

MILDRED'S SNAP-SHOT.

"Oh, pshaw! You're too mean for any thing!"

Tom Gillespie turned and beheld about ten feet distant a very jolly-looking girl, who held a camera, and whose evident design had been to choose him as a subject for a snap-shot.

"I think you're the mean one," said Tom; "you nearly made me tumble! And did I move?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I was, and you did," replied the unheeded arrival. "I want it for mamma, and it was such a lovely chance. You don't care, do you?"

"Care?" laughed Tom; "of course not! I'll sit anywhere you want me to if you'll send me one of the pictures."

"Oh, goody; I'll do that!" eagerly agreed the tiny photographer. "Can I make two?"

"All you wish my dear," promptly consented Tom. "But what may be your name?"

"Mildred Wells, and mamma's name is 'Dearie' Wells. We're only here for the summer, you know. We go home next month and maybe the winter will go to California. Have you ever been to California?"

"No," said Tom. "I haven't, but I'm going some day."

"Wouldn't it be jolly if we could meet out there?" chattered Mildred. "I like you. Mamma'd like you, too, I guess. Now sit around on that stump again, just as you were before, and put your pipe in your mouth. There, that's the way! Now, just a minute and I'll get you all right. My, but that's fine!"

A few days later, as Tom Gillespie sorted his mail, somewhat aimlessly, this indifference suddenly vanished as he picked up an envelope on which was scrawled a full copy of his business card, and in addition the caution, "For nobody but Mr. Gillespie." Tom drew forth a letter and a crumpled and spotted picture, which he immediately recognized as that of himself on the stump. Then he read the epistle. It ran:

Mr. Gillespie—I promised you a picture, and here it is. Two were bad and one was good. This was good. I made it this morning on one of the only two pieces of printing paper I had. I thought it was fine until I showed it to 'Dearie,' my mamma. It made her cry. The spots on it are her tears. She just said 'Tom,' and then she cried all over it, and you see how she spoiled it! I am going to make a good one for her on the only piece of printing paper I have left. She says she will keep it as long as she lives. When I get more paper maybe I'll send you a better one. I also inclose a little picture of 'Dearie' sitting on the house-block, so you can see what she looks like. I made it. Isn't she sweet? I shall keep your card a long time, for I like you very much. Your little friend, MILDRED WELLS.

Tom, whose fingers now trembled, took from the envelope the hitherto overlooked picture of 'Dearie.' The effect of his first glance was startling. His pipe dropped from his mouth and he flung himself back in his chair.

"Great heaven—Laura! At last! At last!" he exclaimed.

"Tom, can you forgive me?"

Could he? It looked as if he did when ten seconds later Mildred danced up and down as Tom, kneeling at 'Dearie's' side, brought the pretty head around and then gave proof in such a way that Mildred excitedly shouted:

"That's right! Kiss her! She can't help herself. Ain't he lovely, 'Dearie'?"

"Now you go and get your camera and make our pictures," said Tom to Mildred, as she settled himself in the hammock by 'Dearie's' side.

Tom came very often to the farm during the next few weeks. There had been cases like it before and probably will be again. When, fifteen years previously, Laura Hale, to please her parents refused to marry Tom Gillespie and became the wife of Willis Wells, Tom nearly heartbroken, had left her side to hope and wait, believing that her love was still for him, a then almost penniless lawyer. For years he had managed to at least know where she was, though he never trusted himself to see her face. Then their paths drifted apart until Tom's fishing-rod and Mildred's camera brought them together.—Chicago News.

The Calf.

While fashionable women are wearing their hair carefully disposed about the face and drawn to a high knot atop the head, there is talk of a return of the Mme. de Maintenon coiffure. This will bring down the locks to curve about temples and cheeks in, let us hope, becoming ringlets. Something is sure to happen to make women cut their hair, now that it has grown long and even. Women with plenty of time and money give much attention to their hair. One week it is washed, the next it is styled, then it is brushed, and the next it is treated with tonic or again brushed. After a few months of such care the hair becomes shining, pliable and greatly improved in color. Hair thoroughly washed, dried and immediately waved will keep its wave for two weeks. A late notion is to confine the freshly dried hair in a loose silk mop-cap, lined with cheese cloth. A layer of cotton between cheese cloth and silk is thick with violet sachet. An hour's wear suffices to impart to the hair a delicate perfume. The same cap may be bought, made and perfumed, but it is much cheaper to make them, and the home-made ones are sure to be prettier.

—A Voice in the Dark.—"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No, you're not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." A pause. "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty." "If you don't turn over and go to sleep I'll get up and whip you." Another pause. "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to whip me?"—Denver Tribune.

SCIENCE NOTES.

At a recent flower show in England some sweet pea vines were exhibited which were grown from seed taken from the tomb of an Egyptian mummy buried some 2,000 years ago. The blossoms were of a delicate pink and white and were less than the ordinary size.

Mr. Spencer, an aeronaut, together with a companion, left the Crystal Palace, near London, and landed between Trepout and Dieppe, France, on July 29. In crossing the Channel they were obliged to throw out everything to prevent their falling in the water; even their anchor was abandoned. The balloon then attained an altitude of 12,000 feet.

A Chilean snake charmer was recently bitten by a Gila monster while giving a performance at Coney Island. The wound was dressed by a doctor, who tied a tight bandage about the wrist, drawing out the poison. The snake charmer had tied a tight compress about his thumb. This probably prevented the poison from spreading through the system, and undoubtedly saved his life. The bite of one of these snakes usually results fatally.

There is one department of the municipal government of New York which does not cost anything and into which politics do not enter. This is the Municipal Art Commission, which passes upon the artistic merits of all paintings, statuary and other works of art offered to the city. The commissioners serve without salary and they are their own clerks. They pay no office rent, meeting at their offices and houses. Owing to a wise provision of the new charter, the Mayor is a collector prepared by an association of art societies called the "Fine Arts Federation," so that it is strictly non-partisan.

A large percentage of the flowers which are exhibited at horticultural shows show the results obtained by crossing different varieties, so the deficiencies in one may be made good by the virtues of another. The Department of Agriculture is studying how to obtain orange trees that possess greater hardiness, and at the same time produce a delicious fruit. Their efforts have been crowned with success. The sweet orange was crossed with the Japanese orange, which resulted in the production of a hybrid that is much harder than the ordinary sweet orange. The department is also experimenting with crossing sea island cotton with upland cotton, and the pineapple has also been the subject of experiment.

It seems we have at last aseptic dueling. According to The Medical News, in a recent Paris duel, whenever the sword of one of the gentlemen who sought this foolish manner of settling their differences touched the ground, the duel was instantly interrupted until the blades were thoroughly sterilized by passing through the flame of an alcohol lamp. What is specially feared is that the swords may become contaminated with the bacillus of tetanus. A French surgeon has issued a book giving regulations for the proper conduct of a surgeon when summoned to a duel. The most rigidly surgical sterilization of the dueling swords is recommended, and their careful preservation in the state of most absolute asepsis until they are handed to the duelist.

ALL SORTS.

Every lover of baseball believes he was once a mighty good player.—Athens Globe.

Among the infantry regiments of the British army are ten nominally Scotch, eight Irish, three Welsh and forty-three English.

On an eight-mile road now being built in Missouri, to connect with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, twenty-four bridges are to be constructed.

The rifle which Kit Carson carried for forty years is now a prized and carefully guarded possession of Montezuma lodge, F. A. M., Santa Fe.

It is estimated that about 400,000 acres of land in the United States are planted with vines, three-fourths of them in bearing condition. In the amount of wine raised, New York State ranks next after California.

Lily Langtry's new husband is the disinherited son of a baronet with an income of only \$1,500 a year. We fear this enterprising Englishwoman will find her latest "dear boy" an expensive luxury.—Hartford Times.

Poultryman E. C. Lightner, of Trenton, Mo., is making ready to ship 200,000 live chickens to Honolulu. They will make the journey to San Francisco in forty standard poultry cars and every car will carry 4,000 pounds of feed.

"Tod" Sloane announces that he is worth \$100,000. If "Tod" is wise he will get a guardian appointed for himself now, give him the money and make him give bonds not to pass it back at the rate of more than \$10 a day.—Chicago Times-Herald.

French railroad companies have been ordered by the courts to provide their passengers with season tickets without advertising. The Western railroad had increased the number of advertisements until a season ticket was as thick as a pocketbook, and commuters refused to carry them.

A blue book of the employees of the District of Columbia government has recently been prepared by one of the officials. Vermont has thirteen sons in the service of the District of Columbia government, and they draw an average salary of \$13,265. Maine has fourteen employees in the district government, while Massachusetts has forty-four. Every State in the Union is represented.

THE HEART OF MARCIA.

Her name is Marcia. It is pretty, not so? She was blind. She lived here in this house, on Polk street. You know the little window high up near the top? It was there. The rent is cheap. Late at night her brother Luigi came home. He was a cook.

Terese came to live in the house with Marcia and Luigi. And they were happy—all three.

In the evening they sat on the stairs and talked, or Beppo played his mad-doll while Marcia sang while it was all dark and still—maybe a little noise from the street. And on one of these nights, which were dark nights, the little blind girl sat silent, as if unhappy, and sighed.

And when it was all finished—when Beppo had gone home—Marcia and Terese sat silent and held each other's hands.

"What's it, little bird?" asked Terese. And Marcia sighed and held down her head and cast down her eyes, as though they feared to meet those of Terese.

"I am in love," said the blind girl. She hung her head on Terese's shoulder. "Oh," she cried, "you are in love! You are in love!" Then she grew white and held the little blind girl off and looked at her a long time, silently and strangely.

"Yes," said Marcia simply. "Terese, thinkst thou Beppo likes me?" The serenata was like a fete. There were hundreds that sat beneath the trees and listened, as did Terese and Marcia. Beppo sat between them.

"There is a song in the night," said Beppo, "and there is a song within my heart, but it is unsung."

"I will sing it for thee," said Marcia, and she smiled.

"Thou art good," said Beppo. "And yes—thou shalt sing for me, and make me happy." And though he spoke to Marcia he looked at Terese, and love shone in his eyes. And Terese looked at him and love shone in her eyes. But her face was white nevertheless and her eyes were downcast. And when Beppo clasped his hand she did not smile. When he pillowed her head upon his breast she did not look up.

"Thou lovest me?" said Beppo. He looked at her drawn face and thin lips, and read the love within her eyes, so that for a moment he was awed. "Thou lovest me," he said. And Terese hung limp within his arms and dropped her head.

"Yes," she said. "I love thee."

Then—just as poor blind Marcia's song came to an end—they kissed. And why the sound of it should have been so loud I do not know—maybe it was not loud after all—but it reached the ears of the little blind girl like the roar of a mountain torn asunder. The last faint chord quivered unheard in her throat and ended in a choke.

"Marcia," said Beppo, at last, "Terese and I"—and pressed her hand across his mouth. But the little blind girl understood, and rose to her feet with her face all white, and she spun around her hands were flung high above her head so that they fell in Beppo's face as he caught her and laid her tenderly on the ground.

Terese cried, as Beppo turned to her with face all puzzled.

"She loves thee." She sobbed and kissed the poor white face of the little one. "She loves thee, and I must go away."

But Beppo did understand this.

"Lovest thou me?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," answered Terese, "thou knowest that."

"Then," said Beppo—he smiled—"that is all."

When Marcia opened her eyes her face was wet with tears, and the whole of the tale was being sobbed into her ears. But she only smiled, and when she rose she grasped the guiding fingers of the two and walked up the stairs to the little room with the window that overlooked the lake as though nothing had happened at all. Though Terese cried all the way down again, despite the kisses and caresses of Beppo.

How to Appreciate Water Cress.

Water cress is not half appreciated; people dip it in salt and nibble at it a little, or garnish dishes with it, but it is a delicious salad plant if it is properly treated. It costs next to nothing to raise, and the supply is inexhaustible, as it is constantly growing. It flourishes for nearly nine months in the year, provided it is not allowed to seed, and its crisp, pungent flavor has an especial charm. All salad plants should be thoroughly washed through several waters. Shake the cress in a big bowl of water, sprig by sprig. Put plenty of salt in the water; the cress is generally full of queer little parasites, and the salt sends them quickly to the bottom. After washing in several waters, shake it until it is thoroughly dry. Heap it in a salad bowl and put in a cool place. It is leaving a delicate salad in a hot kitchen while the dressing is better prepared that sends it to the table in a wilted condition. Cut a few chives in tiny slices—use a very sharp knife—and when this is prepared sprinkle it through the cress. When ready to serve them make a dressing—a simple French dressing—and be sparing with the vinegar. It is said that a London physician asserts that the cause of the good health of that metropolis is due to the fact that water cress is sold in vast quantities at the market every morning.

"See, Edmund," called the postcard girl, "those sunset clouds which were silver are now lead." "Lead!" muttered Edmund, who was thinking of dollars. "Then I guess we had better try to pass them on conductors when the car is crowded."—Harper's Bazar.

—The president of the bank seemed very much perturbed. "I'm afraid we shall have to keep an eye on that new clerk," he said. "Have you noticed anything suspicious?" asked the cashier. "Well," said the president, "I saw him in a restaurant this morning eating strawberries with his breakfast."

ELECTRICAL NOTES.

In some places trolley companies are cultivating strips of lawn between the tracks, producing a most pleasant effect. The Electrical Review remarks that grass in the streets is now a sign of progress rather than of retrogression.

A South Side church in Chicago has a steeple on which are lights are placed. The lamps are 225 feet above the level of the street, and, as it might be imagined, produce an excellent effect and serve to effectually advertise the church.

A correspondent informs us that on the Milwaukee-Waukegan electric line air brakes and air whistles have been used with much success. The distance of twenty miles is made in fifty-five minutes, so that there is need for effective brakes and whistles. We noted a short time ago that they were to be applied on the cars between St. Paul and Stillwater.

There are two electric tramways in operation in Holland. One is from Vaals on the German frontier which is only half a mile in length, and the line from the Hague to Scheveningen is somewhat over six miles. The cars are actuated by accumulators, as the trolley system is forbidden. Holland is a country of short distances, and it ought to be an ideal location for tramways.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, have recently constructed two electric locomotives for the Imperial Government of Japan, where they will be used in the coal mines. These are the first engines of the kind which have been exported from America. The height from the rail, exclusive of the trolley, is 2 feet 10 inches; width, 4 feet 2 inches; length over end bumpers, 11 feet 8 inches. The locomotive complete weighs 12,050 pounds, and is of twenty-horse power. It has a speed of 8 miles per hour.

In Germany electric plowing compares favorably with steam plowing as regards expenses. The cost of electric plowing in heavy soil with deep cultivation is from \$11.25 to \$14.55 per acre, while the steam plowing costs \$21.25 per acre. The mechanism used on the royal farms in Prussia consists of a motor wagon containing a motor driving the winding drums, and the motor may also be coupled to the driving wheels of the wagon to give it the proper advance at the end of each traverse of the plow. The depth of the furrow is 8 to 10 inches and the speed of plowing is about 3 feet per second.

We have already referred to the offer of President C. J. Glidden of the Erie Telephone and Telegraph company of a million dollars for a telegraph repeater and telephone quadruplex. He has received a large number of letters, and he states that many persons have entirely misunderstood the offer, and inferred that the sum is to be set aside to be used by inventors to assist them in their efforts to produce such a device. The offer is, however, only for a perfect device fully covered by the United States patents which are to be assigned, the instruments when used on telephone circuit to produce the same result, telephonically speaking, as the telegraph repeater and quadruplex in the workings of the telegraph circuit.

BASE HITS.

Baseball is a noble game only when your nine wins.—Chester Clarion.

No, Maude, dear, it doesn't take twenty runs to make a baseball score.—Philadelphia Record.

It is about time for the Brooklyn baseball team to lose a game, just to vary the monotony of things.—Brooklyn Times.

Baseball will strike the Philippines pretty soon and you'll hear of the Tagalos Luxon to the Visayas.—Philadelphia Record.

What a fine base runner Aguilado will make when the national game is acclimated in the Philippines.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Perhaps as a general rule among younger men, those most wildly anxious to get home are the baseball players on third.—Philadelphia Times.

Eventually scientific management may be able to reduce the great American game to such a perfect system that the home team will always win.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Are you a lover of the national game?" he inquired as they passed into the ball grounds. "No, sir," replied the person addressed, "I'm a baseball umpire."—Philadelphia North American.

"Say, I wouldn't be as superstitious as you are for \$40." "Who's superstitious?" "W'y, you. Carryin' a horseshoe to de ball game." "Aw, go on. Dat's to soak de empire wit!"—Kansas City Star.

First Citizen—I'll bet the home team lost to-day's game. Second Citizen—What makes you think so? First Citizen—Those two fellows we just passed were causing the umpire.—Ohio State Journal.

He (just accepted)—And now, darling, hadn't I better speak to your father? She—Not this evening, George; no. Papa attended the ball game this afternoon and you know the home team lost.—Ohio State Journal.

Don't forget the umpire. Don't forget him for one little moment. He will notice it if you do, and become miserably unhappy. Tell him what you think of him unceasingly. There is nothing so pleasing to an umpire's ears as the sweet strains of a whistled voice singing softly on the evening air. "Hey, red light, you're a topper and a thief!" Umpires love to be criticized in this manner. With every criticism they break up wonderfully, and their straying sense of justice returns. You've noticed this in the case of your favorite umpire.—Baltimore American.

WILLIE WICHMAN'S RISE.

Andy Breen and Willie Wichman were in love with the same girl. Their contest over the affections of Annie Haywood had gone on for about six months. Apparently neither had gained a lead. Annie could not bring herself to make a choice. She liked them both.

This was perhaps peculiar for the suitors were of distinctly different temperaments. Breen was stylish. He thought more of appearance than of education or sober knowledge of any kind. He was gallant and pleasing to the ladies, and was considered a good catch by the matronly minds of the village. He was head salarman in the country store at Woodstock, where anything from a hairpin to a plough could be purchased. He received the munificent sum of \$5 per week.

Willie Wichman, on the other hand, was rough shod, but good-natured and hard working. He lacked the gaiety which brings a young man into demand at social functions.

Willie was being brought up to the trade of cobbler. His father was the most widely-known tradesman in the village.

One night, after a small society gathering, Willie went home feeling downcast. That night he thought the matter over and decided he would go to New York, make a name for himself, return and carry off the prize. So on Saturday the weekly paper printed this item: "Willie Wichman is going to New York to make his fortune."

Andy Breen felt happy and easy after this. His way would be clear.

Annie was philosophical. Willie had told her his intentions and she had given him her blessing.

In two weeks the local paper announced: "Willie Wichman, who left us a fortnight ago, has secured a position in the employ of the X. L. N. T. Railroad, New York."

Everybody seemed glad that the young man was getting along, but the paragraph created no great future.

Along about three months afterward another item appeared, thus:

"Mr. William Wichman, son of his father, has been promoted and is now a trusted employee of the great X. L. N. T. Railroad in New York."

During the period of Willie's absence Andy Breen had had a flourishing time in his courtship. He and Annie had allowed Willie to float from their minds. They were engaged.

When the last account of Willie's doings appeared the girl began to think that she had made a mistake in accepting Andy without waiting to see how the other suitor advanced. So she put her wedding off, saying she would like to wait a little longer.

The whole village talked. In their imagination they could see the representative of the village at the head of the great railroad corporation.

Andy Breen naturally took the matter to heart. The postponement of his wedding made him look like the proverbial 30 cents in the eyes of the people.

One day Mrs. Haywood announced to her daughter that she was going to New York to do some shopping. Annie pleaded to be taken along.

The afternoon the girl and her mother arrived in the city Annie slipped away. Straight to the X. L. N. T. Railroad she made her way. Inquiry at the ferry-house brought no information as to the object of her search. She crossed the ferry.

The day was unpleasant. A drizzling rain was falling and a heavy fog hung over the Hudson River.

Annie asked more questions on the Jersey side. No one could tell her what she wanted to know. Finally she started back. She walked to the end of the ferry dock.

As she was about to step on the boat a slight breeze stirred her hair which made her hold her breath for a second. There was Willie, high up on the side of the ferry ship.

He was ringing the fog bell.

Annie married Andy Breen the next week.

DAYE M. VAN

Window-Cleaning Made Easy.

First remove all dust, both outside and inside. Use a skimmer and a cloth to clean corners and grooves. If the woodwork needs cleaning do this next.

If painted clean by rubbing with whiting and cold water mixed to the consistency of cream, then thoroughly rinse first with hot water and then with cold, and dry thoroughly. Washed wood should be well rubbed with boiled linseed oil and then well polished with a soft duster.

The glass may be washed with clean tepid water, to which ammonia or caustic soda has been added in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a gallon, or cleaned with whiting like paint.

Dip the sash in a bowl of tepid water, ammonia and water, or whatever you may be using, squeeze it almost dry, and rub the glass with this, rinsing it often. After all dirt has been removed in this manner, rub dry with a clean soft cloth and then polish with clean soft paper.

If you prefer to use whiting it must be mixed with cold water to a paste about as thick as this cream. Dip a clean cloth in this and polish as you would silver. Rub off the whiting with soft paper, and polish with clean soft paper.

In damp weather it is a good plan to add a little ammonia to the whiting and water, and this makes the glass dry more quickly, and it is less trouble to polish.

The great secrets are to have the cloths clean, to use plenty of them, and not to make the glass so wet that the water drips from it.

OF READING.

The golden rule is to read what you like.

Cornelia in Spain states that she had read 1,000 books in the past year.

More than 1,000 persons annually in the papers of Berlin.

In the South within the last month \$17,000,000 of new cotton have been invested in cotton mills.

Good extracted honey is heavier than water, and should weigh three pounds in the measure.

Since the beginning of the year no fewer than fifty-two persons have arisen out of the sea.

There have been 1,000 persons who have disappeared and ten who have been killed.

The largest mass of pure rock in the world lies under the pyramids of Gizeh, Hungary. It is known as the 550 miles long, 20 broad and 250 feet in thickness.

Even a little thing like the needle threader is worth \$10,000 a year to its owner, while the "needle ball"—a wooden ball fastened on a piece of elastic—yields \$50,000 per annum.

The cable rates between South Africa and England will be reduced to four shillings a word soon. This will be a boon to newspapers in case of war with the Transvaal.

In a single year the value of shares raised in Germany is estimated at one-quarter million dollars, and it is satisfactory to learn that the greater part of this sum goes into the pockets of the very poor.

Boston recently began a struggle against the English sparrow, and now the people regret it, because they claim the municipality is visited by plagues of bugs and other annoying things which the birds formerly destroyed.

The hydraulic mining pits in California materially changed the landscape in many places. The mines and Scientific Press recently had an interesting illustration of the hydraulic mine in Nevada, showing California, which was washed away fifty years ago, and now it is a covered with a growth of trees and other trees, and patches of brush, and the once verdant slopes.

General Boulanger's famous horse Tunis has met a sad death. After the fight at Omdurman the animal passed from hand to hand, and finally descended to the service of drawing a cab in the streets of Paris. This horse was for Tunis and he was sold to a dealer, a well-known dealer in Paris, by whom he was kept, but he was sold to a dealer in the market place.

PERSONAL.

Lord Robert Cecil, third son of Salisbury, is a practicing lawyer. He has been made a Queen's Counsel unusually early age. He is a member of the "Parliamentary Club" in the British parliament, and is done in this country by the practice is described as dull and tiresome.

Miss Wilkinson, the garden of Metropolitan Garden Association, London, has changed in her life to an extremely pretty girl. She is now a member of the "Parliamentary Club" in the British parliament, and is done in this country by the practice is described as dull and tiresome.

J. F. Edwards, a young man who was graduated from the University of Michigan, has been elected to the position of secretary of the United States Geological Survey. He is a well-known geologist, and has been a member of the "Parliamentary Club" in the British parliament, and is done in this country by the practice is described as dull and tiresome.

The Rev. Dr. Williams, a Unitarian minister, who is the oldest minister in the city, has been elected to the position of secretary of the United States Geological Survey. He is a well-known geologist, and has been a member of the "Parliamentary Club" in the British parliament, and is done in this country by the practice is described as dull and tiresome.

AN IDLE HOUR.

When we are young and full of life, we are told to be idle. We know that we are idle, but we do not know what to do with our time.

Time is not a thing, but it is a feeling. It is a feeling of being idle, and it is a feeling of being busy. It is a feeling of being idle, and it is a feeling of being busy.

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