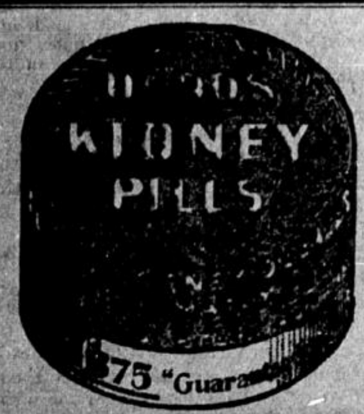
Side Lights on Mythology.

"Sister," asked Melpomene, "why art thou so gloomy?"

"Because," said Calliope, who, in her capacity as the muse that presided over eloquence and epic poetry, had done a hard day's work at her desk, reading manuscripts and firing them into the waste basket. "I am oppressed by a foreboding that all my labors have gone for naught. I shall die utterly unknown and my name will perish from the earth!"

Little did she think that the most diabolical and soul destroying instrument ever devised for the purpose of torturing the ears of mankind would send her name screaming and tooting down the ages!—Chicago Tribune.



ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN WESTERN CANADA.

There Are Thousands of Opportunities in This Land of Opportunity.

To the Editor—Dear Sir:

The following experience of an Illinois man who went to Western Canada six years ago is but one of the thousands of letters that could be reproduced showing how prosperity follows the settler on the fertile lands of Western Canada. This letter was written to the Chicago agent of the Government of the Dominion of Canada and is dated at Evarts, Alberta, April 8, 1907:

It is six years the 5th of this month since I and family landed in Red Deer, family sick and only $75.00 in my pocket. Bought a $12 lot, built a 12x14 shack and went to work as a carpenter. Next May sold for $400 (had added 16x18 building to shack). Purchased two lots at $70 each and built a 28x28 two-story building and sold for $950. Filed on a quarter section 33 miles northwest of Red Deer and have spent three years on it, and am well pleased. Quarter all fenced and cross fenced, wire and rail, 2½ miles of fence. House 29x31 feet on stone foundation. Last year was my first attempt to raise grain, 1½ acres of fall wheat, yield grand, but was frosted Aug. 2, was cut Aug. 16 and made good pig feed. Had 1½ acres fall rye that I think could not be beat. A farmer from Dakota cut it for me; he said he never saw such heavy grain anywhere. Straw was 7 feet high. I had 4 acres of 2-rowed barley on fall breaking that did not do so well, yet it ripened and gave me all the feed I need for stock and seed for this spring. I did not have grain threshed, so can't give yield, but the wheat would have gone at least 35 bu. to the acre. Have a log stable 31x35 feet, bread roof and two smaller buildings for pigs and chickens.

I have lived in Harvey, Ill., and know something about it. I have been hungry there, and though able and willing to work could get none to do. One Saturday evening found me without any supper or a cent to get it with. A friend, surmising my situation, gave me a dollar, which was thankfully accepted and later paid back. Wife and I are thankful we came here. We were living near Mt. Vernon, Ill., as perhaps you remember visiting me there and getting me headed for the Canadian Northwest and a happy day it has proved for me. I have not grown rich, but I am prospering. I would not take $3,000 for my quarter now. The past winter has been a hard one, but I worked outside the coldest day (52 below) all day and did not suffer. We are getting a school started now that is badly needed.

Our P. O., Everts, is about 15 miles; there is another office 6 miles, but it is not convenient to us. Wife and I would not exchange our home here for anything Illinois has to offer. Yours truly,

(Signed) R. EMBERLEY.

How Paris Got Its Name.

The city of Paris owes its origin to the conquest of Gaul by Caesar. When this Roman general on his path of conquest came to the present site of the French capital he found a swampy island in the river Seine, which was inhabited by a Gallic tribe called Parisii, who lived in huts made of rushes. Rather than be captured by the Romans, these people burned their rude city, which they called Lutetia, or "mud town," and the great Caesar, quick to appreciate the situation, built a temple to Jupiter and a wall round the island. A town soon sprang up about the temple, and was named Parisii, after the ancient tribe. In later years this was shortened to Paris.

Never Had One.

Citiman—Well, well, looking for another cook, eh?

Subbubs—Why, no, I can't say—

Citiman—What? You just said you were.

Subbubs—I did not. I said I was looking for a cook. The others we've had were not.—Philadelphia Press.

No Answer Required.

Tommy—Paw!

Mr. Tucker—What's the trouble now, Tommy?

Tommy—Why is it that the magazines don't make their readin' matter as interesting as they do their adv'tising pages?

[illegible] "...pretty maid?" "...kind sir," she said. "...pretty maid?" "...kind sir," she said.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Child of the Cave

By FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER XVIII.

There was a tavern at the corner of the street, with a low bow-fronted window, from which old Peter must have seen me coming. He lurched out into the middle of the road and stood there waiting for me like nothing so much as a great chimpanzee waiting an incentive to attack. His back was bent with age, so that his leathery hands with their crooked and gnarled fingers hung below his knees, and to look up at me his head was thrown back. Summer and winter he wore a pea-jacket with a guernsey underneath and a fur cap which spread his ears outward and covered his forehead. His shirt was the color of an old tanned sail. Between his protruding cheek bones and lower jaw his cheeks fell in, and his great beak of a nose almost touched his bristled underhung chin. His legs were bowed, and he stood with his feet well apart; altogether he was the oddest specimen of humanity you could well meet, and quite the most unpleasant.

His attitude was openly defiant, and seemed to say: "Here I am, and I'm not afraid of you. What have you got to say to me?"

I was not disposed to say anything to him. That was not the place to bring him to account for his misdeeds. I was anxious to get back to the cottage. His presence alarmed me for the safety of Psyche; for it was clear that her escape was no longer a secret from old Peter, who I could not doubt had followed me into the town and had lain in wait for my return.

"Mind he don't bite ye, sir," said a man at the door, grinning.

I brushed past old Peter, and pursued my course. He overtook and kept pace with me, swinging along a couple of feet from my side with a queer plantigrade gait—setting his long foot flat on the ground and rolling his bent body from side to side. My pace was about four miles an hour, but he kept up with me in a surprising manner, his features set in an expression of dogged determination. Neither of us spoke a word till we were clear of the town and out in the lonely road, then seeing that his purpose was to dog me home, and that I must shake him off by some means, I stopped. He stopped as well. "What do you mean by this?" I asked.

"What do I mean, you varmint?" he answered; "why I mean to do what I like. I've as good rights to walk along this road and stop when I choose as you 'ave. If you think you can prevent me, have a try." He slipped his hand in the pocket of his pea-jacket and brought out an open knife. "I'm ninety-four, but I'm wurth a dozen such as you. Have a try! You'd rather not. You've got no fight in you. You're only a slinking thief. You're afraid on me, ain't you? You would like to call a policeman to help you, wouldn't ye? Why ain't ye set the policeman on to me? Because you've got more reason to fear 'em 'an what I 'ave. I ain't robbed you; but you've robbed me. I don't want no one to help me; I'm just going to do this business myself. I'm goin' to hunt you down, and when I've found where you've stowed away that gal I'm goin' to get her, dead or alive. Now you know. Do what you like; but say your prayers afore you try to prevent me."

To old Peter's disgust, I tacitly declined to be drawn into a fight, or even a wordy dispute. The distance to the cottage was over three miles, and it seemed to me that, extraordinary as the old man's physical powers were, he could never keep up to my pace for more than half that distance. I started afresh, increasing the pace as I went. The old man with his bearlike tread kept by my side, and lost not an inch of ground for the first mile, with no visible sign of exhaustion. I determined to strike away from the main road and make for the village of Ecclesham, whence I could return by the footpath over the downs to the old London road; doubling the distance to the cottage, and coming to the byroads, I turned off sharp. The pace tried me, but still with indominable pertinacity old Peter stuck to my side. We came in sight of the village, and here I saw that I must make a vigorous effort to outstrip the dreadful old man, for if on getting through the village he found me doubling to regain the old road, he would at once conclude that Psyche was there, and that I had simply gone out of my way to mislead him.

There was a pretty steep hill before us; I put on a spurt. Old Peter kept up with me for a hundred yards, and then dropped, as if his strength had suddenly given away.

"You think you've done me, do you, ye runnin' varmin," he gasped. "Don't make no mistake, old Peter takes more beatin' than you can give him."

He had disappeared from the road when I turned round on the brow of the hill to look back. I was fairly exhausted, and sunk down by the roadside, whence I commanded a view of the hill, to recover my breath and strength. As soon as I was somewhat relieved, I rose, cut through the village, and took the path through the cornfields. The sun had already sunk, and the first star twinkled in the sky overhead. Judging by my own fatigue, I reckoned that old Peter would certainly give up the pursuit for to-day.

The lingering twilight was not yet past when I reached the cottage, and to my great satisfaction I could see no one on the road in either direction. I unlocked the door and entered closing it behind me.

"We are safe for at least another night," thought I.

I called "Psyche!" There was no response. It was unusual. At the first sound of my footfall at this hour she would cry to me "Brother!" Going down the passage toward the stairs I stopped abruptly at the angle facing the entrance of the back garden. The door was wide open. It was easily accounted for, I said to myself. Psyche, rising at the usual hour and finding me not in the house, had unbolted the door and gone out to seek me in the garden. That was why she had not responded to my call. But for all that it was with annoying fear that I ran down the garden, calling her under my breath at every turn and alley, peering into all her favorite haunts with the hope that she might be hiding from me in sport, as she sometimes did. Not a sound broke the silence. I could see no sign of her.

I ran back into the house and searched every room, calling upon her again and again with a despair in my voice that told me how dear she had become to me. Once more I explored the garden with ever-fading hope, and coming at last to the wicket at the side of the house which communicated with the front garden, I found that open.

Then it occurred to me that old Peter had beaten me, and not I him. It was obvious now why he had stopped me in the open street at Towerbridge and tried to provoke me to a quarrel; why when he saw me resolved on going through Ecclesham he allowed me to struggle up the hill. He had succeeded only too well in gaining time for my grandfather or some other rascally accomplice to lure Psyche out of the cottage and make away with her. And while I wasted precious moments on the hill in the complacent delusion that he was resting in the copse, my untiring enemy was plodding back by the shortest road to lend a hand, and with that very hand might now be stifling the poor child's cries for help. It seemed to me that I was something worse than a fool to have overlooked a strategem so palpable.

CHAPTER XIX.

My first impulse was to make at once for the Halfway House on the chance of finding Psyche there; but a moment's reflection convinced me that those who had the cunning to devise this scheme of abduction would never have the folly to carry the girl to a place where she would certainly be sought.

As I stood by the open wicket, irresolute as to which course it was advisable to take, I heard the sound of a heavy slouching step upon the sand. I had listened to such a sound too recently to be mistaken. It was old Peter. Coming in front of the house, he stopped and cast his eyes at the door and the upper windows, scratching his stubbly jaw with his hooked fingers dubitatively.

Standing by the wicket, at the side of the house, a shrub screened me, and a fir in the front garden threw a deep shadow on the narrow path. I scarcely breathed. He moved on slowly, and presently the rustling of corn told me that he had turned down by the edge of the field and was skirting the holly hedge. Stepping lightly along the garden path, I followed the rustling of the corn till it stopped. Then I heard him parting the holly with the attempt to see into the garden. He spent a few moments in this endeavor, and then, giving it up, he retraced his steps and got into the road. Once more the heavy, flat-footed step sounded upon the road, and as it receded I made up my mind to follow, concluding that he would make at once for the rendezvous where Psyche had been taken.

I watched him from the garden until the squat, rolling figure was only just perceptible in the rapidly fading twilight, and then followed, keeping on the turf beside the standing corn. He kept steadily on along the road for about a quarter of a mile; suddenly he stopped, and then turning to the side he disappeared, and his steps became inaudible. Doubtful whether he had taken a path through the cornfield, or was simply standing still to make sure that he was not being followed, I redoubled the caution with which I stole onward. Shortly a grunt a little way ahead stopped me, and I dimly perceived the old man stretched out on the turf not more than half a dozen paces from me. He kicked off one boot and then the other, muttering about the blisters on his feet, and things in general.

I was puzzled; not a word of exultation or triumph brightened up his monologue such as a man in his condition might have tried to console himself with. Was I at fault again? Had I jumped to the wrong conclusion? After all, might I have overlooked Psyche in some nook or corner of the garden? While these questions were running through my mind old Peter rolled over, and, making a pillow of his arms, laid his head upon them with a grunt. The next grunt terminated in a snore.

His heavy boots lay temptingly between his blistered feet and me; the means of checking pursuit by him lay almost within reach. I crept forward, picked them up, and retreating cautiously hurled the trophy into the midst of the corn when I was a hundred yards back on my way to the cottage.

At the gate I heard the distant murmur of a voice, and peering quickly through the alley at the side of the house, I saw Psyche in the garden seat facing the lawn, but to my utter astonishment Miss Duncan was seated beside her.

"He is here—come back to me—my brother!" cried Psyche as she sprang to her feet and ran to meet me.

Miss Duncan, recognizing me as I approached, seemed even more amazed than I by this unlooked-for meeting.

What had happened? Simply this: Psyche, as I imagined, finding me not in the house, had sought me in the garden, and then extending her search, had wandered along the road. The park gates, which she had seen shut when we passed in the night, were wide open. Who could have opened them but I who did everything? She passed through and was found in the avenue by Miss Duncan, looking in the twilight like a spirit with her pale face and her large dark eyes and their expression of childish fearlessness.

I can only tell what followed as Ethel described it to me later.

"After the first shock—for indeed I was frightened at first—her silence and the vague way in which she looked about her after regarding me for a few moments, giving additional weirdness to her spiritual appearance—I summoned up courage to falter, 'Who are you?'

"'I am Psyche,' she answered, with sweet, low articulation.

"'Psyche—is that your only name?'

"'Yes, why should I have two names? I am only one, Psyche, that is all.'

"Her strange answer seemed in character with her spiritual appearance. But there was nothing in her dress unreal, and surely nothing in her manner to make me fear the gentle creature, so, gathering my wits together a little, I said:

"'Do you want to see any one up in the house, dear?'

"'No, I am looking for my brother, he has gone away from me; but he will come back, because he knows I could not live without him. He has only gone away to look at the great world, to see the sun touch the sea, and the clouds lie on the hills. Do you know, I think he loves the great world better than I do, that is why he did not take me, that is so strange to me—a world without walls, because it is so new to me.'

"'How long have you been here, dear?'

"'Only some nights—I cannot count—not many.'

"'And where have you come from?'

"'I came from the caves where I have lived always—the caves under the sea. My brother found me there, and brought me away when the sea went down.'

"'Who is your brother?'

"Psyche rubbed her hands caressingly, and her face lit up with a beautiful smile.

"'I will tell you about my brother,' she said, 'I think about him always. I should like to talk about him. You are the first person I have ever talked to except him.'

"There was a seat at the border of the drive. I led her to it, and we sat down side by side. I slipped my hand under her arm, and almost with surprise found she was warm and human. She lifted my hand and caressed it with her cheek, and I could see she was thinking of her brother. 'Tell me about him,' I said.

"'He is everything to me. All that I see and hear is lovely, the stars and the swallows, and the little golden caw; the flowers and the bushes, this dress and my shoes, all make me happy. But I could do without them all. I should be just as happy in the cave with my eyes shut and not a sound if only I could feel my brother's hand in mine. Have you got a brother?'

"'No, dear.'

"'Poor one, poor soul,' said she in tender pity, 'you do not know what it is to be happy. But you will when a brother comes to find you. I think we must all have brothers, though we don't know it till they come to us. Long, long, long years—longer than I can recollect—I had no brother, and my life was nothing; but since he has come to me it has been all joy.'

"'When did he find you, dear?'

"'Not long ago, not long when I think of the days that went before. Ah! they were long, those days, when I saw nothing but the rocks and sand, and had no friend but my black caw, when I heard no sound but his voice and the whistle up above when my food was sent down, and my own voice when I sang. Sometimes I slept because I did not know what to do, and sometimes I cried because I could not sleep. I wanted to sleep forever. So those days seemed very long, and since then the nights have been too short. For I cannot see in the day, you know, like my brother, and he sleeps when the sun shines so that he may be with me in the night.'

(To be continued.)

DOWN THE LADDER OF LIFE.

Miserable Condition of a Man as Compared with Early Ambitions.

I first met Freddy when he was 5 years old.

"Freddy," I said, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I guess," replied Freddy, "'at me'll be a p'liceman."

Freddy was a manly little chap of 10 years when I saw him again.

"My young friend," I inquired, "does your ambition still lean toward the police force?"

"No, sir," replied the youngster; "I'm going to be an artist and paint pictures. An artist gets a lot of money."

I met Freddy when he was 20 years old. He was a stalwart youth and had just graduated from high school.

"Fred," I asked, "what road have you chosen for life's journey?"

"I have selected the road to literary fame," he replied. "I shall write poems and essays and the world shall palpitate with eagerness to read my productions. I shall become rich and famous."

I left Freddy to struggle with his ambitions and slowly followed Father Time to the evening of my life. One day as I walked feebly along the street a voice hailed me and an automobile stopped at the curb.

"Why, bless my soul," I exclaimed, "if it isn't Frederick!"

"Yep," replied a portly man of forty-odd years. "I'm just trying my new machine. Get in and take a ride?"

"No, thank you, Frederick," I replied. "By the by, you are looking exceedingly prosperous. Are you a policeman, an artist or an author?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Frederick, laughing heartily. "I gave up all those youthful fancies and started in to make money. Haven't you heard? Why, I'm a plumber!"—Judge.

Lol Chen's Good Heart.

After the Civil War many tales were told of the devotion of the colored people to Southern masters and mistresses who had met with pecuniary losses during the long struggle. The trying days following the San Francisco disaster brought to light many instances of equal devotion on the part of the Chinese.

"Lol Chen," said Mrs. Mason, who was visiting relatives in the East, "has lived with us for six years. The only vacation he has had in all that time was when he left us two years ago to become a missionary. He was absent seven weeks. Afterward, all we could get out of him about his experience was, 'Lol lather be cook Ian Clistian.'

"But," continued Mrs. Mason, "Lol showed that he could be a pretty good Christian, too. Three days after the earthquake we found ourselves with a roof over our heads, but with very little money in our purses. Mr. Mason's business was gone, there was no way to get funds from the bank, the Oakland shops refused credit.

"'Lol,' said I, 'you must be very careful with the provisions. We have to pay cash for everything now, and we have only six dollars. This trouble may last for a long time—it may be months before we'll have any money.'

"'Tha's all light,' returned Lol, groping inside his shirt for a roll of bills. 'Lol got plenty money—two hundled, ten dollar. You takee two hundled; Lol keep ten.'"

Fixed.

"But," said the good old lady, "why don't you go to work?"

"Why, ma'am," began the disreputable old loafer, "yer see I got a wife an' five children to support——"

"But how can you support them if you don't go to work?"

"As I was a-sayin', lady, I got a wife an' five children to support me."—Philadelphia Press.

Probably the hardest thing in the world to preserve is the good reputation inherited from our ancestors.

Strange New Fish Through the Drainage Canal

Nature's Laws Diversified by Mingling of Waters of Lake and River

Rewrite the ichthyology of America. Insert under the headings denoting the different species many new varieties unknown to former piscatorial lore. Add new subgenera and change the formation of varieties. For a great transformation in the fifth class of vertebrate animals has resulted from the digging of the Chicago drainage canal and the commingling of the lake's waters with those of the rivers. The digging of the channel across the great divide that once separated Lake Michigan from the Mississippi Valley has let the lake fish into the Des Plaines, the Illinois and the Mississippi rivers. The seeming unnatural commingling of waters has produced fishes that seem unnatural—that is, when compared to our present standards. New forms, new varieties, new types have appeared, differing in color, habits and general description from any other known to the American pisciculturist. Coexistent with the appearance of the new kinds of fishes there is noted a most remarkable increase generally in the number of the finny inhabitants of the Des Plaines and Illinois rivers. The Des Plaines River fairly swarms with fishes, and fishermen are reaping a harvest such as their fondest fancy never pictured in former times. All along the canal, and the Chicago River, and far down the Illinois River, the same conditions are noted to a greater or less extent. Ichthyologists have marvelled at the seeming phenomena, and from all sections of the country scientists are coming to study the conditions, to make note of the new forms and record them in the new history of American fishes, which now must undergo a complete revision. True, many dead fishes have appeared in the rivers, but all such show marks of violence and no evidence of disease. It is evident that a great warfare is going on among them over which families and species shall have the best right to make the river their future home.

With the increase in the number of the river fishes, there appears to be a corresponding increase in the number of Lake Michigan fishes. At least, all the lake fishermen are complaining, and the assertion is freely made that the lake's finny tribe are being emptied through the canal into the rivers beyond the Chicago divide. Formerly this divide formed a wall thirty miles wide between the lake and the river fishes, and the types inhabiting the two waters, generally speaking, were entirely separated and distinct. But when the canal was dug across the divide and the Chicago River was turned upside down, and instead of flowing into the lake was made to become an outlet of the lake and empty the lake's waters into the canal and thence into the Des Plaines and on into the Mississippi River near St. Louis, the lake's fishes have gone with the outflowing waters into the rivers, there to join the river fishes and compete with them in the struggle for existence. Thousands of these fishes, while being hurried on with the current, have been noted with the naked eye by boatmen and people standing on the banks of the river and canal. Sometimes the water seemed to be fairly alive with them, and fishermen, unable to resist the temptation, have defied the law, and, in nets, have hauled them to the shore in wagon loads. Lake trout and perch, never before caught outside of the lakes, have been brought to shore by thousands all along the canal and the Chicago and Des Plaines rivers. Lake herring, cisco grayling, chubs, lake trout, white fish and numerous other fishes, heretofore regarded as exclusive inhabitants of the great lakes, now swarm in the waters beyond the Chicago divide. White bass, pickerel and muscallonge have been found in goodly numbers, and two specimens of the Michigan grayling, heretofore found only in Lake Michigan and in the waters of Michigan State, have been caught.

Once they have crossed the bear-trap dam at Lockport, there is no way for any of these great swarms of fish to return to Lake Michigan, and they must make their home in the rivers beyond and fight for supremacy with the old inhabitants of these waters. It is probable that the conflict which will result in the survival of the fittest, will cause a weeding out of many of the types now abounding, and some of the river fish and some of the invaders from the lake will undoubtedly become annihilated. Indications are, however, that the general result will be most beneficial to the lake fisheries. The infusion of new blood into the old river stock already seems to have added new life to the waters, and hence, while the fishes are fighting for supremacy, they are multiplying enormously, and the splendid specimens of all the varieties this season show that the health and general physical condition have been greatly improved. The fish feed upon each other, and it appears that none of the deaths have resulted from other causes than violence. The season has afforded unprecedented sport for those searching for game fish. Old-time sportsmen have turned their attention from the northern lakes to the Illinois rivers and neighboring lakes. For the small lakes all along the rivers show the same wonderful increase in piscatorial population.

Complaints of the alleged effects on Lake Michigan fisheries at first were ridiculed by the drainage canal trustees, but they have become so numerous that these officials have been forced to take cognizance of them. The river's gain is Lake Michigan's loss, it is declared, and how to prevent the exodus of lake fish is a problem that the sanitary trustees are now wrestling with. So far, the only solution of the problem that has been suggested is the building of fishways at all the dams and locks along the artificial water route. But this, it is feared, would weaken the dams, and it is doubtful if it would be possible to construct them in a manner that would permit the fish to make their way back to Lake Michigan, once they had wandered so far away as the Illinois River. Two methods of constructing the fishways have been proposed—one consisting of what is known as a fish ladder, which would consist of a series of steps, over which the water in descending would turn the fall into a cascade, and thus permit the fish to climb back in pursuing their return journey to the lake; the other comprising a chute with a sinuous track for diminishing the velocity and assisting the passage of the fish to the level above the dam. Because of the nature of the locks and dams, their width and number, it is doubted if this device would prove successful, even if the construction did not interfere so materially with the mechanical operations.

The appearance of the new types of fish, entirely different from anything recorded by former naturalists, has stirred up the scientists, and the heretofore despised Des Plaines River has come into prominence as the center of piscatorial interest, for it is here that the new types and increased number of fishes have attracted widespread attention.

The strange and new types of fishes, never noticed to any great extent until this year, are undoubtedly the result of the intercrossing that came about after the invaders from the lake had accustomed themselves to the new environments. On finding it impossible to make their way back to the lake, they settled down to make the best of their life in the narrow confines of the rivers and accept the condition of miscegenation with the river fishes as the best for all concerned.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NEEDLEWORK FOR SCHOOLGIRLS.

Benefits of Learning How to Sew Skilfully and Correctly.

The ability of a girl to do without teaching anything she is called on to do is pretty generally taken for granted. She imitates the countryman who, being asked if he could play the violin, replied, "I guess so; I never tried!" Thousands of girls marry and set up housekeeping whose experience in cooking consists in making "fudge" and concocting a Welsh rabbit on a chafing-dish—pleasant eating in their place, but inadequate for the daily food of a hard-working husband.

So, also, the girl is supposed to know by instinct how to mend and sew. A certain young wife became on her marriage the stepmother of three small children. The first week's mending-basket was a revelation to her of her own helplessness.

"I was tempted to stop the holes with court-plaster," she confessed afterward, "and I dare say it would have been as effective as what I managed to do."

Two generations ago in a famous school for girls in an Eastern city sewing was an important part of the curriculum. The first task of a new student was the making of a shirt for father or brother. Every stitch in that shirt was set by a thread. If a seam had to be ripped a dozen times, it must be fit for the closest inspection. This zeal on the part of the school was sometimes excelled in the home.

A tradition lingers in one family of a daughter who went to that school when she was 6 years old. So well did she sew at that age that she was excused from making the shirt, and set at once to a bit of fine needlework—a wide muslin collar, covered with embroidery as exquisite as lace.

The promise of the 6-year-old child was richly fulfilled, and her needle was for a long lifetime a high satisfaction to herself and a joy to her fortunate family and friends. Sewing was never a slavery to her, but always a fascinating creative occupation. The patch on a jacket, the darn of a stocking or the embroidery of a gown or a napkin were alike welcome calls upon her capable fingers. When people spoke of her ability to turn off sewing, she used to say:

"That's because I know how to sew. I know how because I was taught. Skilful hands, even better than many hands, make light work!"—Youth's Companion.

HOW TO GROW HAIR.

Former Naval Surgeon Has Novel Plan to Rethatch Bald Pates.

Breathe properly, and you'll never be bald. If you're already partially bald, breathe properly and your hair will start "coming in" again. This is the boiled down advice of Dr. Delos L. Parker, a former United States naval surgeon.

Parker came to the above conclusion by a series of experiments. He imprisoned a quantity of expired breath in a jar containing a few drops of water, and kept it in a warm room. A week or ten days later he injected a quantity of the liquid left in the bottom of the jar into a pigeon and awaited developments. Presently the pigeon's feathers began to fall out. He continued the injections regularly, and within a few days the bird's coat had entirely disappeared. When the injections were

DR. DELOS L. PARKER.

discontinued the pigeon regained its coat. The experiments were repeated with dogs and hens, and the results were the same.

Dr. Parker reached the conclusion that expired air, remaining in a man's lungs long enough for the decomposition of the organic matter to take place, resulted in the formation of a poison which affected the roots of the hair and caused it to fall out. Deep breathing expels the air and with it the poison.

The doctor secured a number of partially bald men and got them to breathe by proper methods. In a few days the dandruff, which is invariably an accompaniment to baldness, ceased; the hair stopped falling out and a new growth started. In six weeks the improvement was very noticeable.

HOW TO REDUCE THE FLESH.

Increasing the Lung Capacity Is the First Requisite.

To increase the lung capacity is the first step in the reduction of flesh, says Outing. For this purpose running is, I think, superior to any other exercise. Boxing and handball are also excellent for the "wind." And these exercises will do more to increase the respiratory functions; they will greatly stimulate the circulation as well as all the secretory and excretory processes. What leg exercise will not do, however, is oxidize, to any great extent, the soft tissues of the trunk and arms. True, by stimulating the organs of elimination and by increasing lung capacity, leg exercises will oxidize upper tissues somewhat; but when fat is not replaced by muscle, it has a strong tendency to reform.

A bad effect of leg exercises exclusively is that they draw a major part of the blood, rich in oxygen, to the lower limbs; whereas if vigorous arm and trunk exercises were executed, beside the leg exercises, much blood would be attracted also to the upper parts which would then be oxidized to the best advantage, their lost fat being, at the same time, replaced by solid tissue, and hence having little tendency to reform. Running, therefore, splendid exercise though it is, should be supplemented by vigorous "upper" exercises. By vigorous upper exercises I do not mean calisthenics nor any kind of so-called light exercises; I mean reasonably hard work.

Why They Argue.

"Some big-voiced men," said Uncle Eben, "gits into arguments 'cause dey ain't got time to go to a ball game and do deir hollerin' in de regular way."—Washington Star.

What a slovenly old world this would be if vanity were eliminated therefrom.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

—Cincinnati Post.