O little Land of Used-to-be, Your roses were so red!
Four skies were azure seas
Where ships went sailing overhead,
A land of laughter and of song. here bees' contented croon

Rept time with swaying poppy blooms.
Through Summer afterrooms. We seek the pathway to that land, But seek it all in vain, Bometimes the rain seems like a hand That taps upon the pane And lulls us softly into sleep

Blent with a revery Wherein our glad hearts find and keep The Land of Used-to-be.

O, little Land of Used-to-be,
So far, and fair, and faint,
Whence mellow songs come numering
In accents old and quaint!
Your trees were all so broad and high
And prodigal of shade
Wherein the scattered sunshine
In mosaics leaped and played.

Ofttimes we look to where it lies—
For this we know full well:
Its distant glamour never dies;
We never lose the spell.
Ah, would that we might rise and go
Down paths of memory
And find the land we used to know,
The Land of Used-to-be.

O, little Land of Used-to-be, What treasures do you hide! The singing streams that remped And ran through meadows green and wide;
The birds, whose songs, it seemed to us,
Were echoes of our glee—
Why is it we can never find
The Land of Used-to-be? -Chicago Tribune.

him by an assassin at the time of the Chino-Japanese war.

"This leg gave its wearer great satisfaction, and subsequently we sold to him duplicates of it: the first and last we have sold to various purchasers in Japan, as I said, about fifty artificial limbs altogether, but now the demand for them has wholly ceased, for the Japanese are now making their own.

"We print a catalogue, which is really a book of several hundred pages, and which contains, besides a catalogue of our productions, a treatise on artificial limbs and their uses and information concerning them. It is illustrated with cuts of artificial limbs and of various other appliances which we produce. We send these catalogues

"Some time age we received from Japan a reprint of our catalogue, done in Japanese, put out there by a Japanese manufacturer of artificial limbs. He sent a number of copies of this book and offered to send us more if we desired them."

This Japanese reprint of the American catalogue is, like the original, a book of some hundreds of pages, and it is bound in boards. It is printed on thin Japanese paper, and in Japanese characters.

er of the American concern whose cat-

"In fact," said the New York manufacturer, they gave us in the book the very fullest credit in every way, but at the same time they wrote us that they considered the making of artificial limbs a humane enterprise, and that if they required further information concerning the making of them it might be that they would write to us for it. And if they do, I dare say that

"For their example in reprinting our catalogue is one not likely to be followed, and the Japanese trade is lost to us, anyway, American artificial limbs are the best that are made in the world anywhere. In lightness, ymbolizing appreciation. The poor in the ingenuity of their construction transer, overcome with emotion, fair- and in adaptability to their uses they excel all others, just as, in their respective ways, do so many other American inventions in the construction of

"But now, with artificial limbs made about three seconds the lid was back by patriotic propie, and however good on the pot and the despised trimmer ours may he, and whether their own true" that never have cargo broaching. was going below, very rapidly, with may be good or bad, the Japanese regalley ranging, and other like crimes a soup can in one hand and 20 pounds quiring an artificial limb will buy one

only of Japanese make "But this does not apply everywhere. companionway, by wonderful luck, un- There are other patriotic peoples who observed, when the two sallors' peg- patronize their own, as, for example, the Germans. And in other countries they may, so to speak, dissect our limbs, take them apart to discover and "grab the pot and cut." With the lid reproduce their excellences, but they stni on they took pot and all and sped | are not likely to go to the extent of the Japanese. And, after all, ours re-

body has need for an artificial limb, he sends for it to where he can get the best, and so he is likely to send to the United States; or, If he was of European birth or descent, and so with natural inclinations in that direction, it might be that he would send to France. So we get orders from everywhere, only yesterday, for example, we received an order for an artificial leg from an interior city of British India. And, with these sales added to the business done in our own country, we have all the business we can convenheard a cry on deck: "Aye! me 'am, liently do, and so, when we take into account all the circumstances, we are

> "You spoke of the Japanese nobleman subsequently ordering additional limbs-duplicates. Do people that have occasion to wear an artificial limb

"Some men have a dozen, and it would not be remarkable for a man to have two or three or half a dozen legs. The stump of the natural leg is liable trimmers." But he never did .- New quiring a corresponding readjustment of the artificial leg to insure perfect comfort in the wearing of it. So a man would be likely to have two artificial legs, the second one to be worn when the first was undergoing refitting

or repairs.

iginal was, and a man keeps a duplicate so as to be provided against such a mishan or against sany other.

"Men do about artificial limbs just as they do about any other artificial alds. One man wearing spectacles, for instance, may have but a single pair, and he may wear them a long time, until they wear out, regardless of any change in his eyes; while another man may provide himself at the outset with one or more duplicate pairs for emergencies, and he gets new spectacle whenever his eyes seem to require them, and so he accumulates speciacles; and it is just so with artificial limber.

Oh, the Owl and the Lark Oh, the Civil and the Larg.
Went a satisfing after dars.
And they boated and they floated down
the river to the sea:
On their mandolins they played,
And such merry music made "But with all these demands coming to us from one source and another and due to one and another cause, we do And such merry music made
That the donkey in the distance fairly
laughed aloud in glee. not look for any increased demand due to the Russo-Japanese war."-New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The tide was obbing fast,
And the boat went criting past:
The donkey gave a whistle as he
manched a thistle bloom,
And he said, "It's my belier,
They will surely come to grief,
And the motion of the ocean will precipitate their doom." The Chinese have twice sacked Mos sow, once in 1237, and again in 1293.

Do thos

Brine springs flow under the town of Norwich, England. They have been there for centuries, and were used for the production of sait long before the Christian era.

There are very few paupers in Japan, because old age is revered there. No parents or children come to want there unless all their natural protectors are dead or disabled.

Norway's coast line-seventeen hundred miles in a straight line-becomes twelve thousand miles if followed round the fjords. In these fjords are over 150,000 islands.

A. B. Saunders of Sunset, Me., raised the prize carrot of Hancock county, if nct of the state. Its length over all was 46 inches, circumference 14 inches, weight three pounds seven ounces.

John Monroe of Rock Point, Vt., shot a bird recently that is undoubtedly a species of cormorant or sea crow, a bird rarely seen in inland waters, generally being found in the larger lakes. The bird was nearly black. It meas ured five feet and six inches from tip to tip, and 37 inches from head to tail, and weighed 10 pounds.

Hundreds of pounds of honey have been discovered in the great equestrian statute of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Richmond. Va. Both the horse and rider are hollow, and it appears that ever since last summer becs have been go ing in and out at the parted lips and nostrils of General Lee and his steed. The bees are almost numberless, and they have been making honey constantly. There is no way of getting inside the statue without damaging it, and the bees will be left alone in their iron home.

A species of acacla which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Soudan is called the "whistling tree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently distorted in shape by the agency of larvae of insects and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has so enchanting a sight. emerged from a circular hole in the side of the swelling, the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument suggestive of a sweet-toned flute. The whistling tree is also found in the West Indies.

Dr. Forel, a well known American neurologist, who has devoted much time to the study of the nervous sys tems and the sensations of ants and tirely out in the cold. bees, concludes that the vision of insects is in "mosnie," that is, as if it were made up of bits separated by dolls-she did not see how she ever dark lines, the lines corresponding to could have thought them stupid, for the edges of the facets of the insect's they really were the leveliest The image is usually not sharp, though when the number of facets is sure, would she ever have anything considerable (twelve thousand to half so dear, seventsen thousand), the definition is good. It is his conclusion that insects have more than instinct—they have a soul, so to say; and at any rate, a mind capable of forming judgments, of choosing. Bees have, for example, an astonishing memory for localities. Instinct and automatism are far from constituting all their mental life.

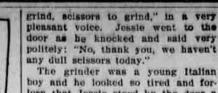
Love and Royalty.

The proposals of royal personages are generally far more commonplace than those of ordinary people, though there is often more love behind them than one would suspect from an arrangement which is really a matter of statecraft. The proposal of the Czar is a case in point. While he was still Czarvitch, he met and fell in love with Princess Alix of Hesse, who was staying at York cottage. His proposal was made in correct form. "My father, the Czar," said he "desires me to offer you my hand and heart," "My grandmother, the Queen, has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand," said the princess, but, she added, "and your heart I take of my own accord.

It was a love match, and in spite of the trials and troubles that have befallen them, it is a thoroughly happy marriage.-Chicago News.

In Exchange for One Apple Tree.

What a gift it was to this country when old England gave us the apple tree, brought over as it was by the governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1629. From that one tree we have become the greatest apple growing nation in the world. Our yearly production exceeds 190,000,000 barrels, and sighing as she did so, for it was and Colonel Matthews, he who keeps an account of all that Maine produces, says that our own state sent over to the old world last year 500,000 barrels ing vacation the way the other girls -a liberal return for the tree brought do. here in 1629 by Governor Winthrop .-



The grinder was a young Italian boy and he looked so tired and forlorn that Jessie stood by the door a moment, and looked at him pityingly. "Are you thirsty?" she asked, pleas antly. "It's such a hot day, pernaps you would like a glass of ice water."

"Tanka," said the boy, showing his white teeth as Jessie handed it to him. "Vera sorra you got no scissor to grind," continued he. "Not one pair dis week. Verra discouraged," and he picked up his machine and started down the steps.

"Poor thing," thought the little girl to herself. "I'm awfully sorry for him. I'd give him the money in a moment if I had it." Then the thought flashed over her that she did have it-a nice new 10-cent piece up in her top bureau drawer that Uncle Frank had given her only the day before. "Oh, dear, I simply can't give that up. It's all I have." Then as she The boat it sped slong,
And so merry was their song
That the moon very soon wondered
what the noise could be;
Peeping over the horizon,
She exclaimed, "Well, that's surprisin! caught a glimpse of the poor, down hearted Italian boy walking slowly down the walk, all her sympathy was aroused and her decision was made.

"Boy," she called out, "come back a moment. I have a pair after all, and charitable little Jessie ran up stairs and came down with her mother's shears and her one and only 10cent piece.

Then the boat gave a lurch, The Lark wabbled on her perch; she was handlin her mundolin, when The boy had come back, his face overboard it went.
But the Owi said, "Now, my dear,
I will get it, never fear!"
In will get it, never fear!"
In will said, "Now, my dear,
I will said, "Now, my dear,"
I will said, "Now, my dear,"
I will said, "Now, my dear,"
I was all smiles as he set to work, and in a few moments the shears were beautifully sharpened.

"Good-by," he called, as he started down the walk the second time. "You verra kind lady."

But alas! the boat upset In the watery waves so wet, And both the quaking, shaking birds were dumped into the deep; The Owi was washed aground, But the little Lark was drowned, "Good-by," answered Jessie, and she wnet back to her dishes.

About two months after this, every fence in the village announced the fact by flaring posters that the circus was coming to town. This instantly created wild excitement among all the children. Everybody but poor Jessie In the fairy days there was a lovely semed to be going, and so she tried girl with a face of purest white, save not to see the enchanting billboards, where the roses dyed her cheeks and and pretended that lions and tigers lips, eyes of velvet brown and hair weren't a bit interesting to her. Moth like vellow soon ellir She had a heautiful home, 50 dells and many toys, er had said from the first that it would be impossible for her to spare the necessary quarter for admission for she exclaimed, fretfully, one day, "I little Harry needed shoes, and baby Josle's hat was worn out. But mother promised that next time it came they The 50 dolls looked at her reproachshould all go, so Jessie was trying to fully, but she pushed them from her, look forward to that, and not think of and lay so still pouting and longing what she was missing. It was hard that soon the white lids drooped over work, though, and the prospect of the brown eyes and Elsa knew no pleasure a year ahead was not much After a while she heard a humming

And then finally the circus or ne! and a murmuring, something between the drowsy buzz of insects and the There was no reason for Jessie's missing the parade, anyway; so seizing litrippling of a stream over a rock bed. tle Harry's hand she started for the village, and stood in open-mouthed wonder what it is," said Elsa, sitting wonder as the charlots and clowns and To her surprise her 50 dolls were elephants marched grandly and majestically along. And the horses! Jesting about were creatures that bore sie had never seen such btautiful a resemblance to them, although they creatures in all her life. 'Oh. dear! were a thousand fold more beautiful, oh, dear! just to think I can't see them and each had gauzy wings. It was the perform at all!" she almost sobbed.

fluttering of these wings that had Suddenly the procession stopped, A awakened Elsa. She was very glad freight train was slowly pulling into to be awake, for never had she seen the station, and the gates went down and prevented anything passing. This "Oh, oh, now I have someone worth pleased Jessie Immensely, for she had playing with!" she exclaimed, and she all the more time to look at the woncalled the dolls endearingly by name. derful creatures before her. And whom They paid no attention to her, howdo you think she saw standing diever, but continued to amuse themrectly in front of her, leading a tiny selves. Now and then a silvery laugh pet poodle? The little Italian scissors would ring out, but what the merriment was about Elsa could not make out. Her dolls, which she had treated

"Why, there's my seissors grinder," eried Jessie aloud.

At the sound of her voice the boy turned and instantly recognized his small friend. "Hullo!" he called, and then stepped over to where she stood. a player has reached first base, stelen "I never forgot you. Do you go circus, bases, sacrifice hits, put-out, assists to-day?"

No, said Jessie mournfully, "we are Just watching the parade," "Nice to see show," said the boy Better come, I join a month ago.

Have good luck ever since. Seissor siness no good."

"That's nice;" said Jessie. "I wish I could come, but we e-can't afford it," she ended, turning red.

The boy smiled broadly, "I give bar your kindness, lady," he said. "You and little boy come to circus, ask for Tony; and I come let you in free." Just then with an extra blast of trumpets, the parade started, and Jessie had only time to gasp out "thank you" before he was gone.

It seemed just too good to be true. To think, mother, I am really going to the circus after all, and Harry, too!

Oh, I can't believe it, I can't believe it But it was true, and that afternoon, Jessie and Harry presented themsel ves at the wonderful circus tent, and falteringly asked for Tony. In about two minutes he came out, and escorted the two happiest children in town to their seats right in front of the middle ring. I never could pretend to tell you all the things they saw, for it would be impossible, but oh! they had such a good time.

"And just to think," said Jessie that night at tea, as they both were trying to describe the performance at the fairy and her dolls were just as plain same time, "if I hadn't been nice to dolls as they had always been, but she er, we would never have seen the a monastery. things in the world and I am going to circus at all."

Stanley's Legacies.

Sir H. M. Stanley left behind him, according to the British Weekly, not only an immense amount of material concerning himself, in the form of diaries and letters, but also documents of immense historical impor tance, which could not properly be published during the lives of the persons most concerned in them. His publishers are said to be in communication with a well-known English man of letters, with a view to a blography. but probably much of the matter canalong the street called "Scissors to not yet be given to the public.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He that is down need fear no fall,-Bunyan. Strong reasons make strong actions,

Shakespeare. Pity is best taught by fellowship in

woe.-Coleridge.

A beautiful face is a silent commendation.-Bacon.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's Word.-Fuller.

A man's best friends are his 10 fingers .- Robert Collyer.

The men who make history have not time to write it.-Metternich.

When the heart is won, the understanding is easily convinced.-C. Simmons.

Let us learn upon earth those things which can prepare us for heaven.-Jerome

He who can ecnceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs,-Lavater.

The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.-H. W. Beecher.

The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom; to serve all, but love only one.-Balzac.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.-Jeremy Taylor.

If we had no failings ourselves we should not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.-Rochefoucauld.

A solemn and religious regard to spiritual and eternal things is an indispensable element of all true greatness.-Daniel Webster.

IN THE PRESS BOX.

Where Professional Scorers and Reporters Keep Track of Our National Game.

At the grounds where the professional clubs play baseball, you may have noticed a small boxlike structure perched on the roof of the grand stand. Its position directly back of home plate and on a line with the pitcher is the best possible for a view of the game, and if you are lucky enough to be invited up by some of those who have a right there, you will be surprised to find how much better you can watch what is going on than from a seat nearer the ground.

This little house with the wire netting over the front to guard against foul files is called the press or scorers' box. The young men who sit. there have need of every facility for observing the game, because afterward they must present an absolutely accurate record of it. If the contesting nines belong to an important league and play in a large city there will be an official scorer for each club, besides reporters from each of ne daily newspapers. The scorers have to record every move of the game and, when it is over, present to the managers of their clubs a complete set of figures, from which everybody who understands the sport can tell exactly what each player has done-how well or how poorly he has played.

Watch a scorer at work. Before him is an open book with the names of one club written down the left-hand side of one page and those of the opposing team inscribed on the page opposite. After each name is a line of checker board sources, curiously marked off, and at the end of these on the right of each page are several p.rpendicular columns headed A B, R, 1 B, S B, S H, P O, A and E for the summary. These stand for, respectively times at but, runs, the times and errors. The symbols used by professional scorers are comparatively few and easy to remember, and any one familiar with the game ought to be able to use them after half an hour's study followed by a little practice.-From Allan P. Ames's "How to Keep a Basepall Score" in St. Nich-

Makaroff's Culture.

Admiral Makaroff was something more than the typical cultured Russian, says the Westminster Gazette. One might talk with him almost without suspecting that he was a foreigner, so easy was his command of English. His longest stay of late years in England was during the building of the ice-breaker Yermak, which he designed and which he saw constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne, giving personal sugrintendence to every detail. miral Makaroff was an enthusiast in regard to that versel. He believed that she was the forerunner of a type by means of which the secrets of the Frozen North will ultimately be given. to the world, and he talked with light dancing in his eyes of what the icebreaker might ultimately be expected to achieve.

The Spice of Life.

A white Russian priest must be married, but he cannot marry a second that poor little Italian scissors grind- time. If his wife died he must enter Honce, says a writer in the World's Work, the Russians tell many stories of the extraordinary means to which the priests resort in guarding the health of their wives. If the priest's consodt success, a 'mild panic ensues in the household

No Fear.

Borroughs-I'm afraid I've got heart

Lenders-Oh, you needn't be afraid that you'll ever die suddenly. Borroughs-Think not?

Lenders-No, you'll pay the debt of nature slowly, just as you pay all your other debts.-Philadelphia Public Led-

WHO STOLE THE CAPTAIN'S HAM?

A Mystery of the Briny Deep Which is Still Unsolved.

By E. H. G055E.

ેમાં મામાં મામાં છે. છે. મામાં મામાં મામાં મામાં છે. છે. છે. છે. છે. મામાં મામાં મામાં મામાં મામાં મામાં મામાં

It was perhaps from some dim, in- | small body, and he was out of place stinctive appreciation of the futility of in a manoeuvre of this kind; it was reckless competition, more likely from obviously a situation where "two are a mutual respect for one another's company and three a crowd." The best fighting powers, that stealing from the he could expect was to be regarded as galley was so finely systematized by the a neutral spectator and not pounded stokers and sailers of the Scotch by the robbers for being in the way Prince, cargo and cattle steamer of nor blamed, on the other hand, fail-Liverpool.

A great hulking, dirty, rolling carrier of the ocean, with a long, hatchtwenty-odd seamen and as many stokers, to say nothing of their underwere a humble set, cursed a great deal, and tolerated as a sort of necessary evil by the better elements of the "black gang." They had no recognized fruits of "galley ranging." It was conto steal for themselves, and shocking impudence to ask for a share of what was stolen by others; so they generally had to be content with their bare "whack," so neatly and accurately set forth by the pound of this, the halfpound of that, and the cunce of the up in each forecastle.

Now the "British Steamship Rules" are a very prudent and admirable institution. In the olden days a crew might be overfed or underfed, or both, alternately, according to the length of the voyage and the eccentricities of the skipper. But during the last generation great minds were exercised over this evil, and the result is the neat poster referred to above, which removes from the sailor's mind all uncertainty and speculation so far as food is concerned, and provides that instead of the extremes and sudden transitions which fermerly obtained, a gentle, as curate semi-scarvation shall be main tained without interruption; that in stead of the violent accery of passing from plenty to famine, and sometimes from famine back to plenty again, tha these who so down to the sen in ships have a legal right to be underfed resu larly and to pine sweetly away into an

early and anaemic grave. Sailers are an ignorant lot; they never appreciate what is done for them. "tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis flourished before as they do today in most ungrateful spite of the benign

ration system. The trimmers of the Scotch Prince thought they fared badly. To be sure they had "salt horse" and potatoes once a day, to say nothing of delicious "burgoo," and no less than two ounces of petrified hard tack every morning and evening. It was the bounty that spoiled them. At least the steward said so. And they would have stolen actually have taken food that didn't belong to them, had a chance offered. But the firemen and sailors had just such victous propensities themselves,

chances. The firemen and sailors, as we have remarked before, managed things in a very business-like way. On the Scotch Prince, as on the majority of transatlantic freighters, the different messes of the crew were served by "peggles" -that is, going in rotation, the men of each mess took turns in bringing the food from the galley to their respective quarters. They usually worked in pairs, one man carrying the soup or

and they kept a jealous eye on all

coffee can, the other the meat or bread. The cookrooms were in an alley in the deckhouse, the ovens and soup kettles in one room, and the breadroom just diagonally across. The sailors' peggies and the firemen's peggies would naturally reach the galley about the same time; one set would go in for the bread while another were getting their soup and meat, and then, taking it turn and turn about, and not often enough to be too palpable, the emen's peggles in the breadroom, for instance, would set up a cry that they could not find tue hardtack, and while the cook came to unearth it, the sallpeggies in the opposite room ald stuff their waists and caps with olled carrots, spinach, slices of steak, and other delicacies of the officers' Vice-versa, the sailors' peggles engage the cook's attention pergy, only one; as they were a the official stamp.

ing to prove an alibi for other people's

thefts. The trimmers took their hardship dotted sweep of deck fore and aft, very much to heart, but there was no steam winches innumerable, and sixteen boilers, she carried a matter of tary peggy happened to be he was outnumbered by the enemy and helpless. In addition to a superior force the studies, the trimmers. These trimmers strokers and sailors were either gifted with a sort of second sight, or had some mysterious channel of information with the galley, possibly through a terrorized mess boy, that enabled right to participate in the perils or the them to prognosticate pretty accurately what was being cooked there on any sidered a sort of poaching for them particular day and where it could be found. The trimmers had no private wire; the only hints they ever re-

ceived they gathered, second hand, from the gossip of the fireroom. One noontime, when the trimmers peggy reached the galley he found the stokers' peggies there ahead of him other per diem on the printed sheet of and the representatives of the fore-"British Steamship Rules," duly pasted | castle in the breadroom. He was conscious of a sort of electrical excitement in the air without seeing anything at first glance to warrant it. He had just filled his soup bucket and was waiting for his pan of meat when

the cook went off to get his pipe. The stokers' peggies stood for an instant looking at the cook's retreating figure with the rapt gaze of devotees at the psychic moment of a miracle, They recovered presence of mind and tilted off the lid of a pot on the galley range. Within, just rising and failing with the ebullitions of the water, was a lucious, fragrant, Yorkshire ham. stokers' possion placed their hands a their stomachs and struck guitudes

drooted at the sight. ignoring him, the stokers agreed to in quickly around, in contrary direcsure no officers were in sight between

ham in the other He had just about gotten down the gies came cautiously out of the breadroom. "Give us 'alf, would they! Ya! The mischief they would," said one;

for the forecastle. A moment later stokers' peggy No. 1 got back, and missed the pot. Just then stokers' neggy No. 2 appeared. "Ye think ye're cute stealin' the 'am

while I'm running like mad around the ship, don't ye?" "Don't try to get out of it that way, w'ere's the 'am?'

You stole it?" "Ditto!"

In sparring for an opening they urned and saw the chief steward standing at the door listening to their dialogue.

Half an hour later, two stokers sitig in irons under the main hatch me 'am; catch 'im!" There was a commotion overhead. Where two ...ad | not disturbed by the reproduction of been sitting in irons there were presently three. A sailor, with a faraway, surrowful look on his face, had been caught sneaking up the forecastle companionway with an empty pot. He was captured in the act of throwing it over-

beard. "Too many clues to this mystery." said the first officer. "First the stokers stole it, now it seems the sailors stole it; next we'll get evidence against the York Evening Post.

A Character Book.

To prevent the manufacture of bogus recommendations of servants in Germany every servant is obliged to seep a character book, in which necessary entries of dates and character descriptions are made by the mistress or master. stokers' peggy absconded with take the book to the nearest police stadding. The trimmers, also, had tion and have her record dated with

A WAY THE JAPS HAVE

SHOWN IN THE MATTER OF MAK-ING ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. Why American Manufacturers Are Not Likely to Profit by the Russo-Japanese War-American Artificial

Limbs Still the Best in the World. "Will the Russo-Japanese war cause any increase in the demand for American artificial limbs?" was asked of a New York maker of such appliances. "Not a bit," was the reply, "or not in Japan, anyway, Whatever artificial

limbs the Japanese may require they will buy of their own makers. "We have sold some artificial limbs in Japan," the New York manufacturer continued; "I guess about fifty altogether. The first one we ever sold there was supplied to a Japanese nobleman, who was also of high rank as state official, and who lost a leg by the explosion of a bomb thrown at

all over the world.

In this Japanese reprint many of the drawings of the original are also reproduced, the work on these, however, not being so well done as it might be. But the book contains, bound into it, a number of leaves of plate paper, on which are printed half tone portraits. these including pictures of some Jap anese wearers of artificial limbs, and including also a portrait of the found-

alogue is thus reprinted.

we shall send it to them.

ions, to the starboard alley to make which ingensity and skill are involved. the galley and the stokehole fiddler, in their own country, the Japanese will They departed on the double-quick. In buy no other. For they are an intense-

main the best, and we will sell them

all over the world. "In many far countries, when any-

our entalogue in Japan.

commonly own more than one?" to change more or less with time, re

"And some men have a number of legs, as they would have a number of suits of clothes and wear them as they The servant must then | would the clothes at different times. And an artificial leg is liable to mishap, just as a natural leg is; it may be run over, just as, perhaps, the or- Bangor Commercial, The Owl and the Lark.

hose strangers know the dangers of this shiny, briny sea!"

Which caused the Owl to yowl and howl, and moved the moon to weep.

Elsa's Doll.

"Dolls are stupid, dumb things."

want real, live fairies to play with."

but she was not content.

more of the things of earth.

It was very pleasant to hear.

not where she had left them, but flit-

so contemptuously now left her en-

Elsa sighed. Then she cried. She

"Why do you shed tears?" an old

"I abused my dolls and neglected

them, and now they have become

fairles and have turned their backs

upon me, and I have no one to play

"Would you like to be a fairy, too?"

"Oh, more than anything else, but

"Well, let's sec. Now, shut your

The old women shook a silver ball

"Open your eyes," commanded the

over Elsa's head and a golden powder

old woman, and Elsa did so, at the

same time realizing that she was

floating through the pir and that she

shimmered just like the doll fairies.

the words came out in a little song.

the immediately started in pursuit of

the other fairles, and when she over-

took them they gave her a cordial

greeting. They frollicked together in

mad joy, and Elsa was the happiest

After a while it thundered and El-

sa started in fright. She was not a

hugged and kissed them all around.

and exclaimed: "You are the sweetest

wouldn't change you for all the fairles

that ever lived in fairyland."-Bar-

Scissors to Grind?

Jessie stood over the kitchen sink

"Oh, dear," she grumbled, "I just

wish I had all my time to myself dur-

Dishes are fearfully tiresome!'

Just then a scissors grinder coming

busily washing the breakfast dishes

bara Rowe, in Mirror and Farmer.

play with you as long as I live.

"I am a fairy," she tried to say, but

Never, never, Elsa was

could not help it. She had lost her

up.

ever seen.

woman asked her.

never can be."

fell all over her.

fairy of them all.

monotonous work.

eves.

-Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas,