

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

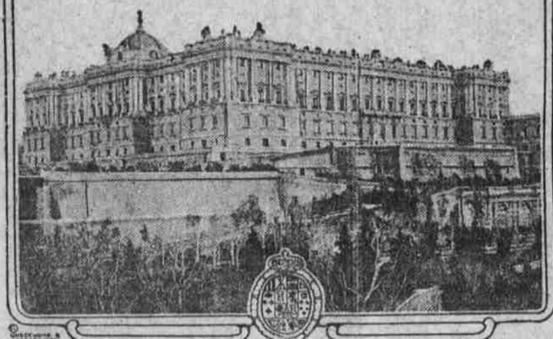
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1913.

Life in Old Madrid



ROYAL PALACE

I WISH to describe if I can one of the most interesting features of life in Madrid, a feature peculiar to Madrid among all the cities of the world as far as I am informed. It is a long way in life albatross in distance from Prado to the Rostrado. The extension of the Prado into the Paseo de Castellana leads on to the part of the city where flats give place to detached dwellings and where mansions are seen that match in grandeur almost anything seen along Riverside Drive in New York, writes George W. Burton in the Los Angeles Times.

Not only the houses in this part of Madrid are grand, but the equipage are as fine as may be seen anywhere and the horses exceed anything I ever beheld in horse flesh. The team are well matched, and the animal stand 14 to 16 hands high, each man representing nearly 100 pounds of finely-put-up horse flesh and bone. They are, taking them all in all, the finest, rangiest animals in the world. The heads and ears are small, the neck long and arched, holding the head high without painful hitching. The fore shoulders are high and so are the haunches, the back straight. The fore legs are straight as a white stalk, the chest is deep, the haunches and thighs are powerfully muscled and the bodies are round as a barrel.

Seen on Sunday.

The Rastro is not along the Prado and no splendid turnouts are seen there. The street is in the center of the city, a short walk from the Puerta del Sol. It is a narrow street surrounded with old houses, begins in an alley and ends in two which fork into still narrower alleys farther on. The English name for the peculiar institution that has its home there is the Rag Market. Sunday is the day to see it. The people who carry on their trade in the Rastro are there every day in the week in small numbers, but Sunday the whole place, 1,000 feet long, by 50 feet wide, is packed so densely that one makes his way through the throng slowly and with much difficulty. To present a general view of this motley gathering in words or in picture is impossible. It must be taken bit by bit, analyzed carefully. As one enters the long, narrow street a mass of humanity, men, women, boys, girls, decrepit age and tenderest youth, moves about in an interminable maze beginning nowhere or everywhere, as you may please to see it. The ground space is encumbered with big baskets filled with all kinds of what we call in America "garden truck" and fruits. In and out ply women, each with half a dozen to a dozen fat chickens hung around their necks tucked under their arms, and held in any way convenient for the moment. Eggs, game, anything the poor may have to sell is here, and here the poor come to buy. If one gets there about noon there may be seen a peasant woman who has sold out her basket of cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce, and has turned the debris out upon by some poor wretch of a woman who has not a centime to get a little something to eat. She bends down and rakes about the leaves of the vegetables and picks out every bit that is in any way possible of cooking. Each scrap is put in a bit of an old paper, or in an old box. One is irresistibly reminded of a hen in the yard scratching for a tidbit from the kitchen.

Just beyond the vegetable market the booths are reached where other wares are on sale. The first may be a shoe store, if you please. But it is something that no one who reads this letter ever saw or heard of. All days in the week men, women and children range the streets and pick up anything that promises a cent of gain. No old shoe is too poor to be passed by. These are taken to the Rastro in strings, in baskets, in ones, twos, and tens, according to the wealth of the shoe merchant of the Rastro. Here the lot is sold for a few cents to a cobbler—rather to a family of cobblers. This family sits on the ground in the Rastro from early till late daily working as busily as ants. There may be an old man and an old woman, or two, a couple of young people, and two to six children on the cobble stones of the street, on a bit of matting of a board, if the circumstances of the firm will permit such extra-

STATUE PUZZLES WISE MEN

English Scientists Unable to Place Stone Figure Which Graces Hall of Westminster.

The lions of Westminster are legion, some in the flesh and others in stone or marble; recently there has been an addition to the menagerie, around which there is an agreeable halo of mystery.

In a gloomy niche half way down Westminster hall there is dimly to be described a gray stone statue of a king which has just been taken out of the Architectural museum and perched aloft. There is a heavy crown on his head over long flowing hair, the beard is rippled and majestic. In his left hand he holds the orb, but the scepter hand is gone. The old king broods over the hall of kings.

The experts are puzzled over his history. He stood in Westminster hall for many centuries side by side with other stone kings and all were tidied away by the government in 1856. Recently it occurred to Lord Beauchamp to try the effect of bringing them back. Several of the beautiful Gothic windows are blind, forming niches suitable for statues, and all the old forgotten kings may take their places in them.

This first one is a beautiful personage. No one knows what king he is or whether it is merely an ideal figure of majesty, but it is certain that he is the work of some fine fourteenth century craftsman.

The battered king is the grandest statue in the hall. Below him lie in ghostly row the kings done with the petty realism of the modern age; immediately under his blind majesty's gaze is the broad face, cynically furrowed, of the merry monarch. The unknown king towers over these people like a visitant from ampler times.—London Times.

HIS HEART SET ON LUXURIES

Indian Brave Wanted White Man's Appurtenances to Set Up in His Teepee.

There is a small Siwash village near Seattle where the squaws do bead work to sell to tourists, and the braves make baskets, which they retail from house to house. There is one old Indian whose baskets are bigger, brighter and better than all the other baskets made in the village and wear longer, and Crooked Bear never comes back from his frequent trips to Seattle with any of his stock left over. Neither does he return loaded up with fire-water like his brother Indians, nor does any of his basket money go for gaudy trinkets and red calico, and gambling has no charms for him. He carefully saves all his money because he wanted to own three white man's luxuries, a telephone, bicycle and a talking machine. Already he has had a telephone put in his teepee, and though he never has more than one or two calls in a year on it, and then from some person ordering baskets, it is a constant source of pride and gratification to him. He will sit for hours in silent admiration before it, and puts the silent receiver to his ear a dozen times a day. He also has a bicycle, on which he rides about the country with a load of baskets, and he is now saving up for the talking machine.

Why Thunder Sours Milk.

It is universally known that milk turns sour after a thunder storm. This has been attributed to the large quantity of ozone which is liberated by the electricity in the air. The experiments of Professor Trillat in Paris do not confirm that theory. He has established that atmospheric depressions cause putrefying gases—normal oxygen—to rise to the surface of certain substances, and in support of his theory points out that odors of all sorts are more permeating after storms. These atmospheric depressions accelerate the decomposition of gases and tend to liberate them. Hence lactic ferment is produced. Professor Trillat has made many experiments with diverse substances under varying pressures and has observed that when the barometer is lowest (during storms, etc.) the decomposition of gases is most rapid.—Harper's Weekly.

Trousseau.

In ancient Greece the trousseau were made by all the women of the bride's house. Later the Merovingian chiefs exacted that their brides should come to the marriage bringing all their possessions. When the daughter of the seigneur of Covey married, her trousseau, or "trousseau," included "nine servants, thirty legemans, a chaplain, and an astrologist." The customs of the seigneurs evolved popular "fashions," and high and low, the women multiplied their garments and the fashions of them. Under the empire the trousseau was composed of jewels, lace, fine underwears, bonnets, and veils.—Harper's Weekly.

Heroic Rescue.

Three-year-old Montague and two-year-old Harold were having a bath together in the big tub. Mother left them a moment while she went into the next room. Suddenly a succession of agonized shrieks called her. Two dripping, terror-stricken little figures stood, clasped in each other's arms, in the middle of the bathroom floor.

"Oh, mother," gasped Montague, "I got him out! I saved him! The stopper came out and we were going down!"—Youth's Companion.

LOST CITY IS FOUND

Believed to Have Been Built by Chinese in Mexico.

Three Towns Were Erected on the Same Site by Three Civilizations Prior to the Aztec—Mongolian Image is Discovered.

City of Mexico.—A sensation has been created in British scientific circles by advices received from Sir Martin Conway, Prof. William Niven and Senor Ramon Mena of the discovery of absolute Mongolian remains only a couple of hours' walk from the City of Mexico, thereby confirming the hypothesis that has long been held that the most ancient civilization of Mexico and Peru proceeding that of the Toltecs and the Aztecs was of Mongolian origin, says a correspondent.

Close to and partly beneath the ruins of the ancient city of Toothuacan, about nineteen miles northeast of the City of Mexico, the scientists uncovered the still more ancient city of Otumba, which flourished with a wondrous civilization centuries before the Aztecs or Toltecs rose to power, possibly even before Babylon and Nineveh swayed the destinies of western Asia.

With the financial assistance of the Mexican government the expedition began the removal of a six-foot layer of earth, representing the dust and detritus of more than twenty centuries. This soon brought into view many evidences of a vast and populous city of a very high order of civilization. Chief among these was a great pyramid. It is 700 feet square at the base and its apex is 187 feet high, while many of the giant blocks of stone in its massive walls must have required extraordinary engineering skill to handle. This pyramid also has its riddle, for the axis of the main gallery is coincidental with the magnetic meridian.

The workmanship is of a high order, the figures being boldly drawn and carefully colored.

Then came the greatest discovery of all. While excavating near the base of the great pyramid Professor Conway discovered the remains of yet a third civilization beneath the ruins of ancient Otumba, making three great cities of lost and forgotten races, built one above the other.

WHY ALGERNON WAS PEEVED

Genial Elevator Boy Didn't Know Exactly What Name Meant, But He Didn't Like It.

"I ain't feelin' jes' right, 'tank de Lord, Mistah Topflo', Algernon co'lded gloomily the other evening. 'It's had a mighty strong navor abook, sah. W'y, sah, wot alls me is dere was a man ridin' up in de elevator dis afternoon wot call me names; an' de name o' dat man am Mistah Floestent! Dere ain't no one in dis house, Mistah Topflo', dat I elaborate mo' dan I does him an' his family an' his fren's. An' dat wot I git to it! I cayan stat' nos' no'twint' 'cep'tin' bein' call names, Mistah Topflo'."

"Wot he call me? Well, sah, he say I a monk-wum. I dunno' sackerly somethin' bad, or he wouldn't a-call me it. 'Wot reason' did he hab fo' callin' me dat name? Well, sah, it dill say; he say, 'Algernon,' he say, 'wot you pollytics?' an' I say, 'Is a 'publican to de co' an' I vote fo' Mistah Wilson,' an' I say, 'Dat w'y he git kin' mad an' call me dat name, Mistah Topflo'. Monk-wum,' reflected Algernon aloud and with lowering brow. 'I reckon dat mean a kin' halder-hoag, Mistah Topflo'. Yo' tink it something on dat ope, sah? Well, Mistah Topflo', I be'en call a heap names in my life, but dat de fust time anybody call me a halder-hoag; an' I don't like it, Mistah Topflo'—not wot a cent; and Algernon shook his head bitterly, too sore even to smile when Mr. Topflo' gave him a cigar.

Kinglake on Port.

Kinglake, the historian, was polite, yet frank. It is related that, upon one occasion, while dining with old Dr. Marsham, the warden of Merton, he was asked to give his opinion of some port wine, which was supposed to be remarkably good. "I am no judge of port myself, Kinglake," said Dr. Marsham; "but I know you are, and I should like your opinion."

"Well," said Kinglake, "I have three ways of judging port wine. The first is by the color, the second is by the odor, and the third is by the flavor. Now, the color of your wine, Marsham—holding it up and looking at it critically—"is good; the odor—here he held the glass to his nose for a moment, and then added, with some hesitation—"is far from unpleasant; the flavor is—here he tasted it, and put the wineglass down hastily. "Would you be kind enough to pass me the sherry?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Feeling for Death.

For a week the self-appointed guide to the blind on their daily walks had noticed that the two men who were her special charges felt carefully of the wall on either side of the door of the asylum when passing in and out. Since she was there to lead them, that precaution seemed not at all necessary, and she finally asked their reason for it.

"I am looking for craps on the door," one old man told her. "They don't like to let us know here in the asylum when any one dies for fear of making us feel bad, but they put craps on the door, and by feeling for it when we pass in and out we can find out for ourselves when one of us has gone."

Beneficial Stimulant.

The coca leaf is highly prized by the native of Bolivia as a stimulant. He chews it like tobacco, but with a better excuse, since by its use he can perform great feats of endurance and go many hours without food. With a pouch of coca leaves and a small bag of parched corn he can run 50 miles a day. Fleet-footed Indians constitute the telegraph service of the country.

Finds Finger in Tobacco.

Finley, O.—Reaching his hand into a fresh package of tobacco, John Fugate withdrew the first two joints of a human finger. Fugate will not wait until the new year to swear off, having already done so.

COATING FOR PLASTER CASTS

Simple Treatment That the Chicago Art Institute Has Found to Be Effective.

According to the bulletin of the Art Institute of Chicago, that organization has been very successful in keeping its plaster casts presentable by means of simplest treatment.

The cast is first fixed with an application of linseed oil and turpentine. This is put on with a brush, and it is immaterial whether it is done when the cast is new and clean or after it becomes dirty, provided only that it has not been painted or in any way coated with foreign matter. The only object is to make it impervious to water, so that subsequent applications will not sink in.

Then the cast is washed over with a coat of whiting and water with a little glue (practically a fine white wash), applied quite thin with a brush, and stippled or pounced on, so as not to show brush marks. A little yellow ochre is put into the wash, so that it will not be a blue or dead white. This wash is perfectly soluble, and when it gets dirty it is easily removed and a fresh coat applied. It is obvious that the cast is no more coated or loaded after the twentieth application than after the first.

It is surprising in fact how little the modeling is obscured, even when it is delicate and detailed. It is doubtful if anybody, however, skillful, can tell at a distance of eight or ten feet whether a cast has been whitened or not, and eight or ten feet is not a great distance at which to view a life-size statue. The larger forms are not in the least affected by the process of whitening.

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ODD CIVIC SHOWS

Queer English Election Ceremonies Seldom Heard Of.

Water is Drunk to the Memory of Sir Francis Drake—Perquisites of London's Mayor—One Sheriff Fined 50 Pounds for Insult.

London.—There are several towns in the united kingdom which boast an annual "show day." London's lord mayor's show, so far as the procession is concerned, has no rival; but, nevertheless, the election of mayors of provincial towns is attended with functions both interesting and curious.

For instance, the annual election of the mayor of High Wycombe is not considered complete unless his worship is "weighed in." The mayor, as well as each member of the corporation, takes a seat on a pair of gigantic scales, and the result is entered in a big book kept at the town hall for the purpose. It is declared that the custom dates back to the reign of Edward I.

When a man reaches the mayoralty of Plymouth he is supposed, according to an ancient custom, to pay at least one visit during his reign of office to the Lake of Burrator. When this function takes place the whole corporation turns out in all its finery, and, led by the mayor, journeys to the lake.

Arriving there, two lines are formed, and a couple of ancient golden goblets, filled with water taken from the lake, are passed round from mouth to mouth. The mayor and corporation drink to the memory of Sir Francis Drake, who, when mayor of Plymouth, brought water to the town by means of a canal more than twenty miles in length. When the water placed in the goblets is consumed the vessels are filled with wine, and the mayor, holding one at arm's length, exclaims: "May the descendants of him who gave us water never want wine!"

The visit to Burrator lake concludes with a feast, the first dish served being a sucking pig.

The mayor of Peterborough's show is held every October, and his worship and the members of the corporation make their way to Bridge Fair, and declare it open from the bridge spanning the river. The bridge unites two counties—Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire—and the mayor, after addressing all visitors to the fair to conduct themselves soberly and civilly, goes on to declare that "the fair may be held as well in Northamptonshire as in Huntingdonshire today, tomorrow and the day afterward."

A very ancient custom is the presenting to London's mayor and mayress every year a selection of pears, apples and grapes by the master of the fruiterers' company and the general purposes committee of the city of London.

It is interesting to know that in earlier times the lord mayor of London was entitled to a proportion of every consignment of fruit arriving in the metropolis by ship. The action of this due caused a good deal of disagreement in days gone by, and it was finally arranged that a yearly present of fruit should be accepted in its place.

Ever since the days of William the Conqueror, the chief magistrate of the city has received four bucks from the Royal forests, while each sheriff has received three bucks, and the recorder, the common sergeant, the chamberlain and other city officials one each.

Since the title of lord mayor was bestowed on Sir Thomas Legge by Edward III. in 1344, the high office has carried with it all manner of titles and dignities. In early days he sometimes used his power to the disadvantage of those in office under him. For instance, Harrison, referring to the lord mayor for the year 1478, says: "This year Thomas Byfield, one of the sheriffs of London, was fined £50 by the court of alderman for affronting the lord mayor, which arose from no other cause than his kneeling to St. Paul's cathedral."

WINS BY WALKING SIX YEARS

Peddles Patent Kitchen Utensil to Pay His Way as He Travels the Country Over.

Memphis.—Walking to cheat death, Robert E. Hillman, thirty years old, arrived in Memphis, covering the last lap of probably the strangest journey in the history of the country.

Six years ago physicians told Hillman in Waterville, Me., that within a month or two he would be dead, a victim of the white plague. A friend advised Hillman to "get plenty of fresh air; get out and walk, eat vegetables, drink plenty of water and fresh milk."

And so Hillman started to walk and tramped all but 400 miles of the way to San Francisco. Hillman arrived in Memphis from Texarkana. He walked from Dallas to that city. Physicians declare him a well man, and he will go back to his old home town on a train.

In the six years he has made enough money from the sale of patent kitchen utensils to more than buy transportation.

Woman's Great Canning Record.

Peace Valley.—The preserving and canning record of Colorado is believed to be held by Mrs. G. L. Blackburn, who put up 1,700 quarts of fruit. Jellies, jams, spiced fruits, marmalade and every sort of preserves is included in the array of jars.

He Saw It.

Housekeeper.—How is this? I gave you a lynch.

Tramp.—I recall no such promise, madam.

Housekeeper.—The idea! I told you I would give you a lynch if you'd saw some wood, and you agreed.

Tramp.—Pardon me, madam; your exact words were: "I'll give you a lynch if you saw that wood over there by the gate."

Housekeeper.—Exactly; that's what I said.

Tramp.—Well, madam, I saw the wood over there by the gate of the

WHERE HORACE MADE SONG

Sabine Home Rendered Immortal by Poet Still Retains All Its Famous Beauty.

A few verses written two thousand years ago have rendered the little valley of the Licenza one of the most famous places within easy reach of Rome. Had Mæneas been less generous a patron, had he never given the Sabine farm to Horace, had Horace never told the world and his friends how his days there were spent, few would now make the classical excursion into the Sabine hills, though time has not marred their beauty.

The villa of Horace has disappeared, but the hills are as lovely as they were in his day. Now, as then, if one goes from Rome to Tivoli, and thence to Villovar, there turning up the valley of the Licenza and wandering off by road, as one must since there is no railway, he comes, some few miles farther, to a great rock that springs abruptly from the lower slopes and tilts to scale "to reach his house, and marks, it is thought, the boundaries of the farm. The only difference is that the little village of Roccajovine rises on top, where of old stood the Temple of Vacuna, already in ruins when Horace sat under its shadow to write to his friend in Rome. The little town had done its best to meet its classical responsibilities, and has given the name of the temple to its piazza.

Here still are the olives that pay the Sabine farmers best, and the vines that yield the rough little Sabine wine that Horace has made more renowned than many a rarer vintage. Here are the hills where he wandered, and the woods that gave acorns to his flocks and shade to him. Here are the babbling spring and the banks upon which he rested during the hours he counted his happy days. In the Italian spring to which he promised immortality in his song. And as he promised so he gave. Not merely the spring, but all that vast estate, which the satirists of his time would have men believe was but "a lizard's hole," he has made immortal.

INVENTOR OF CORN BROOM

Levi Dickinson, Native of Connecticut, Is the Man to Be Accorded the Honor.

"Although it is not generally known," said a manufacturer of brooms, "the house broom, such as the housewife uses, is comparatively a recent invention, dating back to 1786. Before that time husk brooms were used to sweep out the ovens and splinter brooms, made of birch, were used for everyday use. The present broom industry might be said to have had its beginning in Connecticut in 1786, when Levi Dickinson, a native of Weatherfield, went to Hadley carrying with him a new kind of corn seed which he showed his friends, saying that when full grown it would make better brooms than ever had been made. The Hadley women laughed at him, but despite this, Dickinson was not discouraged, but harvested his first crop of broom corn, managed to scrape the seed from the brush with a knife and a hoe, after which he made his brooms. He made the complete broom, including the handles, and grew his own flax for the twine, the whole costing him little. Believing that his neighbors would refuse to buy the new kind of broom, Dickinson in 1798 peddled his brooms in Williamsburg, Ashfield and Conway. The next year he carried them to Pittsburg. The new brooms took, for as soon as housewives found how much better they were over the old husk or birch broom they would buy so other. Other men went into the business and a new industry was born in Hadley. Dickinson lived until 1843, long enough to see the Hadley or corn broom in use all over the country, and the same broom, with improvements, is still in use."

Toe That Rocks the Cradle.

Unusual and probably the most primitive cradle rocking device ever seen or employed in any part of the world is the one that has been adopted by the matter-of-fact squaws of the Kwakwaka'wakw tribe of Indians now living on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The mother performs the double duty of spinning and rocking her infant, snugly packed in a hollowed out cradle stuffed with cedar bark strips suspended from the limb of a sapling. This is about a new realistic representation of the old nursery song, "Rock-a-bye, Baby, in the Treestop" so far known.

The most striking part, however, is that the Indian mother uses her big toe as the motive power. With a cord attached to the bent limb and the other end wound around her toe, she swings her dangling offspring to and fro, leaving her hands entirely free for weaving.—Christian Herald.

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Tramp.—Pardon me, madam; your exact words were: "I'll give you a lynch if you saw that wood over there by the gate."

Housekeeper.—Exactly; that's what I said.

Tramp.—Well, madam, I saw the wood over there by the gate of the