The House on the Hill.

From "The Children of the Night," reviewed in the Outlook by President Roosevelt.

They are all gone away,
The House is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill;
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one today
To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
Around that sunken sill?
They are all gone away.

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill:
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.

—Edward Arlington Robinson.

Room Enough.

It occurred on a peak of the Jungfrau, which is perhaps vague for earnest inquirers who want to know the exact spot, time and quality of rope; but as I am about to relate some hitherto unrecorded facts connected with the incident this vagueness may not be without its charm. If Prof. Abraham K. Greystone had not slipped while Pierre was steadying him on a hideously knife-like arrete and sent us spinning across an ice-polished incline, bouned on all sides by fog, it would have happened all the same. At the momsnt I bore no malice, and this magnanimity was not lessened by a sudden, significant slackening of what threatened to become an unpleasantly strained relation—the rope had parted and Pierre vanished, apparently guiding the professor to a speedy solution of the boss riddle of humanity.

Lie strictly on your side along the outside edge of a sofa, imagine the floor a modest three or four thousand feet away—la distance n'y fait rien—and you will comprehend my bodily position. My mental attitude was one of suspended judgment. A little way the blue, snow-flecked, flattened curve of ice and rock went up, then nebulous infinity, and beyond infinity, if you allow the expression, a star. It was the first time man's absolute nothingness in the face of creation came home to me, and, although the result was sublimity, I could have wished that the visit had been reserved for a less crowded spoch. The next thing that crossed the threshold of my consciousness was a steady "draw" on the rope from behind; some one was dragging me upward. I seconded the humane effort. "Steady," said Miss Greystone's voice in my ear: "Keep your eyes skinned. Drink. Pop's bound to come out right side up."

After a pull at the brandy as strenuous as the lady's at the rope I looked round. Florrie and I were clinging like woodpeckers on an angular ledge of twisted rock formed aeons ago, apparently in sympathetic forethought for our plight. From Miss Greystone's waist the cord ran taut to a ridge. A face showed there suddenly, dim in the shifting fog, it was Leroy; there was another at his shoulder—Zimmer.

After the wittiest conversation ever held, if brevity be the soul of wit, we found ourselves in comparative safety again. Hans, our second guide, examined the frayed end of rope trailing from me and uttered a furious oath, then he tried the spaces between us. When he reached that between Miss Greystone and Leroy he appeared about to surpass himself, but his voice died in a long-drawn "Ach!" stunned by a bludgeon blow of amazement. I said to myself that Zimmer's strange foreboding had been speedily realized, and was edging near him to restore the packet he had privately asked me to carry on our return journey when I was presented with a purely personal surprise—the muzzle of a revolver. Under the most favorable circumstances the view could not be described as extensive, and yet there was more than enough of it. Of course, I did the regulation thing.

"Capt. Henry Dozer, I arrest you," said Leroy in cold, sharp English.

"What do you mean, Leroy?" I said.

He made a statement I venture to suppress. No pastry cook ever showed a whiter face than Jones did; Zimmer turned green.

"If you are a detective, what is the charge?" demanded Miss Greystone.

"Forgery of bank notes and causing the death of two persons by cutting that rope," replied Leroy.

"I don't believe it," cried Florrie; "it's mean of you, Ben. The idea! He never touched the rope, and it's got to be proved that pop and the mountaineer are dead."

"You may put down your hands," continued Leroy, unheeding. "Ah, would! Hold him, gentlemen."

In a moment I was secured, for people do not indulge in frantic struggles on a mountain slope tilted at an angle of thirty with nothing, and Leroy quietly drew from my pocket the identical packet Zimmer had given me. He felt, opened it, and laughed. "Just as I expected," he remarked, "plates and all." I spluttered an explanation; he laughed, so did the others. "Too thin," was the comment, "but you can reserve your defense. Get that rope off him, Hans. Good! Now fasten him between Herr Zimmer and Mr. Jones. I'll bring up the rear with Miss Greystone."

His orders were obeyed with alacrity, and I found myself a prisoner trudging wearily and warily in the footsteps of my captors, who by their manner evidently believed Leroy. Hans in particular was most offensive, and would have made no bones about throwing me over any of the precipices in which the district is so rich. However, I promised myself a speedy revenge once we reached the confines of civilization, and cursed my folly in accepting the comradship of chance companions. Leroy was a man whose acquaintance I made casually at Basel, where he acted as interpreter to a party of English tourists, of whom I made one. Oh why had I not gone on with them to Turin instead of wasting my time at Grindewald with Miss Greystone! Of Zimmer and Jones I had slight knowledge, being introduced to them by Leroy himself only the day before.

I recollected now that what I did know was not to their credit. The thought of conspiracy did not cross my mind, for any absurdity seemed possible in so badly-conducted a world, but I dismissed it. Who would conspire against a poor retired officer of Indian irregulars? Bitterly I left I was to blame more than any one else for having fallen into the trap of the infernal Zimmer, who I believed now was the real culprit, and I cross-examined him for the benefit of the party as well as our position would allow, but he merely sneered; Jones prodded me brutally with his alpenstock and Leroy advised me to reserve my defense. Miss Greystone amongst the faithless was only faithful found, her conversation being streaked with references to the absent "pop" and incisive satire on the obtrusive Leroy.

We could hardly be described as a merry company when we reached the Elsmeer, where we encountered a relief party, signalled for by Hans, the first moment the fog lifted, and at Grindelwald gendarmes took the places of my companions.

I pass over the ensuing two days; they were the most anxious I ever spent. One point of light alone relieved the gloom. Prof. Greystone and Pierre were recovered from a snowdrift nothing the worse save for shock and exposure. On the third morning I learned that Zimmer and Jones had been arrested and that I was at liberty. Subsequently I received ample apologies from Leroy over an excellent breakfast.

"And now for the explanation," I said, lighting a cigar.

"Quite simple," he replied. "For the past four years I have been on the track of a select gang of ruffians who have operated in every capital of Europe; two were English, the third German. When I had the honor of making your acquaintance at Basel I was close on their traces; when we met at Grindewald they were in my company."

"Zimmer and Jones!"

"Those were the names by which you knew them," he replied.

"Then why not arrest the rascals on the spot?"

The great detective smiles. "You judge things from the military standpoint," he answered; "we work by more subtle methods. I had information that they were journeying to meet the third at Turin, the worst of the three, a man whose cunning goes to lunacy verge—so perfect an adept at disguise that he would conceal himself from himself."

"You interest me exceedingly," I said, and the passionless Jungfrau caught my eye through the open window.

"Naturally," replied Leroy, "you may be said to have a personal gratification in their capture."

"But you have your eye on this rascal at last?" I remarked, knocking off some ash.

He shook his head. "Chance favors him! he is almost unknown to his confederates, directing their movements from afar; Jones met him once, Zimmer never. And they wanted very much to meet him," continued Leroy, blowing a smoke wreath, "because he has secured the lion's share in their last great coup, the forgery of English bank notes, and some on the Bank of France. You have no idea of the finished perfection of the plates. After their refusal to work with him longer he invited them to Turin, really, as they suspected, to get possession of those very plates, Zimmer being the artist. The chief's specialty was manufacturing the paper. They had run out of the supply and had to fall in with his suggestion."

"But why arrest me? Surely you believed that Zimmer gave me that wretched packet?"

"Do you recollect the rope? It did not break by accident. Feeling that they were being watched—how, I cannot tell—Jones, who was formerly a ropemaker, got at it before our ascent, opened the strands most artistically, and cut some inches of the core with a surgical scissors, rearranging the envelop so that it was apparently still solid and would, indeed, resist a moderate strain. It was done in two places to insure its breaking. They suspected us both, but not knowing how many might be watching below planted the plates on you so that they might be found on your body when the accident came off."

"It was providential."

"Yes—for Miss Greystone. If I had not seen the rope parting just at my hand it would have been serious. Then, understanding the desperate wretches with whom I had to deal, there was nothing left but to formally arrest you, get possession of the plates which I had seen Zimmer give you, and by putting you in their custody insure the safety of the party. Your detention enabled me to make absolutely sure, and when I struck this morning they practically confessed. Miss Greystone will never forgive me; perhaps I should have told you we were once acquainted. May I ask you to explain? And now, Capt. Dozer," he continued, rising, "I am off to Turin. Will you accept this as some reparation?" And he tendered me an open envelope. It contained an English bank note for a tidy amount, I almost fainted; by the powers, it was one of our own.

Pulling myself together I bowed and returned it. The call had been close enough. "Fortune has been kind to me," I said with my frank Saxon smile, "pray accept the little sum as an humble testimonial to the cleverness which effected the most difficult arrest I have ever known. For my own part, Monsieur Leroy, I shall need nothing to remind me of the most thrilling episode in a life not devoid of experiences."

An hour later the train was whirling me northward. The compartment was deserted, and having carefully shaved off the three days' stubble that had grown beneath my natty, iron-gray whiskers, now reposing on the stand beside me, I kissed my hand to the retiring Jungfrau and tried to recollect Miss Greystone's Boston address.—William Buckley in the Tatler.

No Occasion for Worry.

Apropos of the doubt expressed in some quarters respecting the identity of Paul Jones' body, an old story may be retold. The aunt of a wealthy American died in Australia and wishing to have her remains rest in her native town he made arrangements to have them brought to this country. When the casket arrived he thought he would have a last look at his beloved relative, but found to his amazement that the body was that of a soldier in the uniform of a major-general. Wiring for an explanation to the Australian undertaker, in due season he received this reply: "Keep general. Aunt buried with full military honors."—Congregationalist.

EAST REVOLUTIONARY WIDOW

Near the head of Black River Valley, in Windsor County, Vermont, ten miles from the nearest railway station at Ludlow, lies the hamlet of Plymouth Union. What the population lives on is a question difficult to answer. Fortunately, it costs very little to live there. A majority of the population are in one way or another supported by Civil War pensions. A tidal wave of patriotism must have swept through this section of Vermont in the early sixties.

The most interesting inhabitant of Plymouth Union is "Aunt Esther" Damon, the last on the roll of Federal pensioners as widow of a soldier of the Revolution. "Aunt Esther" was born in Plymouth township, not far from her present home, on the first day of August, 1814. She was one of a family of eight or nine, born to a heritage of poverty. Her father is remembered as a "stirring" man, who began life with nothing, married prematurely, and worked hard to provide for his family. In cutting timber to build them a house he was killed by the fall of a tree. His widow was left without resources and found it impossible to hold her family together. One by one they were "bound out" to service, and were never reunited. At a tender age Esther was thus put to work and remembers this period chiefly as one of neglect and ill-treatment.

By one kind of work or another, mostly domestic service, she made shift to live, and finally drifted to Tyson, which then had a charcoal blast furnace and was something of a center of activity. She is said to have taught a district school for one or two terms. Her own education had been very limited, and teaching could not have offered her a successful career. By thus doing whatever came in her way, she managed to support herself until she was 21 years old, when she married.

Her choice of a husband was not well considered. Noah Damon, whom she wedded after a brief courtship, was a widower 75 or 76 years old, with adult children and a record of good service as a soldier of the Revolution in sundry Masachusetts commands. He is traditionally remembered as an easy-going, honest, improvident man, and not inclined to be industrious. It is said that Esther Sumner was misled as to his ability and willingness to support her, and thought he had some property, whereas he had none. Perhaps he was an optimist by temperament. Their marriage was celebrated on the 6th of September, 1835.

The young wife soon discovered that, for her, the marriage relation meant not only supporting herself by continued hard work for small wages, but supporting her husband as well. He was quite willing to entertain her with stories of the war, but these did not seem to compensate for the added burden she had unwittingly assumed. She insisted that Damon's children should make some provision for him. This led to misunderstandings and family quarrels, and they finally took the old man to a farm in New Hampshire, to which the young wife refused to go.

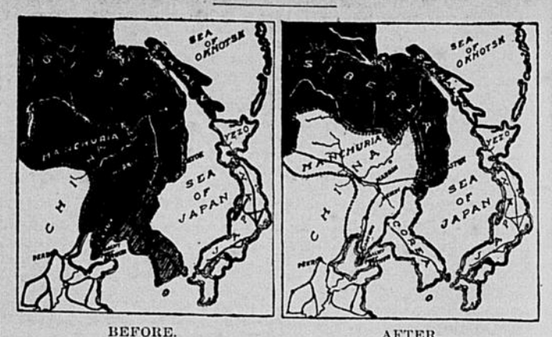
No separation other than that described was sought or desired. Damon never ceased to crave his wife's companionship; she, in turn, while unwilling to be a dependent upon the Damon family, spared enough of her meager earnings to keep him clothed, and in other ways to provide for his comfort. In some way Damon got money to make a trip to Boston to visit some friends, and from this outing he never returned. He died on the journey, which was probably too much for his failing strength, but whether in going to or coming from Boston is not clear.

After the death of her husband, which in the circumstances cannot have been a very keen bereavement, Mrs. Damon realized that she had other duties than self-interest alone suggested. Her mother was then old and poor and friendless. Esther took her and cared for her to the end of her life. To enable her to do this she leased a little farm near Reading, Vt., and worked it as well as she could with the help of a hired man.

After her mother's death she did not feel equal to continuing this profitless and unsatisfactory enterprise, and returned to Plymouth Union to take up her residence with an old resident of that place, a Mrs. Snow, who had a house, but no income. In that house she has lived for the past sixteen years, and there she hopes and expects to remain for the rest of her life. During a period of many years she has been in receipt of a Federal pension of $8 per month, and this meager provision had to suffice in a large degree for the needs of both old women. The pension has lately been increased to $24 per month.

With the exception of a slight deafness, Mrs. Damon retains her faculties remarkably.

HOW THE WAR CHANGED THE MAP.



BEFORE. AFTER.

Russian territory shown in black. Japanese territory or sphere of influence in white or shaded.

Science and Invention

A balance of precision weighing a mixture of illuminating gas or fire-damp against an equal quantity of normal air is the novel gas-detecting alarm that has been brought before the Paris Academy of Sciences.

The new quartz vessels, so valuable for their endurance of temperature changes, have disadvantages. They leak at high temperatures, and Berthelot, using tubes with walls—1-30 of an inch thick, lost a third of the oxygen and a sixth of the nitrogen in one hour at 1,400 degrees C. The sealed-up gases were originally at about air pressure.

It is well known that music is a valuable curative agent in the treatment of the insane, and a New York physician avers that the influence of music is more powerful than any other, perhaps than all others, in benefiting his patients. Some patients have been known to gain weight, while the pulse and respiration also improve. Music has a healing effect upon both the body and the mind.

The recent discovery that alloys not containing iron can be made as magnetic as iron has suggested the new theory that magnetism depends upon the grouping of the molecules. When the special magnetic structure is made better known, it is hoped to improve upon electrical magnets by adapting for them an alloy of great power, thus lightening the moving parts in electrical machines.

Vigorite, the new explosive of Professor Shulz and Engineer Gehre of Switzerland, is a nitrous compound which, united with saltpeter, has given results claimed to indicate a strength about ten times greater than that of any other explosive. In the open air it burns without exploding. It has the further advantage of being insensible to friction, shock of concussion, while it is not injured by wetting or by freezing.

The new chemical automobile fire engine of Leicester, England, carries a large cylinder of carbonate of soda solution, with a bottle of sulphuric acid suspended over it, and travels thirty miles an hour. When the acid is tipped into the soda water, carbonic acid is rapidly generated, quickly giving a pressure of 150 pounds. This pressure forces the water in a four-fifths inch stream to a height of forty feet, and as the water reaches the fire the carbonic acid escapes in great volume, crowding out the air and smothering the fire. The cylinder is emptied in four minutes.

A French writer in a scientific magazine tells of the great ocean depths of 28,000 to 30,000 feet, the temperature tending toward zero, with perpetual darkness reigning below depths of about 1,280 feet. At that level plants, deprived of light, cannot exist, and the animal life must be carnivorous. The organs of sight, not being used, have disappeared, and yet there is light even in that sightless world. A German exploring ship found a fish with enormous eyes at a depth of 6,400 feet. Phosphorescence is common in these hollows of the sea; sometimes special organs flash light.

How electricity influences plant growth has been easy to explain. It is pointed out that the heat can have little effect, as this cannot replace or even greatly re-enforce the heat of sunshine. The electricity acts rather as a stimulus to all the vital processes. Capillary attraction of water is promoted by a positive current flowing upward, and as electric influence is beneficial only with an abundance of water, the rise of fluid is assumed to play a part. In some exceptions a positive flow downward gives the best results, which is thought to mean that more food is supplied by the leaves than is commonly supposed.

Mr. Matson, chief steward of a steamer of the New York and New Haven Line, has invented a lifeboat which gives promise of being useful. This boat is 12 by 9 by 3 feet, is water tight, with compartments for food and fresh water. It rests upon the decks on a platform, the latter being supported by uprights kept in proper position by pins. By pulling the lever chain the lever turns, the platform is tilted and the raft glides into the water. At its first trial twenty-five men were lowered into the raft by an automatic pulley, and in five minutes after reaching the water the raft left the side of the steamer.

What Did He Mean.

Crimsonbeak—Did you ever eat any alfalfa?

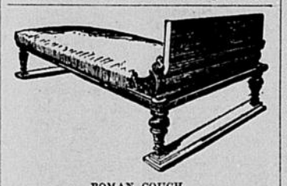
Yeast—Certainly not! I'm no horse!

"No; but other things besides horses eat it."—Yonkers Statesman.

ANCIENT FURNITURE.

The Couch Was Most Important in Homes of Egyptians.

The couch was one of the most important pieces of furniture in the homes of the people of ancient Egypt. It was used at meal times to recline upon, as well as at night for a bed. Probably the earliest mention of the bed is to be found in II. Kings, iv. chapter, of the Old Testament, when Elisha visited the Shumenite about 895 B. C., and we are told of the preparations for the reception of the prophet, "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stood and a candlestick," and another incident is about 420 years later, in the "book of Esther," when upon alluding to the grandeur of the palace of Ahasuerus, we are enabled to catch a glimpse of Eastern magnificence in the description of the court of the garden of the king's palace, "where were white, green and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble; the beds were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red and blue, and white and black marble." The beds of the masses then consisted of coarse stuffed pillows or cushions thrown or piled in a corner of the room or placed around its sides and used for seats by day and beds by night. There were a great many head rests in vogue at that time, used in connection with a large straw sack, upon which they slept. Later a platform a little higher than a seat was built up at one end of the room and the bed was prepared for the sleeper by placing cushions around it. The Egyptians were the first people to make movable beds. With the advent of the Greeks, "who received their first rudiments of art from the Egyptians," came changes and elaborations of the old forms. The furniture and utensils of the early Grecian house could not compare with that of modern times in completeness



ROMAN COUCH.

and variety, yet they were by no means wanting in design and construction. Couches were often richly adorned and frequently were cast of bronze or made of wood and inlaid with ivory and silver, the feet gracefully formed, of bold design and elegant proportions, ending usually in lion's paws. Figures of men and animals frequently appear in these decorations. Peculiarly rich and ornamental were the chairs and couches, the former being used by the women and the latter by the men, who loved to read, write and take their meals as the Egyptians before them in a reclining position.

The couch, which in daytime was used chiefly by the men, had as a bedstead a kind of bench, either without a back or with a low headboard; a footboard being not so common. The covers which were laid over it, and which were afterward superseded by cushions filled with feathers, were of various kinds, rough or smooth, heavy or light, sometimes woven in colored designs or embroidered with gold or silver, and trimmed with fringes and tassels; and a similar drapery often surrounded the lower part of the couch and concealed the feet. They were used on the couches for reclining, as well as for the bed, which only differed from the former in having a coverlid and sheets of linen. Early reference to Greek furniture is made by Homer, who describes coverlids of dyed wool as part of the accessories of a great man's residence centuries before the period which we recognize as the "meridian" of Greek art. The bedding was never kept in large presses or closets, but in chests of the same form as the caskets for cosmetics and jewelry. With the formation of the Roman empire, which was founded 750 B. C., came the fourth great empire of antiquity. For want of an artistic style of their own they were dependent at first upon the Greeks, but instead of following the simplicity of that style they exaggerated the decorative treatment, in accordance with their love for splendor. Their beds were made with extraordinary beauty and costliness. They had mattresses stuffed with swansdown, woolen blankets and richly embroidered sheets. After the fall of Rome beds and all other articles of furniture returned to the most primitive forms, the household goods of the masses consisting of nothing but a bench, a chest and a few skins. The chest was used as a table by day, and with the skins thrown over it as a bed by night. About the eleventh century furniture became more generally used, and the people of the Anglo-Saxon race began to build alcoves or recesses in the walls of their homes and sacks of fresh straw were laid on a bench or raised boards and curtains were hung to conceal the same from the rooms. Goat and bear skins were then used as coverlets.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Much Like Work.

"How would you like to go to one of our river resorts and have a nice chicken or frog dinner" asked the Detroit friend.

"I wouldn't mind a frog' dinner,' answered the upstate legislator who was seeing the sights, "but a chicken dinner would be too much like business."

"How's that?"

"Why, it would be a sort of joint session, wouldn't it?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Giant Among Spiders.

The giant of the hole spider family is the "hound" or "dog" spider of Madagascar. Its body weighs almost a pound and each of its eight legs is longer and larger in diameter than the common cedar pencil.

First Mention of Bells.

The earliest mention of bells, as applied for purposes of Christian worship, is by Polydore Vergil, who states that Paulinus, bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, in Italy, first adapted them to his church in the year 400.

Game.

Bess—Gace admits that she's getting up in years.

Tess—Yes; but she was game. She spelled her name with a "y" until she was 38.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When you find there is nothing in your "doctrine," how foolish you feel!

HORNETS AS PETS.

The female hornet has a rapid fire armament with a recoverable projectile. It uses it for both attack and defence, and with remarkable aim and efficiency. The first stroke of a hornet is as penetrating as an electric shock. At the base of its sharp sting there is a sac containing poison, which, when injected into the substance of its enemy, causes pain, swelling and discomfort, facts to which most persons are able to testify by experience. Should the injection be upon the end of the thumb or nose, or upon the tongue, there is danger from it. Strong ammonia applied to the wound is the best antidote. Yet the hornet when treated politely and with gentle ceremony is as docile as a butterfly, says a writer in Farm and Fireside. In the mountains of West Virginia I had a wire fly trap, which by the seductive influence of molasses, persuaded the house flies infesting my stave-built office to enter. Once within, they remained incarcerated until hot water cured. For several days a persistent black and white striped hornet amused me by its futile endeavors to seize flies from the buzzing horde of prisoners. At last it found its way in, and, to my astonishment, after capturing a fly, found its way out. It had remembered the way of its entrance even in the excitement of the chase. It did not paralyze its prey, as does the mud wasp and other species. It did not stop to eat a single fly, so far as my observation extended. It had a victualing job on hand, and attended faithfully to it. Such unselfishness excited admiration.

During one of its absences I placed my hand over the trap entrance, and upon it laid a piece of ripe peach. Upon the hornet's return it lit upon my hand and ran confusedly over it, yet soon tried to get under the covering fingers. Failing, it went to the peach and took a hearty meal. While it was eating I quietly moved my hand from the opening. After pruning itself the hornet entered and continued on its fly raid. After many dozens of trips it brought a comrade with it, and personally conducted it into the fly pound. Thereafter they always worked together. To be sure of this, by slow approaches of an affectionate finger I was enabled to stroke them while lunching. I marked them both with a spot of red ink. Many continued experiences convinced me that hornets work in pairs, like detectives. Several other hornets from the same nest visited the cage, tried to enter it, but found the problem too much for them. In no instance did the pair offer these instructions or pay any attention to them. They all partook of my lunches freely and in harmony. But the favorite pair guarded their secret. Were they selfish? Did they receive special plaudits at the home nest for their phenomenal success in fly capture? Or were they simply governed by hornet manners?

I grew fond of these winged warriors. I introduced them to my several fingers by placing tempting sweets upon them. They learned to come to me after they had emptied the trap of prisoners, and gradually became companionable. Following the direction of their home flight, and noting the range of trees, their nest was easily found. It hung on the end of a branch of mountain rhododendron. The glossy, green leaves overhanging it was undisturbed in their position, but were so built into the outer layer of paper-mache covering as to give the best natural concealment. Whether this was intentional or not, or whether the leaves simply became an obstruction as the nest was increased in size by dismantling the inside and building upon the outside, I do not know, but the evidence was in favor of the engineering, reason, intention, rather than accident. Hornets were the first users of wood pulp for paper manufacture. They make it from wood and leaf fibre, and there are both forethought and economy in tearing out the insides of their nests to make room for larger tiers of cells in which to raise their young, and in using the material to enlarge the nursery.

A GARDEN SURPRISE.

Mrs. Hancock doesn't like little boys," said Hal, one day, coming from school and dropping down on the piazza at his mother's feet.

"Oh, I am sorry," said mother, "because she misses a great deal," and then she kissed Hal on the forehead. "But what makes you think so?"

"Well she drove us away when we were down there this morning, and we were not anywhere near her land, either. She has only that tiny bit of a garden and it is all full of rocks. She was trying to make a garden in between the stones."

"But what reasion had she for sending you away?"

"Well, you see, last winter some of the boys ran into her fence with a double-runner and broke a picket. They mended it, though, and now she seems to think we all want to do her some harm."

"You must do something to restore confidence," said mama. "She has never had any little boys, and doesn't know how nice they can be. Why don't you do something to please her?"

"No chance now; she is going away for a month."

"Just the thing," said mama.

Hal looked up in surprise. "Why? How?" he asked.

"Why don't you and Ned go over there after she has gone and pick up all those small rocks in her yard, and carry them off in your wheelbarrow, just as you did for father? The big ones you can roll over the back and mould up in a rocky, and put good soil over and plant some flowers. Then you could dig a few small beds, and plant lettuce, beans, radishes and beets. She is too old to make a garden and too poor to have one made."

"Whew, I'd just like to do that," said Hal. I will go and ask Ned." Away he ran, and in a few moments came back with his chum, to talk over with mother and to make further plans.

Some days later, when the stage had carried off its one passenger, two boys were seen going round bright and early to the little garden back of the house, and every night after school they worked for a half-hour or so. Mother would not let them work long enough at any one time to tire and to make the plan seem irksome. Papa shared his seeds with the boys, and came over once in a while to see that things were done properly.

Mrs. Hancock extended her visit to six weeks, and when she came back the yard was neat and clean, the grass mowed and thick as a carpet, the rockery was covered with morning-glory vines and nasturtiums, while up through the soil the beets, radishes and garden things were showing bravely. Under her door was a card: "Please accept the garden, with the compliments of Hal and Ned."

The next day, when Hal came home from school, his face was radiant. "You were right, mother," he said. "She didn't know how to like us. Why, it's just the best game in the world to make people pleased, isn't it?" And mother thought it was.—Mira Jenks Stafford, in Youth's Companion.

A SHREWD CAT.

Laconia boasts of a cat which combines science with her natural instincts of bird hunting to rather a remarkable degree.

Pussy is evidently fond of fresh live English sparrows, and by experience doubtless found that the chippies are wary, quick motioned and hard to catch. She has also discovered that when she turns her back toward a flock of sparrows in the street they pay little or no attention to her and approach quite closely. She has also discovered that the plate glass show window of the Booth jewelry store makes an excellent mirror under certain conditions of light, and that by looking toward the window she can watch the chippies in the street and at the same time give the birds no reason to suspect that she is interested in anything except Booth's gold rings and jewelry display.

The cat's method of obtaining English sparrow for dinner is to take her position on the edge of the street, where she can obtain a good view of the reflection in the show window. Sparrows come along the street every few minutes, and, although at first rather shy of the cat, they evidently observe that she is paying no attention to them, and gradually work up quite close to her in their search for food. Pussy keeps perfectly passive until one of the birds happens to stray within easy jumping distance, and then she turns like a flash and captures the unlucky bird in an instant.

People who observe the cat for the first time gazing at the reflection of the sparrows obtain an idea that she herself is being fooled by the reflection, and stop to watch, expecting that she will finally jump against the show window in her efforts to catch the birds, but they find that they have underestimated kitty's intelligence when a bird approaches too near the deadline.—Laconia (N. H.) Democrat.

Complexion Dont's.

Don't use any but a pure soap.

Don't neglect the daily bath if you want a radiant complexion.

Don't use hard water for face or hands, as it roughens the skin and causes it to lose its satin-like texture.

Don't be afraid of sunshine; it gives bloom and color. "Where the sun does not enter the doctor must," is an old Japanese proverb.

Don't fail to expose the skin to the air as well as the sun at least once daily; this makes the flesh firm and hard, and the harder the flesh the more perfect the skin.

Don't use violence in massaging the face, for it will not stand being pounded. The manipulation must be gentle and even, or the skin will become coarse and leathery.

Don't flex the last joint of the fingers. In all forms of massage this joint should be extended, flexation being limited to the second joint and the knuckle. In this way one gets a broad surface for contact with the part which gives a pleasanter, as well as more effective massage.—New Haven Register.

The Shah Afraid in the Dark.

When the Shah called upon M. Curie in Paris recently, to see the wonders of radium, he did not like the idea of a dark room. His grand vizier suggested drawing the curtains of the room, but M. Curie persisted that blackness was necessary. Thereupon the Shah called M. Paoli, the French detective protector of royalties, who assured his majesty that there was no danger. So the party descended to the underground apartment in the hotel known as the safe room. M. Curie began expounding the properties of radium, and then gave a signal for the electric light to be switched off. Immediately a panic seized the shah's suite (says the Chronicle's correspondent), and all cried out, in Persian and French, "Light! Light! Turn on the light!" The electricity was switched on again, and the disappointed savant was forced to show his radium in a lighted room.—London St. James' Gazette.

The Inconvenient Hanson

In a season when dress has been daintier than it has been for many years past, we have had to suffer much from the "gondola" of London which is about as ruinous to women's clothes as any vehicle that can be imagined.—Lady's Pictorial.

Humorous

Suitor—Does your doll talk when you squeeze it? Little Sister—Yes, but it doesn't say "Oh, George, don't!"—Brooklyn Life.

"I understand Colonel Jones is a fatalist." "You're right thar, stranger! He never fails to git his man!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"What was your name before you were married?" asked the Chicago census taker. "Which time?" queried the lady.—Detroit Free Press.

"So the jury gave Dolly fifty dollars a week alimony?" "Yes. She says it feels so good not to be dependent on a man for one's income."—Life.

"Doctors don't bleed their patients nowadays, do they?" "Don't, eh? I wish you could see the bill mine has sent me!"—Browning's Magazine.

He—I was an intimate friend of your late husband. Can't you give me something to remember him by? She (shyly)—How would I do?—Punch.

"What was it that prevented the duel this morning? Did one of the principles fail to show up?" "No, but they forgot the cinematograph."—Gil Blas.

Bluster—Do you mean to say that I am a liar? Blister—I hope that I could not do so ungentlemanly a thing; but I see you catch my idea.—Illustrated Bits.

She—And do you think it's possible for a man to love two girls at the same time? He—Oh, yes; provided it isn't also at the same place.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Miss Sinclair—Wha didn't he mahry dat Coopah gal? Mr. Frothinham—Oh, she done flunk at de latest minute—wouldn't lend him a dollar foh t' git de license wif.—Ex.

Hicks—Miss Lowd was in your box at the horse show the other day, I heard. Wicks—Yes, and everybody else within fifty feet of the box heard, too.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mamma (at breakfast table)—You should always use your napkin, Georgie. Georgie—I am using it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.—Golden Days.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between charity and philanthropy? Tommy's Pop—Merely, my son, that philanthropy can afford to hire a press-agent.—Philadelphia Record.

Johnny Jinks—Gee! How'd you hurt your hand? Bobby Wabbles—I had a giant-cracker, and I don't know whether I held on to it too long or didn't let go quick enough.—Puck.

Miss Slimmun—Harold called me a peach a little while ago. Miss Tartun—The insulting puppy! I never would speak to him again. Of course he meant a dried peach.—Chicago Tribune.

"What authority have you for the statement that Shakspeare is immortal?" "The fact that he still survives after having been murdered by bum actors for three hundred years."—Cleveland Leader.

"That girl gets engaged to every fellow that asks her." "I suppose she goes on the theory that she can always return the goods if on examination she decides that she doesn't want them."—Washington Star.

"Dear John," wrote Mrs. Newlywed from the shore, "I inclose the hotel bill." "Dear Jane, I inclose check," wrote John, "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price—they are robbing you."—The Smart Set.

"Ah! pretty lady!" exclaimed the fortune teller, "you have come to find your future husband?" "Not much!" replied the pretty lady, "I've come to learn where my present husband is when he's absent."—Chicago Tribune.

"Have you any fixed opinions regarding the proposed franchise?" asked the interviewer. "Before answering your question," responded the municipal official, "I should like to know precisely what you mean by the word 'fixed.'"—Washington Star.

Ethel—When does your breach-of-promise suit come into court, Clara? Clara (sobbing)—T-to-morrow. Ethel (consolingly)—I am sorry to see you so overcome, dear. Clara—Oh, it's nothing, Ethel. I am simply rehearsing for the jury.—Pick-Me-Up.

"That's an auction piano your daughter's got, isn't it?" asked the sarcastic woman next door. "No, indeed!" replied the proud mother, indignantly; "what made you think that?" "Oh, probably because it's 'going, going, going' all the time." — Philadelphia Ledger.

"Why am I gloomy?" demanded the undesirable admirer, to whom she had given the cut direct. "Isn't it enough to make one gloomy to be cut by the one he loves best?" "The idea!" exclaimed the heartless girl, "I didn't even know that you shaved yourself."—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Kunning—Every woman should work hard for a husband. Mr. Marryat—That's what I say, but my wife's so lazy—— Miss Kunning—You misunderstand me. I mean she should work hard to get a husband, but after she gets him she shouldn't have to work at all.—Cleveland Leader.

SCHOOLHOUSE IN PORTO RICO.

The structure herewith illustrated is one of the old-fashioned schoolhouses formerly erected in Porto Rico. Although the educational commission is building many schools of the modern American pattern a number of houses of the old type still remain. The roof is of tile so loosely jointed that during one of the sudden downpours so frequent in the tropics the floor has to be covered with vessels to catch the flood. The windows are without glass, but are protected by wooden shutters. These must be closed during a shower, and darkness prevails within. The American schoolteacher meets the difficulty by calling upon the children to sing.

Discouraging.

"Here is another example of the irony of fate."

"What's that?"

"Why when eggs are cheap and plentiful all the bad actors are taking a rest."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.