Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE

IRONTON. : : : MISSOURI.

WANTED TO BE NEIGHBORLY.

But Her Request Was Refused and Then She Freely Spoke Her Mind.

The blonde neighbor never had called before, so the brunette was somewhat surprised to see her, relates the Chicago Journal.

"We've been neighbors for some time," remarked the blonde after the first formal greetings had been exchanged.

"Almost a year," returned the brunette.

"Long enough," continued the blonde, "so that either of us might reasonably call upon the other to do a little neighborly act."

"Either of us might," admitted the brunette, guardedly.

"And we really ought to be friends," persisted the blonde. "We can be of great assistance to each other at times."

"It's quite possible," the brunette conceded, still guardedly; "is there something you wish to borrow?"

"O, dear, no," answered the blonde.

"I thought, perhaps, you were just out of coffee or wanted a little of my best china and silver to help out at a little dinner or something of that sort."

"Not at all," said the blonde. "I was thinking of your children. You have several, I believe."

"Four," was the reply.

"And they cry some and occasionally play leapfrog and other noisy games."

The brunette became haughty at once. No woman cares to have a stranger cast reflections on her children.

"O, that's all right," the blonde hastened to explain. "So do mine. All children are noisy, and the only thing to do is to take advantage of their noisiness. Now, to-morrow morning about ten o'clock a tall man with a black beard will call at my flat, and if you'd watch for him and set the children to crying or playing leapfrog or making a great racket of some kind—"

"Madam!"

"Don't you understand yet?" persisted the blonde, ignoring the indignant interruption. "The man with the black beard is the new landlord, and he's coming to see me about renewing the lease. Now, if you and your children can only make yourselves out to be seriously objectionable neighbors, don't you see what a chance it gives me to force a reduction of the rent? And later, when your lease expires, I'll do as much for you. What! You won't do it? Well, I don't blame the men for saying that most women have no head for business."

CONSOLATION FOR HER ILLS.

Philosopher Has a Good Remedy for Fits of Unhappy Discontent.

"If there is anything that will cure one of envy it is to cultivate the person of whom one is envious," said the philosophical girl, relates the New York Times. "I never feel discontented very long if I only can get a nearer view of what has made me unhappy. Sometimes it seems as if I would be perfectly happy if only I had the leisure of some of my well-to-do friends. Then I clap on my hat and jacket and go to spend an hour with one of them. I find them boring themselves to death, devising all sorts of schemes to kill time, and sighing because their life is not full of snap and business as mine is.

"When I have a big longing for an extensive wardrobe I just run over to call on my next door neighbor, who has a new gown nearly every hour. I discover her in a stew about them fussing with dressmakers all the time, and groaning because she must determine what to put on. Then I congratulate myself that I have only three gowns to my name and so am never undecided what to wear.

"Sometimes it seems as if I would be supremely happy if I only had a pretty face, and then I cultivate that little Miss Doll Pretty. And do you know she is very much concerned if the tiniest wrinkle appears on that pink-and-white complexion of hers and that she is extremely jealous of any other good looking girls, and that sometimes she cries because she will grow old some day and be no longer pretty? Well, she does, and so I come to the conclusion that my plain face is a good sight more comfortable.

"And I'll confess a secret to you, and don't you breathe it to any one. Once in awhile, once in a long while I get woefully sick of single blessedness and believe I'd like to marry any man who was respectable and kind. But a few visits to my married friends cure me. They are just weighed down by little responsibilities which would drive me crazy in a short time; they must humor a whimsical lord and master and they must be at the beck and call of small children who are very sweet little things for a few hours, but terrible nuisances for a longer time than that. My sweet independence for me! I go back to my little two-by-four room and am thankful that there is no one to share it with me and that I do not have to put out the cat and lock up the house before retiring."

Orange Cake.

One-half cup of butter rubbed into one and one-half cups of sugar; three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one cup sweet milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, sifted into two cups of flour. Cover with one teaspoonful of lemon extract, and bake in three layers. Grate one orange, spread some icing mixed with the orange between each layer. Decorate the top with sections of orange, being careful not to break the sections, and laying them close together around the edge of the cake. It will take two oranges for the top. Place two or three sections in the center of the cake, and put icing over to completely cover all, having it thick enough not to run off. It looks tempting, and will not deceive you.—Ohio Farmer.

Queen of Puddings.

One pint bread crumbs, one quart milk, yolks of four eggs, one cup sugar, butter size of an egg; flavor with lemon; bake about one hour; when done spread the top with jelly or any nice preserve and frost with the whites of eggs; set in the oven till a nice golden brown.—Boston Globe.

THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

It is past, like a beautiful dream; but sweet
was the dream to me;
For the children came, as in the days of old,
and cuddled around my knee;
And I told them the tales I used to tell—
ere my locks were thin and gray—
To the other children of my love: The
children that went away!

I forget the vacant places—the fall of the
wintry snow;
In the light of their rosy faces I lived in
the Long Ago;
I lived in the long ago; but the Present
was perfect then—
For all of the bitter snow that falls on
the lives of men.

I only knew they were near me, in a
world made new again,
And the Winter violets of Life were
rimmed with the Springtime rain;
I felt their kisses sweet on my withered
cheeks and cold;
And saw, over threads of silver, the
gleam of their curls of gold.

It is past, like a beautiful dream; with
all the songs that were sung;
And I feel, in the after Silence, that the
world is for the young;
And thanks be to God that the world is
so, with all its sunny years—
That at least, one time in our lives we
know kisses, and love, and—tears!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Singing River's Christmas

Being Ma'am Hickey's Story of a Celebration That Still Lives

By J. L. HARBOUR

(From a Story by that author published in St. Nicholas.)

Ma'am Hickey's account of the Christmas tree at Singing River is so much more interesting than any account I could give of it, that I think it best to let her tell about it in her own way:

"You see, Big Dan an' Joe Burke got back all right the middle of the afternoon the day before Christmas. They looked like a pair o' pack peddlers, an' they were about fagged out, for they had had a hard time of it pullin' up over the mountain trails in a snowstorm. Joe said he didn't think he could have dragged himself another mile for love nor money. He had two big turkeys on his back besides a great lot of other things.

"Well, the men in the camp had been busy, too. They had cut a big pine an' set it up in the hall over the post office, an' the way they had dec'rated the hall with evergreen was beautiful. You couldn't see an inch of the ugly bare logs nor of the bare rafters. They set to an' scrubbed the floor an' washed the winders, an' strung up a lot o' red, white and blue buntin' I happened to have in the house, an' I tell you the little old hall did look scrumptious. I kep' the children in the kitchen with me, where I was makin' pies an' cake an' doughnuts most o' the time. I give 'em dough to muss with, an' let 'em

THE DOOR OPENED AND A STRONG MAN STEPPED IN.

scrape the cake dishes, an' tried to keep 'em interested all the time, so they wouldn't ask about their pa.

"When Big Dan an' Joe got back, the other men had a great time rigg'n' up the tree. We was afeerd they wouldn't be able to buy Christmas tree candles in Crystal City; but, my land! they got about ten dozen of 'em, an' no end o' tinsel an' shiny balls an' things to hang on the tree, an' lot o' little flags to stick in among the evergreen dec'rations. We had no end o' common taller candles on hand, an' the men were perfectly reckless with 'em. I reckon they put as many as 200 of 'em up around the room. An' what did they do but go an' rig Big Dan up as Santy Claus! They wrapped him up in a big bearskin one o' the boys had, an' put about a quart o' flour on his long, busky whiskers to whiten 'em, an' they put a big fur cap on his head, and he did look for all the world like Santy his own self. Yes; an' he had a string o' sleigh bells they got at the stage office stable; an' them boys ackshully cut a hole in the roof so Santy Claus could come down through it! La, if you want things carried through regardless, you let a lot of Rocky Mountain boys take it in hand. They won't stop at nothin'. I reckon they'd h'isted off the hull roof if it had been necessary to make the appearance of Santy true to life. Such fun as the boys had over it all! An' of all the capers they cut up! Seemed like they were all boys once more! Me an' Ann Dickey an' Mary Ann Morris were the only women in the camp, an' we had our hands full gettin' up the Christmas supper we intended havin' after the tree. Mind you, there wasn't a child in camp but just them two pore little orphans, an' all that fuss was on their account. If you think rough miner boys can't have the kindest o' hearts, you just remember that. Every man seemed to be tryin' to outdo the others in doin' somethin' for them little folks.

"Well, I jest wisht you could have seen them children when the time come for 'em to go up to the hall an' see their tree! Little Freddy he give a yell o' joy that most split our ears, an' he jest stood an' clapped his hands, while his sister kep' sayin': 'How lovely it is! Oh, is n't it beautiful?' Then Freddy he schreeches out: 'Oh, there's my choo-choo engine! Goody!' An' how little Elsie's eyes did shine when she saw no less than three dolls on the tree for herself! There was enough stuff on that tree for a hull Sunday school, for the men had been that reckless in sendin' to Crystal City for things.

"Then I wisht you could have seen those children when Big Dan come in all rigged up as Santy Claus! That was the capsheaf o' the hull proceedin's! First we heard his bells outside, an' him callin' out, 'Whoa, there!' like as if he was talkin' to his reindeers. Then he clim up the ladder the boys had set outside, an' presently down he came through the hole in the roof. I jest thought little Fred's eyes would pop clean out o' his head when that part o' the show come off! An' what fun there was when old Santy went around givin' the boys all kinds of rediculous presents! He give old Tim Thorpe a tiny chiny doll, an' big Jack Ross a jumpin'-jack, an' Ben Anderson a set o' little pewter dishes; an' he fetched me a great big old pipe, when they knowed I hated the very sight o' one. I tell you, it was real fun?

"Well, the things had all been distributed, an' the children were loaded down with presents, an' me an' the other two women were about to go downstairs to take up the supper, when the door of the hall opened, and a strange man stepped in. When he saw the children he give a kind of a little outcry, an' the next minute he was down on his knees before 'em, with an arm around each child, an' he was kissin' first one an' then the other. We all jest stared at each other when little Elsie clapped her hands together and said:

"'Why, papa!'

"An' that's jest who it was! The man named Miller, who had died a few days before, was a cousin o' the children's pa. It seemed that this cousin o' the name of Miller had been sent to meet the children because their pa had been sick an' wasn't hardly strong enough to come away over to Singin' River for them. He lived in a little camp only about 20 miles away, but it was a hard road to travel for a well man, even. So this cousin he come, an' from all we could make out, he had lost his way in a storm, an' had laid out a night an' got so chilled it had brought on pneumonia. When he didn't come back with the children after two or three days, their pa got oneasy, an' he set out himself to see what was the matter. He wasn't hardly fit to travel, but he come anyhow, an' he was all tuckered out when he got to Singin' River. Then he was so nervous an' kind o' wrought up that no one thought it to his shame that he jest broke clean down an' laughed an' cried by turns, kind o' hystericky like, over the children.

"We did have the best time at the supper! A storm had come up, an' the wind was roarin' and' howlin' in the caynon an' up an' down the Singin' River, an' the sleet was dashin' ag'in the winder lights; but that jest made it seem more cheery an' comfortable in the cabin, with a roarin' fire o' pine knots in the big fireplace at one end o' the cabin, an' the teakettle singin' on my big shinin' stove at the other end. Mr. Miller he set between the two children, an' he'd hug and kiss 'em between times. We made him stay two whole weeks in Singin' River to rest up an' get real well, an' then a hull passel o' the boys went with him to get the children home. The boys rigged up a sled, an' tuk turns drawin' Elsie an' Freddy over the trails an' away up over Red Bird mountain. I reckon it was a ride they won't ever forgit; an' none of us that were there will ever in this world forgit that Christmas on the Singin' River."

Still Something to Do.

"Has your wife finished her Christmas shopping?"

"Yes. She expects now to be able to put in all the rest of her time looking at things she might have bought for less money if she had only known it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

By Henry Van Dyke.

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, *keeping Christmas.*

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day?

Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day?

Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love?

Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.—Youth's Companion.

MISDIRECTED GENEROSITY

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

Col. Battersly, not having seen his sister in ten years, decided to spend Christmas at her house. A desultory correspondence had made him vaguely aware of the fact that her husband, Calvin Murdock, had grown rich, and that she had two children, a boy and a girl. But he was not prepared for the luxuriant conditions which he found upon entering their splendid home. He was never estranged from his sister, but when she married Murdock the soldier brother had made up his mind that his sister's husband was not "his kind." In frontier barracks and foreign camps, Col. Battersly's life had been lonely. He was a silent, elemental, passionate man, whose rigid habits gave a cold and even hard exterior to a nature essentially tender. Murdock was a man of much smug piety, who knew that a Sunday school class does not hurt a man's credit with the bank.

But the Murdocks gave Uncle Battersly a grand welcome. His sister kissed him, the two children gave him their hands with trained graciousness, and the head of the house said: "Welcome to the warrior—see, the conquering hero comes!" This made the old campaigner ill at ease. He blushed like a girl, and thereafter found restraint in the, to him, artificial atmosphere of the grand house. When he went out for a walk Mrs. Murdock said:

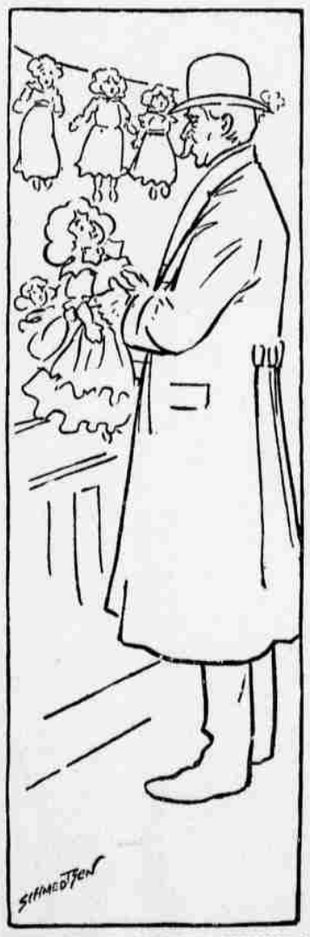
"Poor fellow; how he's changed!"

"Out of his element with women and children," growled Murdock.

"What makes his neck so red?" asked the boy.

When the Christmas presents began to arrive, and his sister showed them to him, the colonel suddenly realized that he must buy something for the children. He said nothing about it, but spent half of the next day buying for his niece a French doll, with a complete wardrobe, and a fully equipped steam battleship for his nephew. It was a soldier's choice—love and a child for the little woman, power and war for the little man. "He was very careful about the address, "Mrs. Murdock, 2441 Penrose street."

He wondered why his gifts did not soon appear in the grand array, but said nothing to his sister, showing each day an increasing interest in the accumulating presents in the locked room, and finally, on Christmas eve, late in the day, going back to the store where he had made his purchases to ask what had become of the doll and the warship. It took a long time to find out the



SPENT HALF AN HOUR BUYING A FRENCH DOLL.

right man, but at last a very polite clerk who had been answering questions as fast as a dozen people could ask them, turned to him and said:

"Murdock? What address? Penrose street or Penrose avenue?"

"Are there both?" asked the colonel, as the possible blunder dawned on him.

"Yes; one on the West side, one on the South side. Where did you wish your goods to go?"

Of course, Penrose avenue is on the South side and Penrose street is on the West side, and Col. Battersly had himself made the mistake. The goods had been receipted for, the clerk told him. It was pretty late to attempt getting them back, but they would try. The clerk made some notes, rattled off a few words about the terrible rush, moved off and left the colonel standing dazed in the crowd. He went home, and as a precaution got out of his trunk a strangely carved bracelet, antique, oriental—a noble present, he thought, for his niece; and for his nephew an old, bejeweled war mask—it had been a mandarin's. And he took them to Mrs. Murdock, saying nothing of their great value, and said they were for her girl and her boy. But after dinner that night Mr. Murdock tapped at the colonel's door, saying:

"I hope you won't think of giving those rare curios to the children, colonel. They're worth their weight in money."

"Didn't cost me a cent, Murdock," blurted the soldier. "They're part of the—well, the loot—that is, I picked 'em up in China and—they—the children will appreciate them more as they grow older."

Murdock walked away without another word, but that night the woman told her brother, softly and with evident desire to be grateful, that "papa was so scrupulous, he didn't want the children to receive such presents."

"You know, brother," she said, "he's so conscientious that he thinks you

IT WAS A DIRTY, TUMBLE-DOWN COTTAGE.

didn't come by them honestly—that is, from his point of view. You won't feel hurt, will you, brother? Papa is so different from you."

So the brother, flushing red, took back his barbaric gifts and went to bed. In the morning, soon after breakfast, he went out of the house, called a cab, and bade the driver take him to 2441 Penrose street. The doll and the battleship had not arrived, and he was going after them. He got out of the cab in a squalid street, and went into the only house in the block. It was a dirty, tumbledown cottage, built below grade and with a sign "For Sale" nailed to the rickety fence. A thin woman, in an old, faded wrapper, came to the door.

"I came to see if—"

"Oh, I knew somebody ud come," she interrupted him. "I knew they wasn't for us, air—won't you come in?"

He stepped into the dingy room and saw a big-eyed, frail girl of seven fondling the great French doll.

"You see, sir," said the woman, breathless to explain, "the things come while I was out—I work over at the shoe factory, and—my name is Murphy, sir—and when the things come nobody was home, sir, but Mamie and the boy. He's mine, and he's out there now playin' with th' steamboat, and when the wagon came, Mrs. Tracy, she lives in the next block, she seen it, and she ran over and signed a book, and the driver jumped on his wagon and went away, an', of course, the children seen the bundles an' nothin' would do but they must open 'em. That's all, sir; we didn't want to—I hope you don't think we'd steal 'em."

She was out of breath now, and the two children—the boy, a sturdy lad of ten, had come in—were staring, frightened, at the colonel. He looked at them a moment and then at the mother.

"I don't understand you, madam," he said. "I called to look at the house. It's for sale, you know."

He saw the look of anxiety pass from her homely face. The children, delighted with the reprieve, ran back to their splendid toys. He made a show of looking through the stuffy rooms, and when he was going gave each of the little ones a coin.

"Good-by, madam," he said to the mother. "You have two fine children."

And when he was in the cab again he stroked his gray mustache and chuckled:

"It was a lucky blunder, after all. I'll go down to the store in the morning and tell 'em it's all right."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hard Luck.

Aunt Mae—What are you crying for, Johnny?

Little Johnny—I belong to two Sunday schools and they are both going to have their Christmas trees on the same night.—N. Y. Truth.

The Christmas Turkey.

Never buy a yellow-fleshed turkey. It is a sign of poor feeding. A fine turkey should have firm, white flesh. Purchasers should also notice that redness and coarseness about the legs are the sign of an old bird.

Not the Christmas Kind.

It is not the rainy-day stocking that gets hung up at Christmas.—Judge.

THE GOATHERD AND THE GOATS.

Find Another Goatherd.

During a snowstorm in the depth of winter a Goatherd drove his Goats for shelter to a large cavern in a rock. It happened that some Wild Goats had already taken refuge there. The Man was so struck by the size and look of these Goats, and with their superior beauty to his own, that he gave them alone all the food he could collect. The storm lasted many days, and the Tame Goats, being entirely without food, died of starvation. As soon as the sun shone again the strangers ran off and made the best of their way to their native wilds. The Goatherd had to go goatless home, and was well laughed at by all for his folly.

MORAL—It seldom proves profitable to turn from the duties with which we are intrusted to the chances of those more pleasant.

CITY OF MEXICO'S SUBURBS.

Rapid Growth of Outlying Property Has Brought Good Profit to Investors.

There is continual investment being made here by far-seeing people in suburban lots, and the upward tendency of prices insures a good profit to careful buyers, states the Mexican Herald. Atzcapotzalco, a suburb famous for the softness and purity of its air, is experiencing a genuine building boom. This most ancient town was, in days before the Spanish conquest, the home of the Indian gold and silver smiths. Their really exquisite work was sold at the weekly fair held in this city, on the now vacant land in front of the general post office where the coming national theater is to be built. Popotla and Santa Maria, which many of us can remember as straggling villages, are fast being built into metropolitan annexes.

Tlalpam, with its abundant water supply and picturesque surroundings, is growing continually and more and more people are going to live there all the year round. It is a very healthy suburb, and the electric cars make it accessible. Coyoacan, where the Conquistador Cortes built his rural residence, and which in former times had so warm a climate as to permit the growing of sugar cane, has become a handsome town of modern houses, often of great size and luxurious furnishings. Land has advanced there, one may say, by the thousand per cent. It is a town of comfort and refinement, and its gardens are large and delightful.

The formerly vacant spaces between Tacubaya and Mexico are fast being built up, and the frequent train services make lots very desirable. San Pedro de los Pinos already has a large foreign residential population, and is destined to grow rapidly. Mixcoac is fast becoming a small city, and is a favorite place of residence. Between Mixcoac and San Angel are the high lands around the station of La Cima, with commanding views, and the freshest of air. At this point new houses have gone up and a large "colonia" is planned. Lands in that region are going to be very valuable. San Angel, formerly a "temporada" suburb exclusively, is noted for its extensive gardens and huertas. It has the advantage of two electric lines to the capital, one direct, the other via Coyacan, and its local government is energetic and progressive. Houses of large size and cost are building, or have just been completed, in the "hill suburb," and lots have advanced from 100 to 300 per cent. in the past two or three years.

HORSE'S SENSE OF SMELL.

Will Leave Musty Hay Untouched and Refuse to Drink from Some Buckets.

A horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry, says the Agricultural World. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniff, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal proof of the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. . . . The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell, and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go direct to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds, and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish one outlet and patiently await its opening.

A Giant in Strength.

"How's the baby getting on?" asked a family friend. "Growing bigger and stronger every day, I suppose."

"He's growing bigger every day," said the proud father, "and he's plenty strong enough now to suit me. You remember what a tremendous voice he had when you saw him three months ago? Well, it's still more tremendous now, yet he lifts it a dozen times a day."—Youth's Companion.

The Rhine Fleet.

The Rhine fleet consists of 9,574 vessels.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING

Conduct of the People Is Very Different from That of City Folks on Such an Occasion.

He was a city boy and was engaged to be best man at a wedding in the country. The groom was a country boy who had come to the city but had left his heart in the country. The groom knew the ways of the little town, but the best man did not. The wedding was a great affair, and all of the bride's friends, male and female, and all those who knew the groom of course had been invited, says the Pittsburg Times. It was a charming circle and they seemed to the best man from the city to have a free and easy intimacy which he had never encountered in city life. Of course he had to thaw out and the bride's attendant was his especial care. She quickly put him at his ease and managed him so deftly that matrimony took on a new aspect to him.

If girls could be so nice when he had only met them for a few hours what might they be if he should know them for a lifetime? When the wedding was over it was discovered by the time the station was reached that the train was two hours late. The guests had all come to the railroad to see the couple away on their honeymoon, but they did not betray any of the cruel city ways when they learned that the newly married couple were at their mercy for two hours or more. Instead of this those who were not intimate family connections wished the bride happiness and congratulated the groom and went away.

There was no bandwagon, there was nothing done to the trunks of the newly wedded pair. There was none of that foolishness which seems to be growing to be the custom in the cities. The folks were merry enough, but they recognized that it was a solemn but beatific time for the two, and they treated the occasion so that it would be a hallowed memory.

Horseplay was the last thing thought of. About 15 folks remained with the pair who were to take the train and they went into a little waiting room of the station. They were just in as much privacy as if they were at the bride's home. Nobody was at hand but the sleepy station agent, and he was a friend of all of them. Besides, he had some work to do, so that he was not too obtrusive. Of course they began to sing and the newly wedded folks had a serenade they will never forget.

They sang solos that were fine and quartettes that are the stock in trade of every bunch in a little town. The two hours slipped away as if they had only been 15 minutes. They hated to hear the whistle of the through train as it came around the curve below town. Then the bride's mother, who was a widow, sprang a surprise. She announced that she had lost a daughter that evening, but she was going to adopt Nettie, the girl who had roomed around, worked in the store and was a general good fellow if she was an orphan.

When the train drew in there was a parting melody, "The Buccanneer's Bride," and "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee?" and the man and wife went to the train. It was a great ceremony, treated with dignity and proper spirit, and even the two hours' unexpected wait helped the fun, the good fellowship, and made a pleasing memory. In cities such things seldom occur. Pranks are played which are quite out of place, and which only amuse hoodlums. The city "feller" thinks he knows a great deal, but in many things his country cousin can give him pointers. Sentiment is not dead in the country yet. It is all but extinct in the cities. This country wedding was as good an example of the difference as anyone would want to see.

Poetry.

"She really thinks her hat a poem."

"Goodness!"

"She's a Walt Whitman crank, you know."—Puck.

Great Minds.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good, though the ungrateful subjects of their favors are barren in return.—Rowe.

To Crush Ice.

When making ice cream a large wooden mallet crushes the ice sufficiently fine and does not break the burlap bag.

Germany's Best Customer.

Germany's best customer is England. The value of her trade with that country during 1902 was $379,587,000.