"HOWDY, HONEY, HOWDY."

Do' a-stan'in' on a jar, fiah a-shinin' throo,
Ol' folks drowsin' 'roun' de place, wide awake is Lou,
When I tap, she answeh, an' I see huh 'mense to grin,
Howdy, honey, howdy; won't you step right in?

Den I step erpon de log layin' at de do',
Bless de Lawd, huh mammy an' huh pap's done 'menced to sno',
Now's de time, ef evah, ef I's gwine to try an' win,
Howdy, honey, howdy; won't you step right in?

No use playin' on de aidge, trimblin' on de brink,
W'en a body love a gal, tell huh whut he t'ink;
W'en huh hea't is open fu' de love you gwine to gin,
Pull yo'sse'f togethah, suh, an' step right in.

Sweetes' imbitation dat a body evah hyeahed,
Sweetah den de music of a love-sick mockin' bird,
Comin' f'om de gal you loves bettah den yo' kin,
Howdy, honey, howdy; won't you step right in?

At de gate o' Heaven w'en de storm o life is pas',
'Speck' I'll be a-stan'in' 'twell de Mastah say at las',
"Hyeah he stan' all weary, but he winned his fight wid sin,
Howdy, honey, howdy; won't you step right in?"

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

SANDY SIM'S PAL.

WHEN he came to Cripple Creek his name wasn't Sandy. He was Richard Morton Sims, from Scranton, Pa., then. But before he had been on the backbone of the continent two weeks his name was Sandy. And Sandy he remained to the end of his life—and, without doubt, that is the name which would have been put on his headstone if he had had one, which he hadn't, for they buried him out on the plains, with no decorations save a sprig or two of sagebrush.

However, all that has nothing to do with the story, which is all about his pal and one or two others—or, more correctly speaking, one other; because in life, as on the stage, you seldom find more than two star actors in a drama at the same time. I simply mention Sandy in passing, because he was the man who put the idea into his pal's head. And a man who can put a good thought into anybody's head ought to be remembered even if he is dead.

It had been a hard year for Sandy. Early in the season he struck what he considered a big find. He said nothing to any one, but bought up all the land around at a fair price, but dirt cheap considering what he was to get out of it, or thought he was. Well, he never got enough out of that claim to pay for the tobacco he smoked up trying to soothe his nerves when he saw how that blamed streak had fooled him.

You see, Jim—that was his pal's name—was in love, and if you can imagine anything worse than being a man and in love, and living in Cripple Creek when the girl lives in New Jersey, I want you to write and tell me what it is, for I want to report it to the humane society.

Well, things were drifting along pretty much in harmony. Sandy was as miserable as he could be, and so was Jim, or, at least, he thought he was, but saw his mistake when along came a letter from the girl, saying that she hoped he would forgive her and all that, and that he must brace up, or something of that sort, but that she had changed her mind.

She simply couldn't bear the thought of seeing him again, because she had just seen a man who came from out on the plains somewhere, a relative of a friend of hers, and the man looked so like the frontier that he gave her a cold chill. Perhaps it was his store clothes that fitted too soon, and his hat that didn't fit soon enough, and his shoes!—well, they just simply kicked the sentiment all out of her.

Of course, she didn't put it in that way. She got around it as gentle as a feather. Said that when she saw what the frontier had done for this man, who had been out there only a few years—how different he looked from the others at the reception—she felt that the life out there must be of the sort that would rob "the garden of romance of its sweetest flowers," or some such foolishness as that.

Well, anyway that silly girl's letter, written on pink paper and perfumed with sachet powder, was as bad as a death warrant signed by the judge of the supreme court to poor Jim. He just caved in like an abandoned mine, and when Sandy asked him how old the girl was, and after hearing, told him to cheer up, that girls of that age always got fool notions and got over them, he seemed not to hear, though he ought to have listened and taken heed, for Sandy knew a good bit more about women than he did about mining.

Things went along in this cheerful way for quite a spell, and Jim's face took on an expression that made a burro look cheerful alongside of him. Then, one day when we were over in front of Sim's adobe, we saw a sight that made us forget outselves. Along the road came Dick—"Horseshoe Dick" we used to call him, because he struck luck where others struck nothing but sand.

And since he had a lot of money and little sense, he went along at a brisk pace even when he was on foot. But along came Dick, seated on a horse that might have been saddled for an Indian prince or a circus rider. And of all the swell togs you ever saw Dick's took the prize; from his shoes to his new Mexican hat he was simply a picture. And as I stook there looking at Dick, with Jim standing there beside him looking like the last rose of summer, I was surprised to see Sandy jumping up as if he had fallen on a cactus brush, and slapping his hands together as if he had struck a second Independence mine.

Well, before I could see what it was all about, he had Dick into the house and Jim, too. And then Sandy raced—if you could call Sandy's fastest gait

TAKING JIM'S PICTURE.

racing—over to Peterson's corner, where the squaw sat all day long making Indian baskets. Back he came with the poor old thing all dressed up in her fancy blankets, and behind them came the chap with the weak lungs who lived at the hotel and didn't do anything but take the air and snapshots with his camera, which seemed as much a part of him as his lisp.

Sandy went into the cabin and came out with Jim all rigged out in Dick's clothes, which fitted him to perfection, and up he got on Dick's horse. And you should have seen Sandy. He acted for all the world like a professional photographer—made Jim strike a pose that was simply great, and then got the old squaw off in the distance, but not so far away that she didn't make a part of the picture.

She looked at that distance, with her blankets artistically draped around her and her face out of sight, like some sweet, slender maiden gathering flowers, which goes to show that a photograph can lie to beat the band sometimes. Sandy got them just as he wanted them, and then shouted to the youth to "let her go!" and he did.

And the next day he came over with a picture that was enough to make any living man vain if he recognized it as a likeness of himself. There sat Jim, as straight and proud as the chief in a firemen's parade, and beyond him stood the slender maiden gathering flowers, or rather that is the way she looked in the picture.

And that night Sandy sat down and told Jim what to write to the girl in New Jersey. At first he acted like a stubborn broncho, but at last he did as Sandy told him; wrote to her that perhaps she was right—he had spent about a dollar in postage stamps before this, asking her to take back what she wrote, but it didn't budge her.

This time he said that he, too, had been thinking things over. He knew she was beautiful and stylish and all that, and that, like the other poor devil, he, too, might look like a back number among her swell Eastern friends if he came back. Then, also, she might not fit into the life here—he had often tried to imagine how she would look dressed in some of those Oriental looking blankets, but couldn't for the life of him see how she would look. Therefore, good-bye, forever, and he would inclose a photograph as a parting gift.

Well, we waited with anxious hearts. And in double-quick time came a letter for Jim with a special delivery stamp on it—a letter that looked as if it might weigh a pound; but after reading it, Jim acted as if he didn't weigh an ounce. He acted as crazy as a chained coyote. That picture had brought the girl to terms.

She wrote that she felt that fate had intended her for "the grand, glorious life of the great horizon reaching plains and the heaven-kissing mountains," and a lot more rubbish like that. You see, she was only 18 years old, and had never been out of New Jersey. But, just the same, she made Jim a fine wife when she came west two years after. And the foolish notions have long since gone out of her head.

But, maybe, after all, she had some right on her side. Of course, clothes don't make the man, but I've sometimes thought that they come so mighty near it that it's no joking matter.—Browning's Magazine.

CITY MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

Shows Ignorance When He Calls Young Cattle "Bull Heifers."

Lennie Merril, a popular guide at Belgrade lakes, is responsible for the following one on us "city folks:"

"Of course, we know that you city folks have lots of chances to laugh at us hayseeders, but once in a while the laugh is on our side. I never was so tickled in my life as I was last summer when I was guiding Mr. L., from New York. He is as much as 50 years old and a mighty smart man, too, every other way, but he was just 'scairt' to death of cattle.

"Well, one day when we were fly-fishing for bass he wanted to go ashore, so I rowed him up and he went off into the woods. Pretty soon he came tearing down to the boat, a-hollering for help at the top of his voice, so you would have thought there was a big she bear after him, and I jumped up and asked him what was the trouble. He said:

"'There's a lot of cattle coming this way.'

"I knew it was a parcel of young stock, so I says to him:

"'You needn't be scared of them; they're nothing but a lot of heifers.'

"And what do you suppose he up and said? I thought I should die. He says to me, and this is the Lord's truth:

"'How do you know they ain't bull heifers?'"—Boston Herald.

Muzzled Women of Muscat.

Women of the better class in Muscat all wear muzzles, which barely allow them to open the mouth or see with the eye or sneeze.

If there happens to be a Cleopatra in Muscat she will never fascinate any Antony by the beauty of her well-shaped nose, for it is kept in a specially made, ugly case, in which it is impossible to tell its shape. But with all its faults this is a far better system than that of cutting off the nose, as men in the Kangra district, in India, are wont to do when any of their spouses have proved too fascinating.—Allahabad Pioneer.

It sometimes happens a widow behaves so foolishly her actions put the halo of a martyr on her husband's brow, which the people regret they didn't see while he was living.

A woman seldom has much to say about the good qualities of her husband until after he is in the hands of the undertaker.

SPIEGELSCHRECK AT PHONE.

Peculiar Message Makes a Bad Half-Hour for the Butcher.

Spiegelschreck was as mild-mannered a butcher as ever cuttled a beef or cut a sheep's throat, and when the telephone bell jingled merrily he took down the receiver with a broad German smile, in expectation of good custom by wire.

"This is Mrs. Smallwood," tinkled a far-off feminine voice, "and I wish you would send up a nice porterhouse steak for supper—one about two inches thick"—pause—"with a collar on and long, white silky hair—about seven years old, I should say."

Spiegelschreck gasped in astonishment, and the good-natured countenance wore an air of puzzlement.

"Vot did you set?" he inquired. "I guess I didn't get id ride. Ve don't got vot you vand, I guess, if you vand all you set."

Back came the voice to Spiegelschreck: "I said a poodle, with long, white hair, and a collar on—about seven years old."

"Iss she gone crazy?" muttered Spiegelschreck, rubbing one hand nervously on his butcher's apron and clasping the receiver tighter to his ear. "I guess ve don'd got vot you vand," he answered. "Ve don't got a very big demand vor pootles. Maybe vand blain sausage."

"Who said anything about wanting poodles?" came back a voice indignantly. "Have you been drinking, Mr. Spiegelschreck? I want a nice porterhouse steak for supper"—pause—"with long white hair and my name on the collar."

Spiegelschreck eyed the telephone curiously, wondering if it were playing a trick upon him.

"Vot you vand iss a borderhouse," he repeated; "but vat for do you vand long, silky hair on id? Ve could not gif you a borderhouse mit hair on id. You vand der hairdresser's. You haf der wrong number, nicht wahr?"

"I will pay a large reward if you get it for me," came back the voice over the wire. "I would give fifty dollars to have it back right now. I want it so bad, poor little lost thing!"

"Py chiminy! dot voman iss crazy!" declared Spiegelschreck in alarm. Then he replied: "I couldn't gif you a borderhouse mit long hair on id und sefen years olt if you paid a hundred dollars. You bedder delefone to der medical college. Vot you vand is mummies."

"Mr. Spiegelschreck," came back a voice quivering with indignation, "you are certainly intoxicated! I shall tell my husband to send you a check for your bill, and you will be bothered no more with our custom."

Here was fresh trouble. The Smallwoods were good customers, but the courtesy due good custom has its limits. Who ever heard of a porterhouse steak seven years old, with long white hair? Spiegelschreck had not, and he was a pretty good butcher, too.

"I peg your pardon," Spiegelschreck responded, "bud blease order again vot you vand und say it blain. I guess mein hearing is pad alreaty."

"A poodle, I said," came back the voice, "with long white hair and my name on the collar."

"Dit you vand id for subber?" gasped Spiegelschreck.

"Central, who is that crazy German on the line?" snapped out a sharp voice. "I'm talking with the business office of the Bugle, and advertising for a lost dog. Please tell Mr. Lagerbler to ring off."

"You are crazy yourself!" yelled Spiegelschreck. "You vand a borderhouse steak mit vool on id like a sheep. Voss iss los mit you?"

"Central," came another voice, "can't I order a porterhouse steak without getting a whole dog kennel on the line? Hello, Mr. Spiegelschreck, hello!"

But Spiegelschreck had fled. "Louie," he said to the boy, "der vire iss full mit crazy vimmens. Dey wand borderhouse stenks mit vool on 'em. Don'd go near der telefone. I am going out to get some schnapps."—J. W. Foley, in Judge.

Something to Be Thankful For.

Sir Wemyss Reid wrote as follows of one of his early experiences as a reporter: "On the first occasion of witnessing an execution, as I stood trembling at the foot of the scaffold on which the victim was about to appear, I noticed an old reporter, for whom I had entertained a great personal respect, pacing up and down beside me reading the New Testament.

"In the passion of horror and pity that filled my young heart I concluded that my friend was seeking spiritual comfort in view of the event in which we were about to take part as spectators and recorders. I said something to him about the horror of the act we were shortly to witness.

He looked up with a placid smile from his reading, and said gently—for he was essentially a gentleman: 'Yes, very sad, very sad; but let us be thankful it isn't raining.' And then he calmly returned to his daily reading of the Word."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Don't Wait for Map.

About 100 years more will be required to complete the work of making a topographical map of the country, which was begun by the United States government in 1882. This work is being carried on in co-operation with the States, New York, for example, having appropriated annually $20,000 to $25,000 as its share. There has never been a topographical map of the United States published other than rough sketches.

Modern Food.

"I have decided that the man who develops the country's resources and helps to provide food for the masses is doing a most useful work," said the earnest citizen.

"So you have decided to be one of the food producers?"

"Yes."

"Which are you going to do, run a farm or set up a chemical laboratory?"—Washington Star.

Broken Plaster.

To mend a broken plaster cast, paint the broken surface over two or three times with very thick shellac varnish and after each application burn the alcohol over the flame. When the shellac is soft press the parts together and tie in place until cold. The articles will be as strong as it was before being broken.

After a man has passed 40 he can tell the ending of a friend's career the way a novel reader can tell the close of a story: Without looking at the end.

It cannot be said that a preacher is a glowing success unless there is talk at some time during his pastorate of the need of a larger church building.

If you insist upon being a Nemesis, join the union and don't work overtime.

WORLD'S GREATEST BATTLESHIP.

LAUNCHING OF THE "DREADNAUGHT."

At Portsmouth the other day King Edward christened his battle ship Dreadnaught in the presence of a large and distinguished company. The king in cutting the fastenings of the vessel used a chisel and a wooden mallet made from timber of the Victory. The occasion was one of special interest, owing to the fact that the Dreadnaught, when completed, will be the fastest, largest and most powerful battle ship that moves upon the waters. The vessel's first keel plate was laid only last October and has been built with extraordinary speed. This mighty warship embodies all the latest ideas that have been gathered from expert accounts of the sea fights in the Russian-Japanese war. The details of her construction have been kept secret as far as possible. The Dreadnaught's displacement is between 18,000 and 20,000 tons. Her armament will be heavier than that of any other war vessel. She will mount ten or twelve main armament guns and eighteen three-inch guns to repel torpedo attacks. The new warship will be propelled by turbine engines, taking steam from water tube boilers. A great feat of engineering was accomplished when on the night before the launching the weight of the Dreadnaught was shifted from the chocks on the ways. Her enormous weight of 7,000 tons was lifted by means of wedges and placed on the greased ways, down which she slid after the King had released her fastenings.

ALLISON CELEBRATES TWO NOTABLE ANNIVERSARIES.

SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

Senator William Boyd Allison of Iowa, who the other day celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday, and the day following celebrated the thirty-sixth anniversary of his entrance into the Senate, has served in that body a longer period than any other member now on the rolls. He took his seat March 4, 1873, and since then has been re-elected five times. Before entering the Senate Mr. Allison served four terms in the House. He was born at Perry, Ohio, March 2, 1829, and was educated in the Western Reserve College. Subsequently he studied law, and practiced at the Ohio bar until 1857, when he moved to Iowa. In 1860 he was delegate to the convention at Chicago that nominated Lincoln, and in recent years always has figured as a candidate for the presidency. Mr. Allison has lived in Dubuque nearly fifty years.

SEE USE FOR CORNSTALKS.

Iowans Plan to Use Waste Products for Manufacture of Paper.

All Iowa is interested in the plan of turning the waste products of the cornfields of the western corn-producing States into paper, and paper of such quality that it will compare favorably with the famous Japanese vellum. W. R. Patterson, professor of economics and statistics of the State University of Iowa, investigated the process of the National Fiber and Cellulose Company while in Chicago in the interests of the commercial museum of the university.

Just common, ordinary cornstalks, 53,000,000 tons of which are allowed to rot yearly in several Western States producing the greatest amount of corn, is the material from which, experimentally, the company has already produced excellent paper at a cost ranging from $24 to $25 per ton. The cost of manufacturing paper from wood pulp or rags is estimated at from $60 to $75 per ton.

Over $100,000 has been spent in the perfection of machinery for the handling of this material. An improved thrashing machine which separates the stalk from the leaves, husks the ears, delivers the stalks bound in bundles ready for shipment and the parts of the plant valuable for stock food into the barn has only recently been patented. These bundles of cornstalks are then shipped to a depithing plant, where after passing through several operations the pith is separated from the hard fiber surrounding the stalk and rolled, making an excellent quality of paper. The hard outside fiber is used in the manufacture of boxboard.

The company has an option on a paper mill at Kankakee, Ill., where the machines have been operating successfully. Every vestige of the stalk is utilized in some manner. In preparing cellulose, guncotton, smokeless powder, varnish, artificial leather, rubber substitutes, insulating materials, electrical apparatus, linoleum and floor coverings, papier mache and interior decorations, picture frames and signs, paper coverings, lubricants, golf balls and sundry other products different parts of the stalk are said to be available. The development of this industry will mean much to the corn producer of the middle west. Its progress will be watched with intense interest.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE HUMAN RIBS.

Man Has Twelve Pairs and Woman Has Just the Same.

A man who had been sick said he was so thin he could count his ribs.

When I heard this statement I asked, "How many did you count?" He was unable to answer. Several friends were standing by, and the query was put to them. Not a man could tell the number of his ribs. One bright chap said in all seriousness than a woman has one more rib than a man, because man lost one in the fashioning of woman. And, do you know, this belief is common? Suddenly spring the question on any acquaintance you may happen to meet in the day's journeying. Unless he be a medical man he will in all probability be unable to answer.

It is an anatomical fact that man has twelve pairs of ribs and woman the same number. The four short ribs, two on each side, are the "free" ribs, and in all probability Eve was made of one of these. A man could manage to struggle through life without his free ribs, and I have no doubt that ere long some corset manufacturer will require women to have hers removed in order to lengthen her waist and to reduce its girth. To break a few of the asternal ribs (ten altogether) is nothing; to break some of the sternal (fourteen in number) ones is far more serious.—New York Press.

WHERE WOLF SHOWS SKILL.

Wonderful Intelligence Displayed in Eluding His Enemies.

The wolves now found in Jackson County are in size between the coyote of the western plains and the big wolves found in the Ozark region. In general appearance they bear a resemblance to the Scotch collie dog. They live in unfrequented places, generally in the timber or along the streams, and a favorite abode is in caves or under overhanging ledges of stone.

Scratching out a shallow hole in the ground, they line it with small sticks and dry leaves. Here the mother wolf takes care of her young while the father is scouring the country for miles around in search of food. He is rarely seen by day, and then only for an instant, for he seems to melt away like a mist into the weeds or brush, his tawny hide making it easy for him to disappear from sight.

It is said that he has an especial liking for mutton, especially young lambs, which fall an easy prey to him, and that he is most frequently found where sheep are numerous. But he will not turn his nose up at tender little pigs, and when he cannot find other things more to his liking he will not scruple to become a common chicken thief.

But his skill in eluding his enemies, especially human, is remarkable, and this is one of the most aggravating things about him. If a hunter succeeds in getting within gunshot of him the chances are ten to one that no damage will be inflicted. His hide is so thick and tough and is covered with such a heavy coat of fur that an ordinary discharge from a shotgun has little or no effect. With an ease that is exasperating he simply lopes out of danger and is soon lost in the brush.—Kansas City Star.

"Watches" on Board Ship.

On board all ships a series of "watches" are established, so that work is shared equally among the sailors. To aid this object also the crews are divided into two divisions, starboard and port. A ship's day commences at noon and there are seven watches. The watch which is on duty in the forenoon one day has the afternoon next day, and the men who have four hours' rest one night have eight hours the next. This is the reason for having "dog watches," which are made by dividing the hours between 4 p. m. and 8 p. m. into two.

No Quitting.

Marryat—You don't believe in divorce, then? Mugley—No, sir; I've got too much sportin' blood. Marryat—What has that to do with it? Mugley—I believe in a fight to the finish.—Philadelphia Press.

"Say, father, what is a nobody?" "A nobody, my son, is a prominent woman's husband."—Ram's Horn.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

MAKING TOY BALLOONS.

Was there ever a toy more fascinating to wee folk than the balloon, and was there ever a baby heart that did not beat joyfully or a tiny hand that did not reach out involuntarily when the balloon man came in sight with his bobbing mass of wonderful red and blue globes?

It might surprise many of you to know that such a fragile toy as the balloon brings in annually many, many thousands of dollars to France, the country where balloons, for the most part, are made. Of late years the French balloon manufacturers have added a great deal of money to their incomes by various new inventions on the order of balloons. They are called in France bibis, and include all sorts of grotesque animals, birds, snakes, and even boats made of rubber and inflated by means of a tube. The most popular and the funniest of them all are the so-called "dying pigs." These odd little figures, with which most of you are probably familiar, are very plump and jovial looking creatures when blown up; but, as the air gradually leaves them, they utter a mournful squeal and become thinner and thinner, finally toppling over in a dejected heap in the funniest possible way. A lizard that twists about, a flying serpent, and a curious little airship are some of the other recent inventions on the same order. More than a million francs worth of the "dying pigs" were sold in Paris in one year, and, says a Paris journal in speaking of the fact, "it was enough to excite the jealousy of Chicago."

To make these frail little toys the very best of rubber must be used otherwise it would break when stretched to such a fine point. The pieces, after being cut the proper shape, are welded together by machine pressure and vulcanized, being given the greatest possible elasticity. They are then tested by blowing it up, which is the final process. Sometimes the balloons are decorated with fanciful designs, which work gives employment to many young women who are expert in that line.—Christian Register.

TALE OF A TAILLESS CAT.

It is a well known that Manx cats have no tails, only slight stumps, and that the offspring of such in other parts of the world, in the first generation at least, are in the same abnormal condition. While living in Scotland thirty years ago we had a Manx kitten given to us, which although born there, was tailless. The door of our breakfast room was spring shutting, like most of the screen doors in this country, but opening only toward the inside. Before the kitten was full grown he had learned to let himself in by pushing from the outside, but never learned, although we often tried to teach him, to pull it open from the inside.

It was not, however, the opening of the door from the outside to which I wish to call attention—any cat could have easily learned to do that; but the fact that invariably, after he had so pushed it and got his body partially in, he made a rapid turn or whirl to prevent the tail that was not there (but heredity impressed upon him the fact that it ought to have been) from being caught between the closing door and its frame.

This he did dozens of times every day so long as we had him, and was always willing to show off before our visitors, as he never seemed to recognize the fact that he had not a tail like his neighbors.—Scientific American.

AN ELEPHANT'S TOILET.

Does it ever occur to you that an elephant that is well taken care of must be looked after quite as carefully as a well-kept horse? It sounds strange to talk of grooming an elephant, but that is just what is done. In the first place, Mr. Elephant has his nails manicured. This manicuring is done on an extensive scale, for two men are required to do the work, and their instruments are a file and a saw. Each of the elephant's feet has five toes, and some elephants have five nails on each of the front and four on each of the hind feet, while others have only four on the front and three on the hind feet. In captivity these nails often grow quite long, so that they have to be cut with large instruments. The elephant's skin is thick and soft, and in order to keep it in good condition oil is used; and then the keeper attends to his ears. The oil is in a large pail and is applied with a mop. It is evident, therefore, that the elephant's massage treatment is even a more extensive performance than his manicuring. This treatment must be a great relief to the huge animal, for the skin often becomes hard and dry, a condition which the oil tends to remedy.—New Haven Register.

GETTING UP A DOLL PARTY.

A pretty affair was a doll party, at which a little miss entertained 15 of her little friends, says The Pilgrim.

They came with their dolls arrayed in their prettiest clothes.

They went at once to the nursery, where they played school, going to church, and various games with their dolls. They cut paper dolls to their heart's content, looked at picture books and amused themselves in their own sweet way. They were left entirely alone, with the exception of an occasional peep from some older member of the family.

A most appetizing dinner, such as would be suitable for children, was served. The dining-room was gracefully festooned with chains made from holly leaves and berries were fesdren. In the centre of the table there was a double arch of feathery ferns, from which was suspended a wedding bell made of small red flowers. Under this stood dolls dressed as bride and groom, on a mound of ferns. From the chandelier triple chains of holly leaves and berries were festooned to each corner of the table and fastened there with bows of red ribbon

The place-cards were dolls, dressed in costumes of different countries, carrying baskets filled with candy, and tiny cards containing the children's names tucked in the baskets.

A HORSE'S HANDS AND FEET.

Now the horse never puts his heel on the ground, nor even the ball of his foot. He stands up on the very tips of his toes, and this is, in part, the reason why he can trot so fast. Dobbin's heels are half way up his hind legs, and what we call his knees are really his wrists. The part corresponding to the upper arm is short, and is so embeded in the muscles of the shoulder that the elbow comes next the body. But the horse has only one digit on each limb, and the wrist bones are comparatively small. The so-called ankle, then, is the knuckle where the digit joins the hand or the foot, and the "foot" is only a single thick finger or toe, with a great nail for a hoof. The lower half of the horses's fore leg is really a gigantic hand with only the middle finger and a piece out of the middle of the palm, while the corresponding part of his hind leg is a big, single-toed foot.—St. Nicholas.

PLAYING STORE.

The children will find a good deal of amusement, and at the same time learn a great deal, by playing store. Cloth may be represented by long strips of paper neatly folded; sugar, coffee, etc., by little sacks of sand. Shoes, jewelry, ready-made-clothing, etc., may be cut from old catalogues. Money may be made by cutting round pieces of cardboard of the right sizes and writing the value on each one. Then one of the children may be storekeeper, while the others come with their cardboard money to buy. Give them a litle help at first in making change and inspire them with pride in not making mistakes, and they will soon get so they can change quite accurately, and will learn a great deal about numbers in the doing of it.—Mothers' Magazine.

WHY HIS FATHER LOVES HIM.

Little Georgie is the apple of his father's eye, and it would seem that he deserves to be. A little while ago a rough looking individual came to the house where little Georgie lives, and grasped him by the collar.

"If you don't tell me where your father keeps his money," growled this exemplary person "I'll knock yer 'ead orf yer shoulders, an' arfter that I'll eat yer!"

"Oh, please don't do that, sir," whimpered Georgie. "You'll find all the money we've got in an old waistcoat in the kitchen."

Two minutes later a bruised and battered wreck was heaved through the front door of little Georgie's dwelling place, and sat for a while in the gutter and blinked.

"That kid's too smart—unnatural smart," it muttered. "Never said a word about 'is old man bein' inside the weskit.'—Answers.

More Phantoms for "Rojy."

Admiral Rozhdestvensky becomes more and more pathetically like those unfortunate people who complain to Police Magistrates of the persecutions of enemies who will persist in rolling lumps of thunder at them. He has admitted to the Paris Journal's correspondent in Tokio that at one time what, with strenuous British denials and one thing and another, he really did begin to think that he was the victim of a hallucination off the Dogger. But in Tokio he found reassuring proof postive to the contrary. One of his interpreter-attendants in hospital was a Japanese naval officer with his arm in a sling—on account of rheumatism, so he said. But one day another attendant let out that the "rheumatism" was really a wound, and Admiral Sherlockholmesky had a clue at once. Discreetly, "in a roundabout way," he pumped a third attendant, and found that the "rheumatic" one had been to Europe with torpedo boats, while yet further sleuthing disclosed that his return to Japan "coincided in a striking manner with the Hull incident," following just at the right interval. That was conclusive, of course. But whether poor Rozhdestvensky saw phantom attendants or that third attendant is now concealing behind an impassive Japanese countenance an unholy joy at having pulled an Admiral's leg, we decline to guess.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

How Ants Sleep.

During sleep the ant's body is quite still. Occasionally may be noted a regular lifting up and setting down of the fore feet, one leg after another, with almost rhythmic motion. The antennae also have a gentle, quivering, apparently involuntary movement, almost breathing. The soundness of slumber was frequently proved by applying the feather end of a quill. The feather-tip is lightly drawn along the back, stroking "with the fur." There is no motion. Again and again this action is repeated, the stroke being made gradually heavier. Still there is no change. The strokes are directed upon the head, with the same result. Then the feather is applied to the neck with a waving motion intended to tickle it. The ant remains motionless. Finally the sleeper is aroused by a sharp touch of the quill. She stretches out her head; then her legs, which she shakes also; steps nearer to the light, yawns, and begins to comb her antennae and brush her head and mouth. Then she clambers over her sleeping comrades, dives into an open gangway, and soon has said "Good morning" to another tour of duty. Be it well noted, however, that she has gone to work, as she and all her fellows always do, not only rested, but with her person perfectly cleaned!—H. C. McCook, in Harper's Magazine.

Coachwhip and Rattler.

A large coachwhip snake over six feet long was seen in a fierce combat with a young rattlesnake here the other day. The rattlesnake was probably about two years old, and was eighteen inches long. The coachwhip nearly killed his adversary, when a charge of shot put an end to both. The coachwhip snake is a great chicken eater. We never heard before, nor have we been able to find any one who has, of this snake being an enemy of the rattlesnake. It is well known that the blacksnake kills every rattlesnake he meets, and that where the former is common the latter is rarely seen. I also killed today and preserved the skin of a very large gopher snake seven feet and one inch in length, and nine inches in circumference in the largest part. I don't want the readers of Forest and Stream to infer by the above that snakes are abundant here, for they are not. This rattlesnake was the second one I have seen in two years, and I believe I am in the woods as much as any one in this section of the country, being engaged in surveying and hunting.—Florida Correspondent in Forest and Stream.

Sheet iron can now be rolled so thin that it takes 15,000 sheets to make a single inch in thickness.