

## HALF ASLEEP.

To let one's fancy range;  
To play the bed is so,  
The window so, as it used to be  
In that home of long ago;

To play the door is here;  
The street is crisscross there;  
And then to wait, as I used to wait,  
For the step upon the stair.

To count as the footsteps pass,  
Now near, now faint and far—  
How personal they sound at night,  
What company they are!

Some brisk and some sedate,  
I wonder where they go;  
And I drowse a little, till suddenly  
The dear, dear step I know.

The start of joy, the flush,  
The tender, happy thrill,  
And then, oh, God! I am homeless and old,  
And his grave is on the hill!  
—Gertrude Huntington McGiffert, in The Century.

## Breaking the News to Him

It was a difficult situation. To be sure, Marcella had not actually flirted with Ackley Henderson—she refused to include the verb in her well-refined vocabulary—but then—

Men are so queer—so apt to think that one means things when really one is actuated only by ordinary courtesy and the gaiety of the moment and cheerfulness toward the world in general. When a man calls very regularly is that any reason why a girl should consider him in love with her? It would be abominable conceit, Marcella assured herself indignantly, as she twisted up her hair.

Why, dozens of men had called on her in the last five years, and only three or four had asked her to marry them. Each of these men seemed surprised when she refused. Therefore, why should she worry for fear Ackley Henderson would take it badly and think himself ill-treated when he learned she was engaged to an Eastern man? The wedding was set for June, and Marcella felt that she must break the news. She told herself that she would do it that very evening, and was surprised to find herself turning to ice at the thought.

She stared at her own face sternly in the glass. It was not that she had a lingering fear lest she cared for Ackley—not a bit of it! The man down East had all her heart, but she did like Ackley immensely in a friendly fashion, and dreaded his displeasure. Just why should she think he cared for her? She demanded a reply as she fiercely searched for another shell hairpin. He had never said anything; but then, words were not always necessary. Only a week ago, when she had been playing at the piano, on turning suddenly she had caught his gaze fixed on her with such open tenderness that the blood had rushed to her face. He had carried it off well by asking in the next breath some irrelevant question, but it had started her to thinking.

Really it was too bad of Ackley. He was such a reserved, odd person that one never could tell what he was going to do next. He never confided in his friends, though apparently he was free and open.

She searched her memory sharply. Had she ever given him the slightest right to fancy she was especially attracted by him? Of course, she had been interested in his yachts and his theories on the proper way how to drive a horse, and his favorite books, but that was only what ordinary politeness called for. If one did not talk to a man about the things in which he was interested what on earth would become of conversation?

Marcella jabbed in the last pin and straightened her side combs and just then the bell rang. Heaving a long sigh, she went down to greet Ackley Henderson. He was so particularly happy and cheerful to-night that it made her task doubly hard. How should she begin? She could not plunge into the subject abruptly—she wanted to glide into it gracefully and by degrees—but somehow she could not manage the conversation. And all the while Ackley sat beaming joyously at her.

Marcella shivered. She wished she could remember a few times when she had been rude to him—the memory would brace her up—but there was nothing but unrepentant and gracious kindness on her part in the hateful past. She wondered if he would tell her what he thought of her when she told him of her engagement, or whether he would take it quietly and brood over it. She didn't know which would be worse.

She chattered fluently on everything under the sun, but at last talk ran slow. Silence fell. Marcella felt it was now or never. She leaned forward and fingered the paper cutter lying at her hand and spoke in a low voice. She did not look at him.

"I'm going to tell you something, Ackley," she said. She could feel that he was all attention intently. "I—perhaps I should have told you—told people some time ago, but I—well, I didn't. I—you've met Bob Van Puyster of New York? I'm going to marry him in June." She ended with a rush.

After an instant she raised her eyes bravely to meet his stricken face. Then she stared in blank amazement, for Ackley Henderson was smiling surprisedly, delightedly: "Why, I am greatly pleased," he cried heartily. "De Puyster is a fine chap. I'm glad to hear it. And I might as well tell you there's a girl down in St. Louis that is going to be Mrs. Henderson next fall—and your profile and hers are identical. Every time I look at you I'm reminded of her, though, of course, you're not alike."

Marcella was speechless. For one

mortal hour she had to sit and listen to the praises of another girl sung into her astonished and reluctant ears and smile as though she liked it. Her own engagement he apparently dismissed from his mind. He was about the farthest from a heart-broken man one would care to see.

Yet when Marcella took down her hair that night she broke three of the shell pins because she was thinking so hard and indignantly.

Girls, there is no doubt, are queer. —Chicago News.

## Unknown New Guinea.

By CYRUS C. ADAMS.

Dr. Rudolf Poch, of Vienna, has shown that many valuable results of exploration are acquired by the long and patient efforts of solitary travelers. For two years (1904-1906) he wandered with four or five native carriers, three-fourths of the way around New Guinea, the second largest island in the world. He was engaged in anthropological and geographical study, chiefly back of the coast, in regions where little as yet is known of the country and its inhabitants. All his time was spent in five districts of German, British and Dutch New Guinea; and it seems surprising that only twenty to forty miles inland, especially in the German territory, he reached virgin fields that no white man had visited. In his long report, published in the Zeitschrift of the Berlin Geographical Society, he gives reasons why so much of inner New Guinea is still little known.

Dr. Poch walked only two days inland from Potsdamhafen to reach villages and mountain valleys that had never seen white men, though the Germans had lived years at this port. Many similar instances occur in New Guinea, and Dr. Poch's explanation is found in the great difficulty of travel and the unfriendliness of the natives. In a short march inland from Potsdamhafen, for example, the native paths climb steep slopes, fall into deep and narrow valleys, or run along the sharp edge of ridges; and all the while the pedestrian feels swathed in straw, the grass that chokes the foot-wide path rising above his head, no movement of air among those giant growths, and above him, the blazing sun with its unmitigated outpouring of discomfort. This, he says, is the outline of many a pioneer journey in the great island as relates to physical misery; and none but a man of unusual tact and patience can fare safely among the natives.

The explorer found new illustrations of the fact that natives in one district may differ greatly in physical characteristics, in methods of house building and other rude arts and especially in speech from other tribes living only ten to fifteen miles away. He found two tribes that, while engaged in their traditional dances, sing the same songs, the text of which conveys no meaning to them. One tribe say they got these songs from the other tribe, who assert in turn that the songs were handed down by their fathers. These words of old tradition, in Dr. Poch's opinion, are words of a dead speech.—Outing.

## American Pork Triumphs Abroad.

Our annual hog killing is an apothecis, as it were, of American cookery. Already we are having our triumphs abroad. The last two seasons have found on bills of fare in London hotels and restaurants the item of "pork sausage a la Americain." Veni, vidi, vici! We whiff, in anticipation, the odors of frying sage yet to float out of the doors of Belgravia. It is now some years since fried chicken smothered in cream gravy appeared on the Paris menu under a long Gallic name intended to conceal the surrender of the Paris chefs to our Colonial mothers who invented that most toothsome delicacy. The disguise was penetrated by Colonel Kennedy, of Springfield, Mo., on the Rue Rivoli. Even now there is appearing in parts of Germany itself a growing predilection for substituting, in the dressing of a lettuce salad, for all of the mayonnaise but the vinegar, a dressing of bacon grease spiced with herb condiments. The Kaiser was introduced to this by Prince Henry, who got acquainted with it in St. Louis at a private entertainment. The Kaiser, when the flavor touched his palate, is said to have cried out in a loud voice that it must be claimed as a German invention. Fortunately, the records are available to show that it is the invention of a serving woman near Culpeper Court House, Va., whose descendants are now among the proudest members of our Colonial and Revolutionary societies. — St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## Man and His Ways.

One of the local amusements at Sydney appears to be "The Nature Man," who lives on fruit, clothes himself in a small piece of cloth and guides his way of life by the two following commandments of his own construction:

"Get away from the smoky, dusty, krouded kondishun of the city; from temptashun and wearing xstiment fre thyself."

"Gradually tuffen ur body and mind by wotr and sun bath, till u kan safely sleep out dorr in ordinary wethr. Liv always in pur, out dor air."

We can only suggest one addition, and that is "Buy a dictionary." —London Globe.

The telephone directories of the current issue in New York City would make a pile seven and a quarter miles high, if placed one on the other.

## HORSES IN EARLY AMERICA.

Little Valued by the Colonists—Some of the First Importations.

By J. W. INGHAM.

Horses are not natives of America. Those running wild in South America and Mexico are descendants of the animals brought over from Europe by the first Spanish colonists, and either escaped from captivity or were purposely turned out to take care of themselves. The first horses imported into New England were brought over in 1629, or nine years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. One horse and seven mares survived the voyage.

Horses were not highly esteemed nor much needed in America at that time nor for a hundred years afterward. No racecourses or trotting parks would have been allowed by those stern old Puritans who first settled in New England, and the roads generally were so poor and rough that speed on them was not desirable or possible with safety to the vehicle or its occupants. Oxen were found to be far better and more pleasant for all kinds of farm work, and even for traveling on the road and drawing the family to church. Most of the land was rough, rocky and full of stumps, so that oxen, being strong, patient and slow, made a far better team than horses for agricultural purposes, lumbering and clearing land. They were more cheaply kept, needed little grain when at work and none at all when idle. They required no expensive harness (only a cheap yoke and chain), costing not more than \$4, and were quickly yoked. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that horses in America during that period were not greatly esteemed or well taken care of. A farmer was much more proud of a fine yoke of red oxen, four years old, well matched and well broken, than of a span of degenerate horses such as were then common in the colonies. They were seldom stabled or groomed; the colts under three years old were wintered in the barnyard in order (as it was supposed) to make them tough and hardy.

Horses had degenerated to such an extent under bad treatment that in 1668 the General Court, or Legislature, of Massachusetts enacted a law with this preamble: "Whereas, The breed of horses in this country is utterly spoiled, whereby that useful creature will become a burden, which might otherwise become beneficial, and the occasion thereof is conceived to be through the smallness and badness of the stallions and colts that run in our commons and woods." Then the law goes on to fix heavy penalties against allowing "any full grown horse over two years old to run on any commons, roads or woods unless he be of comely proportions and of good size—not less than fourteen hands high. The selectmen of the town were empowered, and under severe penalties, required to see that the law was enforced.

This action of the General Court of Massachusetts shows that the people then believed that horses for the best service can be too small, and that they should not be less than fourteen hands high. This law was no doubt effectual in making the people raise better horses, for at that time artificial pasturages were few, and the commons and woods were the main dependencies of the colonists for stock feeding during eight months of the year. It is probably better known now than it was two hundred years ago that the size of animals depends in a great measure on the fertility of the soil where they are raised and the capacity of producing an abundant food supply, together with judicious care in feeding, watering and keeping young stock growing all the time unchecked from birth to maturity. Wherever horses have been allowed to run wild, browse in the woods or on prairie grass, exposed to the cold storms of winter unsheltered and unfed, they have invariably degenerated in size like the Indian ponies and Mexican mustangs. There is not much doubt that the diminutive ponies of Shetland and Iceland were descended from large horses taken to those inhospitable islands centuries ago, or escaped from wrecked vessels, but the scanty subsistence with which they were provided and the rigorous climate to which they were exposed gradually dwarfed their bodies to the present size.

The French who first settled in Canada brought over fair sized Percheron horses from France, but a harsh climate and a scantier supply of food caused a gradual diminution in the size of their descendants. They became much smaller than their progenitors, but retained the shape and build, and their courage and hardiness were increased.

The Germans who settled in the counties of Lancaster and Berks, Pennsylvania, brought over the heavy draft horses of their fatherland. The climate was as mild as that to which the horses were accustomed, the soil was as productive as along the Rhine, the horses and their descendants fared sumptuously every day, and the descendants of those German horses first brought over average as large, if not larger, than their ancestors. A breed was developed in Lancaster County called the Conestoga horses. They were not a new breed, only the large German horses made still larger by breeding for greater size.

It is not known when the first horses were brought into the colony of Virginia, but Fearnought, whose

pedigree could be traced back over in 1764, and left his mark on a numerous progeny of uncommon size, beauty, bottom and speed. He was the ancestor of some notable race-horses of Maryland and Virginia, which defied all comers on the race-tracks until a little mare from New Jersey named Fashion was taken to the Old Dominion, and beat the champion runner, which belonged to John M. Botts, afterward noted for his opposition to the secession of Virginia. Some large horses were imported into New England in 1630 from Denmark, but were found to be too large for the best service there and soon disappeared.

In colonial times the stallions were kept at work for nine works in the year, and this work was not only advantageous to the owners but was undoubtedly a benefit to the horses and the colts begotten by them. Every bone, sinew and muscle in the bodies of the sires hardened and strengthened by labor, they were enabled to transmit a strong constitution to their colts which were foaled in perfect health and strength. Not only did these hard working stallions get better colts, but they were better behaved and more easily handled in the coupling season.—New York Tribune Farmer.

## "BRONTIDI."

### Hollow Noises That Come From Somewhere.

Interesting acoustic phenomena called, in Italy, "brontidi," have been investigated by Professor T. Alippi, of the meteorological and seismic observatory of Urbino, Italy. These brontidi are mostly hollow noises, resembling the echo of a distant explosion, and are usually observed with a bright sky and calm air, occurring rather seldom in windy or rainy weather. They usually occur in the afternoon, both in winter and summer. These noises would seem to be of atmospheric origin. They do not produce any physiological effects of their own, nor do they seem to be connected with local earthquakes, though they sometimes cause window panes to vibrate. They are nearly everywhere considered as presages of bad weather, and are popularly supposed to be due to strong tides or storms at sea, whose echoes are transmitted to a distance. Professor Alippi has obtained his results by means of a circular letter to which 217 observers have replied and 135 of whom had noticed the sounds. The observers in question were distributed throughout the whole of Italy and its African colonies.

These noises do not appear to be due to artificial causes, such as mine explosions or gun shots, as they mostly occur in central mountain regions, where such causes are absent, while in some populated valleys, where mines are common their existence is never noticed. The author is not inclined either to ascribe this phenomenon to natural causes, such as winds, while the hypothesis sometimes suggested of thunderbolts under the horizon cannot be maintained either, owing to the equal distribution of brontidi over summer and winter.

There may be some connection between certain brontidi and seismic phenomena, while another class of brontidi may be connected with meteorological phenomena; and in order fully to elucidate this question, the observations will be continued from the Italian Central Meteorological and Geodynamical Office, which intends to send out more inquiry forms.—Scientific American.

## Maori Legends.

Many traditions of the Maoris of New Zealand indicate true refinement of feeling.

That of Niwreka, or Great Delight, is one of these, and represents a gentle Maori maiden, beautiful and modest, who, though deeply loving her bridegroom, yet shudders at the barbarity of his people and at his delight in bloodshed and cruelty. Unable to bear the sights and sounds around her, she passes from his embrace and seeks the shadows of another world. Only through great suffering and sacrifice does her young husband, unable to bear his solitary lot, redeem her from the shades.

This beautiful legend is bound up with the origin of the custom of the tattoo, an ordeal which the lover was compelled to endure that he might realize the nature of suffering.

One of the finest legends of old Maori romance relates how a daughter of the heavens condescends to dwell with man; but, repelled by his rudeness and wants of sympathy, ascends again to the skies, carrying with her earth born child. Her husband is only able to reach her and regain her love by "climbing upward, not by earthly tendrils, but by those which descending from heaven, have taken root in earth."

One curious feature of the domestic life of the New Zealand natives is that the old women are led to believe that the highest honor they can enjoy is to be permitted to do all the cooking and prepare the food. A great deal of labor is thus left to them, which they cheerfully perform, resenting any interference on the part of the younger Maori women, who thus have plenty of leisure for enjoyment.—London Telegraph.

## Bill and Bill's Board Bill.

Bill had a board bill. Bill also had a bill board; Bill's board bill loved Bill so that Bill sold his bill board to pay Bill's board bill.

Then after Bill sold his bill board to pay Bill's board bill, Bill's board bill bored Bill no longer.—Progressive Farmer.

Hamburg holds the record for the number of its fires.

## A Wall Street Catechism

By LOUIS A. BIDDLE.

Q. My good child, tell me what you believe in? A. Money.

Q. What is money? A. The all-ruling and all-powerful; the fountain of worldly wisdom and power.

Q. How is it worshiped? A. By the daily sacrifice of time, talents, health and virtue.

Q. What is this worship called? A. Mammon.

Q. What is its chief rite. A. Gammon.

Q. What is the chief ceremony? A. Deceit.

Q. What are its chief festivals? A. Dividend Days.

Q. What are the days of Penance and Fasting? A. When no business is done.

Q. What are its feast days? A. City "Feeds."

Q. Where are its chief temples? A. The Treasury, the 'Change and the Bank.

Q. Who are its Priests? A. White-washed "Blacklegs."

Q. What is Virtue? A. A name.

Q. What is Orthodoxy? A. Cash.

Q. What is Heterodoxy? A. Bills.

Q. What is Heresy? A. "No effects."

Q. What is Schism? A. "Call again to-morrow."

Q. What is Respectability? A. Plenty of trade.

Q. What is Roguery? A. Being in debt.

Q. What is Vice? A. Misfortune.

Q. What is the greatest Sin? A. Poverty.

Q. What is the principal virtue? A. Prompt payment.

Q. What are the principal blessings. A. Loans.

Q. What should be our continual desire? A. Good luck.

Q. In what our rejoicings. A. Success.

Q. What is morality? A. Cent. per cent. profits.

Q. What is the origin of evil? A. A returned bill.

Q. What is the greatest evil? A. Bankruptcy.

Q. What is our chance to escape from perdition? A. Taking the benefit.

Q. What is the Devil? A. To be without money.

Q. Who are the chosen children of Mammon? A. Those born with a "Silver spoon."

Q. What is the true definition of good? A. Solvency.

Q. What is the true definition of bad? A. Insolvency.

Q. What is your duty to your friend? A. To cheat him.

Q. What to a stranger? A. To "take him in."

Q. What is Experimental Philosophy? A. Going a borrowing.

Q. What is Practical Philosophy? A. Being refused.

Q. What should be your chief consolation in old age? A. Dying rich.

Q. What is the chief maxim of this creed? A. Doing every one, but suffering no one to do you.—From the New York Evening Post.

## Age of Trees.

When one hears the mention of a tree that has passed the century mark in years he is inclined to be dubious. And yet it is a well known fact that the Brazilian cocconut palm frequently lives as long as 600 or 700 years. It is asserted that the Arabian date palm lives to be 200 or 300 years old too. Near Paisley, Scotland, there still thrives an old oak tree that is known to be over 700 years of age; and there are eight olive trees on the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, which are known to have been flourishing as far back as 1099. Records show that the yew trees at Fountains Abbey, Yorkshire, were old at the time the abbey was built, which was in the year 1132, yet these are still living. There are California redwoods that have stood the onrush of time so well as to be manifold centenarians and still on their feet. The baobab trees of Africa have been computed in some instances to be over 5000 years old, and the deciduous cypress at Chapultepec is considered to be even older than that. Humboldt said that the Dracaena Draco at Orotava, on Tenerife, was one of the oldest inhabitants of the earth. — Kansas City Journal.

## To Reclaim the Zuyder Zee.

According to information received from The Hague, the vast plan for reclaiming the Zuyder Zee is again in contemplation. The Dutch Government has laid before the States General a bill to appropriate nearly \$12,000,000 to the work, extending over seven years.

Forty thousand acres would be reclaimed, which, of course, is only a small portion of the Zuyder Zee, but the successful completion of this section would pave the way to the more ambitious project which was suggested a few years ago, and by which it is hoped that almost the whole of her engulfed territory will be restored to Holland.—New York Times.

## Oldest British Peer.

The oldest British peer is Lord Gwydyr, aged ninety-seven. He was five years old at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and enjoys the distinction, probably unique, of being the only person now living who was present at the coronation of four monarchs. It is related of this venerable individual that when a boy ten years old he went from the gardens of Gwydyr House, Whitehall, to the Speaker's steps at Westminster in his grandfather's state barge, manned by liveried oarsmen, and was present in Westminster Abbey when the crown was placed on the head of George IV., acting as page to his grandfather, Lord Gwydyr.—Kansas City Journal.

## With the Funny

### Fellows



## One Woman and Another.

As plump as a partridge,  
As round as a ball,  
A figure artistic,  
Not too large or small,  
She's a compliment to her Maker,  
But a woman who knew  
How some women do  
Said to me,  
"Can't you see  
That she is a nature faker?"  
P. S.—I couldn't.  
—Judge.

## She Never Tried That.

"She has wonderful control of her voice."  
"Yes, she can do everything with it but stop it."—Houston Post.

## Proof to the Contrary.

Stern Uncle—"What you lack, my boy, is initiative."  
Scrapegrace Nephew—"Oh, I don't know, uncle, I once held a job for two weeks as an elevator starter."—Chicago Tribune.

## In a Utah Newspaper Office.

"What can I do for you, madam?"  
"I am the latest wife of Elder Jones, who died this morning, and I'd to have you say in the obituary notice that I am his most immediate relative."—Harper's Weekly.

## A New Distinction.

Go—"Why are those newcomers so haughty? Did their ancestors come over in the Mayflower?"  
Sip—"My, no! Better than that; they have just arrived from Europe on the Lusitania."—Harvard Lampoon.

## A Schemer.

"This play is too rank for me. I'm going to demand my money back."  
"Wait until after the next act, Bill. Sixteen years elapse between acts I and II, and you demand interest on your money for that length of time."—Washington Herald.

## Why He Worried.

"He's awfully worried because his wife is getting so stout."  
"Is he afraid her heart won't stand it?"

"No, he's afraid his runabout springs won't stand it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## No Danger.

"Are you sure this horse will not run away?" asked the man who was getting into the buggy.

"Yep," replied the livery stable keeper, "there ain't the least danger that he'll run away, but he may trot some comin' back."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Why, Certainly.



She—"Why, what an enormous latchkey you have, Herr Huber!"

He (proudly)—"Yes, you see one must have a big one for a four-storied house."—From Megendorfer Blaetter.

## Making It Plain.

Little 'Rastus'—"But Ah kain't on-dahstan' 'bout de yarth an' de sun."

Uncle Mose—"Lemme 'splain 'hit ter yo' all. Now s'posen dis lantern am de sun, an' mah haid am de yarth. Ah swings de lantern roun' an' roun' an' it done shed light on de inhabitants of mah haid. Now does yo' on-dahstan'?"—Chicago News.

## His Literal Wife.

"Every family should keep an account of its expenditures."  
"We tried that scheme, but it failed to give satisfaction."  
"Why?"

"Oh, my wife was too literal. Things I wanted charged as sundries she insisted on charging as booze."—Kansas City Journal.

## Paradoxical Credit.

"It's somewhat odd that a tailor will send his customers trousers on credit."  
"Why shouldn't he if the customers are reliable?"

"Because no matter what the customers are, trousers on credit are always breeches of trust."—Baltimore American.

## Progress.

"So your wife and daughter have learned to speak French," said the old friend.

"I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox, "whether what they are talking is French or not; but they have got on far enough so that you can be sure it isn't English."—Washington Star.