ANSWERED.

Is I happy, honey? sho
I's too busy chile to know.
Got ter git dis washin' out
While de sun am lurkin' 'bout.

Cook de dinner, hoe de co'n,
An' ez sho ez yo's done bo'n
Den I'll hab ter stop agen
Ter whip dat pickaninny Ben;

Git de goat an' chillen fed;
Count em ez dey goes ter bed,
Teachin' manners while I sews
Patches on de old man's clo'es.

Sakes alive! I's hustlin' so,
Clar ter goodness ef I know
Ef I's happy or I ain't,
Goa no time ter make complaint.

When I's nuthin' else ter do
I'll set down an' think it thro'.
But de day ter think an' set
Lor' dat day ain't got hyah yet.
—Dixie Wolcott.

The Drawing.

The captive was to all appearances living the last moments of his life. With rope about his neck, the limb of a tree in close proximity, and the crowd of excited miners, gamblers and prospectors surging round him, he stood, fearlessly, quiet and resigned.

The leader of the mob was speaking.

"Boys, this critter is about to die. Not because he shot a man, not because he killed half a dozen men, or is a brigand. No, because he has done what no man in this section of the country would do had he any spark of the stuff we are supposed to have lost on our entrance to the West in him—honor. He has been convicted by common assent as a hoss thief. To be a hoss thief in the section of the country where we are is to be the lowest thing a man—an' he ain't a man at that—can be. I ain't got much to say, and I ain't taking long to say it, but he's got to suffer he penalty of his crime."

Finishing his speech amid the roar of the men's voices, he stepped from the log on which he was standing and addressed the man:

"If you know any prayers, mister, say them; 'cause you won't have long

"LIBERTY."

to live. Do you want to be blindfolded?"

"No," was the calm answer.

"Then pray," were the last words of the big fellow.

The crowd did not expect to see the figure move, but in an instant the man was on his knees praying with fervor. Several minutes had elapsed when a horse's hoofs were heard grinding over the rocky road. A minute more and a young woman of comely appearance threw herself from her horse and sobbed upon the neck of the kneeling man.

"Joe, Joe, what is the trouble? Oh, don't kill him! Don't murder him!" she sobbed, with the tears blinding her and rolling down her ashen cheeks. "Joe, I love you—love you—love you. Do you understand?" she cried.

He said nothing, not even returning her caresses, and, staring straight ahead, seemed to be lost in oblivion.

The words of the big fellow, clad in the blue flannel shirt, chaps and boots, seemed to tear apart the heartstrings of the young woman as she fell to the ground with a sob.

"Wait, wait," she pleaded to the mob. "I wish to say something. Listen to me, for God's sake!"

The girl's eyes were dull and listless. She spoke in a monotone, without gestures of any kind. Her plain black dress, with the white ashen hue of her cheeks, made a contrast not to be forgotten in a moment.

"Gentlemen, I am the cause of the man standing there, dumb to my entreaties. It was not because he wished the animal for himself, but because I had called him a coward for not being brave enough to face this very scene.

"My sister, you all know her, was in agony at her cabin in the hill last night, and it was the fault of the man, her husband, who is most strenuous in his efforts to have Jack, my Jack, strung to that tree. He would not get a doctor himself. He was too much of a coward. I asked Jack to get one. He did not want to take any chances on getting a horse at the time, and you men were angry at him for taking a hand in the argument of my brother-in-law the other night. I called him a coward for not getting an animal some way. Not thinking of the penalty of such an act, he took the nearest horse," she ended with a sob.

The mob was interested, intensely, open-mouthed, but many of them claimed the story to be the invention of a clever woman's brain.

The big fellow in the blue flannel shirt was speaking again.

"Boys, we will only decide this matter in one way. We will place six slips of paper in a hat, and on three of the sheets will be written the word 'Death,' and on the other three 'Liberty.' One of you will draw a slip, and the first slip drawn will decide the answer whether this man lives or dies. Is that all right?"

The crowd gave unanimous assent.

The big fellow prepared six slips, and, taking off his hat, slipping his belt and revolver holster a little more to the front and convenient, he again stepped upon the stump and told the crowd to pick a man for the work of drawing the fatal slip. A miner advanced, was blindfolded, and put his right hand into the hat, suddenly drew it forth, tore the bandage from his eyes, and, holding up the slip, read: "Liberty."

Four years later the same three central figures were gathered around the log fire in the mountain cabin. Another figure came into the room. It was a baby 3 years old. The mother drew her to her arms and then the big man in the center spoke. "You ask me how I knew the result of that drawing would be liberty? Well, I'll tell you. You see, I marked all the slips 'Liberty.'"—Chicago Journal.

PHOTOGRAPH COVETED BY BERLIN.

THE KAISERIN IN THE COSTUME OF THE WIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

As much coveted by the loyal citizens of the Fatherland as is the photograph of the Kaiser in the dress of his ancestor, Frederick the Great, is that of his consort above depicted.

There is this difference: His majesty, when he learned of the indiscretion of the court photographer in allowing a copy of his photo to be stolen from the studio by an enterprising kodak fiend, stopped at once the sale of his photograph in the historic costume. Nevertheless, too many were sold to prevent the suppression of the picture.

As to the picture of the Empress, it is sold by the thousands throughout Germany already, though the photograph was taken only a few weeks ago. The Empress looks most charming in this costume of the wife of Frederick the Great. It displays the very artistic taste of that period, both as to the cut of the dress and the material.

Science AND Invention

Nowithstanding the success of the efforts recently made to obtain nitrogen direct from the air for fertilizing purposes, the discovery of new nitrate beds continues to be a matter of the greatest importance to agriculture. The Geological Survey is now investigating nitrate deposits in San Bernardino County, California, which are said to resemble those of Chile. They cover about 37,000 acres, and it is estimated that they contain as much as 22,000,000 tons of fertilizers.

An amusing instance of ignorance of the properties of carbid of calcium occurred recently on a quay at Algiers. Five tons of carbid had been placed near a quantity of inflammable material, which suddenly caught fire. The firemen, instead of removing the boxes of carbid with hooks, smashed them, and then turned water upon the contents. The result was a great development of acetylene gas and a destructive fire which might have been prevented by a little practical knowledge of chemistry.

A section of steel pavement has recently been laid in the Rue St. Martin, Paris, to test its usefulness. The steel blocks are nearly seven inches long and an inch and a third thick, and are ridged on both sides. They are laid in cement so that the tops of the ridges just reach the surface. The ridges are so close together that a horse's shoe covers at least three ranges of them. It is believed that such a pavement will prove superior to asphalt in being less slippery, and more durable than a pavement of wooden blocks.

An investigation of the maximum glaciation of the Soerra Nevada is being made by Willard D. Johnson, geologist, of the United States Geological Survey, who will this year complete a study along the full length of the east flank of the range, including a bordering zone of the Basin ranges, and will also make a reconnaissance in Carson Valley at the extreme northern end of the High Sierras. The problems involved are of great scientific interest, and considerable field work in addition to that of the present season will be required for their complete solution.

Of the common European languages English is the most widely spoken at the present time, and seems to be increasing in popularity more rapidly than any of the others. In 1880 about 21,000,000 people spoke English, and in 1900 about 120,000,000, says McCall's Magazine. In the same interval of time the number speaking Russian increased from 31,000,000 to 80,000,000, French from 31,450,000 to 55,000,000, German from 30,000,000,000 to 80,000,000, Italian from 15,000,000 to 33,000,000, Spanish from 26,000,000 to 45,000,000, and Portuguese from 7,480,000 to 13,000,000.

The weight of the air has often been tested by compressing it in receptacles by the air pumps, says Ideal Power. That it really has weight when so compressed is shown by the fact that the weight of the vessels is increased slightly by filling them with compressed air, and that such vessels become specifically "lighter" as soon as the air contained in them is exhausted. Many elaborate experiments on the weight of air have proved that the cubic foot weighs 536 grains, or something less than 1¼ ounces. The above experiment on the weight of air is supposed to be made at the surface of the earth, with the temperature at 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Heated air or air at high elevations is much lighter.

300 MILLION OF CHINESE.

Yellow Empire Has About One-fifth of Globe's Population.

The interesting question of the population of the Chinese empire has often been discussed, but it is still impossible to say with any degree of certainty what the figures are.

At the beginning of the Christian era it is tolerably certain that there were at least 80,000,000 inhabitants, and it must be remembered that the empire was much smaller than it is at the present time.

Most of the censuses taken in China during the last 2,000 years, says the North China Daily News, have not professed to take in the whole population. Young children and old men, for instance, were sometimes omitted, the main object of the census being to ascertain the number of taxable persons

By common consent the most reliable census ever taken in China was that of 1812. This gives the figure as more than 362,000,000. In 1868 the population was estimated at nearly 408,000,000; but in 1881 it had fallen to 380,000,000. the great T'aip'ing rebellion, in which so many millions of people lost their lives, being one of the principal causes, undoubtedly, for this great decline.

Travelers, missionaries and others who have visited the region devastated at the time of the T'aip'ing rebellion, express the opinion that the loss of life during that great convulsion has generally been estimated at too low a figure, and it is a question also whether the terrible famine more than a score of years ago in the province of Chile, Shansi, Shensi and Honan, with a population of 70,000,000, is not responsible for the loss of more lives than it is usually credited with.

It is still more certain that the Mohammedan uprising in the northwest destroyed more lives than it is generally supposed to have done. A very moderate computation of the loss of life incurred in these three calamities makes it to be fully 60,000,000. And in this connection it would be well, perhaps, to remind ourselves that the habitual use of opium by such a large number of people has tended to act injuriously on the recuperative power of the nation.

The Only Thing Left.

A Kansas City man recently wrote to a lawyer in another town of the State asking for information touching the standing of a person there who had owed the Kansas City individual a considerable sum of money for a long time.

"What property has he that I could attach?" was one of the questions asked.

The lawyer's reply was to the point. "The person to whom you refer," he wrote, "died a year ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment except a widow."

Beginning at Home.

Said the millionaire one day, when he
For charity was dunned,
"Lots of my money every year
Goes to a fresh heir fund."
—Houston Post.

Joke.

"He's a diamond merchant."
"He?"
"Yes; he sells peanuts on the baseball field."—Yale Record.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT HAD THE BOY DONE?

Jack was a real good boy and a prime favorite with teachers and school fellows—such a willing, good-natured fellow, and such a lot of "go" in him, never shirking his work. One day he had a difficult sum to work out, and was bending his mind to it, when "Whack!" came the cane over his back.

"Sir, sir," stammered Jack, "what's that for?"

"Nothing in particular, my boy," said the master with another whack, and then another, while he stood smiling at Jack and began to whistle.

Jack sprang up. "Sir, it's not fair not to tell me what I've done wrong," said he.

"You've done nothing wrong," and down came another whack with the cane.

By this time the whole class were on their feet, and rebellion seemed ready, when the stern command came, "Keep your seats!" and unwillingly the boys sat down. All seemed to think the teacher had gone mad. Jack resumed his seat with burning face and smarting shoulders. Presently the teacher said pleasantly, "I saw you driving your father's horse and cart yesterday, Jack, and was so sorry you had such a wretched horse to drive."

Jack blurted out, "Our Bob is the best fellow in the place, sir."

"Ah! then he was lazzy, I suppose, yesterday," said the master.

"Not he," said Jack, angrily. His shoulders were bad enough to bear, but to hear Bob abused was more than he would stand. "He's as splendid and willing a little fellow as there is in the district. He never shirks work."

"So, so," said the master. "Well, I saw you yesterday, Jack, and I really thought your little horse was going in fine style, when you stood up and slashed him with your whip. He shook his head, when slash you went again, and I saw Bob fairly turn his head to look at you, much as you did when you asked me why I gave you the cane cut; but you gave him several more cuts with the whip, though he had a fair load, and was doing his lever best. You own he is a willing fellow, always doing his best, so I thought, Jack, you might be content for me to treat you, my good, obedient pupil, who always tries to please me, in just the same way. Fair play all round, Jack, eh?"

Jack dropped his face on his hands down to the desk, and he fairly shook with restrained sobs—big boy as he was—then he stood up.

"I understand your treatment, sir, and I deserve it. I used the whip without thinking about it, and it's quite fair that I should have a taste of what I gave our fine little Bob. I'll beg his pardon when I go home."

"Well done, Jack. Shake hands. Go on with your lessons, boys," said the teacher.

"And I'll remember my lesson, sir," said Jack, with a comical rub on his shoulders; "but it's fair play all round."—Our Four Footed Friends.

SALT.

How could we get on without it! In our daily food, as in our daily life, a little of it is necessary, and the absence of it takes away from the flavor of everything we eat. The "salt of life" which we hear about signifies the health, vigor and wit which we find in life. There was a time, in countries far from the sea, when primitive man never used salt in his food, and it was only when nations advanced in civilization that salt became an absolute necessity.

But it was not alone as food that salt was valued; among the ancients a salt spring was regarded as a gift of the gods, and it was believed that any salt found in the soil lent it a peculiar sanctity and made it a place where prayers were most readily heard. Every meal that included salt had a certain sacred character, creating a bond of piety and friendship between host and guest. Hence the expression "There is salt between us," meaning friendship; and to be "untrue to salt" means to be disloyal or ungrateful.

In the middle ages, when all classes and degrees sat at the same board, they were placed according to rank, above or below the great saltcellar, which always stood in the middle and marked the dividing social line. "Above the salt" meant of high degree. Below the salt were the yeomanry, serfs and vassals of the feudal days. A good description of this custom may be found in "Ivanhoe," where Cedric the Saxon entertains his vassals and friends.

A pinch of salt is always considered lucky in cooking. To take anything "with a pinch of salt" means to excuse or make allowances for it. A "salt" is a sailor. To salt one's conversation means to make it sparkle. Salt is always employed in a sense of benefit or strength.

The Bible has many references to salt, among them being, "Ye are the salt of the earth," Matt. v:13, and St. Paul says, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt."

Salt is used by Catholics in baptism; they consider it a symbol of wisdom, and put a few grains in the mouth of the person baptized.—Washington Star.

CHIHUAHUA DOGS.

Consul General A. L. M. Gottschalk of Mexico City, in responding to numerous inquiries from persons in the United States in regard to the purchasing of Chihuahua dogs, says:

"The Chihuahua dog, which as late as twenty-five years ago was quite commonly to be found in Mexico, is a curious little creature, popularly supposed to be a cross-breed between the prairie dog and the jack rabbit. The animal resembles a small dog, whose weight is sometimes not over 1 1-2 pounds, with a disproportionately large head, bulging eyes, and long ears. the hair is usually scanty, showing the pink skin underneath. One of the marks is said to be an unclosed cranial fissure, through which the brain can be felt throbbing underneath the skin. These little animals are particularly destructive, and are constantly scratching at things with their long claws. They are quite susceptible of tanning, if taken young, and in numerous instances the breeds has been domesticated, although they seldom show the usual dog traits of sagacious and intelligent attachment

Unfortunately within the last twenty-five years the breed has become so largely mixed with small dogs of various mongrel types that it is now a most difficult thing to find in Mexico an example of the true breed. Such are sold occasionally at prices ranging from 200 Mexican pesos ($89.60 United States currency) upward. Even in Chihuahua these dogs are very rare. A few recent specimens sold in this city are said to have been specimens of the true breed.

There is no commercial bird-fancying business in this city, and birds are not as abundant on the upper table land of Mexico as they are in the more tropical coast regions. There are bird fanciers' stores in both Tampico and Vera Cruz, where inquiries on the subject may be directed.

HIDDEN TELEGRAMS.

In this game you are to imagine you have a distant friend with whom you have an understanding about an expected message. It might be that there are two or three contestants for a certain prize or honor. The name of one might be Jenkins, that of another Harrison, and that of the third Sheldon. Suppose Jenkins is the successful contestant, and that you wish to telegraph to your friend simply the name of Jenkins. However, you wish to conceal the message as much as possible, so the understanding is that the first letters of the words you telegraph will spell the name.

With this explanation each player sets to work to write a clever sentence in which the first letters will spell Jenkins. The various players may get sentences like these:

Judge Engles never knew I noticed Sally.

Julia's elbow next knocked Irish Nora silly.

Jack expects no kiss in Nova Scotia.

Jam eating nearly killed Ikey Natham Saturday.

It is impossible that there will be any two alike, and the game is to see who can write the cleverest.

The telegrams are read aloud and the players vote to see whose is best.—Washington Star.

THE QUEER BULL SNAKE.

A farmer by the name of Wilson, residing on Piney, four miles west of Dickson, came to town bringing with him the stuffed hide of a bull snake which he killed in his neighborhood recently, and which measures six feet in length.

This is a species of snake rarely found in this section, but a rather remarkable feature is that when one is found it is always a large one. The serpent takes its name from the bellowing sound it emits when angry, which is very like that of a bull when bellowing.

There are numerous superstitions connected with it, one of which is that it lies in wait in woods and pastures for milk cows, and when one of the latter approaches it springs upon her, securely entwines itself about her legs so that she cannot move, and in this fashion proceeds to suck her dry. It is further said that a cow thus attacked will ever afterwards give bloodly milk.—Dickson correspondence Nashville Banner.

EAGLE KITE FOOLED KINGFISHERS.

Seven boys entered their miniature airships for the annual kite flying contest, open to children of the public and parochial schools, which took place in Genesee Valley Park.

Interest was lent to the contest by an odd incident, showing that the birds of the air may be fooled by the cleverness of man. Aling Brown had a kite made in imitation of an American eagle, and when it spread its wings to the breeze and rode away into the air it looked like a real "king of the air."

Indeed, so perfect was the imitation that as the beautiful kite soared over one of the trees in the park in rising, two large kingfishers saw the strange fowl, and, uttering their shrill cry of battle, left the tree and followed the kite high into the air. They wheeled and circled around their new enemy, but such was their awe of the majestic bird they did not venture to push hostilities to the actual point of contact. This eagle kite took the first prize.—Rochester Herald.

PHYSICIAN OPERATES ON CANARY.

A prominent physician set a canary's broken leg this morning. He received a hurry call to an accident case at Iryin Crawford's, 677 Fourteenth street. He snatched his surgical case, caught a car and found the family gathered about a valuable pet canary. He set the tiny leg and left the bird comfortably resting in a nest of cotton-wool. The operation was a delicate one, but the doctor has every reason to think it will be successful.

The accident happened last evening, when the strong wind blew the cage down, striking it against the floor and injuring the feathered inmate.—Des Moines Dispatch to Philadelphia North American.

USEFUL CANDLE NUT.

One of the oddest nuts in the world is the candle nut, which grows in the Pacific islands. The name is derived from the fact that the kernel is so full of oil that when dried it can be stuck in a reed and used as a candle.

The natives of Hawaii roast these nuts, and after removing the shell reduce the kernel to a paste, which when seasoned with salt and pepper is reported as making an appetizing dish.

The husk of the nut and the gum which exudes from the tree have medicinal values, while the burned shell is used in making an indelible ink with which tattooing is done.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM FERVENT.

By Gov. Hughes.

GOV. HUGHES.

The same patriotic ardor fills the breast of American youth as when they rushed from field and factory and college in obedience to their country's summons. The wives and mothers of America are as loving, as devoted, as ready to sacrifice and suffer, as were those of forty-odd years ago.

The men of the United States are as quick to respond to the call of duty, as keen, as resourceful, as valiant, as those of our heroic past. They are blessed with the memory of their fathers' labors; they are enriched with lessons of their zeal; they are inspired by the example of their patriotism. We are engrossed in the pursuits of peace. Mind and nerve are strained to the utmost in the varied activities which promise opportunity for individual achievement.

But the American heart thrills at the sight of the flag, the American conscience points unwaveringly to the path of honor, the American sense of justice was never more supreme in its sway, and, united by a common appreciation of the ideals of a free government, by a common perception of our national destiny, by a common recognition of the riches of our inheritance, the American people should, and we believe will, go steadily forward, a happy, resourceful and triumphant people, enjoying in ever greater degree the blessings of liberty and union.

CENTRALIZATION NECESSITY, NOT CHOICE.

By Judge John Gibbons.

The States no longer are capable of grappling with and solving the great interstate trust and transportation problems, not to mention the many grave international questions which now confront us as a people. At the present time and under present conditions it is untenable to maintain that the States are anything more than members of the national body. Nor does it detract anything from their local sovereignty or importance to say that they are members of the national body. The States must remain indestructible forever, and so far as it concerns their fiscal and prudential affairs and matters pertaining to health, morals and police, the States must continue in the future as in the past to exercise sovereign powers so long as those powers do not conflict with the national constitution.

Our destiny as a nation is onward and upward, and it would be dangerous and unwise to permit the States to interfere in interstate matters or international affairs. Hence the apprehension of certain alarmists to the effect that the nation is usurping the powers of the States is without any real foundation, because the powers now assumed by the nation, hitherto supposed to be reserved to the States, simply are an outgrowth of conditions which have arisen from circumstances beyond the contemplation of either the States or the nation. Duties have been cast upon the nation arising from the exigencies of the times. This does not mean usurpation of the rights enjoyed by the States. It simply means the mode of national life, the progress of events, the trend of empire. Lofty statesmanship and fortuitous circumstances have placed us upon the crest of the flowing tide of expansion and national greatness. We must continue to drift onward and upward or wait for the ebbing tide to float backward and downward. We cannot remain inactive and stationary. There is no stopping place, no station in the life of the nation or individual not marked by progress or retrogression.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL TENDENCIES.

By E. E. Brown, Commissioner of Education.

While there is much in American educational history that adds of right to our national pride, we must not overlook the fact that even now we are only at the beginning of things, with new problems before us and difficulties greater than those we have surmounted. Our secondary schools must become better differentiated to meet the needs of our people, and more widely extended to meet the needs of all. Their adjustments to schools above and below must be made closer and more vital. Our universities have only begun to deal with the problem of educating vast bodies of immature students in single institutions, and their problems of professional and graduate study are numerous and are pressing for early solution.

Compulsory education laws have been adopted and now are in force in thirty-six States. Such laws now are supplemented with their natural and necessary accompaniment—that is, with laws restricting the employment of children in thirty-two of these thirty-six States, while in eleven other States there are child labor laws unaccompanied by laws for compulsory education. Vigorous organized efforts are making to improve the operation of these laws and secure their adoption in States in which they are not in force. By truant schools and truant officers and children's courts this movement is, in various parts of the country, receiving added reinforcement. In spite, however, of all these efforts, our school attendance still falls below that which we ought to have if we are to be a thoroughly educated people.

Modern education calls for schooling for those who no longer are in school. By means of evening classes and correspondence courses and various other provision the range of schooling is increased. Such increase must be regarded as extremely desirable and worthy of being regarded as among the first things to be considered in our next educational advance.

HIS HARD WORK.

"He has been workin'—workin' hard," said the thin woman with the wet apron, dusting a chair for her visitor. "Won't you please sit down? Certainly he ain't workin' now, but a job is hard to get, an' he's a man who won't take everything that comes along. It was too confinin' for him, that last job—somethin' fierce; an' the man he was workin' for didn't treat him right. My husband's a man that's got a sperrit, an' he won't let nobody run over him. No, he's not workin' now, but he would be if he found a job to suit him."

"What is his trade?" asked the visitor.

"Well, ma'am, I can't rightly say that he's got any perticklier trade," replied the thin woman. "He's what you might call a handy man. There ain't nothin' that he can't turn his hand to if he's a mind to, but as for workin' at any one trade regular it's somethin' that he ain't never done. One thing, if a man has a trade he 'most always has to belong to one o' them unions, an' you know an' I know that a union man has got to do just the way his union says. My husban's too independent to let any union run him."

"How long did he work at this last job he had?" inquired the visitor.

"Three days."

"And how long was he out of work before he got that job?"

"Well, it must ha' been close on to three months, ma'am. Not but what he tried. He'd go out in the mornin' an' sometimes be gone all day lookin' for work. But it's hard to find, 'specially any work 'at pays livin' wages. He might have got somethin' at a dollar an' a quarter or a dollar an' a half a day, but he don't b'lieve in encouragin' low wages. He's a man 'ud sooner suffer himself than do that. It's the principle of it. If he can't get what his work's worth he won't work at all. That's what he says, an' I say he's right"

"How do you manage to get along, then?" asked the visitor.

"Well," said the thin woman, "I most ginerally get about all I can do, with the washin' an' the scrubbin'. It ain't much for pay, but it's better than nothin' at all. An' then the boy is a-workin' over in the tannery, an' he brings in $3 a week—an 'they say it's wholesome work in them tanneries. Then the society has been good to me an' helps me out at a pinch. One way an' another we get along, though we're behind with the rent now. In another year the girl will be able to go out an' bring in a little somethin', though it's the truth I don't know what I will be doing without her to take care of the small children. I guess they will have to kind of look after one another."

"You say your husband is a handy man?" said the visitor.

"That he is. As I say, there ain't nothin' he can't turn his hand to. I'll show you the elegant wash bench he made for me if you'll step into the kitchen."

"Do you think he would like to do the janitor work in a small building? I think I can get him the position."

The thin woman looked a little doubtful. "I'll ask him," she said. "I don't know whether he would fancy that, to tell you the honest truth, for there's scrubbin' an' window cleanin' an' such about janitor work, an' that's more of a woman's job. Mebbe I could help him out on that part of it, though, while he did the rest of it. When he wakes up I'll ask him, and very much obliged to you, ma'am."

"Is he asleep?" asked the visitor.

The thin woman blushed a little.

"Do you mean that he's been drinking?" asked the visitor, severely.

The thin woman bridled. "If he has taken a drop or two I don't know but it's his right," she said. "If he earns the money he's a right to spend it the way he wants to. He ain't a drinkin' man. Not like some is, anyway. If once in a while he gets a bit off, I don't know that it's anybody's business."—Chicago Daily News.

EAGLE DROPS CHILD INTO TREE.

Its Talons Became Fixed in the Dress of Little One.

One of the pair of giant bald eagles that nest in a dead chestnut tree on Waukhaw mountain, near Caldwell, N. J., carried 3-year-old Gladys Vreeland to the top of a tall hemlock tree Saturday morning and dropped her into its branches, according to the story told by her father, John Milton Vreeland, a farmer, says the New York World.

The child weighs forty pounds and, according to the father's story, the great bird was barely able to maintain its flight under the weight. Its carrying off of the girl was more than half involuntary, its talons having become caught in her clothing when she attempted to save a hen from the eagle.

Vreeland said the bird had been soaring over his chicken run for more than an hour. He saw it swoop downward into a clump of currant bushes. In the bushes the eagle pounced upon a hen, but could not rise with its prey because of the thick foliage. The flapping of the great wings attracted the child to the spot and when she saw the hen held by the eagle she seized a stick and began to belabor the marauder.

The eagle sprung on her, sinking its talons into her dress, the sharp claws tearing her flesh. Her cries brought her father running from a field near by. At sight of the man the bird attempted to rise, dragging the child, struggling, after it. Vreeland believes that the bird's talons became entangled in the girl's dress and that it could not free itself. The two eagles have been familiar to the neighborhood since 1903, but never had they been known to attack human beings before.

The great bird rose slowly and laboriously, its wings beating the air wildly and the child screaming with terror. Vreeland sprang forward, but before he got within reach the bird had lifted itself and its precious burden above him and was slowly rising higher and higher. The child continued to struggle and the bird seemed trying to free itself.

It had reached the top of a tall hemlock tree when the struggles of the girl rent her dress at the left shoulder. For several seconds she hung with her entire weight in the grasp of one talon of the eagle, which continued flapping the air wildly and trying to make headway.

Then the dress at the right shoulder gave way and Gladys fell through the branches of the tree to the ground, where fortunately a pile of hay broke her fall, so that she was little injured. As the child dropped the eagle shot through the air toward the mountain at express train speed.

To Err Is Human.

Robert Browning once found himself at a dinner, at a great English house, sitting next to a lady who was connected with the highest aristocracy. She was very graciously inclined, and did her utmost to make conversation.

"Are you not a poet?" she finally asked.

"Well," said Browning, "people are sometimes kind enough to say that I am."

"Oh, please don't mind my having mentioned it," the duchess hastened to say, with the kindest of smiles. "You know Byron and Tennyson and others were poets."

There's no room at the top for a quitter.

ADVANCED WOMEN OF BURMA.

Clever, Shrewd and Industrious, All of Which Their Husbands Are Not.

The Burmese woman is clever, witty, well informed, one of the shrewdest of business persons, usually an excellent housekeeper as well as a good merchant, says Charles E. Russell in Harper's. Her two errors seem to be, first, in marrying John Burman, who is generally lazy and unworthy of her; and second, in submitting to the medical tomfoolery that the Burmese, for all their intelligence, still practice. I might add for a third, if one more be needed, the smoking of the Burmese cigarette, which tends to twist out of shape her handsome mouth. This cigarette, by the way, is a monstrous thing, often eighteen inches in length and an inch and a quarter in diameter.

The Burmese woman not only manages all the material interests of her household but she keeps the Buddhist faith intact. Without her influence it may be doubted if John Burman would care very much. He is too indolent and too fond of his ease in smooth water. But the women are strict in their performance of religious duties; you can see them at all hours praying in the shrines where not often you see the men. If this theory about the women is correct, it is wonderful testimony to their strength of mind, for Buddhism in Burma is rock-ribbed and apparently unassailable; and then, in the last analysis, it must be to the women that we owe the beautiful pagodas, the excellent monasteries and the gemlike shrines that dot this pleasant country.

Indian Girls at Basket-Ball.

The finest basket-ball team in Indian Territory is at Sapulpa, and is composed of full-blood Indian girls who have been trained by the superintendent of the Euchee Mission School, an experienced coach.

The Euchee team has never been defeated, a writer in the Kansas City Star says. Match games have been played with the "crack" teams of Tulsa, Claremore, Bristow, Sapulpa, Okmulgee and Strond, but the Indian girls have always won.

The Indian girls, who represent some of the best and purest blood of the Creeks and the Euchee clan, are all scholars in the Euchee school. They are excellent students.

The natural aptitude of the Indian for athletics crops out in their basket-ball play. Their strongest point is in "team" work, backed up by great swiftness of foot. In the Sapulpa match game these girls once made a goal from the toss-up without letting the opposing team touch the ball or allowing the ball to touch the floor.

The fame of the Euchee team has spread to such an extent that already games have been scheduled for a Missouri-Kansas tour.

The Paper Told the Tale.

A certain Greek adventurer some years ago undertook to palm off upon the public some false copies of the gospel manuscripts. Many learned men were deceived, but not Dr. Coxe, librarian of the Bodman library at Oxford. How he detected the fraud was related in his own words in the Spectator:

I never really opened the book, but I held it in my hand and took one page of it between my finger and thumb while I listened to the rascal's account of how he found this most interesting antiquity. At the end of three or four minutes I handed it back to him with the short comment, "Nineteenth century paper, my dear sir," and he took it away in a hurry and did not come again. Yes, I was pleased, but I have handled several ancient manuscripts in my time, and I know the feel of old paper.

Mrs. White (sympathetically)—So your husband is in trouble again, Maud? Mrs. Black (cheerily)—No'm; he's out o' trouble, dess now—de scoundrel's in jail.—Puck.

The only thing we can recommend is to endeavor to make an uninteresting life interesting as possible.

A judgment could be gotten against almost any of us for negligence.