

THE FARM CHILD'S LULLABY.

Oh, the little bird is rocking in the cradle of the wind,
And it's bye, my little wee one, bye;
The harvest all is gathered and the pippins all are binned;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The little rabbit's hiding in the golden shock of corn,
The thrifty squirrel's laughing bunny's idleness to scorn;
You are smiling with the angels in your slumber, smile till morn;
So it's bye, my little wee one, bye.

There'll be plenty in the cellar, there'll be plenty on the shelf!
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
There'll be goodly store of sweetings and a dainty little elf;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The snow may be a-flying o'er the meadow and the hill,
The ice has checked the chatter of the little laughing rill,
But in your cosy cradle you are warm and happy still,
So bye, my little wee one, bye.

Why, the Bob White thinks the snow-fake is a brother to his song;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
And the chimney sings the sweeter when the wind is blowing strong;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The granary's overflowing, full are cellar, crib, and bin,
The wind has paid its tribute and the ax has ceased its din;
The winter may not harm you when you're sheltered safe within;
So bye, my little wee one, bye.

—Lippincott's.

A Summer Journey.

If he cannot love me when he hears
I am a poor shop girl, he cannot love me at all.
All very well in theory, but very poor in practice. I told up Fred Langley's offer of marriage, and sit down to write him that, before he makes any further plans with me for this end, he must know that I'm one of those superfluous beings, a girl who came into this world with no place prepared for her; that I have clerked at Sharp & Snipser's ever since I was seventeen—and I am now twenty-three; that I have two young sisters depending on me for support, growing up in gawky, ill-clad ugliness a shade plainer than myself even.

Some way, when I first met him at that pleasant summer resort, the first breath I had out of Sharp & Snipser's store for over two years, I was so happy that I forgot to mention the scrubbing life I had led behind us at home, and I was sick of poverty and third-rate people. I was glad to forget it.

How should he, being a man, know the dress I wore had been turned twice; that I trimmed my hat myself; that the diamond ring I wore I had borrowed from my sister, being the unvalued relic of some forgotten lover of hers; that the beauty he said

"Did you think me so mean?"

was in my face was due to the happiness in his society? For I do think the old saying, "Be good and you will be happy," ought to be preserved.

How did he know that charming naivete of mine was learned trying to induce customers to buy?

Old Snipser always says when he expects to sell a large bill of goods to a customer: "Let Miss To manage him; she can smile the dollars out of his pockets, if anyone can."

So I smile and smile, yet I am no villain, for they are enforced and impudent smiles for bread and butter.

How round and rosy I grew in those few weeks of ecstatic joy! What walks and rides we had up and down the ravines! What charming sails through the delis, through Witch's gulch, and about Devil's Elbow!

How brilliant and agreeable, and how handsome my Fred was! Dare I call him my Fred before he knows that I clerk at Sharp & Snipser's?

I am no strong-minded woman. I frankly confess that I do not like to take care of myself. I am no clinging vine, however, never having had anything to cling to. I have grown up stiff and straight, all by myself, like a weed in the middle of a bare ten-acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad wife, after all. I am a good house-keeper, and, having been no trouble or expense to anyone since I can remember, I do not see why I should be so very much troubled now, even with my two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, Fred must know all about the poverty and incumbrances, and make up his mind accordingly. So I waste a great many sheets of paper writing an answer that shall be frank and truthful and yet ladylike.

I inform him in a most careful manner that he must marry three when he lends me to the altar.

I send it off in a pink envelope, my heart beating a painful tattoo, as I think of his elegant sister he has described to me, and he a member of the Legislature.

I pined down my sister Sophia's one summer stik for her, that I bought at such a bargain, thinking that peradventure there might be a wedding soon. I do not scold May when she comes home late from the picnic with my best shawl drenched and soaked through, my lace fichu torn, and her toes through both her boots, and creeps into the bed beside me. I hug her into my arms instead, with that hungry, unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses; but she only

says: "You strangle me, Jo, you soft, mushy thing!" and moves along out of my reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have always been called this on account of my enforced manly accomplishments.

For a week I sing about the house like a lark; the next week I do not sing so much; the next week I do not sing at all, but go about heavy-eyed and slow, and burst into tears when May sits down at the old, faint-hearted piano and begins to storm away at "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and mine.

I might have known all the time he would never answer that letter; it has always been my luck. Let me see how many lovers I have had.

There was Number One, waiting on me when my father died of heart disease and left me penniless at seventeen. He came to see me after the funeral, and told me that he had a great sympathy and respect for me, and that he should never marry unless it was some poor girl thrown on her own resources, and with no one to take care of her, as he thought that was the true way for a gentleman to do; and with these sentiments he bowed himself out for the last time.

Most heavenly philosophy! But then he married the same year the daughter of a wealthy man who had never done anything harder in her life than to curl her front hair over slate pencils.

Then there was the young man who wrote poetry, and threatened to die or shoot himself when I refused him—this was years ago. He is now in good health, with a wife and two children; but I always hated men who wrote poetry.

Then there was Judge Featherby. He visited me for a year, and told me he loved me; but something he dignified by the name of pride forbade him from saying anything more. I have been heartily glad since that he was ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these well-disposed-of and settled gentlemen makes the non-arrival of that letter any easier for me. I get weary and cross; my chest is getting weak, and I get faint and dizzy by spells.

Sometimes when I stand at the lace counter and some one is pricing this and cheapening that, I think I shall fall in a dead faint from sheer exhaustion. Women are so much harder to suit than men, and, ten to one, go picking over things, very likely because so few of them have any money of their own to spend.

The fall wind comes, and I walk over beds of fallen leaves; then that long, awful winter I waded through high drifts and storms that took my breath away, to reach Sharp & Snipser's.

Sophia, the oldest of my young sisters, is alling this winter, so I get up and build the fire with numb fingers, so as to get to the store at seven. Before the spring opens, that she so longs to see, poor, patient, hard-working Sophia dies.

Anticipating the life that was before her, I had tried to instill into her the principle that work was her end and aim, and that she must not expect anything beyond the life of a woman who is both poor and unbeautiful.

She had done all the cooking and most of the housework for us three while I have been at Sharp & Snipser's, and May has been at school. I have come home worn out and fretful, to help what I could by snatches. She has had about half what she ought to have to eat, and about a third of what she ought to wear. Well, she is gone to rest now, where all hearts are filled, and I stay where hearts are hollow.

I close her eyes; lay her out in the summer silk that should have graced my wedding; take the seventy-five dollars I have laid away in the bank to buy her a coffin and pay her funeral expenses.

About this time there comes a legacy of a hundred from an old uncle of ours. I send May off to school with this, determined she shall not be like Sophia. I am left alone. I do my own work. I eat my solitary meals, salted with lonely tears. I have ceased to hope ever to hear from Fred again.

The June days come again, hot and long. There is the sunshine without happiness and stillness without rest.

I look in the glass—I am all eyes; my face is sharpening out, my collarbones protrude, I am getting waspy and thin; so much for putting my trust in man.

Old Snipser looked at me to-day, even kindly, and said:

"Miss Jo, you must have a vacation for a week or so; this hot weather in the country will do you good, and

you can work the better on your return."

So I thank him, thinking sadly that no trip to the country can make me happy now; that I am held henceforth only to woman's undisputed legacy, tears, and longing after the love and appreciation she will not receive.

The big-hearted manager of the road, who is acquainted with me, has given me a pass to St. Paul and return. I care little which way I go, and have selected this route because it passes through the town where Fred Langley lives. Though I half despise him for his fickleness, still I have a woman's curiosity to ride through this city, even though I only catch a glimpse of his office window.

I get a brown poplin traveling suit. I find that old maids generally wear a brown poplin, and the older they get the more colors they wear, especially scarlet. I have always hated red. I cannot see my way clear, just yet, to putting it on my hat, so I get a more youthful bunch of bluish rosebuds.

One hot, bright July day I set out on my lonely trip; once seated in the train by the open window, my spirits rise, for I always did love to ride in the cars; there is a pleasant rush and excitement about them that pleases me; we are flying so fast, through white towns and over bridges and out into the vast Wisconsin prairies, not smooth and rolling like those of Illinois and Iowa, but rough and rugged thickets, with little cabins set down here and there like birds' nests in the grass; flocks of ragged bunnet troop out of these and stare at the passengers—the dear little dirty creatures! What an inventory they take of my Milwaukee hat and my dusty suit! Here is a field starred with swamp lilies, scarlet lobelias and wild asters. How I long to get out and gather them.

I see by the towns on my ticket, and know by the warning whistle, that we are within a mile of Fred's home. The big manufacturing town is already in sight; the sand and sawdust and coal smoke are flying. Of course I have my head and shoulders out of the window, with my eyes and mouth full of clinders, and gaping wildly about me.

The train grates, jars and stops. The usual amount of women with boxes, budgets and parcels are piled on the train. The teachers' association is held here this week, and a tribe of lank, sharp-nosed, hungry-faced women get off also, teacher written all over them, from their ugly hats to their ugly shoes.

Can I believe my eyes? Who is it that steps up and shakes hands with two of the lankiest, most wizened old maids of them all, but my Fred, with a smile as sweet as the morning; takes their satchels and shawls and turns to the lady with him, whom I know, by the elegance of her dress and a certain high-bred sweetness about her, is his sister. The oldest old maid says:

"So kind in you, Mr. Langley, to meet us! We would have been so bewildered in this place. So good in you to take so much trouble!" but he says "No trouble—most happy!" but he says it rather languidly.

He glances up at my window, and in spite of clinders and soot, my cavendish hat, my hair all flying, and my face burning like live coals, he knows me and drops the parcels.

"Take the shawls a moment, sis," I hear him say, and in another second he is on the train, leaning over the seat, asking me a dozen questions in a breath.

"I am going to St. Paul," is all I have time to answer; and he whispers, "Good-by, Mignon; I will see you again!" and he is off the car as the bell begins to ring.

I catch one more glimpse of him as the train moves off, helping his sister and the old maids with their satchels into the carriage; I see him take the front seat beside the one with red poppies in her bonnet, touch the reins, and the horses are off like birds. How I envy that old maid, though she has a wart on her nose and looks like a last year's mullin stalk.

Something gets into my throat and chokes me, and I refuse the orange the man in the next seat with the big beard offers me. Something chokes me all the way to St. Paul. It may be the green peach I have eaten; but I think it is that old maid.

Why did I let him speak so familiarly and call me Mignon, his old name for me? Why did I not pull my hand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as these until we have crossed the boundary line, and have entered Minnesota; here the scenery gets wilder and wilder, the broad Mississippi winds lazily along at the foot of its tall bluffs, with trees toppling uncomfortably along their steep sides; close to the car windows great walls of rock rise, oh, so high in air. The train balances dizzily along like a rope-walker over a high along, where it seems as if the least jar would send us down, down, I dare not think how far.

I ride along in a sort of mist until we reach St. Paul. What a queer, elevated town it is, as if every house on it had climbed up and sat on the hill. I get out in a pouring rain, greatly to the detriment of my bonnet. I stop at one of the grandest hotels there—the Metropolitan—and say to myself, spitefully:

"I will enjoy myself, though I starve the rest of the year."

Rather a dreary magnificence, however, for I get tired the first day wandering up and down the parlors and hall ways. I grow restless the second day and want to go home. As to Minneapolis, what a baby falls to come so far to see! I grow so tired of the strange faces that by the third day my brilliant summer debut is getting to be unbearable, when a boy brings up a card with Fred Langley's name engraved on it. I try not to make indecent haste down into the parlor, but somehow my feet will take two steps at a time.

Fred is there with an open letter in a pink envelope in his hand, which I see by close scrutiny is my poor old letter, written a year ago, telling him about my sisters.

The sight of it angers me beyond expression. I snatch at it fiercely. Fred holds the letter out of my reach and catches me in his arms instead, bestowing upon me some of the old-

time kisses, whose unforgotten sweetness I had trained myself to believe I should never feel again.

"Did you think me so mean, so odd, so unamiable?" he asked, "as not to answer your letter? I have not found it until yesterday, and I came as soon as the train would fetch me to answer it in person."

I ask no question; I only lay my weary head down on his shoulder and cry out my overburdened heart on his bosom.

It is not until afternoon, when we are driving in a nice carriage to Minneapolis, Springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of St. Anthony's Falls on my ears, that I venture to say:

"How in the world did you lose that letter?"

"Well, you see, sister took it from the postman and put it on the high mantle, where it slipped away against the wall, and she forgot all about it, and, being a bit of a woman like yourself, she never noticed the edge of it above the mantle, nor anyone else, until this week two rather oldish lady teachers came to spend a few days with us, and one of them, while looking for knick-knacks on this shelf, discovered and brought to light your letter."

"Did she have red poppies in her bonnet and a wart on her nose?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes, on the whole, I believe she had."

Heaven bless that old maid!—Waverley.

WOMEN AND MATRIMONY.

One Writer Who Disagrees with Maude Gonne on the Subject.

Such few sensible women as took any notice of Maude Gonne's petulant declaration, made just after her divorce from Capt. McBride in Paris, that "a woman of brains should never marry," will also observe from the news of the week that there is another side to the story, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

It will be remembered that the Irish Joan of Arc said that it was impossible for a married woman to have a career. Mrs. Payne Whitney (Helen Hay, daughter of the late Secretary of State) does not seem to be hampered in her literary work by marriage. A well-known firm has just issued her third volume of poems, "Sonnets and Songs," and a general paucity of praise has greeted the work.

The name of Myra Kelly should also be added to the growing list of women who do not believe that women of brains should not marry. Miss Kelly had a career and still has. She writes charming stories of the children of the East Side, and they are known to magazine readers all over the country. Yet this week she married a horse dealer and is glad of it. According to Maude Gonne this should be the end of her career, but the bride will keep on her studies of the East Side and continue to produce her charming stories. Mrs. Leow-Whitney, who recently abandoned the practice of law, was advised during the week to return to the bar. "I am happier as I am," she said; "I have a little boy to take care of." Mrs. Clarence Mackay is another woman who does not find that the marriage ties bind her to a strictly domestic life. She has been recently elected a school trustee in the Long Island village where she has a country seat, and has become a local political factor to be reckoned with. The fact that Russell Sage never takes interest in philanthropic enterprises does not prevent Mrs. Sage from taking an active interest in club work and in many worthy charities.

PUBLIC SIGNS OF MOURNING.

So Common in Washington that They Lose All Meaning.

The trappings of public woe exhibited in the national capital have become something of a nuisance. Years ago, whenever an ex-Cabinet officer died, the department to which he belonged was draped with black until it seemed that the nation was in horrible grief. Congress finally took charge of this and passed a law preventing the draping of public buildings as a mark of mourning. In those days, also, it was customary to close a department upon the announcement of the death of an ex-Cabinet officer, and also upon the day of the funeral. There has been a reform in this particular, and the department now closes only upon the day of the funeral of a man who died while in office. But it has not prevented the exhibition of public mourning in a most ostentatious manner. The desk and chair of the late Secretary of State were draped for a month, and had a most mournful appearance. Secretary Root, when he came here to be sworn in, could not occupy the office of the Secretary of State because the trappings of woe for the late Secretary Hay made the Secretary's office uninhabitable. Those who knew Secretary Hay are convinced that he would not have approved of any such display.

Then, again, the half-masting of flags is most depressing. For the last two years the flags of Washington, and especially those of the city government, have been at half-mast nearly all the time. People forget for whom they were mourning. The flags on the schools, on the fire department buildings and on the district government building are continually waving at half-mast, and no one can tell why or for whom.—Washington Post.

Deepest Gold Mine.

The deepest gold mine in the world is at Bendoolo, in Australia. The mine day in question is called the New Chum Railway mine, and its main shaft is sunk to the depth of 3,900 feet, or only sixty feet short of three-quarters of a mile.

Too Much Study.

After examining 10,000 school children, three German medical experts have urged the abolition of afternoon lessons on the ground that they exhaust the vitality of the scholars.

Cleverness.

"What's a clever joke?"

"One that makes you laugh when you know absolutely there is nothing to it.—Judge.

A man who was asked for news to day by a reporter replied: "I don't know anything in particular."

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE CHEAP AND VICIOUS PLAY.

REMARKABLE and, we are glad to think, exceptional illustration of the evil effects of cheap and vicious plays upon young spectators is found in the case of the 13-year-old Toronto girl, who kidnapped a baby in the hope of obtaining a reward and afterward killed the child when she found it a nuisance and herself liable to detection. The girl is of high intelligence, like most of the frequenters of the very cheap theater, and she was stimulated to crime by seeing a play in which the plot blinged upon the kidnapping of an infant with the expectation of ransom. It mattered little to her that the villains or villainesses, we do not happen to know which, were subsequently foiled, and the child restored unharmed and unransomed to the millionaire's family from which it was originally stolen. The "beautiful moral lesson" which plays of this stamp are frequently advertised to teach does not invariably have time to strike home. In fact the idea that vice is always punished and virtue always triumphant is worked out with such painful attention to criminal detail that its value as a moral corrective amounts to practically nothing. It is to be regretted that no plan can be devised for the legal suppression of the vulgar, sensational and cheaply vicious play. Theater-going is a matter of individual taste, and so long as a production keeps within the limits of ordinary decency it cannot be interfered with by the law, whether it be the story of a nasty intrigue imported from Paris for Broadway consumption or the adventures of a Western desperado as exhibited on the Bowery. Some day we may change all this, but for the present the only check upon the evil is the spread of social work by the churches and settlements, the increase of free lectures and other forms of entertainment by the educational authorities and the development of clubs and gymnasiums in the neighborhoods from which the patronage of the cheaper play is most largely drawn. But the play has already a long lead in the race.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HANG ON TO YOUR POLICIES.

SOME New York reports say that many holders of life insurance policies are refusing to pay further premiums on them, on account of the recent revelations of crookedness in some of the companies. This is folly. By allowing their policies to lapse without making any sort of terms with the companies the holders would lose everything which they have paid in. Not only so, but they would thus increase the funds which would be at the mercy of the crooks in such companies as the crooks dominate.

There is a strong probability that most of the insurance companies are managed honestly and economically. Moreover, the big companies which are being looted by some of their officers are likely to be solvent still. It is not certain that they are solvent, for the examination of their assets by the committee has yet to take place. In the absence of a careful, impartial examination from the outside, the public will be in doubt as to those companies' exact financial status. There has been so much crookedness in the conduct of some of their leading officers that the word of those persons as to the monetary standing of their companies would carry no weight with the policy holders. The death claims can undoubtedly be paid, but the holders of the ten, fifteen and twenty years term policies will not, at those policies' maturity, get anywhere near the amount which they were led to believe they would get, although the technically guaranteed payments will probably be met.

The sensible thing for the policy holders is to hang on to their policies and make the best terms possible with the companies. When the committee of inquiry in New

York finishes with the Mutual, the New York Life and the Equitable it will take up some of the other companies. It is fair to presume that the Hydes, Alexanders, McCalls and McCurdy's will not be found diffused through the whole insurance fraternity, or through any large part of it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HE WHO NEGLECTS HIS COUNTRY.

THE notion prevails among some Americans that there is something degrading and debasing in being in politics. There are many American citizens who pass as educated, intelligent and respectable, who yet pride themselves on their ignorance of politics and their abstention from political activity. This false and foolish notion is passing away, but there is still too much of it. Such an attitude is based on the delusion that politics is a small, petty, and almost unnecessary business, with which men of ability need not concern themselves, because almost anybody can attend to it as well as its requirements demand.

The truth is, of course, that what Abraham Lincoln truly called "the great business of government" is the greatest and most important business on earth, on whose capable, intelligent, and upright transaction the welfare of every other business depends.

Furthermore, in this country every citizen is a shareholder in this business. Furthermore, this nation offers to its citizens such opportunities for personal freedom, prosperity and advancement as no other offers. Hence both gratitude and self-interest should move every citizen to take an interest in politics, that this great business, which is his in every sense, may be efficiently and uprightly carried on.

Politics is corrupt only when and where honest and able citizens neglect to attend to their business. Yet hundreds of thousands think themselves more respectable because they neglect their business! The shame and the folly of it!

May the day soon come when the American citizen who does not take an interest in politics—the American citizen who neglects his country—will be charged with the man who neglects his family.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BUSINESS WOMAN'S HOME.

HERE is something radically wrong with the woman who never longs for a little home of her own. I know some brilliantly successful business women who live the year round in hotels because they declare they cannot shoulder household responsibilities, but they are far more restless, lonely and pettish.

It is very nice to be able to touch a button and know that a small uniformed boy is running to do your bidding, but there will come moments when you wonder why everything tastes alike on the handsomely appointed table, and you wish you might cook just one little meal, or know the joy of buying the prettiest furniture you see in the shop windows, or lay in a supply of dainty linen. Furthermore, you do not have to be married to feel these yearnings. It is the little touch of femininity and gentle womanhood that you do not want to crush out of your life.

But you say, "What has this to do with my succeeding in business?" Do you expect to remain always in business? Are there not moments when you look forward to having a home of your own, financed by some good man, and managed competently by yourself?

Then let me give you a tip. Don't lose your grip on home life and home interests. Keep your hand, if ever so lightly, on the domestic plow, or you will forget how to steer it.—Woman's Home Companion.

STRENUOUS STILLNESS.

Perfect stillness is something that scarcely seems compatible with physical strenuousness; nevertheless, posing for an artist may become, in the maintenance for long periods of a difficult attitude, one of the most trying of athletic feats. When Meisssonier, the famous French artist, was painting one of his battle scenes he hired several old soldiers for models, seasoned, tough veterans, whose experience and endurance would, he thought, be useful in enabling them both to understand the positions required and to hold them. They did so, indeed, as well as any one could; but it was an every-day affair for a model to faint, and more than once to collapse with exhaustion, and require the services of a physician.

Especially difficult were the poses representative of cavalrymen slain or wounded and falling from their saddles. Despite an ingenious arrangement of straps and slings hung from the ceiling of the studio to afford such support as was possible, these poses remained so hard that one old soldier declared fervently when the picture was finished:

"Monsieur Meisssonier, I have been six times wounded, and once nearly frozen on the field, but it was all nothing to this. Nothing! Nothing! It is not hard to fall out of the saddle, really. A bullet helps one so neatly one scarcely knows when one touches the ground. But then, you see, one is allowed to fall all the way; one is not halted in mid-air."

Then, again, the half-masting of flags is most depressing. For the last two years the flags of Washington, and especially those of the city government, have been at half-mast nearly all the time. People forget for whom they were mourning. The flags on the schools, on the fire department buildings and on the district government building are continually waving at half-mast, and no one can tell why or for whom.—Washington Post.

Deepest Gold Mine.

The deepest gold mine in the world is at Bendoolo, in Australia. The mine day in question is called the New Chum Railway mine, and its main shaft is sunk to the depth of 3,900 feet, or only sixty feet short of three-quarters of a mile.

Too Much Study.

After examining 10,000 school children, three German medical experts have urged the abolition of afternoon lessons on the ground that they exhaust the vitality of the scholars.

Cleverness.

"What's a clever joke?"

"One that makes you laugh when you know absolutely there is nothing to it.—Judge.

A man who was asked for news to day by a reporter replied: "I don't know anything in particular."

WELTH OF ALASKA.

NOME CITY AS SEEN FROM SNAKE RIVER.

Word comes from Nome that the gold output of that locality for 1905 will be \$10,000,000. This breaks all previous records for that district. Its yield in 1904, which was its highest up to that time, was \$7,000,000. Nome is only one of Alaska's gold-producing districts, but it is the most prolific of them. Extending along the valley of the Yukon and its tributaries on the Canadian boundary westward to Bering Strait there is a string of gold camps—Eagle, Circle, Fairbanks, Rampart, Council City, Nome, and others. All of them are increasing their contributions to the country's annual gold yield. For 1905 Alaska's entire gold production will be about \$15,000,000. And this is only the beginning.

PEASANTS OF THE TYROL.

Something About Picturesque Folk Who Inhabit that Land.

There exists no people more picturesque than the peasantry of Tyrol. Their garb of dress is no affectation, but arises from a natural love of color, and is adapted to the needs of their mountain life, says a writer in the Detroit News-Tribune.

The Tyrol (the name is as old as the Romans) is a small crown land of Austria, not exceeding in area 11,000 square miles, situated just east of Switzerland and north of Italy. It nestles in the fastnesses of the Alps, where agriculture is impossible, and where herding and the culture of the vine are the chief pursuits of the peasantry. Naturally this region, being especially in former years, difficult to reach, has retained to a great extent its simple customs and modes of dress.

The women, like those of Switzerland, wear a short skirt and a gay laced bodice, with a brilliant scarf thrown about the neck. In the more remote districts they still retain the inexpensive and light wooden sabots, or shoes. The dress of the men is more striking. It is designed for ease and freedom in the hunt and in mountain climbing. Every true Tyrolean Jaegerman, or hunter, whether dressed in his complete native costume or not, wears the soft round hat with a crest of feathers. It is a common sight in the south of Germany to see a man in all other respects fashionably attired, but wearing on his head one of these Tyrolean hats with a gay plume nodding above it.

Still a Greater Boom.

"I see that a Frenchman has invented a noncollapsible auto tire."

"Now let him turn his attention to a non-collapsible pocket book."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You would think that men would agree on some simple things; but what are they?



"DID YOU THINK ME SO MEAN?"

was in my face was due to the happiness in his society? For I do think the old saying, "Be good and you will be happy," ought to be preserved.

How did he know that charming naivete of mine was learned trying to induce customers to buy?

Old Snipser always says when he expects to sell a large bill of goods to a customer: "Let Miss To manage him; she can smile the dollars out of his pockets, if anyone can."

So I smile and smile, yet I am no villain, for they are enforced and impudent smiles for bread and butter.

How round and rosy I grew in those few weeks of ecstatic joy! What walks and rides we had up and down the ravines! What charming sails through the delis, through Witch's gulch, and about Devil's Elbow!

How brilliant and agreeable, and how handsome my Fred was! Dare I call him my Fred before he knows that I clerk at Sharp & Snipser's?

I am no strong-minded woman. I frankly confess that I do not like to take care of myself. I am no clinging vine, however, never having had anything to cling to. I have grown up stiff and straight, all by myself, like a weed in the middle of a bare ten-acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad wife, after all. I am a good house-keeper, and, having been no trouble or expense to anyone since I can remember, I do not see why I should be so very much troubled now, even with my two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, Fred must know all about the poverty and incumbrances, and make up his mind accordingly. So I waste a great many sheets of paper writing an answer that shall be frank and truthful and yet ladylike.

I inform him in a most careful manner that he must marry three when he lends me to the altar.

I send it off in a pink envelope, my heart beating a painful tattoo, as I think of his elegant sister he has described to me, and he a member of the Legislature.

I pined down my sister Sophia's one summer stik for her, that I bought at such a bargain, thinking that peradventure there might be a wedding soon. I do not scold May when she comes home late from the picnic with my best shawl drenched and soaked through, my lace fichu torn, and her toes through both her boots, and creeps into the bed beside me. I hug her into my arms instead, with that hungry, unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses; but she only

says: "You strangle me, Jo, you soft, mushy thing!" and moves along out of my reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have always been called this on account of my enforced manly accomplishments.

For a week I sing about the house like a lark; the next week I do not sing so much; the next week I do not sing at all, but go about heavy-eyed and slow, and burst into tears when May sits down at the old, faint-hearted piano and begins to storm away at "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and mine.