

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer.

DAYS IN THE WOODS.

How often have I sought some woodland nook, When worn and wearied by a restless mood!

A Fair Levee Cutter

By EDWIN J. WEBSTER

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LIKE most disputes the Harrison-Peyton feud started over a trivial matter. Squire Harrison claimed possession of a little neck of land which jutted out into the Mississippi.

Both were obstinate old men and ac-



"WHAT! GIVE UP MY LAND TO THAT SCOUNDREL OF A PEYTON?"

customed to having their own way. But in this case the edict against friendly relations between the two families was vigorously opposed by Jack Harrison, the son of the old squire, and by pretty Isabella Peyton.

The little neck of land which had caused the trouble was worth at the most \$5. Jack Harrison calculated that Isabella was worth an incalculable number of five dollars, to him at least.

"What! Give up my land to that scoundrel of a Peyton? Never while I'm alive. Not that I have anything against the girl. She's a nice girl. If she could only manage to push her father into the river some day I'd receive her with open arms."

But of course this wasn't a proposition which appealed very strongly to anyone but the squire.

TROUBLES OF THE RICH.

Having People About to Do the Housework Is Not as Easy as It May Appear.

That wealthy people have troubles which the poor know nothing about, is demonstrated almost every day in the home of a Cass avenue family where a cook, dining-room girl and chambermaid are employed.

Wednesday morning the milkman left a bottle of cream and a bottle of milk on the windowsill. The dining-room girl brought in the cream for the coffee, but told the cook it was her duty to bring in the milk.

Then the Mississippi began to take a hand in the game. First it bit a piece off the extremity of the neck of land and carried it down the river. Then it began to eat into the banks on the north side.

It was plain that the big river would soon settle the dispute as to the ownership of the land by silently eating it away and carrying it down stream. That would never do, thought Squire Harrison.

The building of the levee protected the neck of land, but made things harder for the young lovers. Old Archibald Peyton gave vent to numerous sarcastic remarks about the business sense of a man who would build a \$500 levee to protect a \$5 piece of property.

But, as if enraged at being checked by the levee, the Mississippi rose higher and higher. It swirled and bubbled around the end of the neck of land. It formed little eddies which ate away the banks on the south side.

And one night the break came. It was a tiny one at first, but as the current rushed through it became larger and larger. An alarm was given and Squire Harrison and his son rushed to try and stop the break.

But the breaking of the levee had one good effect. It stopped the Harrison-Peyton feud. Both the obstinate old gentlemen recognized that it was rather absurd to be at swords points over the possession of a bit of land which was covered by 20 feet of muddy Mississippi.

Soon after the announcement of the engagement Isabella made her confession. "If you were a judge," she asked Jack Harrison rather shyly, "and some one was convicted of cutting a levee, what sentence would you impose?"

Now among the river planters levee cutting is regarded as a most serious offense. So Jack responded promptly: "Imprison the culprit for life."

"But," pleaded Isabella, "that old neck of land wasn't worth anything and was doing a great, very great deal of harm. And then," she added in extenuation, "I only made a very little cut in the levee. The good old Mississippi did the rest."

But Jack decided that sentence having been legally pronounced must stand.

"In view, however," he added, in his most judicial tone, "of the extenuating circumstance that it was only a little cut, I think I had better act as jailer as well as judge."

And for once a self-confessed culprit seemed to have no wish to appeal from a life sentence.

lent contempt, and the sun soured the milk. Thursday the lady of the house, expecting some visitors, casually inquired of the cook if she had made any cake.

A WAR CANOE OF THE FLATHEAD TRIBE.



Find the Chief of the Tribe.

The Flatheads were formerly a branch of the Choctaw nation. They were what is known as northwest coast Indians, and lived in British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and Montana.

ENGLAND'S PARCEL POST.

The System Is Somewhat Hampered by Regulations in Other Countries.

Great Britain's parcel post, established in England a year or two earlier was extended to the colonies and foreign countries in 1885, and is rapidly growing in favor.

The list of articles forbidden by the countries of destination is amusing enough, but the palm is assignable to the artless announcement of our own post office (on page 453 of the guide) that it really will not undertake the transmission of butter to tropical countries!

One cannot feel surprised at the sultan's vetoing "caricatures of notable personages." His majesty also persecutes "books, magazines and newspapers," while Egypt only excludes books on the Mussulman religion; Spain, misals and breviaries; Germany, socialistic literature.

The rates of postage are here and there somewhat anomalous. Why should it cost 68 cents to send a three-pound parcel to India, when the same parcel can be sent to China for 25 cents?

The post office of the United Kingdom is celebrated for the badness of its bargains. It loses \$250,000 a year by free railway telegrams and it has allowed the National Telephone company to become a Frankenstein monster. So when the parcel post was instituted it conceded 55 per cent. of the receipts to the railway companies for merely carrying the parcels, while undertaking itself the really troublesome and expensive labor of collecting, sorting and a double delivery—first at the railway station, afterward to the addressee.

In many important respects the German postal arrangements are far superior to ours. To begin with the railways have to carry all parcels under 11 pounds free. It is thus possible to charge lower rates—so low that it is usual for schoolboys' linen to be posted home for the "family wash."

Those persons who find life so well worth living that they would not be sorry to become centenarians, will surely be interested in the following statistics, which were recently compiled by an indefatigable French scientist. Out of every million persons who are born in the same year, 312,000, he says, live for 70 years, 107,000 for 80 years, and 8,841 for 90 years.

Statistics of Old Age. Those persons who find life so well worth living that they would not be sorry to become centenarians, will surely be interested in the following statistics, which were recently compiled by an indefatigable French scientist.

HOMEMADE STRAW HATS.

How It Was Done by the Young Folks on the Farms Many Years Ago.

An old farmer of the middle west, just turned 88, was leaning meditatively over his little red gate when a barefooted boy, in blue jeans clothes and a big rough straw hat, ran whooping down the lane toward the creek, says Youth's Companion.

"To make our hats," he continued, "we first had to plait the straw. It was out-straw, and we sat out on the porch of our log cabin, by a pail of water, so we could wet the straw and keep it damp; otherwise it would break. I was left-handed—'south-paw' they used to call me—but I could plait as fast as any of the other boys."

"After we had plaited or braided about 30 yards, we tied it up with a string, as you would tie up hoop-iron. Then, some rainy day, when we couldn't work out-of-doors, my mother or grandmother would sit by and watch us make the hats. Every boy had a big needle and a coarse, homemade linen thread. Sometimes, but not always, we could borrow our mother's big, open-ended iron thimble.

"We began by making a little circle of the straw plait, sewing it through on the wrong side with long stitches. Then we kept on, going round and round, shaping it as best we could, like a deep cup or basket, to make the crown of the hat.

"When the crown was made, then we had plain sailing, and our mother didn't have to watch us. Every boy's hat was then left to his own devices. He just sewed the braid together, slightly overlapping, round and round, until his hat was as big as he wanted it. Then we called mother or grandmother to show us how to finish it off and tuck in the end of the plait neatly.

"No two hats, of course, were just alike. Some of them had quite a comical expression—crooked crowns, or brims out of proportion. Nevertheless, each boy was a happy boy when he had finished a new straw hat for himself. If the crown was higher than usual, other boys would ridicule him, and say: 'Look at the bee-gum! look at the bee-gum!' A bee-gum, perhaps you don't know, was an old-fashioned hive for bees, sometimes made out of twisted straw, sometimes made of wood.

"To make our straw hats nice, sometimes we would wet the crown, after the hat was made, and mold it over a round block or log of wood."

TRAINED FOR A CRITIC.

She Had Read All Her Life and Therefore Knew Good Writing from Bad.

Miss Marie Van Vorst, who has been earning her living as a working girl in various occupations in order that she may know the actual life of working girls, contributes to Everybody's Magazine her experiences in a southern cotton-mill. One of her fellow workers was a girl named Bessie, who had been at the work for ten years.

"What do you think about all day?" I ask her. "Why, I think about books, I reckon. There ain't nothing I like so good as reading, when I ain't tired."

"Are you often tired?" This question surprises her. She looks up at me and smiles. "Why, I'm most always tired. I read novels for the most part. Like to read love stories and about foreign travel."

"What would you be if you could choose?" I venture to ask. She has no hesitation in answering: "I'd love to be a trained nurse." Then, turn about being fair play in her mind, she asks: "What would you-all be?" And ashamed not to repay her truthfulness, I frankly respond, "I'd like to write a book."

"I de-clare!" She stares at me. "Why, you-all is ambitious! Did you ever write anything?" She is interested and kindles, and leans forward. "Look-a-her! Got any of your scrapings or writing here? If you don't mind anybody's messing with your things, bring your scrapings to me, and I'll soon tell you if you can write a book or not," she whispers to me, encouragingly, confidentially.

I think her and say: "Do you think you would know?" "Well, I guess I would," she says, confidently. "I ain't read all my life since I was eight years old not to know good writing from bad."

Green Gooseberry Jelly.

Wash the berries and take off the tops; to six pounds of gooseberries pour a scant pint of filtered water and simmer until the gooseberries are well broken; turn into a jelly bag and let drain through; measure the juice, then put back on the fire and boil rapidly for 15 minutes; draw it back from the fire and stir into it an equal quantity of sugar sifted fine; then boil it 15 or 20 minutes longer, or until it jellies strongly on the spoon; while boiling it must be kept perfectly free from scum.—N. Y. Herald.

Wanted Pay in Advance.

"I hope," said the lobbyist, "that you will lend your support to this measure." "Lend?" said the senator. "What's the matter? Ain't your people prepared to pay in advance?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

REWARDED AT LAST.

The Man Who "Batted" Into Other People's Affairs Got What He Was Looking For.

Bivens is one of those men who are always trying to make the world better. Not a reformer, exactly, because he has never gone into politics, but ready at any call to come to the front to alleviate the woes of somebody. Officiousness, some call it, but it is scarcely that, either. In any event, everybody who knows Bivens has been saying for years that some day he was going to butt into something that was no special business of his, and he would get what he deserved. Everybody is oftener wrong than right, but this time, though, it was long coming. Everybody was right. Bivens got it, relates the New York Herald.

He was on a street car with about four dozen other passengers when it happened. The seats were all taken when Bivens came aboard, but in the varying changes that take place in a crowded car Bivens found his chance and dropped into a seat by the side of a good looking woman. In front of her, holding to a strap, stood a man who to Bivens' trained eye seemed to be trying to attract the lady's attention. He had probably ridden a dozen blocks before he noticed this little by-play, and the soul of him revolted against the machinations of the masker. Bivens was no coward. Most people of his stripe are not, more's the pity, and after watching until he was sure the lady did not wish the man's attention, he sailed in.

"I beg your pardon, madame," said Bivens, good and strong, "is that man annoying you?" "Yes, he is," she responded, though not in the grateful tones of women usual under such circumstances. But Bivens wasn't thinking about tones just at that moment; he was thinking about mashers, and he braced the offender.

"You are annoying the lady," said Bivens, menacingly. "I know it," was the reply, so unabashed and brazen that Bivens was shocked.

"You'll have to stop it," said Bivens, getting hot.

"Guess not," said the man. "I've got a right to; she's my wife; she's huffy and won't talk to me. See?"

Bivens looked at the lady; she couldn't help smiling; her husband laughed; so did everybody else in the car, except Bivens; he got off and walked home to soothe his perturbed spirit.

EVILS OF A HOT KITCHEN.

Something Which in the Summer-Time Amounts Almost to a Crime Against the Family.

A hot kitchen during the warm season is an atrocity for which there is no longer any excuse. In the time of the old-fashioned kitchen stove with wood as fuel, or perhaps soft coal, the housewife had no choice in the matter, says Medical Talk for the Home.

To cook dinner necessitated a hot kitchen. The fumes of cooking would fill the whole house. Great waves of heat were wafted from room to room. The perspiring school children home for lunch, the sweaty man, weary with toil, arrive for dinner not to find a cool house where everything is inviting and refreshing, but a sweltering oven of heated air, thick with fumes of cooking dinner. The housewife, red and out of patience, hurries the steaming dinner on the table, and perhaps flies add to the general discomfort.

Such surroundings do not constitute life in the best sense of the word. While camping out a person might endure this, but such regulations are hardly worthy to be called a home.

Gasoline and gas stoves have made all this unnecessary. Only those who live in the region of natural gas can avail themselves of the gas stove. But the gasoline stove is of world-wide distribution. Anybody can have one. The dinner can be cooked and at the same time the house is kept cool. By a little care and ingenuity on the part of the cook neither heat nor disagreeable odors need to disturb the peace of the household.

Keep the kitchen cool and clean. In the middle of the day serve a cool dinner. Invent something that can be eaten cold. Hot dinners are very unwholesome during hot weather. A lunch of cold sliced meat, plenty of fruit, berries in their season, iced tea, and the like, make a midday meal more acceptable and healthy than steaming hot food. A hot kitchen on a hot day is almost a crime against the family. Do not allow any such thing to occur for your own sake. It makes the children fretful and the husband frets and converts the most even-tempered housewife or kitchen girl into a ter-magant.

Get a gasoline stove at once and learn how to use it. You are absolutely safe. The few accidents that have occurred in times past were due either to defective stoves or gross carelessness and need never occur again.

Buttered Noodles.

The fine noodles are nice served as a vegetable with meat or fish. Have a heated, covered vegetable dish beside the fire and a pot of boiling salted water ready. Throw in a handful of the noodles, stirring them carefully with a fork to separate them. When thoroughly heated through skim them out and place in the heated dish, season with a little warmed butter and cook another handful, and proceed in the same manner until you have cooked the desired quantity. Sprinkle the top with browned buttered crumbs, or grated cheese may be used instead and the dish placed in the oven to brown the cheese.—Washington Star.