...n your
...d with a plan
...cept, from fish to man.
...ironments did you provide
...ow your internal frame outside?
...ow came your ribs in that abnormal place?
...hide your rubberneck you hide your face
And answer not. To science you're a Sphinx—
A structural epitome of missing links:
And when decapitated, still you swell
And kick and claw and scramble just as well
But I'll not plague thee. Even here I find
A touch of fellowship that makes me kind.
Sometimes a poet who has lost his head
Will keep on scratching when he should be dead.
—Chauncey Hickox, in Lippincott's.

HUMOROUS.

"You know money talks." "That so? Well, it don't seem as if I could engage in conversation."

Her Father—You must never see my daughter again. Gawley—Well, I'd just as lief do my courting in the dark.

Tom—Don't you consider Miss Kayne rather dull? Dick—Well, after the way she cut me I can't say that I do.

The Mackenzie River is 2500 miles in length, and drains an area equal to one-half of the United States.

Cuba's First President.

Although it has been stated that the Cubans are incapable of governing themselves, yet they have selected their first president, who is a great favorite with the people. A favorite medicine with the American people is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, because it is an ideal remedy for headache, indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is also an excellent medicine for spring fever, la grippe and malaria. Don't fail to try it, but be sure to get the genuine.

The fly agaric, a sort of fungus, is so called because steeped in milk it is used to kill flies.

New Jersey Skin Troubles

Can't resist Tetterine. "I have been troubled with Eczema four years. Tetterine has done me so much good that I gladly recommend it. Send another box."—W. C. Fuller, Semi-Tole Cottage, Sea Cliff, N. J. 50c. a box by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist don't keep it.

Boston, one of the richest cities in the country, has a municipal debt of $50,000,000.

Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy Cures Irregular Heart Action. At Druggists, 50 cents.

The jailer should not be known by the company he keeps.

Earliest Russian Millet.

Will you be short of hay? If so, plant a plenty of this prodigally prolific millet. 5 to 8 tons of rich hay per acre. Price, 50 lbs., $1.90; 100 lbs., $3.00; low freights. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. A

It's funny how many men there are trying to get rid of a "good thing."

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The baker who mixes his dough properly has a soft thing of it.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

One million miles is the "length" of an American locomotive's life.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

A London physician advises a quiet sea voyage for insomnia.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

South African diamond mines yield over $40,000,000 annually.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A man may be too poor to hire a lawyer and at the same time can afford to keep his own counsel.

Patience and Perseverance.

Three million packages of Putnam Fadeless Dyes are put up every year. To do this necessitates the handling of one hundred thousand pounds of dye stuff.

The packages are filled by dipping the dye stuff up with a large wooden spoon and placing in an envelope. Five car loads of dye stuff handled with a wooden spoon! This is accomplished every year by the dozens of young ladies employed by the Putnam Fadeless Dye Co., Unionville, Mo.

The population of the Philippines is stated at 10,000,000.

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."—Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and be quickly cured. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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SECURE FOR ALL WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Patent Good. Use by Beginners. ATTENTION

THE CURIOSITY OF A GIANT SQU...

A TALE OF A DEEP-SEA DIVER.

BY ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE.

The master diver was turning over some of his old helmets. Long and corrupting acquaintance with salt water had left the tinned-over copper bulbs a rusty, greenish gray.

"Why don't I keep them polished up?" he said. "Because they're a great deal better the way they are. A shiny new helmet is one eternal nuisance; you never get any peace till it's coated over. When I'm wearing one, I always feel as if my head was a sort of trolling spoon; anyhow, most fish regard it that way. And I must say they do certainly seem to be trying their level best to be caught.

"I often think that with the majority of seabeasts life must be one long struggle between a natural wariness and a more than natural curiosity. They've all been brought up to give a wide offing to things they don't understand; but it's bred in their bone to want to see and keep up with everything that's new. And when it's something that's got a glitter or polish to it, all that their parents and guardians have taught them from the beginning of time isn't going to hold them back.

"And no one has such opportunities to find that out as the diver. At first, when you're being lowered, there's nothing but a flicker of tails disappearing in every direction; but after a while, and very soon if you're wearing a new headpiece, you begin to make out big pairs of goggle eyes staring at you from the under-sea twilight, and they gradually move in closer and closer. In a few minutes probably they'll be making little darts at your fingers and swishing their tails across your face.

"And yet in some cases they may not be at all hesitating about introducing themselves. Down in the West Indies there's a fish of the forward sort. That's the booby. Did you ever see a skate when a fishman's tied a cord around his neck, bent his silly face forward, and set him up on a table to keep things gay and humorous in the market? Well, a booby looks something like that.

"But with all his amazing ugliness, it isn't the booby's looks so much as his overwhelming suddenness that makes him unpopular with deep-sea men. A diver goes down, and along with the other fish the booby hears of it. But is he shy and timid about coming forward? The minute he hears of a miraculous stranger in his midst, my, but he does more than 'want to know!' He's not even content to 'wait for the extrys,' as you might say; he's got to rush straight downtown to see the bulletins!

"The first thing the unsuspecting diver knows, he's hit plump in the forward face-plate; and between his being jarred like a ship in a bow-on collision, and his being given the firm belief that he's had a visit from the very old grinning demon of the under-sea himself, he's ready to put for the surface like a stampeded derrick-hoist, and do his recovering slow and at leisure. He's lucky if the booby hasn't tried the thickness of both his side-plates, too, before he's safe over the gunwale!

"There's another sea beast that has his own peculiar curiosity, and that's the giant squid; but there's nothing so very humorous about their little prying inquisitiveness. Once in the Mediterranean one gave me a half-hour which I thought would leave me gray-headed. Just how near it was to being my last dive I'll never know.

"It happened in the end of the summer, when I'd been on that job near Shanghai, and I was coming home by way of Suez when I got a wire at Port Said from headquarters directing me to take my gear and side-track myself direct to Palermo, Sicily. When I got there—and I didn't lose any time making connections—I found that a badly moored liner had pinched a big lighter between herself and the mole—the long stone wharf and breakwater the Palermese are so proud of—and, smashing it abeam, had sent it to the bottom. It was a government lighter, and its cargo was an unusually valuable one—would run $40,000 or $50,000 in our money—and I was to do what I could toward hoisting a good fat salvage out of it.

"It was simple, easy work. There were two or three hundred medium-sized cases to derrick up, and for me it wasn't much more than snap-to the chain-hooks and give the word to haul away.

"In fact, there was only one thing which kept the job from being exactly the kind I like; I couldn't seem to make good tenders of the Italian seamen they'd given me to work with. They would pump steadily enough, but had no head at all for signal taking; and before long I was practically regulating my air supply, and timing my descents for myself.

"I never got too little wind, and when I got too much I simply opened a wristband and flabbied out in no time. Then, too, I had a leaded cable ladder dropped from the side of the mole to the deck of the lighter and I climbed up and down that without any useless telegraphing. After the first week I told them not to bother looking for any signals but those to let down and haul up the hoisting tackle.

"For all the Italians were stupid about a diving 'hose and line,' they were mighty good fellows; and in the evenings, when they could get off, I had great times with them and their friends. Queerly enough, too, most of my fun was in going fishing for the squid. They way of catching it was a new idea to me. They take 20-foot cane poles and fasten bunches of sturgeon hooks to the ends of them, like a lot of very short lashes on very long whip-stocks; and they manage to get 'Signor Pulpu'—as the polite Palermese call the beast—tangled up in them pretty badly.

"They do their fishing on nights when there's a moon, for squid make it their habit to spend their day out at sea and to come back inshore late in the evening. When it is moonlight they can be spotted very easily, for they swim just below the surface, and their pinwheel motion roughens up the water above them till the bright silver is in oxidized whorls. As soon as a pulpu has circled himself into striking distance a bunch of hooks is slid under him, and one fine Italian twist and jerk does his business before he knows what's killed him.

"And they're not slaughtered wantonly, either, but the pot and oven, like any other fish. Although I was naturally rather stand-offish about them at first, after I'd tasted them boiled in oil and caraway seed, and lathered over with eggplant sauce, I couldn't help owning that Americans aren't the only people who know what's good.

"I suppose, too, my eating them changed my way of looking at squid a lot; anyhow, even while we caught most of them off the very mole that I was working beside, I don't think I gave two anxious thoughts to them when I was in the water. More than likely that was because those I'd seen caught never weighed more than 25 pounds, and because I took it for granted that they were all out at sea in my working hours. Well, they weren't all under 25 pounds, or all out at sea at daylight, either!

"I learned this one afternoon when something went wrong with the jerry rigged derrick we were using. For half an hour no tackle had come down to me, and at last I got tired of doing nothing. I'd never been between decks at all, for as the boat was a common lighter, everything I'd had to handle was piled up above; but now that I had the time, I thought I'd like to see how the Sicilian lighterman had his living quarters furnished. So I climbed down the hatchway ladder.

"You often hear people speaking of 'black darkness,' and, as I've had cause to know, it's possible for some caves and mine cuttings to be pretty pitchy; but they're nothing to what the hold of a wreck can show. When you're down any depth to speak of, there's almost no such thing as refracted light; if you don't get it in the form of direct rays, you don't get it at all.

"When I stepped out of the shaft of hatchway twilight into the 'tween decks shadow it was like passing through a curtain; and as I felt my way toward where the cook's galley ought to be, it was like thrusting my arms and legs into a new element—one thicker than water and not even liquid; it was kind of furry and seemed to slide and creep.

"It had its effect on me, and the gloom and 'lonesome horrors' that no diver working in darkness is ever without, were beginning to craw over me, when suddenly something whipped and closed about my wrist. It was like a big roll of cold, slippery elastic.

"It held me only a moment, but it left me water-kneed, goose-fleshed and swallowing. I don't know where my blood went to, but I know it dropped out of my heart as if an exhaust had been opened in the bottom of it; and on my feet were the pigs of lead that hold you down in nightmares.

"I stayed right there, listening to my pulse beating in my ears and feeling myself grow sick; and when I did pull myself together enough to reach for the signal line, my arm was clutched like a flash. The next moment my other was a prisoner, too. Then the tentacles began to nose about all over me like eels.

"I did not need my eyes to know what it was. I'd heard of the curiosity of the giant rock squid, and I'd often watched the little ones in the Palermo aquarium. They'll lay hold of something new to them, and paw it over deliberately by the hour, squeezing and pulling it, and never letting go for a minute.

"All this came back to me, and I could judge the size of the squid that had got hold of me by the length of its arms. Its eyes told its bulk, too; for when I'd got my strength again, and my struggling began to turn its curiosity into anger, they came out phosphorescent in the darkness. They were hideous anough danger signals, and as I wrenched and heaved they lighted up uglier and uglier. For all I could do the grip on me only tightened.

"But it wasn't the tightness of the grip that was sending the crawling shudders through me; it was the kind of grip it was. For the suckers—and there were two rows of them on every arm—began to 'set' and 'draw.' They glued themselves to me all over, but I felt their mouth worst on my bare hands and wrists.

"Sometimes I would get hold of the end of an arm, and twist it off me; but it only gave and stretched like the elastic it was. I knew that as soon as I had to relax the tension it would spring back again. And every minute or two the brute spat its sepia; I could smell it even through my rubber suit. I fought and yelled like a crazy man, for my nerves had gone; but the thick 'hough! hough!' the beast makes when its blood is up was all the answer and heed it gave me.

"Yet in that first terror it hadn't rightly come over me what my real danger was. It was only when I had struggled and screamed myself tired and had gasping leisure for clear thinking that I realized what the end of it was likely to be. My first thought was, that, after all, I couldn't be choked to death nor my air supply shut off, and it would only be a matter of time till I and the brute would be hauled up together.

"Then of a sudden my mind went back to the aquarium again, and I remembered that whenever the little squids in it caught a fish, or anything else soft enough, they never failed to finish handling it by pushing out that chisel-edged, parrot beak of theirs, and ripping it up just as a child might an old rag doll. Its head had only to let go whatever it was holding to in the galley, the beak had only to reach the breast of my suit or even to slit up one of my sleeves to drown me as sure as if there weren't a diving pump within a thousand miles of Palermo.

"I think I went into a kind of delirium then, filling my helmet full of senseless screeching till it rang like a Chinese gong, jerking and writhing the brute's arms, and flinging my head back and forward in the crazy hope of sending up a signal that way; but I had too much slack, and I knew they'd probably not heed it, anyway.

"All the time the suckers were drawing steadily stronger; from the first nip and sting, I felt now a long burning ache. One arm was coiling itself more and more around my neck. I could hear it rub squeaking about my copper collar, and as it tightened I knew it was bringing the head gradually closer.

"The sepia was now as vile as two-year bilge. As I foamed and fought, the eyes stood out like great apols with candles behind them, and the lights in them turned crueler and crueler at every heave I gave. I couldn't think or pray. I could only rave at the Italians up above for letting me be done to death like this.

"Suddenly I felt the hose and line growing taut. The next minute I was off my feet, and there was a terrific tug as the squid's anchorage in the galley was broken. But we were lifted steadily up, he still gripping to me, and so in one big clump we came to ...ed to get a pur... squeezed through, but ...was in luck that he had ...other things to think of, for they kept his beak off me.

"No, I didn't end up by fainting or anything like that. When they'd unscrewed my face plate, I just sat on the side of the mole and did a little laughing and crying both at once. I can remember yet the outlandish sound I made; it was for all the world like the squawking of an old rooster when you've laid his poor neck across the chopping block.

"It was two days before I could key myself up to putting the armor on again. Even then you could still see the red marks all over my hands and wrists; you can make them for yourself by touching your skin with a pneumatic nozzle for a second, or even by sucking hard with your lips.

"My tenders said they had hauled me up because they'd felt a queer, steady pulling on the hose. Probably the brute had got hold of it with one of his arms, and had reefed in the slack to see what it was; its curiosity may have been my salvation after all. However, my gang took all the credit for it, and they prepared to boil and eat two of Signor Pulpu's legs by way of celebrating the event. But first they put him whole on the scales. He weighed only 79 pounds—but, as the celebration showed, it was all pretty solid muscle.

"That feast petered out before it was really well started. Even 'fore-the-mastjaws couldn't manage it; they cast anchor in the first chop. As for me, that was no great disappointment, for I'd been content to look on. Somehow, I still felt stand-offish toward that squid. Eating your conquered enemy is kind of un-American, anyway."—Youth's Companion.

WHITE ANIMALS.

Facts About Polar Bears, Arctic Foxes, Ptarmigan and Blue Hares.

A polar bear would not have a chance in stalking seals if it were of a darker color. The only black spot about it is the tip of its nose. The sailors who first landed on various unknown Arctic shores and bays stated that the bears used to take them for seals, and begin to stalk them at a considerable distance, lying down flat on their bellies in the attitude in which the well known photograph by Mr. Gambier Bolton shows the old polar bear at the zoo, and wriggling along in that position until they came to an ice hummock, when they would get up and peer over to see if the "seals" were alarmed and wriggle on again. The sailors added that they could always see the black nose when the bear got near, and vowed that the bear put his paw over his muzzle to hide it.

The Arctic foxes, the "blue" hare, the ptarmigan, ryper, and ermine all undergo the seasonal change to white by an identical process. The hair or feathers, as the case may be, lose color and turn pure white by what may almost be described as an instantaneous process. In the foxes and birds the white comes in patches; but the speed of the color change is remarkable. There are many stories of people whose hair has turned white from shock "in a single night." Judging by the birds and foxes, these stories must be true. No one ever sees the process of fading going on. The feather or patch of fur which was brown or smogy-gray suddenly whitens. Yet no one has actually seen the color going. The explanation usually given is that it takes place by night. There seems no "half-way" tint between the white and the original color.—The Spectator.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A shoe firm in Toledo, Ohio, has traced to the depredations of mice, losses in greenbacks and other paper money which have amounted to $20,000 in four years.

Hon. Lilah Constance Cavendish, the 17-year-old daughter of Lord Chesham, is the owner and manager of a black farm near her father's estate, in Buckinghamshire. Here she keeps black cattle, black horses, black sheep, black goats, black dog, black cat, black rabbit—black everything that is to be seen on a farm.

The type of horseshoe common in the Orient is a plate fitter so as to cover the entire bottom of the hoof, with a perforation in the centre. The weight of the average horseshoe is three-fourths of a pound. The native smiths usually cut these plates from sheets of wrought iron and rudely shape them for the purpose in view.

Evanston, Ill., boasts the oldest "co ed" of any educational institution in the country. Mrs. Virginia Waterman is a student in the Northwestern academy at the age of 60, and she expects to take a full college course. Mrs. Waterman will be graduated from the academy this year and will then go to Cornell university, where she expects to take up her residence with "the other girls" in Sage hall.

A Tuscan noble who flourished during the seventeenth century had the ceilings of his palace lined with exquisite mirrors of the finest quality of glass, while a contemporary of his adopted a similar device, the mirrors, however, being flecked with gorgeous flowers of al hues of the rainbow. The effect presented by the latter decoration was reputed to be exceedingly picturesque, and one may well conceive that such was indeed the case.

A single cocoon of the ordinary silkworm will frequently give a double thread 1100 feet in length. The ancestors of that caterpillar, when the Chinese first domesticated them, about 4500 years ago, could not spin half as much web as would make for themselves a comfortable blanket. Plenty of good food and warmth have done much to raise the domestic silkworm above its wild relations, but what has chiefly helped them is that the poor specimens have always been killed off, and only the biggest and strongest kept.

Seeing from Mountain Tops.

Standing on the highest mountain—say at a height of 26,668 feet, which is slightly over five miles above sea level—on a clear day a man can see to a distance of 200 miles. To see objects at a distance of 100 miles the observer must be standing at a height of 6667 feet above the level of the sea. The rule is that the distance in miles at which an object on the earth's surface may be seen is equal to the square root of one and one half times the height of the observer in feet above the sea level, allowance being made for the effect of atmospheric refraction.

One's own words are very sweet until one is forced to eat them.

A Question.

They say a tiny little stream
Helps make a mighty sea,
But do you think that Lincoln once
Was just a boy like me?

I know a small black apple seed,
Can make a tall, straight tree,
But do you think a Washington
Can be made out of me?

And if I grow and grow and grow,
And do the best I can,
Do you suppose I'll ever make
A celebrated man?
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Who Am I?

Who am I? is a game which occasions great fun and it entails very little trouble on the part of the hostess—only that of preparing a number of slips of paper equal to that of her guests and writing on them the names of various well known people.

When the game is to be played the hostess pins one of these names to the back of each of the guests, so that every one may be able to read who every one else personifies, but each is ignorant as to his or her supposed identity. Each player asks "Who am I? of the others, who in reply describe the appearance of some other characteristic of the person represented. It adds to the fun of those who fail to discover their supposed identity have to pay forfeits, or, instead of this, two prizes may be given, the first to the one who first guesses his character and a "booby" prize for the last. The difficulty in guessing usually consists in the divergent opinions expressed about even the best known politicians, artists and actors of the present day.

Good Men for a Football Team.

A correspondent of the Targum made up a team of mythological, historical and fictitious characters, claiming it would outplay any collegiate team. Here it is:

Left end Mercury, left tackel Goliath, left guard Mars, centre Atlas, right guard, Hercules; right tackle, Ares; right end, Achilles; quarter, Julius Caesar; left half, Caius Maximinus; right half, Boewulf; full, Sampson; umpire, Munchhausen (because he never told the truth); referee, George Washington (because he never told a lie); physician, Aesculapius; head coach, Lemmuh (who never was satisfield with the team, and was good at shouting instructions from the side lines).

We are afraid our readers would find it hard to make up even a second eleven; but it might be well to try. We suggest Richard Coeur de Lion and Briareus as two good substitutes at least. But who is Lemmuh? Wouldn't Stentor have been a better choice? Lovers of atheletics might also find it amusing to make up a team for a tug of war. Certain giants might be available for this contest. There are some good ones in Jack the Giant Killer, for instance, and there's the Odyssey one.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Nippy's Breakfast.

"Bow-wow!" said Boxer, the great St. Bernard.

"Woof!" said Rex, the collie.

And both the big dogs looked up from the bones they were gnawing to snap at Nippy, the little fox terrier, who had come up to near to the butcherman's cart, they thought.

"Go away!" snapped Rex. "This is our butcherman; he brings meat for our master and us. He wouldn't give anything to a little dog like you."

"Please, big doggies," said Nippy, "can't I have the bones when you get through eating them?"

"If you don't bother us may be you can," Boxer growled, munching away.

So Nippy sat down and watched them gnawing away. How he wished his master knew such a good butcherman as theirs did, so that he, too, could have nice juicy bones!

The butcherman came out of the house talking angrily to himself.

"Here, get out of the way, you dogs!" he said, shaking his basket at Rex and Boxer. My, how quickly those two big dogs slunk off with their bones in their mouths.

Poor Nippy, he too, dropped his tail between his legs and turned to run away. No bones for him today.

"Why, come here, you poor little fellow. Wouldn't those big ones let you have a share? Well, you shall have some breakfast this minute. Here's a bone for you. Now be off, and don't let them get it away from you, mind."

Nippy knew better. He grabbed that lovely bone from the butcher's hand and put for home as fast as his four legs would carry him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Winter Nutting Party.

"A letter for you!" said Mr. Chadwick, looking up from his morning's mail and tossing a small square envelope to Mabel.

"For me, papa? I wonder who it is from!" and Mabel in a flutter of anticipation ran for her paper-cutter.

It proved to be an invitation from Ethel Cheney, one of her school mates, to her nutting party on the next Saturday afternoon.

"I am so glad!" said Mabel. "We always have such nice times at Ethel's house. But isn't this queer?" and she read aloud, "'Baskets, but no extra wraps, will be needed.'"

"That means you are to gather your nuts in the house, instead of in the woods," explained Mabel's brother Ralph, with a laugh.

"I don't just see how," said Mabel.

Nobody else seemed to see "just how," and for the next three days the nutting party was the principal topic of conversation among Ethel's playmates.

Saturday afternoon found Mabel, with a half-dozen other children, on the steps of the Cheney home, each carrying a basket. Inside were more girls and boys and baskets, and for a time the maid who attended the door was kept busy admitting the bright, merry-faced guests.

When all had arrived, Ethel's grown-up sister, Miss Eunice, made known the way in which the nuts were to be gathered.

Two bushels of walnuts had been scattered through the house from garret to basement, and the childrens' part was to find them. Each one was to carry home all that he gathered, and they were at liberty to search anywhere for them wherever there were open doors. The only restrictions made were that neither doors nor drawers were to be opened.

When the signal was given there was a moment's hesitation, and then what a scampering there was in all directions! Closed doors were soon found to be in a very small minority. The large house had been thrown open and thoroughly warmed from top to bottom, and everywhere the searchers came upon nuts, either singly or in small piles.

Beds and bureaus, chairs and tables held the coveted prizes, and many an explorer of some particularly dark corner of stairway or closet was rewarded by the addition of a big handful to his store.

Was there ever such another merry time! Such a clatter of nimble feet! Such shouts and squeals! Such musical laughter! Such a hum of happy voices! It was worth far more than the trouble just to see and hear it all, asserted Mrs. Cheney, as she watched the boys and girls flying hither and thither in their eager haste.

But it was in the old garret that the children had the most sport. The queer hiding places in which nuts might be found gave zeast to the search, and when Mabel emerged from under the cobwebby eaves with hair a little rumpled, but triumphantly holding a full pint of walnuts, what a dash there was for the dark corners!

At last it was over, the children could find no more nuts, and down stairs they trooped to consider their spoils. It was soon decided that Mabel Chadwick's basket was fuller than any other, and she was a very happy little girl when, as a reward for being the best nut-gatherer there, Miss Eunice presented her with a beautiful little china nut-dish that had two miniature squirrels for handles. There was a pretty box of assorted nuts for the small boy who has the newest number of walnuts to carry home, and everybody seemed contented with the results of the nutting, all agreeing that it was almost more fun to hunt for nuts indoors than out in the fields.—Youth's Companion.

A Russian Romance.

Miss Kondacheff, a Rusian author, tells in the St. Nicholas the folowing pretty little romance of Twelfth Night fortune-telling:

Here is a true story I was once told, showing that once upon a time this prophecy actually came true.

It happened somewhere in the country, many, many years ago, in the "good old days," when there were no railroads, and people traveled about mostly in their own sledges or carriages drawn by post-horses, or if the distance was not to great, by their own "troika"—a Russian sleigh drawn by a team of three horses.

The heroine of my story was at that time a young girl still in the school room, greatly troubled with lessons, governesses, and dancing-masters, and becoming rather tired of her quiet life in the country. So, one fine evening, just before going to bed, she thought she would like to cast one look into the future and see from what direction she was to expect her fate. She stepped out accordingly upon the terrace, and—whiz—her slipper went skimming through the cold night air. But what was her discomfiture when she saw it fly over the high fence and into the road beyond! Here was a predicament.

She could not posibly folow and seek it in the deep snow, her feet clad in silk stockings, and only one slipper for them both! She did not like sending out the servants, who were all at supper, and it did not seem worth while to put on thick boots and begin a regular search so late at night. "This comes of being too curious," she soliloquized, as she limped to her own room. "Well, never mind; I dare say I'll find my slipper safe and sound tomorrow morning." But her search next day proved vain; fresh snow had fallen during the night, and the lost slipper, she thought, was probably buried deep beneath the soft white covering.

Several years passed. Her parents moved to Moscow, where, in the course of time, she married an officer in the Emperor's guards. In her husband's study, on the mantel shelf, she often noticed, among other knick-knacks, a girl's dainty but faded satin slipper. It certainly seemed familiar to the sleigh. The 'something' proved dered about it, she never could remember where and when she had seen just such shoe as that. At last her curiosity grew to such a pitch—the old slipper was always half reminding her of something, she knew not exactly what—that she decided to question her husband about it.

"It is an old story," he answered, "and happened many years ago. I was then a young fellow, just beginning life, and traveling post-haste to join my regiment. Happening to pass through a village one evening, at a great speed (my horses being fresh and in high spirits), I suddenly felt a stinging blow on the cheek, I heard an exclamation from the other side of a fence—and something dropped into the sleigh. hTe 'something' proved to be a satin slipper, and as I took it up, my cheek stinging with pain, I own that I felt very angry and indignant at this unexpected assault.

"Then I remembered it was Twelfth Night; I remembered, too, the ancient custom, and by that time my wrath had calmed down. I even thought of turning back and delivering the weapon into the fair hands that had, unintentionally, dealt the blow, but on looking round, I perceived that the village, 'Krasnoe' I think it was called, was far behind us, and I, still holding the slipper in my hand, was being carried along over the snowy steppes at full speed.

"I have never since been in that part of the country, nor have I any idea whose feet once tripped about gaily in this old thing; but I came to have a tender feeling for it. I was sorry for the girl who had surely been looking for it and probably wondered about its mysterious disappearance, and as time rolled on I somehow came to associate it with my early youth, and all its golden dreams; that is why I have kept it all through these past ten years. You are not jealous dear, are you?" he added, smiling.

"Jealous!—of my own slipper?" she cried. "This is fun! Why, it is mine, mine, mine! and she clapped her hands and laughed a joyous, ringing laugh. "You said the village was Krasnoe, on Twelfth Night, and just ten years ago? Why, it must be mine! From the very first I though it looked familiar and like an old friend! Ten years old! I was 15 then, and, oh, so tired of lessons, lessons, lessons, and snow, snow, snow, all day long, with nobody of my age near, and the winter evenings so lonely and dull that one evening I decided to try the old experiment, and see whether there was any hope of a change for me. And it has come true! for didn't it strike you on the cheek? Poor old cheek!" and she patted it tenderly.

Five yards in four years is the rate at which the water pouring over the falls of Niagara wears away the rock beneath.

Her Observation.

"I must say," said the irascible person, "that this climate——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Miss Cayenne, "but I fear you are starting with a misstatement. I have observed that when anyone exclaims 'I must say' he is in reality going to give utterance to something that it is quite unnecessary to mention."

Asiatic Turkey is to be rescued from semi-barbarism by the construction of $140,000,000 worth of railroads, one of which will run through Euphrates valley from end to end. The new roads will follow the old caravan routes, and they will touch all the principal cities and towns of Bible land.

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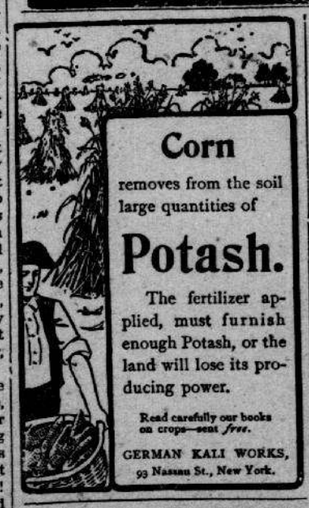

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