

TO EACH HIS OWN.

I 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...

THE FACE IN THE SHINING WATERS

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."

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."

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.

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.

It was midnight now. The two girls hung 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 away.

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 face—such a face as Ma-kwat-ko had never seen—had never dreamed of.

She did not dare look up! She did not understand the words, which were: "Now, Maisie—you've seen a wishing well by moonlight!"

found herself on the well known trail that led to her cabin. Like a mouse she crept into her corner of the bed on which her mother slept.

The next day Toosha and Hist-ko declared that the Shining Waters no more showed to maidens the face of the husband to be.

When the autumn came and turned the green leaves to crimson and brown and gold Ma-kwat-ko, too, went to the mission school.

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.

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.

"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."

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.

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 edible part lies between the rind and the core and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy.

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 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 baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without its costing any of them much labor.

The breadfruit is in season 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."

Bread is not the only product of the breadfruit tree. From it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained.

Concerning His Business. A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"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 Chestnut Tree," in Everybody's.

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 get and think, and sometimes I just set."

HOGS AS WATCHDOGS.

The javeline, or Mexican wild hog, is in common use by ranchmen throughout this section as a watchdog, writes a correspondent of the Washington Post from Cotulla, Texas.

The javeline of the Southwest has few characteristics of the domestic hog beyond the appearance. In point of fearlessness and courage it surpasses any other animal that roams the chaparral of the Southwest.

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.

A javeline has been kept at the ranch home of Howard Buntin, thirty miles west of Cotulla, for several years. This animal has a free run of the place, including the house.

The fact is not generally known that the javeline 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 becomes enraged.

It is the usual custom, on account of the viciousness 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.

The javelines in their wild state are strictly vegetarians, but when domesticated they will eat meat and almost anything that is fed to them. They are naturally lithe and muscular and will not take on fat like the ordinary hog, even when abundantly fed.

The javeline is a favorite pet for children in many ranch houses of this section.

They are very affectionate to all persons with whom they have been raised. Dr. Joseph Wooten, a physician of Austin, has made a close study of javelines for many years. He says that they are one of the most remarkable and least understood of all the wild animals of the Southwest.

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."

"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."

How does the javeline differ from the wild hogs of Arizona and New Mexico by a band of gray hair which extends around their neck. The common wild hog does not have this neck band.

The javelines in their wild state 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.

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

Untiring Kilowatt of Electricity.

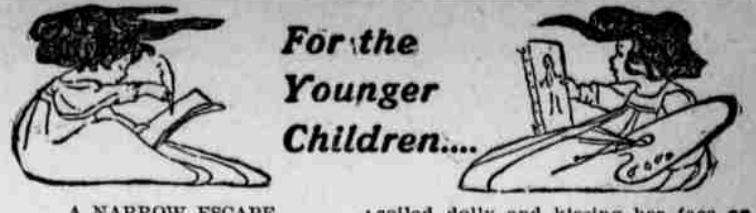
When you buy electricity from a power company for the purpose of lighting your house or cooking your food, you buy it by the kilowatt hour.

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 Huge Serpent, the Boa Constrictor.

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



A NARROW ESCAPE.



When she started out The sky was serene; 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.

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.

A DOG AND A PIG.

Here is a true tale of a dog and a pig. They were both passengers on the 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 any trouble.

THE THISTLE IN THE HEART.

"I've come again, mamma," said little Lillie White, softly, peeping into the chamber where Mrs. White sat writing letters.

QUEER POSITIONS OF HEARTS.

There is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal.

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."

DO SPIDERS SLEEP? The question, "Do spiders sleep at night?" is not easy to answer. I have made a careful observation of the sleep of ants, and that could readily be done by watching colonies in their artificial formicaries.

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.

GREEDY TIM.



Little Tim, a greedy boy. Ate too much of cake. He went to bed and thought he'd die With a cramping stomach ache.

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