

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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GARNER THE BEAUTIFUL.

Garner the beautiful as you go; Wait not for a time of leisure; The hours of toil may be long and slow. And the moments few of pleasure. But beauty strays by the common ways. And calls to the dustiest being; Then let not time eat or beat to hear. Or thine eye be slow in seeing. Kind nature calls from her varied halls: 'I will give you balm for sadness'; Let the sunset's gleam and the laugh of the stream. Awaken thoughts of gladness. If a bird should pour his song by thy door, Let thy heart respond with singing; The winds and the trees have harmonies That may set thy joy-bells ringing. Pause off by a flower in its leafy bow, And feast thine eye on its beauty; A queen hath bliss no rarer than this. 'Tis thy privilege and duty. And oh, when the shout of a child rings out, And its face is bright with gladness, Let it kindle the shine of joy in thine, And banish care and sadness! Then gather the beautiful by your way. It was made for the soul's adorning; 'Tis a darksome path which no radiance hath. At noon, at eve, in the morning. Hard is the soil where we delve and toil In the homely field of duty; But the hand of our king to us doth fling The shining flowers of beauty. —Anna R. Henderson, in Woman's Home Companion.

LOVE IN THE KITCHEN.

BY HENRY C. WOOD.

"BLESS my heart!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Pettibone, with such decided emphasis that his wife looked up inquiringly from her work. "What is the matter, my dear?" she asked, as her husband abruptly put down his newspaper and gazed over at her in a helpless sort of way. "It entirely escaped my memory," he continued, contritely, feeling carefully through his various pockets, and finally producing a crumpled and rather untidy note which he had fished up from the profound depths of one of them. "Here is something that Clarence Stewart asked me to hand you the other day, and I quite forgot it until this moment. He and two or three of the girls—Blanche, May and Lida, I think, he said—however, the note will tell you—are coming out to spend a day with us." "That will be delightful," acknowledged Mrs. Pettibone, serenely. "I shall be ever so glad to see them, and they have been promising me this visit for quite awhile. I am truly glad they have been thoughtful enough to send me word, and not take me unawares, for I wish ample time for preparation. My reputation as housekeeper is at stake, and I am especially anxious that everything shall be as near perfection as possible. When do they speak of coming?" "I suppose the note states, my love," answered Mr. Pettibone, with some show of nervousness, and with a guilty look overspreading his countenance. "You know I have carried it around in my pocket for a day or two, and— I believe to-day is the one they have appointed." Mrs. Pettibone let the note drop from her fingers, and looked at her remorseful spouse in speechless astonishment and reproach. "I am sure, my dear, I am extremely sorry," began Mr. Pettibone, meekly. "I don't know how I came to forget it, but I did entirely." "Octavius Pettibone!" exclaimed his wife, in tones that spoke volumes. "Indeed, my dear, it was awfully careless of me, I'll admit," began Mr. Pettibone, then stopped abruptly for want of extenuating circumstances. "And you have been carrying this note around in your pocket ever since it was given you?" continued Mrs. Pettibone, like an avenging Nemesis. "Yes," acknowledged Mr. Pettibone, humbly. "but I hope it will not seriously inconvenience you, my love." "It would be passing strange if it did, Mr. Pettibone, seeing that it is only about three hours till train time, no preparations whatever have been made and I have given cook a holiday that she might visit her sister, who is sick. I am unable to recall any more propitious circumstances just at present," said Mrs. Pettibone, in the calmness of despair. "Read the note, dear; perhaps this is not the day, after all," suggested Mr. Pettibone, with the eagerness of the drowning man for the straw. Seizing the bare hope, Mrs. Pettibone picked up the fallen note and read aloud: "My Dear Laura: In response to your kind invitation, several times extended, to spend a day with you, our particular quartette (it is unnecessary to mention names) will, if it meets your approbation, do ourselves that honor on Thursday next, unless we hear from you to the contrary. "We have ideas much exacted in regard to the delights of rural life, and long to see you in the midst of your Arcadian pursuits and joys. "I will not extend my note with any news or choice bits of gossip, but will reserve them until I see you. Affectionately, "BLANCHE DESMOND." "To-day is Thursday," said Mrs. Pettibone, with a little groan; "there is no possibility of any error, and what are we to do with them?" "Isn't there something cold that we might give them and explain matters?" suggested Mr. Pettibone, thoughtfully. "Ah, to be sure!" responded his wife, with a decided tinge of irony in her tone. "Since you have suggested it, I think there is some cool buttermilk in the dairy, possibly some cream, and I am sure there is an abundance of cool ice in the icehouse. We might pass the two around frequently through the day,

and these, in addition to our apology, might render our guests sufficiently cool." "I thought perhaps we might have ice cream and strawberries. I noticed the berries are ripening nicely, only this morning," answered Mr. Pettibone, unheeding of his wife's sarcasm. "They might do very well for dessert," said Mrs. Pettibone, thoughtfully, "but these would scarcely make a dinner for five or six hungry people." "No, Mr. Pettibone," she continued, "you have gotten me into this dilemma, and now you will have to get me out of it. In the first place, you had better hitch the horse to the buggy and start out at once to hunt some help, and, remember," she added, impressively, "it must be obtained if there is any this side the Chinese empire. The baby does not require Hetty's attention at present, and while you are gone, she and I will do all that we can. There is no time to lose, I assure you." With these words Mrs. Pettibone arose and buckled on her armor, so to speak. A tour of investigation revealed the fact that there was in the pantry a stack cake, which might do, in case there was no time to prepare a better, while the cream, which had been set aside for churning, was still sweet, and could be utilized. So far things were rather a cheerful outlook, and as time sped on, all that Mrs. Pettibone's active hands could effect, and a good deal that her active brain suggested, was happily accomplished, until the preliminaries had assumed such shape that, with an experienced hand to complete what had been so well begun, an excellent dinner might shortly be forthcoming. When an hour had slipped rapidly by, however, and another was on the wane, Mrs. Pettibone grew restless and uneasy at the protracted stay of her husband, and consumed a good deal of her valuable time in running to the corner of the house to see if help was near at hand. When two hours had passed, Mrs. Pettibone's restlessness increased with each succeeding five minutes, as if the minute hand on the clock was the needle that registered her feelings, and she found it a difficult task to bestow the proper attention on the making of her transparent pies. As train time approached, and yet no sign of her absent lord, she had reached almost a fever of excitement, and while the pies were being removed from the oven and placed upon a shelf to cool, the whistle blew, and the train came speeding through the spring-clad country, pausing for a brief space at the station, only half a mile from the pretty cottage of the Pettibones, and just out of view behind a green hillock. When the pastry had been hastily placed on the shelf, Mrs. Pettibone ran out to take another look, and this time was rewarded by seeing her guests duly appear over the hill, and stroll leisurely along the pleasant country lane. A sigh escaped her at the sight, for she had faintly hoped that some kind interposition of Providence, short of a railway accident, would delay the visitors until a more propitious time. "What will they think at finding me one at the station to welcome them? And what can have detained Mr. Pettibone so long?" thought his wife, as she turned her steps toward the house. Before she reached it, there was an alarming clatter in the kitchen and a little shriek that Hetty evidently voiced. Hastening on, a scene met the eyes of the mistress that was calculated to make, considering the attendant circumstances, a stouter heart than hers grow faint. The stovepipe had abruptly severed all connection between chimney and stove, and had descended to the common level of the floor, and, not content to play this prank alone, had coerced the shelf of pastry into joining in the spree, whereupon the vicinity of the stove presented a chaotic mingling of disjointed pipe and transparent pies, with a liberal sprinkling of soot over everything—even Hetty's horrified countenance, as she stood near by, rooted to the spot in absolute dismay. Mrs. Pettibone took in the unhappy situation at a glance, and then sank down on the nearest seat, also sooty, and burst into tears. In the midst of her weeping the guests arrived, their laughter and merriment jarring unpleasantly upon the overtaxed nerves of the miserable hostess, who hastily dried her tears and bade Hetty show the company into the parlor, where she would join them presently. Hetty presented herself at the door, after first rubbing her hands over her face once or twice, with the pleasing result of distributing the spot a little more evenly over her light-brown countenance. "Is your mistress well?" asked Blanche Desmond, as she paused in the hall, while the others entered the parlor, for she felt confident that something was amiss, by the tone of things in general, coupled with the sooty decorations on Hetty's face. "She ain't feelin' very well right now," answered the truthful hand-maiden, who had not been cautioned to preserve a discreet silence. "What is the matter?" questioned Blanche, whose curiosity was by no means satisfied by Hetty's answer. "Why, the stovepipe fell down awhile ago, and just mashed an' ruined all the nice pies Mis' Laura had made, an' scattered soot over all the other things, an' cook's gone away, an' Mr. Pettibone is out now tryin' to find somebody to help get dinner." "Good gracious!" exclaimed Blanche, agast at this formidable array of misfortunes. "Is that all?" "Yes'm, I think it is," responded Hetty, thoughtfully, not quite sure that she had enumerated the entire catalogue. "Poor, dear woman! Where is she?" Blanche exclaimed, impulsively, and followed her guide straightway to the kitchen, where she discovered her

friend bravely trying to restore order once again, her face and hands more sooty than Hetty's even, and her eyes red with weeping and the escaping smoke that had filled the room in the first stage of the accident. "You precious, dirty creature!" exclaimed Blanche, warmly, as she gave her astonished hostess a hearty hug and kissed one sootless spot in the neighborhood of the right ear. "What a lot of trouble we have unintentionally caused you!" "It is all Mr. Pettibone's forgetfulness, so do not reproach yourself at all, dear; but, oh! what a time I have had for the last three hours!" "Indeed, it must have tried your nerves sorely," replied Blanche, soothingly. "But cheer up! we shall get on famously, never fear. Perhaps you are ignorant of the fact that May, Lida and I have become proficient members of a cooking club, and can get up a breakfast, dinner or tea in capital style, and on short notice. Just furnish us a big apron apiece, and we will prove our capabilities in a very short while." "That would be a novel idea indeed," responded Mrs. Pettibone, with a little incredulous laugh. "I am really in earnest," said Blanche, "only get us the aprons, and I will prove the truth of my words." "What! Have my visitors come to the kitchen and cook their own dinners? Never!" emphatically cried the hostess. "What! Have a party of healthy young people come to spend the day with a friend and find her minus a cook and literally with soot for her eyes and yet lend no helping hand? Never!" retorted the guest, quite as emphatically. "So go at once and wash your face and hands; they really need it, dear, while I bring out Clarence Stewart to assist your small maid in putting up the stovepipe." "Don't look so shocked, Laura; he is sufficiently able-bodied to undertake the job, I assure you; and, besides, I am a little curious to know how much ability of this kind he possesses," she added. Then, bustling the hostess away to remove the sooty insignia of her new role, and also to hunt up enough large aprons for the trio, and giving Hetty some useful hints about taking up the soot carefully, Blanche joined her friends in the parlor and depicted the situation in such a humorous way that the company were almost convulsed with laughter. The quartette had come out for a holiday, were dressed in washable goods mostly, and were eager for anything savoring of novelty, so that when, a little later, Mr. Pettibone returned with many misgivings and a very verdant girl, but little older than Hetty, he was considerably astonished at the sight of four pretty cooks in long aprons and as busy as bees in the kitchen, while handsome Clarence Stewart sat at the door in his shirt sleeves, shelling peas and casting especially admiring glances at one of the aforementioned cooks. "When troubles come, they come not singly, but in battalions," quoted Stewart, after the host had given a pathetically ludicrous account of his search "after the unattainable," as he facetiously expressed it, "and an hour spent at the blacksmith shop while a wheel was being mended." In a brief time both host and hostess entered heartily into the humor of the situation, and a merrier set had never before convened under the Pettibone roof. There were no idle hands. Vegetables were gathered and prepared, strawberries picked, salad compounded, a new sort of cake successfully baked, chicken temptingly fried, amber coffee made, flaky biscuit fashioned, delightful cream frozen until, from absolute misfortune, matters took a highly satisfactory turn. Blanche directed and assisted her corps of willing auxiliaries, as if she had been to the "kettles born," while Clarence Stewart appeared to relish the bondage under which he served, though it was far from being an easy one, for the freezer had to be kept in constant motion until the perspiration bedewed the flushed faces of both himself and Mr. Pettibone, as they took turns at the congealing process. "Verily, you two shall have your reward," said Blanche, encouragingly, "for when the ices come to be served I shall recall to the mind of our hostess the industry you have displayed, and yours shall be the lion's share." "Indeed, I was seriously thinking of not giving Mr. Pettibone any dinner at all as a punishment for not delivering your note at the proper time," said his wife, shaking her finger reproachfully at him. "As this is the first case on record of a man carrying around in his pockets letters he should have delivered I think he ought to be pardoned," interposed Stewart, gravely, and everyone laughed. Finally dinner was announced, and, with faces a good deal rosier and appetites certainly heartier, the party sat down to table. "Not to the Mother of Invention which necessity created, but to her charming daughters," was the toast Stewart offered, which was drunk in the most delicious of fresh, cool buttermilk. "Not to the lords of creation, but to the humble and willing slaves of the kitchen," Blanche offered in turn, and this was received with even heartier applause. "Blanche, you are a jewel of a girl—a pearl of great price," said Mrs. Pettibone, affectionately, as they stood alone on the front porch, while the others had started slowly down the road in the direction of the station. "You will make one of the best of wives." "So Clarence tried to make me believe to-day, when he was helping in the kitchen," answered Blanche, demurely. "It is a secret as yet," she added, with a glad smile, while her friend pressed a hearty kiss of congratulation on her rosy lips. Time has proven that both Mrs. Pettibone and Clarence Stewart judged aright.—N. Y. Ledger.

RIPE HOGS. Information Jerry Rusk Obtained from a Western Farmer. Gov. Rusk happened to drive over the state line once into Wisconsin looking at the farms. He was particularly struck with one farm, on which he found everything in first-class order, and riding up to the house inquired the name of the owner, when a tall German came out and gave his name as Theodore Louis. "What do you regard as the greatest wealth-producing agency in agriculture?" the governor asked him. "The hog," was the sententious reply. "Upon what do you base this statement?" "He lifts more mortgages than anything else." The conversation which ensued developed the fact that Louis had once been what is called an all-wheat farmer and kept constantly sinking into debt. He decided that something had to be done quickly or there would be very little left for Louis, so he decided to try the hog. The first year he made a little money, the second year he made more, and then he became thoroughly interested. The result was that he became recognized as a great authority on hogs. His neighbors took up his example and mortgages began to be lifted, until finally there was not one on record against that community. "How long would you keep a hog?" as Gov. Rusk. "I would not keep him—I would kill him." "When?" "When he is ripe." "When is he ripe?" "When he is fat." "Wouldn't it pay to keep the hog for two or three years?" "I tried that once," said Louis. "I took a hog in the fall and weighed him, and I took my corn and weighed it. When spring came the corn was all gone and the hog weighed about what he did in the fall. That made me say next year that I would kill my hogs in the fall and save my corn." "How much does it cost to keep a hog through the winter?" "Three dollars." "How many hogs winter in Minnesota?" "One million. I have just looked at the auditor's report." "Do you mean to say that we lose \$3,000,000 a year in wintering our hogs?" "Yes, that's what you do. If you kill them all in the fall you will have left in your cribs \$3,000,000 worth of corn to sell."—Atlanta Constitution.

GOINING RUPEES IN INDIA.

Natives Are Going from Place to Place Doing a Mint's Work. A British army officer just returned from India told me the other day a curious story which should be edifying to all currency reformers. He had accumulated during his service there a considerable quantity of old silver which possessed only an ordinary bar value. He did not want to encounter the bother and expense of bringing the metal to England, and so, as he expressed it, he "sent it to a native to be coined into rupees." "But the Indian mints have been shut down for years," I interrupted in some surprise. "Oh, yes," he assented, with a peculiar look, "but you know the rupee is coined just as freely in India to-day as it was before the government closed the mints." Seeing that I was puzzled, he gave me without the slightest embarrassment this extraordinary explanation: "Even when the mints were open more rupees were coined by private coiners than by the government. The savings of the natives are made in silver bracelets, rings and other ornaments. When it became necessary for them to turn a part of their resources into money they did it by employing a native coiner to turn the metal into rupees. It is a country of vast distances, and the natives could not send their ornaments to a government mint perhaps 1,000 miles away. The native coiner traveled from place to place and hut to hut, just like a country tinker. He was glad to work all day turning silver bangles into rupees, weight for weight, for perhaps one rupee as his reward. And very good rupees they turned out, too. They are current everywhere, and nobody questions them. Of course the practice is illegitimate, and when the mints were first closed the government tried to put a stop to it, but not with much success. Now it is winked at by the authorities, for the situation in India to-day is too threatening for any interference which is not absolutely necessary."—Chicago Tribune.

Wires a Protection Against Lightning.

People living in cities are prone to believe that the increasing number of telephone, telegraph and trolley wires increase the danger from electric storms. On the contrary, the maze of wires is a protection, and lessens the danger, since it is shown that where the wires attract the electricity they hold it, and discharge it only at the end of the wires in the central station. The fact is that of the 200 lightning accidents every year only an average of 40 occur in the cities. The trees in the country are a far greater danger; they account for the proportion of four cases in the country to one in the city. —Edward W. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Why?

It was little George Gump who wondered, when memory failed him during the history recitation, why "if history repeats itself—why—why don't it?"—Judge.

Modest.

The Uncle—Were your college exercises a success? The Nephew—Well, I rather think we gave congress a few pointers.—N. Y. Journal.

COMFORT IN CORSETS.

Hints Which the Average Woman Will Find Useful and Timely. Unless a figure is largely out of proportion there is no real necessity in this day of having corsets made to order. But it is quite necessary that a corset should be fit to the figure as carefully as a glove or a boot is fitted. One make of corset may fit you perfectly in the bust, but the waist may be too short or too long, or the hips too snug or loose. Fitting is done at all first-class houses free of charge, and it is time well spent in having your corset properly fitted. Few women, having secured the right kind of corset, know how to lace it. There should be two lacing-strings—silk being better than any other—reaching from the top to the waist-line, and one from the waist-line to the bottom edge of the corset. The corset can then be laced comfortably at the waist as closely or as tightly as one wishes without compressing the bust and forcing the flesh at the back over the top of the corset. Then, too, the corset can be adjusted about the hips and over the abdomen without discomfort and ungainly lines, as is the case when only one lacing is used. A woman who dresses a great deal, and always up to the occasion, really needs a variety of corsets. A décolleté gown calls for a low-cut corset that conforms to the shape of the bodice, while a tailor-made costume requires a corset high above the bust and long on the abdomen. The negligee robe de chambre has a corset that is merely a bust support. The bicycle corset is usually a ventilated affair made quite short from the waist down, and has fewer bones than any other. The corset for the empire gown is little more than a belt, showing little or no bust curve. And so it goes, making the wearing of corsets a thing of comfort if properly fitted. The tendency among women to take up physical culture and athletics has not driven out corsets, but has done much toward improving them. Modern times have seen the anatomy of the human figure so carefully studied that the corset has become an element of comfort, and some physicians say of good health. To be laced, in the general acceptance of the term, is now considered the height of vulgarity. It is quite natural the waist should be smaller than the bust or hips, but it need not be fairly strangled into an hour-glass shape. What is wanted in a corset is plenty of room at the bust and on the hips, with no pressure on the ribs to interfere with breathing. Few of us are constructed on the lines of the ideal figure, so that much of the beauty of our form depends upon a good-fitting corset.—Woman's Home Companion.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

If You Are Dead Broke Own Up Like a Little Man. Dead broke is not an accurate term. It is relative. A millionaire considers himself dead broke when he finds that he has only a V in his pocket. Men of less means think they are dead broke when they can find but a quarter or a half in their pockets. But with the mass of people who haven't very much, even when at their best, dead broke means that condition in which a man finds himself without a nickel in his pockets. Pennies don't cut any ice. Even three or four of them won't pay a car fare, and when a man hasn't car fare the walk to Cumminsville at midnight seems long—awfully long. "That's what ailed me the other night," said a resident of that suburb. "I didn't have a nickel to my name—no a nick. And you bet it was warm. So I tried to work the conductor. When he struck me I felt in my pockets, first one, then the other, and then looked dazed. "I had a nickel," I said, "but blame me if I know where it is." "Too thin, old man," said the heartless man in blue. "You'll have to walk a little, just for a change, as you haven't got it." Think of a man getting off a joke like that. "I walked, but not far. Tried another conductor with the same racket. Didn't work. He was heartless also. I knew I'd get home if the cars kept running, but the last car would be due soon. Then I thought of the old motto: 'Honesty is the best policy.' I'll try it on. "I got on the car and held up my head. When the man with the badge came along I said: "I'm dead broke, old man. Let me take a sneak home, will you? Walking's awful hot a night like this." "That worked to a charm. He was the best conductor I ever saw. He knew I was telling the truth. The others thought I was lying, and I was, but not in the way they thought. All he said was: "All right, old fellow. Don't give me away, though." "Not on your life," I said. Then I curled up and slept the sleep of the just and the righteous. Hereafter I'm going to tell the truth, cost what it may."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Potted Pigeon.

Clean, then stuff the pigeons with dressing made as for turkey. Sew them up and truss; put them in a kettle with water enough to cover them, and boil half an hour; then take up and drain; roll them in flour, and fry brown in pork fat; thicken the liguor in which they were boiled with flour, pepper, salt, cloves, mace and catsup; put the pigeons in this gravy, and simmer two hours; serve in the gravy; add one-half glass of claret if you choose.—Boston Globe.

Sauce for Peach Pudding.

One pint of milk put to boil, leaving out two or three tablespoonfuls to moisten two tablespoonfuls of flour. In the milk put four tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the milk comes to a boil stir in the flour. Let it cook a few moments, then add one tablespoonful of butter. Flavor as you like.—Albany Journal.

HUMOROUS.

—She—"Your friend Owen seems to have run into debt pretty deep." He—"Run into debt? He scorched."—Yonkers Statesman. —An Important Exception.—Indolent Ivers (reading the paper)—"Dey sell nearly everyting on de installment plan dese days." Dry Dugan—"Except beer."—Puck. —Another Thrust.—She—"Now—listen here—the average woman has a vocabulary of only 8,000 words!" He—"Yes; but remember—she uses them all every day."—Detroit Free Press. —Statistical.—"Before a man is 30 he falls in love with every pretty girl he looks at." "Yes?" "And after he is 30 he falls in love with every pretty girl who looks at him."—Chicago Record. —A Lucky Man.—Spriggs—"Hello, old man, I'm awfully glad to see you out again. I heard that the doctors gave you up." Bowles—"Yes, I guess I'd have died if they hadn't."—Cleveland Leader. —Barclay Wyckoff—"So your uncle was 88 years old when he died. Did he retain full possession of his faculties?" Pelham Parker—"I—er—really couldn't say. The will hasn't been read yet."—Tit-Bits. —Lack of Coordination.—"John, you ought to buy a whole barrel of flour. It's getting higher every day." "I know it is, Maria, and I have been surprised that it doesn't have a more buoyant effect on your biscuits."—Chicago Tribune. —Positive.—"We have parted forever," said the young man, sadly. "She is never going to write to me again." "Are you sure of that?" asked his sympathetic friend. "Yes. She told me so in each of her last three letters."—Washington Star. —Historical Data.—Chicago Teacher—"In what year did Columbus land?" Class—(No answer). Teacher—"Come! Can't any of you tell?" Bright Boy—"I don't remember the exact year, mum, but it was before the fire."—N. Y. Weekly. —He Reads the Papers.—Mother—"How comes it that your shirt is on wrong-side-out and one stocking missing? Have you been swimming?" Son—"Well, mother, if you're going to be an investigating committee, I simply can't remember anything about it."—Leslie's Weekly.

CROWDED JAVA.

Twenty-Four Million People on an Island the Size of New York State. Every few miles there were open red-tiled pavilions built over the highways as refuges for man and beast from the scorching sun of one season and the cloud-burst showers of the rainy half of the year. Twice we found busy passers going on in groves beside these rest-houses—picturesque gatherings of men, women and children, and displays of fowls, fruits, nuts, vegetables, grain, sugar, spices, gums and flowers, that tempted one to linger and enjoy, and to photograph every foot of the passer's area. The main road was crowded all the way like a city street, and around these passers the highway hummed with voices. One can believe in the density of the population—24,000,000 people on this island of 49,187 square miles, about the size of the state of New York—when he sees the people trooping along these country roads; and he can well understand why every foot of land is cultivated, how even in the benevolent land of the banana every one must produce something; must work or starve. Men and boys toiled to the passer, bent over with the weight of one or two monstrous jackfruits or durians on their backs. A woman with a baby swinging in the sling over her shoulder had tied cackling chickens to the back of her belt, and trudged on comfortably under her umbrella; and a boy slung a brace of ducks from each end of a shoulder-pole, and trotted gayly to the passer. The kampongs, or villages, when not hidden in palm and plantain groves behind fancy bamboo fences, were rows of open houses on each side of the highway, and we reviewed nature life at leisure while the ponies were changed. The friendly, gentle little brown people welcomed us with amused and embarrassed smiles when our curiosity as to sarong-painting, lacquering and mat-weaving carried us into the family circle. The dark, round-eyed, star-eyed babies and children showed no fear or shyness, and the tiniest ones—their soft little warm brown bodies bare of ever a garment save the cotton sling in which they endle so confidently under the mother's protecting arm—let us lift and carry and play with them at will.—Eliza Ruhama Scidmore, in Century.

A Favorite Occupation.

In England, as elsewhere in the world, good-behavior convicts and those whose terms are soon to expire are put at work that is lighter, cleaner and generally more pleasant than that which the less favored unfortunates have to do. Mowing hay with the old-fashioned scythe is one of the choice occupations in the early summer with those of England's wards who are deemed available material for extra consideration. Still mowing with a scythe is not at all easy work, and the armed guards watch over these favored few, as over the unjust and untrusty.—Collier's Weekly. —Bad Place to Keep It. "Don't be so severe on the signal service officer; he means to give us good weather." "Then why doesn't he?" "Well—you know how hard it is for a man to find anything in a bureau drawer."—Detroit Free Press. —Nice Place to Fall. "He seems a nice enough chap, but I can't understand why people are always falling on his neck the way they do." "Perhaps you don't know what a good soft thing he is."—Detroit News.