

For the Blues.

N doesn't pay to frown when you're blue; You'd better exercise a bit and fill your lungs with air; Don't sit down and mope or grumble; If you do, men may pity, but they'll leave you sitting there.

When the world has been unkind, when life's troubles cloud your mind, Don't sit down and frown, and sigh, and moan and mope; Take a walk along the square, fill your lungs with fresh air— Then go whistling back to work, and smile as each hour goes by.—Cleveland Leader.

Agnes, the Indian Girl

By Helen Oldfield.

"An Indian girl, a real Indian girl!" exclaimed Helena Dickson, with a little scream. "Dear me, never expected to see anything like this even in the Far West."

It was a spacious, roomy kitchen, furnished with an odd interesting collection of luxury, privation and makeshift. At one end a large fire of walnut and pine logs rared up the great, carved chimney; at the other, two or three girls sat round a table; while Ralph Davenant, the farmer, lay fast asleep on the chintz-cushioned lounge, lulled by the continuous ransling sound of the gr at western river, and of the extreme of his bounds.

Guy Davenant sat near the girls—a tall, splendidly molded young Apollo of the forest, with shaggy, hazel eyes, and hair curling in black, silky rings all over his head. He looked up quickly as Miss Dickson spoke.

"Agnes Oscawanda?" he exclaimed. "You say she's in the outer kitchen? Why don't the women tell her to come in?"

"Guy!" reproved his sister. "An Indian interpreter's daughter!" "Helena ought to see her," urged Guy. "She's as beautiful as a statue."

"But she is old Oscawanda's daughter, she lives down by the falls." "What then?" "She's an intelligent and cultivated as nine out of ten of the girls around here. Call her in, I say, or I'll go there myself."

Julia Davenant rose with a curl to her lip, and opening the kitchen door, beckoned haughtily to a tall, slight figure standing by the fire beyond. "Come in, Agnes," cheerily called out Guy, as if determined to atone for his sister's evident lack of courtesy, and Agnes Oscawanda entered, moving with the slow, willowy grace of a bending reed.

She was dark, but not darker than many a brunette of unblemished Saxon lineage, with velvety soft eyes, raven black hair, looped in heavy braids at the back of her head, and a delicate, oval face, with features straight and pure as the outlines of a Greek model. Her dress was of some dark worsted stuff, with a scarlet shawl folded across her shoulders, and a silken scarf was twisted about her hair. She hung her head with evident embarrassment at Helena Dickson's bold stare.

passed Agnes yesterday in the road without even speaking to her." "Do you expect us to receive her on an equality with ourselves?" "But Helena wants you to go with her, was the brusque reply. "I believe Agnes Oscawanda has bewitched you with some of her father's outlandish Indian charms," flashed out Julia.

"Perhaps she has," said Guy, laughing. "Her father's or her own." "Guy, it is no jesting matter." "Did I say it was, Miss Spitfire? Do leave me in peace a little while now."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Guy; and he adhered resolutely to his resolution. The day of the much-anticipated picnic came; but Guy, instead of escorting Miss Dickson down to the slope of velvet grass, shaded by superb forest trees, which had been selected as the site of the merry making, took his gun and started off into the woods.

"I won't be defamed by the cackle of these girls," quoth he to himself. "Dead! Oh, father, he is not dead!" Old Oscawanda, the sweet-voiced Indian interpreter, listened with his ear against the stalwart chest of the fallen hunter, who lay among the yellow autumn leaves, where Agnes had found him, bathed in his own blood.

"The lock of the new rifle—what or where no one ever knew, but it was bound to please, and Guy Davenant lay like a dead man beside it. They carried him to the little cabin beside the rushing stream, and laid him on the rude couch of the old Indian, and then he struggled his way back again to life.

"Who bound up these wounds?" he asked, with a slight shudder, as he glanced downward at bandages and wrappings, and began to comprehend the full extent of the perils from which he had so miraculously escaped. "I did," Agnes Oscawanda answered.

"Oh!" His eyes rested admiringly on her calm, beautiful face. "There isn't one woman in a thousand who would have had such pluck as that. I should like to have Helena Dickson see blood without fainting away, and as for Clara and Julia—"

"Just their maneuvering!" said Julia, when she had sobbed and shrieked away her first terror at the frightful news of the accident that had happened to her brother. "Of course Agnes and her school, old father expect to make a profitable speculation out of it. Why couldn't they just as well have brought you home?"

"They might have done so," said Guy, calmly. "I am sure I have been all that was borne across the threshold. Oscawanda and his daughter have saved my life, and I shall never cease to be grateful to them for what they have done."

"Your kindness is quite unnecessary," said Guy, coldly. "I have every care and attention here." "The bold, shy thing!" said Clara, biting her lip as the three girls walked homeward again. "I saw her eyes flash triumph when he spoke."

Helena Dickson, however, resolved not to give up the battle at this early stage of affairs. She determined to prolong her visit into the winter months. "Perhaps Guy will go home with me, when he recovers sufficiently," she thought; "and in that case I can easily bring him to the mark."

PAPERS BY THE PLOT

WHY THE HUSBAND SHOULD RULE.

There is a strong tendency in the present day among women who call themselves "advanced" to protest against a man's authority in his own household. Women, they say, are fully equal to men in common sense, judgment, and, when the opportunity is afforded for its exercise, in executive ability. To this question there is but one answer—viz. every government requires a nominal head, and custom and tradition, as well as the fact that it is the duty of the man to provide for his family, as his superior physical strength enables him to do, assign him that place in his household. Well regulated couples never quarrel over this.

Much pernicious nonsense is talked, often by people who ought to know better, about men being "masters in their own houses," of wives who "do not dare to call their souls their own." Not long since a woman's paper, which counts its circulation by tens of thousands, published a story of a wife whose husband bought her clothes, did the family marketing, etc.; a woman who, when like a worm, she turned at last, told her oppressor that she intended to leave him because she never had 2 cents wherewith to buy a postage stamp. "Can such things be?" On the other hand, much poor wit has been levelled at the household in which "the gray mare is the better horse."

It is not some, where the wife rules and the husband submits to her sway, that the quietness, harmony, and peace of a household is more likely to be maintained than in a household where the husband is a tyrant and the wife a spiritless slave; since women are usually pleasant when they have their own way, and it is the mistress of the house who makes it a home. There can be no peace where there is contention, and happiness can exist only where there is the perfect love which casteth out fear, and which implies perfect equality, where each is anxious to please the other, and their wills never come into conflict.

The hand of steel in a glove of softest velvet is the ideal thing; strength behind, but all softness and gentleness to the front. There are some with whom it is all steel and no velvet; which may compel submission, but does not make it willing; that a willing obedience is many times over worth that which is paid as a hated tax is a secret of good government which it behooves every master of a household to learn ere he takes the reins.

IDEAL AND REAL LOVE.

Most women set out in life with an ideal of manhood, knowing little of the nature of a man. A girl's love is only too often a romantic longing for the impossible. A desire for impassioned adoration, such as she has read of in books, such as few men are capable of giving; the reason being that while the girl is going through an initial stage of comprehension, the man has long passed it. He knows a great deal more about her than she knows about him, and while she regards marriage as a revel of emotions and petty tyrannies, he begins to assert himself after the first captivity of courtship. A love founded on mutual sympathy and appreciation is the only love that can stand the severe tests of time, of human infirmities, and human weakness.

To idealize the lover is often a girl's mistaken method of idealizing love. But there is a wide gulf between the feeling and the author or inspirer of that feeling. He may be, and often is, the reverse of the ideal. A girl insists on imagined perfections instead of testing the actual good qualities he may possess. Then comes the inevitable disillusion; the discovery of the feet of clay, and the broken reed, and all the other sadly sentimental reproaches heaped by women on their fallen idols.

Marriage may be the institution of reason and necessity. But love is a demand. And considering it as such the wonder is that the demand is so lightly and so readily assented to. The call of heart to heart, of kindred soul to kindred soul is no light thing. On the contrary, it

THE GIRL OF 1905. She Wears Wide Skirts and Is Called the "Gold Field Girl." "Looks like a 40er," said an old fellow from the coast. "An' she is a 40er," said another. "And a 40er she certainly is. The girl of 1905 who stepped across the threshold of the New Year, all blushing, brought to the mind, not the days of 1830, nor the days of 1860. She is not an empire girl, not a girl of the Victorian era, not a girl of the

1880 days, but a "40er," true and unmistakable. The girl of 1905 wears round skirts, and she is made to stand out. She will carry a reticule. And her ornament will be a little fan. Upon her hands there will be long black gloves, and she will wear a poke bonnet and the sweet smile which goes with every poke. The girl of 1905 does not look at all like the girl of a year ago. Never was there so radical a change wrought in an individual in one year. She has stepped out of her clinging skirts into flared ones, and she has thrown aside her picture hat for another one still more picturesque. Her clothes are all picture clothes, and she will be fashionable like a doll and destined to do nothing more useful than to look pretty.

In 1849 yellow was the color. And the new girl of 1905 wears yellow a great deal, gold and ivory and yellow colored lace. She is called "the gold field girl." A BRUTAL EXHIBITION. Columbia College Students Engage in a Fierce Encounter. Kingston Gould, son of George Gould, enrolled as a student in Columbia University, New York City, has avoided the freshman's experience of having the sophomores attempt to kidnap him and take him to their banquet, which the victim is not permitted to enjoy, for only empty plates are served him, and later he was to be subjected to rough treatment. Young Gould was pursued by sophomores and ran to one of the chapter houses of the university. Overtaken by his pursuers he whipped out a revolver and threatened to shoot if hands were laid upon him. Then backing his way

TOUGH HIDE ESSENTIAL TO BUSINESS SUCCESS.

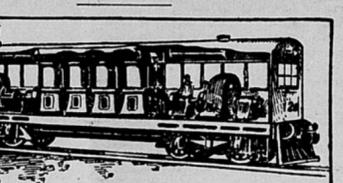
The man who can stand criticism unmoved is the man who cannot be interfered with, swerved aside from his purpose, and the idea of success implies this marching straight forward toward a definite end. You believe you have the ability to gain the object of your ambition; don't shrink and waver then because of the criticism and disparaging attitude of others. Ignore strictures on yourself and your methods; hold to your faith in yourself and march on. Consider the motto of the soldier: I care nothing for wounds; I care only to defeat the enemy. This man who marches on regardless of what everybody thinks of him may be little or he may be great. That depends on what there is inside his thick envelope—brains or savadist. But whether he comes out well or ill the result will be something definite, clear cut. Whether he make a success or failure he will learn something from the result.

Keep your eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the mark you have set yourself, unwaveringly too much heed of criticism and your efforts. Remember that no man of force and distinction ever made a mistake, and that it is not to be stingy with your criticisms. Only be sure you are right and don't worry about what people think of you. If you are not so sensitive to the other man's opinion, you may meet the fate of the man who, from riding the ass, commanded his son to help him carry the beast, because somebody told him it was the right thing to do. The man who tries to please everybody, pleases nobody, and becomes a fool for his pains.

RESPECT THAT IS DUE TO THE LAW.

As a branch of social science law has been a most potent factor in promoting human welfare. For eight centuries of continuous growth the conception of private right and distributive justice, have given the best of their lives to its construction. And yet there are well meaning people who profess a contempt for the law, and on an occasional miscarriage of justice in its administration, are quick to denounce it as utterly inadequate to effectuate justice between man and man. They are right in the fact that we live in a society of rights and property because there is law; but because of its stable and beneficent principles and a general belief that when violated those principles will be vindicated we are permitted to enjoy the fruits of our labors. There is another class of people who profess to recognize the rule of law as right and proper, but who consciously violate their rights. They are prompted by personal greed. Unlawful combinations for the purpose of destroying competition, unlicensed encroachments upon the property of others, reckless and extravagant management of corporate property for the purpose of inviting mortgage foreclosure and securing the appointment of receivers, corrupt acts of boards of directors under the dictation of large stockholders for the purpose of squeezing out small holders are violations of frequent occurrence in this day of strenuous commercialism. These men do not belong to what is popularly designated as the criminal class, but by teaching by precept and example, high respect for the law and the means by which it may be vindicated.

NEW INTERNAL COMBINATION LOCOMOTIVE.



The Southern Pacific Railroad Company is experimenting with a locomotive that is expected to revolutionize the transportation system of the world. It is literally a power house on wheels and is designed to cover 100 miles in an hour. It is fireless, smokeless and waterless. Its builders claim that it is capable of hauling a 2,000 ton train from New York to San Francisco without a stop. The locomotive is propelled by a combination of compressed air, fuel oil power and electricity. It has been realized by engineers that the limit has been practically reached in the construction of steam locomotives, and it is believed by those best qualified to form an opinion that this new invention is destined to supersede all steam propelling devices, at least as applied to railway use.

Are Blondes to Disappear? The somewhat startling statement has been made that the blue-eyed, golden-haired, and light-complexioned variety of the human race is in the course of extinction, and that, within a few more generations, blondes are likely to become so rare in the world's population that they may be looked upon as curiosities, somewhat as albinos are to-day. The blonde type has been so often chosen by artists and poets to represent their noblest conceptions of human beauty that no one can regard even the bare suggestion of its extinction without dismay. Moreover, some of the world's greatest races and many of its most masterly personalities have belonged to this type, and its admirers are those of the first rank in all the higher fields of intellect who possessed the characteristic marks of the blonde, and this not only in countries where the light type prevails, but also in lands like Italy, where the general complexion of the population is dark.—Garrett P. Serviss, in Success Magazine.

The Home of Musical Fish. Lake Battlenon, Ceylon, has the probably unique distinction of being the home of musical fish. The sounds emitted by these are said to be as sweet and melodious as an extract would be produced by a series of Aeolian harps. Crossing the lake in a boat one can plainly distinguish the pleasant sounds. If an oar is dipped in the water the melody becomes louder and more distinct.

Work and Play. Whizzer—Every man ought to divide his time between work and play. Joseph—Yes. Your friend Twen'ger there certainly does that. 'Twen'ger isn't playing the races but he's working his friends.—Chicago News.

The Amst. "How much will you give me for a novel of 40,000 words?" "Let me see," replied the editor. "You ought to get six months for that!"—Atlanta Constitution.

No, Cordelia, the railway tie is not a four-in-hand.

FAMOUS INDIANA TRAGEDY.

James Gillespie Found Guilty of the Murder of His Sister.

The conviction of James Gillespie, on the charge of murdering his sister, Miss Elizabeth Gillespie, in Rising Sun, Ind., on Dec. 8, 1903, and his sentence to life imprisonment for the crime, meets with the approval of all persons who are familiar with the details of the tragedy which, at the time of its occurrence, awakened interest all over the United States. This was James Gillespie's second trial. A year ago he, with his sister, Mrs. Belle Seward, and Mr. and Mrs. Myron Barbour, were tried together for the murder and the just deserts. When the case came into court again, Gillespie demanded to be tried alone. His request was granted and after trial the jury, after three hours' deliberation, brought in a verdict of guilty.

The circumstances surrounding the murder of Elizabeth Gillespie and the social prominence in Indiana of all the actors in the tragedy, attracted widespread attention to the case. The Gillespie family was one of the oldest and proudest in Indiana. James Gillespie and his sister, Elizabeth, were twins. They were inseparable as children and young people. The girl became engaged at the age of 20, but on her brother's account broke the engagement. Though no word of trouble leaked out this beautiful society woman from that time grew in appearance from a young girl to an aged woman, her hair turning almost snowy white within a year. She never married, Elizabeth did her brother. James Elizabeth devoted herself to the care of her widowed mother and threw herself heart and soul into plans which afforded pleasure to others. She was a leader in the social world and in church work. Then came trouble between her and her brother, and a family feud was brought on which culminated in murder. James Gillespie left his mother's house and went to live with his other sister, Mrs. Belle Seward, across the street. Dr. William Gillespie had married a niece of Dr. Thad Reamy, a noted Cincinnati physician, and had moved to that city. His wife's sister married Myron Barbour, and they lived directly across the street from the Gillespie home. On the evening of Dec. 8, 1903, Elizabeth Gillespie was preparing to retire at her home the Women's Literary Club, of Rising Sun. As she passed a window looking into the street from her parlor the report of a gun rang out in the darkness and Miss Gillespie fell to the floor, blood streaming from a jagged wound in her head. She died the day following. Suspicion at once fastened upon James Gillespie and he with the others named above were arrested and indicted for murder.

Elizabeth Gillespie lived in mortal terror of her brother. On the other hand, members of the family from all over the State, all of whom are wealthy, made a strong effort to save the Gillespie name and to free James Gillespie. Two trials were bitterly contested and thousands of dollars were expended on lawyers by the defense. The State, however, won.

THESE GLASS WORKERS. The High Art that Flourished Over Forty Centuries Ago. The glassworkers of ancient Thebes are known to have been equally as proficient in that particular art as the most scientific craftsman of the same trade of the present day, after a lapse of over forty centuries of so called "progress." They were well acquainted with the art of staining glass and are known to have produced them so modestly in great profusion and perfection. Rosellini gives an illustration of a piece of stained glass known to be 4,000 years old which displayed artistic taste of high order, both in tint and design.

In this case the color is struck through the vitrified structure, and he mentions designs struck entirely in pieces from a half to three-quarters of an inch thick, the color being perfectly incorporated with the structure of the piece and exactly the same on both the obverse and reverse sides. The priests of Ptah at Memphis were adepts in the glassmaker's art, and not only did they have factories for manufacturing the common crystal variety, but they had learned the vitrifying of the different colors and of imitating precious stones to perfection. Their imitations of the amethyst and of the various other colored gems were so true to nature that even now, after they have lain in the desert sands from 2,000 to 4,000 years, they are expert to distinguish the genuine article from the spurious. It has been shown that, besides being experts in glassmaking and coloring, they also used the diamond in cutting and engraving. The British museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass with an engraved embossed ornament of the monarch Thothmes III., who lived 3,400 years ago.

Babies and Boots. Gypsies carry their babies in old shawls slung over their shoulders and tied about the waist. North American Indians carry their babies on the backs of squaws—cradle and all. But the Eskimo women of Labrador carry their babies in their boots. The boots come up to the knee and are wide at the top, with a flap in front. In these the little brown babies live and are happy.

Future of the Indians. James Mooney, attached to the Smithsonian bureau of ethnology, sees a hopeless future for the Indians, among whom he has spent the greater portion of his life. He believes that it is practically impossible to civilize the Indian; that, having no ambition for improvement or progress, they will continue in their present state, dying out in numbers till they become simply rotting stumps.

It is needless for a man to have an aim in life unless he has the ammunition to back it up. Napoleon of Simmon's hill. From this time onward no sled nor boy, no matter how big, could hope to win a race when Donald and Napoleon appeared upon the scene.—M. S. Handy in Indianapolis News.

MEADOW MICE. We can always tell when there are meadow mice in a field by the little foot-paths winding in and out among the grass roots. The paths are usually rather lower than the surrounding grass, and are used chiefly at night, when the mice come out to feast on wild bulbs, grass roots, berries and insects. The little rodents have many enemies, only perhaps being the worst of all. Domestic cats get a great many of these mice, and of course have a great many more of those which venture forth in the daytime. The mice themselves are harmless creatures except perhaps in very cold weather when they have been known to destroy fruit trees by gnawing the bark. They are found in the snow line. They are gentle in disposition, and although I have picked up hundreds of them with my bare hands, they have seldom bitten me unless I happened to squeeze them a little too hard.

The best known representative of the American long-tailed mice is unquestionably the white-footed, or deer mouse. This is one of the commonest as well as one of the most beautiful of the four-footed animals in this country. Unlike the meadow mouse, it is a creature of the woodland, and "wood mouse" is the name by which it is known in many places. Among the surliest signs of its presence are the empty shells of the hickory nuts, which form a considerable part of its food. These shells may always be distinguished from those which have been opened by squirrels by the manner in which they have been cut. In nearly all cases the hole is found there are two holes in the shell—one in each of the two flat sides—and in very often one of these holes is larger than the other. When you find a shell opened in this way you may be sure that while the hole was being made by Hunt for them in old stone heaps, decayed logs, holes in trees, and especially in old birds' nests.—November Woman's Home Companion.



TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DADDY'S DARLING. She comes to me when I'm at work And rumples up my hair; She plays among the papers which I've just arranged with care; She chatters, too, yet, all the same, I love to have her there.

She spoils my pens, upsets the ink, And makes a dreadful noise; The table that I write upon Is covered with her toys; Yet, all the same, she is to me The greatest of my joys.

She shows me all her dollies, too, And when she tumbles down, 'Tis I who always comfort her And kiss away the frown; Yet all the same she is to me A queen without a crown.

'Tis sweet to hear her baby voice, That calls me by my name; She's such a little darling, how Can anybody be so tame? She is a teasing pet, but still, I love her all the same.

—New York Globe

JEAN'S WATERLOO.

Jean and Donald were twins, although Jean was a good deal larger. This was because she had always been healthy, while Donald had found it hard work to live, so many dangers had beset his path. Donald was willing to endure the pain that went with measles and chickenpox and diphtheria, but always to be defeated by Jean was too much for his spirit.

Jean was a regular fly-up-the-creek, flitting from one thing to another—never apparently trying to do a thing, but in some remarkable manner always succeeding. She had talked before Donald was still lispng "Dada"; she could read the newspaper while Donald was still struggling with "See the rat."

In spite of Jean's cleverness, Donald and she were most loving to one another. When they wrote their Christmas letter to Santa Claus their lists were found to be exactly alike. "Dear Santa—Bring me everything just like Donald's, except a sled. One will do for both, for of course, we'll always coast together."

Down in Jean's heart she felt that she would be first to master the "flexible flyer," and visions of coasting down Simmon's hill steering Donald, rose before her self-satisfied eyes. Of course, Santa Claus brought the "flexible flyer." In this mind, as in Jean's, she was a good deal larger than a splendid sled given her by her friends in the delightful sport. What pleasure does equal coasting anyway?

When the air is bright and clear, the snow covered with crisp, sparkling ground, the sleds flying down a hill like birds—can any girl get better happiness than this? Jean took the lead, as usual, placing Donald behind her. She thought, of course, she could steer the new sled. At first everything went all right; when suddenly the sled whirled around and she knew what had happened. Donald and Jean were buried in a snowdrift, while the sled was madly speeding down the hill by itself. Time and time again did Jean try to guide it, but with no better result. No matter how many things this young lady could do, she now had to face the unpleasant fact that she could not steer a "flexible flyer."

Donald pleaded to be allowed to try, but Jean would not even listen to such a thing. "If I can't do it, Donald, Keith, bow in the world can you? Don't I always beat you at everything?"

Donald admitted that she did, but timidly added: "No, I can tell what he can do until he tries; I've never tried steering a flexible flyer!" Jean had to agree that his reasoning was sound. Realizing that she was a failure, and at the same time that the sled was going better and better, Jean finally allowed the timid Donald to try his skill. Whether the instinct that makes boys boys came to Donald just at that moment or whether it was the thought that he ought to show that he was no longer going to be kept in the background by his clever sister, no one can tell, but down went the flyer in the most approved fashion. It never swerved from the path except as Donald's hand guided it. It obeyed him perfectly, and the sensation was so novel that the boy seemed beside himself with joy. At first Jean refused to ride with him, saying she was not ready to be killed, but after Donald had made two or three successful trips the little girl's ugliness gave way, and she jumped on the sled back of Donald. The sensation of being beaten by him was at first unpleasant, but the sport was so delightful, the shouts of the children so cheering, that before Jean knew it she was laughing and shrieking as merrily as any of them.

As for Donald, he was happy beyond words. When he told mother of his success she patted his curly head and looked as pleased as he did. Mother said it was good for all people to meet defeat once in a while, and to make her lesson clearer, told Jean and Donald to act as Napoleon. How this general, after the great successes the world had ever known, finally met his defeat on the battlefield of Waterloo. Donald liked the story very much. He declared he would name his new sled Napoleon. Father agreed to paint this name on one side of the sled, but suggested that it would be a good idea to paint Waterloo on the other. As he said this, he looked at Jean, who already had applied mother's story to herself. She was generous enough, however, to forget her own failure in steering the flyer, when Donald became the

DUMB CRABBO.

Divide the company into two equal parts, and let each player select a word, which will have to be guessed by those outside the door. When the word has been chosen—say, for instance, the word "will"—the party outside the room are told that the word they are to guess rhymes with "will." The company then enter and begin to act the word "will," but without speaking a word to the audience, when they recognize the word that is being performed, will immediately hiss, and the actors then retire and think of another word.

Thus the same goes on until the right word is hit upon, when the company who have remained in the room clap their hands. The audience then change places with the actors.

FOR THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

Do you know why on all the old-fashioned roofs (Dutch roofs) there were such funny little steps? These were not for ornament, as you may suppose, but were to enable the little sweeps to reach the chimneys. On the steep, slanting roof of each house had been impossible had it not been for these attractive little steps.

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Driving to a Dance.

People out West think nothing of a drive of thirty or forty miles a day. I said J. W. Llewellyn, of Seattle, Wash. "I was born on a stock ranch about 2,000 acres, twenty-eight miles north of Seattle, and we used to drive in to the city nearly every day for mail and other things. We thought nothing of driving thirty or forty miles to a dance, enjoying ourselves all the way. I found a young woman sitting there on the front seats. Her escort had become 'sore' at her, as she said, and had gone home with another girl, and she was waiting for daylight in hopes some one would come and she could get a ride home. Well, I wasn't particular when I reached home, so I took her in my buggy and drove seventy miles out of my way to take her home."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Poor of Paris.

Depression reigns in Paris owing to the poor men in society who have to make presents to the rich at the New Year. Says an unfortunate: "For two months after New Year's Day I hesitate to buy a pair of gloves or take a cab when it rains. Cigars are forbidden luxuries, and at home I smoke a pipe. What has become of my money? It is all gone. I have spent on flowers and bon bons for the wealthy hostesses whose invitations to dinner my social position forces me to accept. And they are not amusing, those dinners! Observe that I am invited by the donor recognize his gift; they know I shall have to go to presents; and when their salons look like the sweetest shops or the florists, they have to give most of the things away and run the risk of letting the donor recognize his gift in another house!"—Truly Parisian society is very complex.—London Chronicle.