### My Books.

My garden abounds in pleasant nooks,
And fragrance is over it all;
For sweet is the smell of my old, old books
In their places against the wall.

Here is a folio that's grim with age
And yellow and green with mold.
There's the breath of the sea on every page
And the hint of a stanch ship's hold.

And here is a treasure from France la belle
Exhaling a faint perfume
Of wedded lily and asphodel
In a garden of song abloom.

And this wee little book of puritan mien
And rude, conspicuous print
Hath the Yankee flavor of wintergreen,
Or, maybe, of peppermint.

In Walton the brooks a-babbling tell
Where the cheery daisy grows
And where in meadow or woodland dwell
The buttercup and the rose.

But best beloved of books, I ween,
Are those which one perceives
Are hallowed by ashes dropped between
The yellow, well thumbed leaves.

For it's here a laugh, and it's there a tear,
Till the treasured book is read,
And the ashes betwixt the pages here
Tell us of one long dead.

But the gracious presence reappears
As we read the book again,
And the fragrance of precious, distant years
Filleth the hearts of men.

Come, pluck with me in my garden nooks
The posies that bloom for all.
Oh, sweet is the smell of my old, old books
In their places against the wall!

When I am dead,
I'd have no son
Pounce on these treasures like a vulture.
Nay, give them half
My epitaph
And let them share in my sepulture.

Then when the crack
Of doom rolls back
The marble and the earth that hide me,
I'll smuggle home
Each precious tome
Without a fear a wife shall chide me.
—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

## MARRIAGE IN KOREA.

**A Simple Ceremony, but With, It Comes the Dignity of Manhood.**

Korean girls, according to Mr. H. S. Saunderson, after enjoying freedom till they are 8 years old, are consigned to the women's quarters, where they live in seclusion till they are married at 16 or 17 years. After marriage the woman is allowed to see no man but her husband. The boys, on the other hand, are taught that it is undignified for them to enter the women's part of the house. They never see their brides till the wedding day, all having been arranged for them, often when both bride and groom are infants.

The marriage ceremony is very simple. The bride and bridegroom invite their most intimate friends to assist them in dressing their hair in the manner befitting their new estate. Then the bridegroom mounts a white pony, which is led by two servants, while two others on either side support the rider in his saddle. Thus he proceeds to the bride's house, accompanied by his relatives. At their destination they find a pavilion erected in the courtyard of the house, in which the bride and her relatives are awaiting their arrival. A goose (the Korean symbol of fidelity), which the bridegroom brings with him, is then produced.

The bride, who has been at pains to cover her face with her long sleeves, and the bridegroom then bow to each other until their heads almost touch the ground. This they do three or four times and are then man and wife. A loving cup is passed round, and then the bride is taken off to the women's apartments of her husband's house, where she is looked after by her mother and mother-in-law, while the groom entertains his friends. The husband must maintain his wife properly and treat her with respect. Marriage is the great event in a Korean's life, for he then attains man's estate. Before marriage, no matter how old he may be, he is treated as a boy, and has to maintain a deferential attitude toward the married men, even though they be only half his age.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Wellesley's "Coach."

Miss Lucile Eaton Hill is a young woman who has carved a niche for herself in quite an unusual place. She is "coach" to the Wellesley boating crew. She studies "strokes" scientifically, and it is confidently believed by enthusiastic Welleslyites that the Cornell crew would have done well to study the art of rowing under her. She was at Poughkeepsie while the crews were training there, and she also went to New London to study her specialty. She comes of a rowing family, her cousin being Captain Jackson of last year's Yale crew. She has charge of all the gymnastic work at Wellesley.

### Easy.

"Nirvana," said the business man's wife, who has taken to occult subjects, "is a place where we see, feel and hear nothing. How to reach this peaceful condition is the great question."

"Easy," replied her husband, "if you had been in business as long as I have, you would know that it's easy."

"How would you go about it?"

"I'd simply quit advertising."—Washington Star.

### Boise City's Club.

Mrs. Emma Smith De Voe lately organized an equal suffrage club at Boise City, with the chief justice's wife as president, and the wife of the congressman-elect as secretary. Many women of high moral and social standing are members.

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The amount of wealth invested in our manufactures is increasing in a larger proportion than that put into any other form of production.

### Good Stock.

The selection of a son of Mr. Evarts as a candidate for a judgeship on the fusion ticket in New York makes the Evarts family represented by both a son and a son-in-law. However, it is pretty good legal stock.—Boston Herald.

### That Would Be the Last Straw.

Lack of evidence may yet turn Holmes loose on the community as a freak lecturer.—Washington Star.

# PLAN WORTH TRYING

## THE TORRENS LAND TITLE SYSTEM ADOPTED IN CHICAGO.

**A Scheme by Which Government Guarantees as Well as Registers Titles to Real Estate—Will Make Land a Much More Desirable Investment.**

A question of some moment to the welfare of Chicago was answered in the affirmative on election day by the voters of that city. The question was whether the Torrens land title system should be adopted, and the proposal was accepted by the handsome majority of 77,000. Many of our states have borrowed their ballot systems from Australia, but the city and county of Chicago is the first American community to recognize how powerful a stimulus to rapid and extensive development would be given by the application of another Australian invention—namely, the Torrens scheme for the guaranteeing as well as registering of the titles to real estate.

What is the land title scheme, which, from the name of its deviser, has become known all over the English speaking world as the Torrens system?

The fundamental motive of the plan is coiled deep about the roots of individualism as opposed to socialism. It is based on the conviction that it is the interest of a decentralized, self governing, truly democratic state to promote the multiplication of homes owned by their occupiers, or, in other words, to give the largest possible number of citizens a stake in the country. To that end an obvious means would be the removal of the causes which in English speaking communities have rendered real estate a much less desirable investment than personal property for the savings of poor men or men of modest incomes, owing partly to the heavy incidental expenses connected with all dealings in the former species of property, and partly to the vastly greater ease and rapidity with which the latter species could be sold or used as security for a loan.

All the causes which tend to hold back the mass of a people from placing their surplus in real estate were swept away at a stroke by the so-called Torrens land act, which first became a law in South Australia, but which, as its benefits became incontestable, was rapidly adopted by other Australian colonies. Under this legislation the state, through officers designated for the purpose, undertakes an exhaustive and careful registration of the titles to all lands within its boundaries. The registration completed, a short, concise certificate is issued to every landowner, and to him, his heirs and assigns the validity of the title certified is guaranteed by the state against impeachment.

Furnished with this certificate, a landowner who wishes to sell or mortgage his property goes to the nearest registration office—there is one for every small fraction of the population—and here the reigstrar inscribes in the proper book and on the back of the certificate the name of the grantee, if a sale is intended, or in case of a mortgage the name of the mortgagee and the amount of money loaned. The transferring or incumbering of title is effected in a few minutes, about as long as it would take to procure the discounting of a note at a bank.

Now for the fee. This was intended not only to reimburse the state proportionately for the original cost of searching and for the current expense of maintaining a corps of registrars, but also to provide an insurance fund against the results of the discovery of flaws in the titles guaranteed. From the outset the belief was entertained and acted on that a fee of a shilling or two for each transaction would be ample for all purposes. But it turned out in every colony where the Torrens system was adopted that the losses threatened to the state through defects in the titles guaranteed had been much overrated while the revenue flowing from the registration offices, owing to the terrific multiplication of transactions, had been as signally underestimated. The result has been that the fee for the transferring or incumbering of titles has been everywhere cut down form shillings to pence. As things now are an Australian can convey or mortgage a piece of land worth millions of dollars in the space of five minutes and for the price of a cigar.

Such is the method of dealing with land titles which has been adopted by the city and county of Chicago. The results will probably be admired of all Americans by the opening of the twentieth century. No doubt Chicago is wide awake to its interests, while some of its rivals seem asleep.—New York Sun.

### Sedge For Paving.

Salt marsh sedge is being used as a paving material in some sections of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The sedge is subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure and comes from the presses in the shape of blocks. The blocks are treated with three kinds of oil, and when the process is completed it is said the blocks are impervious to moisture and will last indefinitely under the hardest service. If salt marsh sedge is the paving material of the future, Savannah will not have to go far away from home to get her material. There is enough sedge within sight of the City Exchange tower to pave Paris.—Savannah News.

### We Have Reached the 70,000,000 Mark.

State censuses have been taken this year by Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, and the aggregate increase in population of these five states since 1890 is found to be 971,880. This percentage applied to the whole country would give an increase in the past five years of 7,500,000, so that it is safe to place the present population of the United States at 70,000,000.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### He Keeps the Ball Rolling.

Mr. Rockefeller may be said to be in the educational rush line.—Chicago Post.

# WATCHED BY BEARS.

## THEY PROWLED AROUND EXPLORER JACKSON'S LOG CABINS.

**He Reached North Latitude 81.20—The Long Arctic Winter—Documents Brought Back by the Ship That Took Him Out Opened In London.**

The documents brought from Explorer Jackson by the Windward, after leaving him on Franz Josef Land, were opened recently in England.

They record that the expedition landed Sept. 7 at Cape Flora, where the men of the expedition erected log houses. All were given certain duties to insure regular exercise. Thirty bears and eight walruses were killed and added to the winter's provisions. The only man who died of scurvy refused to eat bear meat.

The winter was very tempestuous and polar bears prowled around the log cabins and even looked in at the windows. The winter darkness ended Feb. 23.

Jackson and two others started north March 10, with two ponies and two sleighs. The temperature was some 45 degrees below zero. The ponies proved invaluable for clambering over hummocks on the ice. The country generally was 2,500 feet above sea level and was covered with ice sheets, interrupted along the coast by high basaltic cliffs, on which were found mosses and arctic flowers.

FREDERIC JACKSON.

The journey revealed many inaccuracies in the charts. The land on the Austria sound coast line was found to be very different from what is shown by the maps of the Austrian expedition. Islands were found where the mainland was supposed to be.

The farthest point reached was latitude 81 degrees 20 minutes north, where two boats were left for use later in the summer. Three depots were also established on the route.

Many specimens were taken, which show that the geological formation of the land is mainly basaltic.

A second journey began in April and ended in the middle of May. It was attended with stormy weather, and frequently the temperature was 50 degrees below zero. Progress was difficult on account of deep crevasses and mud morasses.

Jackson considers horses the best means of reaching a high latitude up to the end of April. Out of 22 dogs only 2 died.

He foresees nothing to prevent the advance as intended along the coast, and a voyage to the west coast of Franz Josef Land during the summer.—New York World.

### Human Cactus Growing.

Gardener Howells of the Phipps conservatory in Schenley park, Pittsburg, has inadvertently given away one of the tricks of his trade. Visitors to the conservatory last summer admired a singular cactus growth in a conspicuous place in one of the flower beds. It was known as the old man cactus, being shaped in the human form and covered with a densely woolly covering. It turns out that this was no natural product. The wild man was first cut out from a leaf of the Ficus indicus, a cactus known as the Indian fig. The woolly covering was then transplanted, bit by bit, from another species of cactus. This has now been removed, and the denuded figure put into winter quarters.

Howells is now working on a series of heads, profiles, caricaturing such well defined types as the Irish, Yankee and negro.—New York Sun.

### None In the World Larger.

Preparations for the casting of a mammoth church bell have been going on for some weeks at a bell foundry in Cincinnati. The bell will be larger than the famous 13½ ton bell at Montreal, which is now the greatest on the continent. In ornamentation it will surpass all bells in existence, and will be the largest swinging bell in the world. It will supplement a chime of 40 bells. The clapper weighs 640 pounds. It is to swing in St. Francis de Sales' church.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Results From "an Armored Cheesebox."

An English writer on naval affairs is preparing a work called "Ironclads In Action," which will deal with the history of fighting on the ocean during the last 40 years. He should give the United States credit for revolutionizing the navies of the world a few months after the civil war broke out, and all through having "an armored cheesebox on a raft" at the right place at the right moment.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### A Record Breaking Year.

Minneapolis has again broken her record in the production of flour. Her output as reported last week was the largest in the history of the city—798,000 barrels.

This achievement is of national importance from the fact that Minneapolis leads in the industry, manufacturing more flour than the three cities next below her all put together.—St. Louis Republic.

### Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

No less an authority than Andrew Lang has pronounced Eugene Field's poem, "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," one of the best, if not the very best, child poem in the English language. It is as follows:

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old man asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

# DETROIT'S BRAINY MAYOR.

**He Has a Convict Labor Scheme and a Presidential Boom.**

Mayor Pingree has broken out again on a new spot. The people are never prepared, however, for a fresh article from the versatile Detroit executive. His fellow citizens are not bound by the limitation of a few potato patches, and the little matter of running a city like Detroit and capturing a nomination for a fourth term does not occupy Mr. Pingree's intellect to the exclusion of other weighty concerns. Mayor Pingree has been making a study of the convict labor problem. He believes that the convicts should be placed on a state farm and employed at fancy farming, such as raising French peas and mushrooms and other products that do not compete with the ordinary farm products. He believes they can be taught in this manner to have a genuine love for the soil and can thus be started in a useful and productive pursuit that will to a large extent destroy the criminal tendency. Simultaneous with Pingree's statement of his plan for the employment of convicts comes the launching of his presidential boom in a Detroit paper. Recent events showing Pingree's popularity indicate that Pingree as a presidential possibility is not so much of a joke after all.

H. S. PINGREE.

All of which shows what a new kind of brain may do in a country where there is no law against fecundity of ideas.—Chicago Times-Herald.

# MAUD'S BUTTER BILL.

**Mr. Gratebar's Surprise, Concerning Which It Were Well to Be Warned.**

"The most remarkable bill I ever received came in today," said Mr. Gratebar. "It was from my oldest daughter, Maud. Maud doesn't eat butter, and never did. We used to try to get her to eat it, but she never would, and we stopped trying. I am quite sure that there could be no more indulgent father than myself, but at the same time I am quite willing to admit that it had sometimes occurred to me that if Maud wouldn't eat butter, why, it was just so much net saving in the household expenses, and so I was all the more surprised—startled, as one might say—when I received a bill, of which the following is a copy:

New York, Oct. 31, 1895.

W. Gratebar, Esq.
To Maud Gratebar, Dr.
Terms cash.
For 15 years' butter supply, at $12 per annum, $180.

"I don't know where Maud got the figures, but I suppose that she and her mother must have figured on the family butter bills enough to reach approximately the annual cost per head. The real joke about this bill, however, is that it will have to be paid. 'You would have paid for the butter if I had eaten it as I went along, wouldn't you?' asks Maud, to which I say, 'Certainly.' 'Then why shouldn't you pay for it now?' says Maud. This reasoning is of course irresistible, and if it were not it is re-enforced by the fact that, with winter approaching, Maud needs a whole lot of new things, and so there is nothing for me to do but to draw a check for the amount.

"But we must get Maud to begin eating butter or I must establish a butter sinking fund, for Maud's net bill might come in at a time when I was not so well prepared to meet it."—New York Sun.

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There came in the mail to New Haven the other day a big old blunderbuss of a revolver with a great bunch of paper tags attached to the trigger guard. The first tag bore date of Grand Rapids, Aug. 24, 1895, and this query: "Can you identify this as the train robber's gun? If so, return to Grand Rapids, with affidavits." The tags bore evidence of the wit of the postal employees through whose hands it had passed in many thousand miles of travel.

# COLOR SCHEME FOR SMALL HOUSE.

**Let Old Blue Predominate In Parlor, Library and Dining Room.**

How few people when furnishing a small house or flat remember that old blue is one of the happiest colors to choose for a foundation, writes Frances Ann Headley in The Ladies' Home Journal. In a house where, as a rule, all the rooms open into one another, especial care must be taken to preserve harmony. It is better then to select one color which shall run through all the rooms. Old blue is the color par excellence in such a case, combined with tan, gray or white for the rugs, while the same scheme prevails in the heavy draperies.

A lovely little house in mind has a parlor and library in one. The large rug, covering the greater part of the room, is old blue and gray. In front of the fireplace is a long, light gray fur one. A broad, low lounge is covered with dark gray. It is always better to cover a lounge in a solid color, as it takes more kindly to the pillows of endless hues. The large dining room rug is old blue and tan, with smaller rugs of tawny brown. The bedroom has an old blue and white large rug and white fur smaller ones. Let old blue predominate everywhere in the floor furnishings and draperies, but not to the exclusion of all other colors elsewhere, for where one color only is used the effect as a whole is flat. Let there be odd bright color touches in the way of pillows, lamp shades, odd bits of china and bric-a-brac, but with always an eye to what is the proper color for each room. When all furnished be careful to see whether all of the rooms blend into a beautiful harmony.

In a bedroom white enameled or birds-eye maple is exquisite where two or three pieces of fresh old mahogany are added. Each heightens the other's beauty in a most charming manner. A room furnished entirely in mahogany gives a heavy, dismal effect, but in a parlor and library combined, say in a flat or small house, place a large, quaintly carved old desk and one of those highly polished, round card tables, and see what an air they give to the modern and equally beautiful furniture. In the dining room a square mahogany table with a surface like glass, and even a small buffet or china cabinet, will be quite enough of antique to set off everything else in the room. Have exquisitely drawn lined doilies, candles in rose colored shades and a profusion of, say, pink carnations and you have a lovely lunch table. In a house the hall should be a leading feature—enticing, not cold, bare and cheerless, repellant, one from further acquaintance with the house and its mistress. A hall is like an introduction.

# HERE'S A NUT TO CRACK.

**A Puzzle That May Give a Leisure Mind Something to Think Of.**

I have found the following interesting problem in an old notebook, writes Sir Walter Besant. I have no recollection at all of its origin. Perhaps everybody knows it. Perhaps everybody does not. Those who do not will find it, I think, unless they bring algebra to bear upon it, rather a tough nut to crack.

Here it is. Once there were three niggers—their wickedness is a negligible quantity; it does not enter into the problem—who robbed an orchard, carried away the apples in a sack, laid them up in a barn for the night and went to bed. One of them woke up before dawn, and, being distrustful of his friends, thought he would make sure of his share at once. He therefore went to the barn, divided the apples into three equal heaps—there was one over, which he threw away—and carried off his share. Another nigger then woke up with the same uneasiness and the same resolution. He, too, divided the apples into three heaps—there was one over, which he threw away—took his share, and carried it off. And then the third nigger woke up with the same emotions. He, too, divided the remaining apples into three portions—there was one over, which he threw away—took his share and departed.

In the morning every one preserved silence over his doings of the night; they divided the apples which were left into three heaps—one was over, which they threw away—and so took each his share. How many apples were there in the sack? There are many possible answers—a whole series of numbers—but let us have the lowest number of apples possible. Senior wranglers must be good enough not to answer this question. Moralists, if they please, may narrate the subsequent history of these three niggers, apart from the problem of their apples.

### Collecting Astor House Rents.

Possibly it is not generally known that the Astor House block has two owners, whose relations are strained, to say the least—John Jacob Astor and William Waldorf Astor. Although the rent of the hotel itself is necessarily paid in a single check, that of the stores and offices at one end of the building is collected by the representative of one Astor, while the revenue from the other end is garnered by the representative of the other.—National Hotel Reporter.

### A Gallant Inquiry.

She—I was in Cleveland for a week once and didn't see a single attractive thing during the whole time.

He (soulfully personal)—How could that be?—Don't they have mirrors in Cleveland?—Detroit Free Press.

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Shakespeare paints so very closely to nature, and with such marking touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear when he is on his scene.—Cumberland.

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While in England marriage with a deceased wife's sister is prohibited, in Canada it has been made legal with the consent of the queen.

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When soda crackers are damp, as though water soaked, the indications are favorable for rain.

# STORIES OF THE DAY.

**Interesting Episode in the Lobby of a New York Theater.**

There were at least six persons who were witnesses of this scene in the lobby of the Garrick theater, New York, the other night. Two women entered the lobby at about 9 o'clock, when the first act of "Leonardo" was almost over. Both seemed excited and very nervous. One of the women was crying. They spoke to the doorkeeper and asked him to send word to a woman who was sitting in one of the stage boxes.

"Tell her to come outside for a moment," cried the elder woman. "We must see her. It's a matter of great importance." Presently the woman came out. She was fashionably dressed and rather pretty. She looked none too pleased at the interruption, however. The elder woman grasped her by the hand. "My dear child," she said, "I have terrible news for you. Your dear mother dropped dead about half an hour ago."

The woman gave a little shriek and looked for a moment as if she were going to faint. The younger woman handed her her smelling salts.

"My God! How terrible! How awful!" cried the woman. "Poor mother!"

One of her companions had already gone to call a cab. Suddenly the woman drew herself together, took a long sniff at the salts and exclaimed:

"Well, I'm here now, so I might as well see the performance out. It won't make any difference to mother."

The other two women fell back in amazement. The doorkeeper stood there open mouthed. In vain the women explained to her that there was no one with the body.

"I'm going to sit out this performance," repeated the woman firmly as she wiped her eyes and re-entered the theater.

The two women drove away alone. In half an hour they returned in a more distracted state than ever. Again the woman was summoned from her box. This time, however, her temper was aroused.

"I wish you would leave me alone," she exclaimed. "What is the matter now?"

The women explained that they had been hunting for her brother, but could not find him. Again they begged her to go home. "Now, look here, you just leave my brother alone. He's up at His Excellency, and he doesn't want to be disturbed any more than I do. It's been very kind of you to take all this trouble, but I wish, all the same, you had left me alone. I've got to get back to my box now. Good night."—New York Evening Sun.

### Daring Steamboating.

The development of the great northwest is sometimes attended with perilous incidents. The Rainy Lake gold fields in northern Minnesota are some distance from railways and can be reached only via a chain of lakes and rivers, to navigate which little steamboats are used. In running a steamboat from Rainy Lake river to Rainy Lake recently a steamboat was compelled to plunge over falls 8 feet high.

At the last moment the engineer deserted, leaving behind a record of valor and disaster. In the perilous trip, as the steamboat was swept running from the pilothouse to the engine room and attached to the steam throttle so he could shut off steam when desired. Then, casting off lines and pulling the throttle wide open, with a full head of steam on, he steered into the current, leading to the rapids above the falls, which is confined in a narrow gorge, and where the water runs with a fearful current.

With the force of the current and the full head of steam the steamboat shot ahead with the speed of an arrow, and as the brow of the falls was reached the captain pulled the wire to shut off steam; the steamboat shot out of the water full length, exposing the whole boat bottom, keel, wheel and rudder, and then dropped into the boiling, swirling water below the falls. Then came work for the captain. The mad, tumultuous waters were of course unknown to him. Hidden rocks were ready to deal destruction to the boat. The current was swift, strong and tortuous, but he guided her safely into quiet water, when steam was applied and she was quickly the landing below the falls.—Northwest Magazine.

### Out of the Mouths of Babes.

The spark of genius shows itself early in life, and my friend in Wolcott has a little girl just beginning her career at school who already exhibits sublime flights of intellect. One blustering, lowering day last week the teacher asked the school children to write their impressions of the weather. The little tots struggled for some time with their imaginations, and in many cases the result was nil.

But not so with my friend's bright little daughter. She sat near the window and watched the falling leaves dashed hither and thither by the fickle autumnal breezes. Then she was seen to write something upon her slate, and when the teacher approached the child triumphantly exhibited this brief, but wise composition:

"The world is full of wind."—Boston Globe.

### Sweet Praise.

W. H. MacDonald, the baritone of the Bostonians, tells a good story on himself. Last summer while rusticating in the pine woods of Maine it became noised about the village that he was one of the Bostonians and he was asked to appear at a local concert. He sang and was received with thunderous applause. As he was leaving the hall an old man rushed up to him, shook him by the hand, and exclaimed:

"Mister, I've seen a good many of them singers down to Boston, but I'll be dinged if you ain't got the darndest sweetest lung I ever heered in all my life."—San Francisco Post.