TO EACH HIS OWN.

have faith that in the beginning, When life was given us all, it was planned that sooner or later our hearts would answer the call, That prescient voice of the spirit, Which, spite of sea or zone, Sometime, across the silence, Brings to us each our own. elen Field Fischer, in the Christian Register.



Ma-kwat-ko was a little Indian girl. She lived a long way off from New York. Her home was in a tiny, tiny hut, called a "shack." The shack was one of about nineteen that made up a "ranchery." And the ranchery stood at the foot of a noble mountain, on a narrow ledge of land, fronting a wide river.

Perhaps you think that this sounds pretty? Well, it looked pretty, too. But Ma-kwat-ko found it very lonesome. She had no one to play with, for most of the children of her age were at a mission school not far away. There were bigger girls, who wove Indian baskets-the funny long baskets in which Indian women keep their babies. No doubt you have pictures of Indian mammas. seen with their pappooses slung on their backs. Ma-kwat-ko could weave, too. But still she was lonely, for the big girls did not talk much, and to her never at all.

But one day Ma-kwat-ko had an adventure. She never told any one about it. She kept it all to herself. But it was a most wonderful adventure.

It began in this way: Toosha and Hist-ko were talking as their busy fingers wove. Said Toosha:

"To-night I go up the mountain, to the Shining Waters.'

'Why go you?" asked Hist-ko.

Toosha laughed. "'Tis the full was never so York Tribune. see, maybe, a face in the waters." Then Hist-ko laughed too.

Ma-kwat-ko quite understood. If, in the full of the moon you went up the steep trail and by midnight stood by the shining waters you would, see the face of the man whose squaw you were to be.

But suddenly there flashed into her mind that you might see other things. She did not want to see the face of a man. She did not want to cook and sweep for any man, but, being a little girl, she might see the face of her next playmate. She had been so lonely since the last one went to the mission school!

So that night, when the two bigger girls, their shawls well round their dark heads, crept up the trail (father and mother sleeping and knowing not), Ma-kwat-ko followed them at a safe distance. The night was fresh and cool, as nights always are among the mountains, and she even shiv-ered a little once or twice. The stars shone like eyes in the dark sky and the moon was brilliant.

On they went, on and up, over the striking into a little path at its side. Here, on dry moss and fallen twigs, they traveled, Ma-kwat-ko after them, till they came to the wide sil-

found herself on the well known traff that led to her cabin. Like a mouse she crept into her corner of the bed on which her mother slept. Shivering, she pulled the rough quilts, bought at a mission house sale, round her and was soon asleep. The next day Toosha and Hist-ko

declared that the Shining Waters no more showed to maidens the face of the husband to be. But Ma-kwat-ko held her tongue. She knew the Shining Waters did show a face sometimes -they had shown a face to her. She had seen one in the waters!

When the autumn came and turned the green leaves to crimson and brown and gold Ma-kwat-ko, too, went to the mission school. But still she was lonely. When she spoke to the other girls about the thoughts that came to her they only stared at her or said something that showed they did not understand. Often she thought of the face in the Shining Waters, and said to herself: "She would know what I mean."

Although no one cared to have Ma-kwat-ko talk, she began to find a great deal of happiness in writing her thoughts. After a time people began to say how wonderful it was that a poor Indian girl should think of such beautiful things, and she received money for writing them. And yet no one understood altogether, and she still remembered the face in the waters.

When Ma-kwat-ko had quite grown up she was known as the "Indian poetess," and one day a rich woman in a great city gave a reception for her. Among all the guests there were none whom she thought she would like to talk to until there came in a woman who was tall and fair and more beautiful than any of the others.

"I have always loved your people," she said to Ma-kwat-ko. "Once. when I was a little girl, I made my father take me to the top of a mountain at midnight to see an Indian wishing well."

"Oh, I saw you there in the water," said Ma-kwat-ko, "and I have longed for you ever since."

So at last Ma-kwat-ko found the playmate she had wished for, and she was never so lonely again. - New

THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Many Ways in Which This Strange **Tropical Plant is Utilized.**

The breadfruit tree is a native of Southern Asia, the West Indies, the South Pacific Islands and the Indian archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of forty or fifty feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the breadfruit grows. It is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick yellow rind. The eatable part lies between the rind and the core and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. The fruit is better before it is fully matured, and the natives gather It while the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like wheat bread and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is well beaten trail. Then they left it, cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred breadfruits may be ver pool formed in the hollow of a baked at one time. Thus they are all great rock and fed by unseen streams supplied with bread without its cost--the pool known to the Indians as ing any of them much labor. Pre-

HOGS AS WATCHDOGS.

is in common use by ranchmen to all persons with whom they have throughout this section as a watch-been raised. Dr. Joseph Wooten, a dog, writes a correspondent of the Washington Post from Cotulia, Texas. They are far superior to the ordinary dog for that purpose, and are easily domesticated if taken when young.

The javeline of the Southwest has few characteristics of the domestic haunts and has raised them domesti-hog beyond the appearance. In point | cated at his home. Two javeline pigs of fearlessness and courage it surpasses any other animal that roams the chapparal of the Southwest. It is one of the few wild animals that does not hesitate to attack man. It is feared by every deer hunter who visits this region. Innumerable instances are known of hunters having been forced to seek refuge in trees to escape javelines. President Roose-velt, when Police Commissioner of New York, made a trip all the way to Texas to hunt javelines, and spent two days on a ranch near Uvalde.

When taken as pigs and domesticated the javelines can easily be trained to do almost any trick that can be taught to the most intelligent dog. They are quick to learn to know the members of the family, and no strange human being or animal is permitted to enter the house or yard of a home where a pet javeline is on guard. They have a bark which is somewhat similar to that of a dog, and when danger approaches they set up their peculiar cry.

A javeline has been kept at the ranch home of Howard Buntin, thirty miles west of Cotulia, for several years. This animal has a free run of the place, including the house. The animals are clean in their nature, and are not offensive around the house. One day recently Mr. Buntin had a guest to dinner. The javeline was not around when the stranger entered the house. The meal was in progress when the javeline came across the boots of the stranger. Without any preliminary ceremony the animal made an attack upon the feet and legs of the stranger. The boots were torn to pieces and the man severely injured by the tusks of the beast before it could be driven off.

It is the usual custom, on account of the viciousnessness of the javelines, to knock out their tusks when they are domesticated. Until this is done they are likely to inflict serious injuries

Seth Moore lost twelve fine hunting dogs at the hands of one of these javeline "watchdogs" not long ago in a few minutes. Mr. Moore had been out hunting and had all of his pack of dogs with him. At noon he rode up to the ranch house of a man employed on the Richardson place to get something to eat. The house was guarded by a javeline, and the animal would not let Mr. Moore enter the gate. In a thoughtless moment Mr. Moore set his dogs upon the animal. The fight that followed was the bloodfest affair he ever witnessed, Mr. Moore says. The javeline welcomed the onslaught of the twelve As fast as one of them got dogs. within striking distance the javeline's tusk would rip the assailant wide open

The skin of the javeline is very thick and it is impossible for the teeth of a dog to penetrate it. Its only vulnerable part is its cars and the tip of its shout. Its long tusks protect it from being caught in those parts by dogs.

The javelines in their wild state are strictly vegetarians, but when do- view of the situation. If everything necessity is the mother of invenmesticated they will eat meat and is found clear the signal is given tion. by the continel and the whole imost anything that is fed to them. They are naturally lithe and muscular and will not take on fat like the ordipary hog, even when abundantly fed:

The javeline, or Mexican wild hog, | section. They are very affectionate physician of Austin, has made a close study of javelines for many years. He save that they are one of the most remarkable and least understood of all the wild animals of the Southwest. He has closely investigated their were raised by him as pets for his two little children. The animals were the companions and pets of his children under all circumstances. The pigs and the family dog were great playmates, but should a strange dog attempt to come upon the premises, the javeline would quickly drive it off.

> Speaking of those pet javelines the other day Dr. Wooten said: "Javelines are endowed with much more intelligence than the average animal. They are far superior to the ordinary hog in that respect. They are cleanly, and when raised as pets about the house they seem to have a great affection for every member of the household. If one of the pigs got out of the back lot at night it would make a beeline for the door, where it would scrape its hoofs against the boards in an effort to attract our attention so that it might be admitted to the house.

"There is one thing peculiar about the javeline. It will never turn tail and run. When you attempt to drive it out of a lot it backs out. I never saw one show a symptom of cowardice.

"The fact is not generally known that the faveline has a musk sac. It is a small bag, situated upon its back. just above its hips. It is filled at all times with a powerful musk fluid, which it is able to eject when it be comes enraged. The scent of this musk is almost overnowering. It is evidently intended as a weapon of defense when pressed to close quarters by some natural enemy. So far as I have been able to learn, however, the javeline has no natural enemy in its native country. It is feared and respected by every other kind of wild animal. It is not unlikely that this musk sac is for some other important purpose, the nature of which I have not yet discovered. It is my opinion that the fact that is possesses this musk sac is sufficient to show that it is an entircly distinct species of animal from the ordinary domestic hog. This musk sac is easily removed, and most of the javelines are operated

upon when taken for the purpose of being domesticated. "The javeline of Southwest Texas is of the same color as the yellow

sandy soil. Javelines weigh, when full grown, from fifty to eighty pounds. They are taller in the fore there. part of their body than in the rear. from the wild hogs of Arizona and in this,

New Mexico by a band of gray hair which extends around their neck The common wild hog does not have last quarter. this neck band."

The javelines in their wild state It is a conjunction. run in droves of twenty to fifty. They always travel in single file and seem to have a recognized leader. When feeding or bedded for sleep or rest. one of the javelines is always on guard. Whenever a drove of the ani- to a steam engine. Mother, because mais is about to cross an open space a loaf of bread is a necessity, and a sentinel is first sent out to take a the steam engine is an invention, and

POVE



solled dolly and kissing her face as lovingly as Genia Marsh could have kissed her brand-new one. By and by she raised her bright and smiling face to the window, and, seeing her mother looking down, called out: "It's all gone, mamma-all gone," -Home Herald.

DO SPIDERS SLEEP?

The question, "Do spiders sleep at night?" is not easy to answer. have made a careful observation of the sleep of ants, and that could readily be done by watching colonies in their artificial formicaries. It is almost impossible to deal with spiders in the same way. I would answer, however, in general terms, that spiders sleep, as all animals do, and doubtless parts of the night are spent in slumber. Many species, however, prey on the night-flying insects, and so must be awake in order to catch their prey. If you will watch the porch or outbuildings of your home on a summer evening you will be likely to see an orb-weaving spider drop slowly down on a single thread in the gathering dusk of the evening. From this beginning a round web will soon be spun, and either banging at the centre thereof, or in a little nest above and at one side is the architect, with forefeet clasping what we call the "trap line," and waiting for some night-flying insect to strike the snare. In this position spiders will sometimes wait for hours, and it is just possible that they may then take a little nap. They might easily, do that and yet not lose their game, for the agitation of the web would rouse the sleeper, and then it would run down the trap line and secure its Some species of spiders do prey. the chief part of their hunting at night, and there are some who chiefly hunt during the day, but as a rule these industrious animals work both day and night .-- From Nature and Science, in St. Nicholas.



Little Tim, a greedy boy, Ate too much went to hed and thought he'd die He With a cramping stummie ache. -Birmingham Age-Herald,

A DOG AND A PIG. Here is a true tale of a dog and a pig. They were both passengers on he same ship, and became warm friends. They used to eat their cold potatoes off the same plate, and but for one thing would never have had What is the shape of a kiss? El. any trouble. This was the fact that the dog had a kennel, and the plg had none. Somehow the plg got it into his head that the kennel belonged to whichever could get into it first, so every night there was a race. One rainy afternoon the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about the deck, and made up his mind to retire early. But, when it reached the kennel, it found the dog inside. Suddenly an idea flashed upon it; and, trudging on to where their dinner plate was lying, it carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, and, turning his back to "I've come again, mamma," said the kennel, began raitling the plate little Lillie White, sofily, peeping and munching as though at a feast. kettles each holding a quart of wat- into the chamber where Mrs. White This was too much for Toby. A good on until Toby had come around in "And what is the matter with my front of him and pushed his nose into

So she hopped along, With all her might, To the pond of her friend, And lept in out of sight. For she feared the rain Would spoil her dress, And that she'd get wet And take cold. Goodness! -Mand Walker, in the Birmingham Age-Horald JOKES AND CONUNDRUMS. Why need no one starve in the Desert of Sahara? Because of the sandwiches there. How came the sandwiches there? The children of Ham had bread and mustard there. What is the difference between a

sculptor and a barber? One makes faces and busts, the other surls up and dyes. What famous Frenchman does the

small end of a ham suggest? "Boneypart. What animal falls from the clouds?

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Z

Little Miss Frog Went out one day To call on a friend In a pond 'cross th' way.

When she started out The sky was screne; The flowers smiled, And the grass was green.

But before she had hopped

'Cross the open space She felt something damp Fall down on her face.

A cloud had gathered,

And raindrops fell All about Miss Frog, Coming down pell-mell.

60.

The rain, dear (reindeer). How does the sailor know that the

moon is made of green dicese? Because when he has no wheat to grind he can grind his teeth.

Why is a bald head like heaven? Because there is no more parting

How do you know that chickens In this respect they resemble the are not immortal? Because they wild hoar. They are distinguished have their necks twirl'd (next world)

When is the moon most to be pitied? When it is reduced to its

What part of speech is kissing? When is a thief best understood

When he is apprehended. How many insects does it take to

make a landlord? Ten-ants. What relation is a loaf of bread

What man had no father? Joshus

the Shining Waters. It was midnight now. The two

girls flung aside their shawls and one at a time looked into it. But they saw nothing. 'With a laugh, Hist-ko; with a grunt of anger. Toosha turned They were full of themselves away. or they would have heard a twig snap they did not. And as they turned to baked, just as needed. retrace their steps the child crept forward and, kneeling on the pool's brink, gazed eagerly into the Shining Waters. They had seen nothing. What would she see? Or would she

see anything? The surface of the pool was very still. Now and again a wandering breeze just crisped its silver into the tiniest ripples - then again they passed away, and the water was a sheet of silver once more.

Suddenly the stillness broke again, but no wind stirred the waters. They were still, and in the centre was a more Sun. face-such a face as Ma-kwat-ko had never seen-had never dreamed of. It was fair as one of the lilles whose three petals peep in the spring from their green leaves. The hair hung around the lovely face in beautiful curls, instead of being straight like ing: all the hair Ma-kwat-ko had ever The little Indian girl seen before. nearly tumbled into the water she was so surprised! Then her heart filled with joy. Would this lovely creature come and play with her?

Indian children do not, as a rule, scream or cry out. But Ma-kwat-ko gave a cry then. Not at what she saw-but at what she heard! It was -a man's voice. a voice

She did not dare look up! She did not understand the words, which e: "Now, Maisie-you've seen a wishing well by moonlight!" She only knew that she was alone, and very far from home, and that it was night-cold, strange, terrible night.

Then she saw that a man was be side her-a white man! She saw no one else, though there was another person there. She scrambled to her et and ran into the bushes. Then, finding a cleared and hilly part of the trail, she did not trust her fleet little toes, but threw herself on the cround and rolled, over and over, till the reached the foot of the slope and years.

pared in this way the bread will keep for weeks.

The breadfruit is in senson eight months of the year. When the season finally draws to a close the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called "mahel." This paste will keep good for months and is made under Ma-kwat-ko's little foot. But into balls, wrapped in leaves and

Bread is not the only product of the breadfruit tree. From it coment, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with cocoanut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled .- Balti-

Concerning His Business.

A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a dlvorce trial, brought forth the follow-

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?" .. "Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business!"-angrily. Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked:

"Have you any other business?"-"Under the Spreading Chestnu: Tree," in Everybody's.

"Set and Think"

For ourselves, too, in these nerve racking days of turmoil and strife. we find distinct advantage in occasionally emulating the example of a great Peacham philosopher, who, when asked how he maintained his exceptional composure, slowly and sagely replied: "Sometimes I set and think, and sometimes I just set."-George Harvey, in the North American Review.

The Erzberg, Austria's iron mountain, will furnish ore for 1000 more

The faveline is a favorite pet for children in many ranch houses of this | eatable

Japan Desires Universal Peace.

There are many reasons why there should be peace between the United States and Japan. My country shares with her sister nations in the desire for universal peace. I have made the statement before, and I repeat it here with even more emphasis. The glory of a successful war is brilliant, but the glory of peace is greater. At the keep your coffee-pot warm every day reception given to General Baron Kuroki in New York City I was very much pleased with the cordial welcome given to the sons of Japan by the citizens of this great metropolis. er; warm all the beds in the house sat writing letters. "Lillie couldn't dinner, and he not there! Piggy kept I felt, however, still greater satisfaction when I stopped to think that pan for two weeks; run an electric the resplendent martial uniforms of piano so relentlessly that your neighthe two countries were intermingling with each other in a mission of peace | clean 5000 knives; clean seventy-five the brave men who have been so honored at home and respected abroad were singing in one chorus the glory and most hospitable reception tendered by the same great city to Admiral Yamamoto. I am also pleased that a society-the Japanese Society feet each journey. of New York-has been formed to Kaempfiert, in the Circle. promote and increase the friendly relations existing between my country and the United States of America .-From "A Peace Message to the American People," by Viscount S. Aoki, in the Circle.

The Emergency Case.

While on the march in India the pioneer corporal of a famous Irish regiment went to the quartermaster for a loan of a camel to carry a spare tent, but the quartermaster refused. "I have only the cart, and this spare camel I am keeping for a case of emergency."

The corporal said, "Can't you put the case of emergency on the cart, and let me have the camel?"-From Judge's Library.

trots across the clearing and re-enters the son of Nun. the chaparral.

The flesh of the javelines is eaten by Mexicans, but it is very tough, and requires much cooking to make it

Untiring Kilowatt of Electricity. When you buy electricity from a power company for the purpose of lighting your house or cooking your food, you buy it by the kilowatt hour. A kilowatt is a thousand watts, and a watt is a certain unit of power. A kilowatt hour will carry you

three miles in an electric brougham; for a week; run a sewing machine for twenty-one hours, cook fifteen chops in fifteen minutes; boll nine by means of an electric warming- help it, mamma." bors will suffer agonies for ten hours: for a month; run an electric clock you?" for ten years; light 3000 clgars with

Federal Control of Forests.

At present but one-fifth of the total forest area of the United States is embraced in national forests. The remaining four-fifths have already passed or are most likely to pass into private hands. The average age of the trees felled for lumber this year is not less than 150 years. In other words, if he is to secure a second crop of trees of the same size, the lumberman or private forest owner must wait, say, at least 100 years for the second crop to grow .-- From "The View-Point," by Caspar Whitney, in

The Outing Magazine.

The huge serpent, the boa constrictor, has 320 pairs of ribs.

When is a man duplicated? When

he is beside himself. lipitical (a-lip-tickle).

When can donkey be spelled with one letter? When it is U. Why are clouds like coachmen?

Because they hold in rains. Why is a fisherman's the most lucrative employment? Because it is all net profit.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? They scintillate.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

THE THISTLE IN THE HEART.

little girl this time?" Laying by her the empty plate. Then, like a shot, it pen when she had written the sen- turned and ran and was safe in the tence out, she extended a hand to the kennel before the dog knew whether without any thought of war, and that pairs of boots; clip five horses; warm little girl, adding, "You haven't got there was any dinner on the plate or your shaving water every morning another thistle in your finger, have not .- Sunday Magazine.

"No, mamma, my finger is almost QUEER POSITIONS OF HEARTS. of peace. The same thoughts came an electric cigar lighter; supply all well, but something keeps stinging over me when I attended the brilliant the air required by an ordinary in my bosom. You needn't take off everybody notices about the common, church organ for one service; and, my dress, mamma; you couldn't see finger-long, green caterpillars of our carry you thirty times from the bot- it-mit's deep. I know what it is- larger moths. Their hearts, instead tom of the house to the top, eighty it's naughty, wicked hate. I hate of being in front, are at the back of Waldemar Genia Marsh; she's never good to any the body and extend along the entire of us. But her aunt in New York length of the animal. One can see brought 'em out and showed 'em to forward to the head. me, and she said, 'You can't have such pretty things, Lillie White.' head to tail are not at all uncommon Then the hate stung me harder than in the simpler creatures. The earththe thistle a while ago. Won't you worm has one, and so have most take this out, too, mamma?"

> like that," said Lillie's mother, very the back also are quite as frequent as gently, her arm about her darling. those in what seems to us to be the 'Go directly to your chamber, dear, natural place. Many animals, the and kneel down and tell the dear lobster, for example, and the crayfish Jesus all your trouble, and ask Him and the crab, which have short hearts for just the help you need."

The little girl slipped from her the garden, talking to her poor, Nicholas,

There is one curious fact which not sends her the prettiest things. Now the heart distinctly through the thin she has sent a blue dress and a doll skin and can watch its slow beat, all dressed in white and pink. She which starts at the tail and moves

Hearts of this sort reaching from "Only Jesus can take out a sting ing things. Hearts in the middle of like those of the beasts and birds,

nevertheless have them placed just embrace and left the room. A little under the shell in what, in our selves, while after she was seen walking in would be the small of the back .-. St.