubers from the far north.—Atlanta Journal.

Experience in Applying Manures.

During the fall of 1886 I moved quite a lot of manure just as it was taken from the stables. Not caring to pile it so late I put it into the spreader and applied it to the outside of a field—began and encircled the entire field. I had enough to cover a strip eight rods wide around the field. We had an open winter with much rain. Before spring it was apparent that the manure was having a very beneficial effect. By the time I could get on the ground to put the field in a spring crop quite a growth of weeds and grass had sprung up. It was my intention to finish manuring the field in the spring, but a press of farm work and late spring prevented.

There was a most marked showing of the fall manuring. The second season I planted a later crop and in May finished the field. I applied a coating of manure consisting of two loads of well-rotted to one of the fresh. A dry summer followed and I was disappointed in the result of the early summer dressing, but the effect of the fall dressing was very marked, and the crops were much better on that part manured 18 months before. These are cold facts.

My experience quite agrees with that of A. A. Southwick in a recent issue. I have purchased and spread thousands of loads. I plead experience as a justification in differing from Mr. Read. If the commonly accepted theory about manure and manuring be true our waste and refuse matter would pollute the soil. The new light shining for the scientific farmer is proving to be the truth, and answers "What is manure?" "What is humus?" "How does humus perform a part second only to the soil itself in converting manures and fertilizing matter into available plant food?" The new philosophy proves that the soil is only a medium, that the countless numbers of bacteria attack manurial matter in the warmer season in the field and in the manure heap at all seasons, digest it and reconvert it into plant food. It tells how to build up the soils so as to make more plants. More plants mean more animals, more animals mean more gold for the farmer, and more manure to make the soil still richer.—Robert C. Morris in New England Homestead.

Appetizing Rations for Cows.

A variety in the ration makes the feeds more palatable, inducing the cow to eat a greater quantity and yield more milk. Whatever makes the feed taste better or makes it more enjoyable to the cow increases its value for milk production. Early cut hay is best for the dairy cow, not only because it contains more protein than that cut late, but because its aroma and flavor make it more palatable to the cow. The appetizing effect from the early cutting and careful curing of all forage crops increases their feed value for milk production. Freshly harvested and freshly ground grain are the most palatable to the dairy cow and will give best results. Dairymen who grind feed should grind often, as grain that has lost its freshness is not the best relished by the cow.

Often the dairyman has a large quantity of coarse, rather unpalatable, rough fodders, such as corn fodder and overripe or slightly damaged hay, which he must feed, and has only a limited quantity of choice roughness to feed with it. In this case, best results can be secured by giving the more palatable roughness in the morning or with the grain night and morning and feeding the poorer roughage as the last feed at night, to be eaten at the cow's pleasure during the night, or else put in racks in the yard for midday meals. Palatable feed in the morning gives a contented cow through the day, and this contentment brings more milk.

When several kinds of feed are given it is usual to throw them together into the manger and let the cow eat at will. This method does not secure the highest milk yield. [Bulletin 81, Kansas experiment station.] You do not want your soup and pie served together on the same plate, and neither does the cow like this method of serving her food. If all the feedstuffs for a meal are thrown together, the most palatable are eaten first. In separating and eating these, the others are "mussed" over and when the cow comes to eat them, they do not taste good and she will not eat enough to produce the greatest milk yield. We like to feed our most palatable roughness and give this just before the milkers go to their meal. When the milkers come back from eating, the cows have finished their first feed and the less palatable roughness can then be given them. It will not then have been slobbered on, and it will be better relished and more of it eaten. This method of feeding requires time and care, but it pays.

If the cows are given their rough feeds in racks out of doors, it will pay to put feed in these racks often, so that the feed will be clean and appetizing. Mangers, feed troughs and racks should be kept clean and fresh from old, soiled feed, both as a matter of health and because the food in a clean manger smells and tastes better. The dairyman's rule should be to harvest feed in its most palatable form and give it to the cows in the most appetizing manner.—American Agriculturist.

Commodore Sartori and Dewey.

The late Commodore Sartori, says the Philadelphia Record, was a warm friend of Admiral Dewey. Before the great battle of Manila Admiral Dewey wrote a letter to the aged commodore, giving in detail his impression of the task that would be expected of him if war was declared. When the news of the battle was received the commodore, despite his age, romped about the house like a schoolboy, and called upon everybody near to bear witness that he had predicted the total defeat of the Spanish fleet as soon as Dewey made a start. After the battle the victorious admiral wrote another letter to his old friend, telling how it was done. This letter was cherished by the old commodore as his most precious possession, and he never tired of reading it aloud to those who expressed a desire to hear it.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

When Papa's Sick.

When papa's sick, my goodness sakes!
Such awful, awful times it makes;
He speaks in, oh! such lonesome tones,
And gives such ghastly kinds of groans,
And rolls his eyes and holds his head,
And makes ma help him up to bed,
While Sis and Bridget run to heat
Hot water bags to warm his feet;
And I must get the doctor quick—
We have to jump when papa's sick.

When papa's sick ma has to stand
Right side the bed and hold his hand,
While Sis she has to fan an' fan,
For he says he's "a dyin' man,"
And wants the children round him to
Be there when "sufferin' pa gets through;"
He says he wants to say goodbye
And kiss us all and then he'll die;
Then moans and says his "breathin's thick,"
It's awful sad when papa's sick.

When papa's sick he acts that way
Until he hears the doctor say:
"You've only got a cold, you know;
You'll be all right'n a day or so;"
And then—well, say! you ought to see
He's different as he can be,
And growls and swears from noon to night
Just 'cause his dinner ain't cooked right,
And all he does is fuss and kick—
We're all used up when papa's sick.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

To Speak Well, Breathe Well.

It is as important to speak distinctly and forcefully as to walk erect, or to keep one's garments in good order. Many persons who would resent being accused of slovenliness or careless deportment pay no attention to their voices. Yet this form of negligence is as disagreeable as the others in many respects.

Proper speaking depends upon good breathing. Breathe deeply and have plenty of air in your lungs when you speak. Enunciate distinctly and do not hurry in your speaking, and never force the breath out while talking. By an unconscious process the lungs will supply enough air to give the desired kind and volume of sound. When you breathe and make a sound at the same time a harsh tone will be the result, giving you a gruff voice. A little practice and experimental talking after taking a deep breath will convince you that musical pleasing voice tones may be easily produced and they are worth while.

Childhood of Spanish Princesses.

The "Three Little Spanish Princesses" of several centuries ago, of whom Isabel M. McDougall writes in the St. Nicholas, seem to have had a rather tiresome time of it, even if the great Velasquez did paint their portraits. There were almost no fairy-tales or story-books. Spanish princesses did not read much in those days. There were no such things as jolly games, or even informal walks, or spending the day at other girls' houses. Maria Theresa's principal exercise was in those very dances and reverential bendings. Her principal entertainment was in the uncouth antics of court fools and dwarfs. Fools, or jesters, used to be kept at every court to make jokes, and the Spanish court kept more of them than any other—perhaps because it was the gravest. Dwarfs, idiots and deformed persons were also brought there in large numbers. Many of them, according to their portraits, were hideous, and many looked ill-tempered and unhappy, which is hardly to be wondered at in human beings treated like pet monkeys. It seems to us nowadays a strange taste that surrounded children of high rank with such unfortunate creatures.

The Story of Tua.

That amiability is a matter of conditions rather than disposition has been illustrated in a busy office in New York. A most interesting story of an inoffensive little calf has transformed an erstwhile amiable young man into a morbid, sulky, and sometimes absolutely disagreeable companion.

The story came out when the young men of the office at noon one day were swapping stories about the early days of Brooklyn—early days so far as they were concerned. To date one of the incidents mentioned one of the young men turned to the hero of this story and remarked, "That was about the time you thought you had killed Tua." "Tua" is pronounced in two syllables, the oo sound being given to the u.

"Tua!" exclaimed another of the young men, "who was Tua? Tell us about him." So the story of Tua followed.

"Tua, it seems, was a calf still, figuratively tied to the apron strings of his cow mamma, and the hero of the story was a very small boy, but old enough to take the cow and calf out to pasture somewhere on the outskirts of Brooklyn, not far from his home. On the day in which the incident took place the calf was frisking around as calves will, and, being in a more frivolous mood than usual, it did not look to see where it was going, and in attending to its own affairs and at the same time endeavoring to follow the cow mamma it fell over an embankment, and the little cowboy was certain it must have been killed. He knew that meant that he would be punished at home for carelessness, but that did not trouble him half so much as the thought that the dear little calf, of which he was very fond, was dead. Big tears came into his eyes, and he rubbed them away with his grimy fists, sobbing out in the meantime:

"I don't tare for mysef, but, oh, my poor 'itty Tua, Tua, Tua."

Now, this is a very nice little story, and it was most interesting to the young men in the office, and nothing farther would have come of it if some one had not noticed the color rising in the cheeks of the young man who had driven the cows, as this history of his early exploits was told. That meant that there was more fun in the story than had yet come out.

"I don't tare for mysef," began the observer of the hero's embarrassment, mischievously, to try the effect of the words as a stimulant. They were effective. Tua's one-time friend was mad clear through, and now all that is necessary in that office to create excitement is to begin in baby tones, "I don't tare for mysef," or "Oh, my poor 'itty Tua, Tua, Tua."—New York Times.

Some Queer Habits.

The curious little hedgehog of England has a habit, shared by several other animals, of curling up into a ball when attacked and presenting its spines to the enemy, the head and vulnerable portions being perfectly protected. Many animals assume a ball-like shape for various purposes. Bears have been seen to roll up and roll down hill, and squirrels and many others form themselves into balls when going to sleep. A naturalist observed one spring a ball of snakes rolling down a slight declivity—a most uncanny and disagreeable spectacle.

An investigator wishing to force an ant family from its nest, diverted a large stream of water in that direction, at which the ants rushed as rapidly as possible to a common centre and clung to each other with so much vigor that a ball almost as large as a baseball was soon formed, and it floated away down the little stream, a living craft which undoubtedly saved many of the ants.

A naturalist traveling in Van Dieman's Land some years ago saw one night as he came home what he supposed to be a wasp's nest hanging to the branch of a tree. Wishing to secure it he marked the spot, and the next day returned for the supposed nest, when, to his amazement he found that it had disappeared. He related his experience to a friend, a native, who expressed the belief that the supposed wasps' nest was a ball of birds, and this proved the correct solution.

That evening the two men visited the locality mentioned and concealed themselves in the bush near the marked tree. Soon numbers of wood swallows were observed flying about the limb, some alighting and clinging to it like lizards, crawling about in a curious way. Finally they began to collect in a certain spot, and then to cling to each other with heads down, newcomers constantly appearing until finally a ball was formed of living birds, who clung to each other in this way to sleep. A gun fired near the ball caused it to separate at once, apparently dropping into the air as the birds released their hold and flew away.

The wood swallow is a delicate little creature about six inches in length, with long vigorous wings and a forked tail. Its color is a sooty gray, other parts being blue-black and white.

Among the animals of the sea living balls are often found, especially among starfishes, balls of them, closely entwined, having been seen several feet in diameter and weighing fifty or more pounds. The oystermen in some localities have a theory that the starfishes join in balls to accelerate their march upon the oyster beds, and that the ground swell sends them in until they reach the beds, when the ball separates, each starfish seizing an oyster. Be this as it may, balls composed of scores of starfishes have been found on the oyster banks.

In excavating in a pond near Boston some years ago, the workmen found a ball as large as a football, and made up of frogs, clinging closely together, in this way passing the winter in a state of hibernation.—Chicago Record.

Decorated by the Queen.

Army pets whose sterling worth is appreciated by their masters and their masters' cronies are numberless, but dogs who rise to the position of "regimental pets," who become part and parcel of the regiment at home and in action, and who receive official recognition, are comparatively few.

"Bob" was the regimental pet of the Second battalion, Royal Berkshires, and a soldier dog to the backbone. He accompanied his regiment to Afghanistan and went through in the battle of Maiwand one of the most terrific day's fighting that has been known during the past generation.

Man after man was cut down, but Bob would not be denied his share at the fray. He kept on running to the front, barking fiercely at the enemy, until at length a bullet laid him low. The wound was serious enough as it tore nearly all the skin off his back, but he recovered and once again accompanied his old corps into action.

When the regiment returned to England the next year Bob received great honor at the hands of the queen, her majesty not only decorating him with the medal for the campaign, but tying it round his neck with her own hands when the regiment paraded before her at Osborne House.

Like many another warrior, Bob did not live long to enjoy the blessings of peace. In a little more than a year he was run over and killed in the Isle of Wight.

Not What He Wanted.

To their credit be it said the Manx people are so courteous that, no matter at what time of the day or night a stranger might arrive, he is welcomed with open arms.

A tale is told that early one morning a dance was in progress on the pier at Douglass when a shipwrecked sailor, who had been drifting about on a spar, and had very fortunately "landed" on the girders below, crawled up the steps.

A "master of the ceremonies" came forward, smiled, bowed and said:

"Exceedingly pleased to see you, sir. Can I find you a partner.—London Answers.