

## WHEN THE YEAR IS YOUNG.

When the year is young, when the year is young,  
All the garbled and knotted orchard,  
Nod with wreathes of bloom is hung,  
And amid its odoriferous arches bees  
Tone the living day;  
Where the oriole, transported, carols  
His divinest lay;  
And within the heart's dim cloisters  
All the sweetest bells are rung  
To the tenderest of old discords—  
When the year is young.

When the year is young, care abjures  
Her dreary guise,  
Greeting beauty's swift renaissance,  
Exultation in her eyes;  
Hopes deferred feel sweet provisions  
And the very winds are gay,  
As they strew with cherry-petals all  
The grass at peep of day,  
Grief itself seems but a vesture, like  
These mimic frost-flakes, flung  
O'er the true, the bright, the joyous—  
When the year is young.

When the year is young, like a dream  
Are days forlorn,  
While the dropping bird-notes dimple  
All the airy set of morn;  
And, resurgent with their sound-waves,  
Well again, in tender ruth,  
The illimitable yearnings and the  
Artless faith of youth;  
To the last the springtime glamour  
O'er the dearth of life is hung,  
And no joy seems past renewal—when  
The year is young.

—Mrs. W. A. Cutting, in Vicks

## An Avenging Rescue.

In those good old days when the  
Apache was yet lord of the Mexican  
Sierra Madre, I was commissary clerk  
in a grading outfit that was engaged in  
building a railroad in the State of Cal-  
ifornia. While this place was one that  
gave me constant opportunity for the  
study of mulishness, there having been  
three hundred mules in the outfit, it  
was not one calculated to make me fa-  
miliar with feminine nature, a grad-  
ing camp being no place for a woman, ev-  
ertheless it was while so employed that  
my personal observation brought me  
to the conclusion that there is no  
creature more whimsical than a woman  
unless it be a mule.

Chihuahua was a wild bit of coun-  
try in those days, an uninhabited de-  
sert of bare mountains and hills, and  
waterless valleys and plains for the  
greater part, as for that matter, it is  
still so, but the Apaches are not there  
now, and Apaches are well, there is  
nothing with which to compare an  
Apache unless to the devil, of whose  
characteristics I have only a hazy  
knowledge.

The mules of the outfit were plain  
everyday mules, sometimes sensible  
and tractable, at other times foolish  
and stubborn, but never kickers al-  
ways. Their leader was not one of  
their own number, as one would natu-  
rally expect, but an old gray mare with  
a vicious temper who hated them with  
all her heart, and who was con-  
stantly fighting them, ever keeping them well  
beyond the reach of her heels and teeth  
—and they revered her, if mules can be  
said to reverence anything, never  
offering to return her kicks and bites,  
and they would have followed her into  
the very jaws of death. And because  
of this leadership the old gray was as-  
signed as mount to the man who took  
the herd out every night to pasture,  
for with her under control of an ex-  
perienced man there was little danger  
of the mules being stampeded and run  
off by the Apaches.

With a few exceptions, the men of  
the outfit were in keeping with their  
surroundings. Wild, rough fellows,  
whose only law was the dictate of the  
six-shooter held persuasively at "the  
drop," and the few orders issued by  
the "boss" of the outfit. Of these, none  
was wilder or rougher than one who  
was named "Bill" Smith. Physically  
he was a giant, and he was an ideal  
laborer, but morally he was a weak-  
ling, and his great strength in con-  
nection with extraordinary quickness in  
drawing his gun, giving him unlimited  
confidence in himself, at the same time  
inspiring his comrades with fear of  
him became the bully of the camp.  
Though he was not the coward that  
most bullies are, among the few who  
were not of Bill's class was a young  
Mexican, whose name appeared on the  
books as "Kid Cook," this nickname  
having come of his position as cook's  
assistant, and his smooth, beardless  
face. He was a quiet fellow of about  
nineteen years, given to blushing when  
rudely spoken to, and was as shy and  
timid as a girl; naturally he associated  
very little with the other men, and  
disliking him because of this, they bul-  
lied him continually.

Part of Kid's duty was to help serve  
at table, and one day, while filling  
Bill's cup with coffee, some one struck  
his arm, and some of the hot fluid fell  
on the bully's hand. With a bellow of  
rage, Bill sprang to his feet, and, with  
a sweeping blow, sent Kid staggering  
down into a corner of the tent, where  
he stood over him with drawn revolver  
threatening to kill him in a dozen dif-  
ferent ways if he should so much as  
bat his eye. Nobody offered to inter-  
vene, for all knew that, if left alone,  
Bill would do the boy no further harm  
but if interfered with might shoot him  
in a spirit of savage wilfulness, and  
that, as he used his gun promiscuously  
when once started, somebody else  
would get hurt. Kid wisely made no  
protest, but lay still and quiet, cov-  
ering his flaming face with his hands  
and, after a while, Bill put up his gun  
and went back to the table.

Anybody but a bully would have let  
that end the incident, but Bill seemed  
unable to forget his scalded hand and  
never tired of badgering the timid  
cook. Kid avoided him as much as  
possible but could not escape him at  
meal times, when would pour from  
him a perfect torrent of abuse. Watch-  
ing Kid at these times I would see that

his eyes, usually soft and shy, would  
fairly blaze with venomous hatred, and  
knowing something of Mexican nature,  
and how handy they are with a knife,  
I came to the conclusion that if I were  
in Bill's place I would one of two  
things—apologize to Kid and let him  
alone, or—kill him. I thought of  
speaking to Bill about it, but meditat-  
ing in another man's row was unethi-  
cal business in those days, so I ended  
by keeping silent.

Kid did not disappoint me. One  
night, as I sat reading in my tent  
there came from the outside a sharp  
exclamation that was followed imme-  
diately by the sounds of a struggle  
then a piercing scream, and I heard  
unmistakable in Bill's voice: "Yer mis-  
erable, sneakin' little kyote! Put yer  
knife in me in th' dark, would yer?  
Wall, I reckon not! An' now I'll jest  
give you er taste of it, my little snake-  
in-th' grass."

Grabbing up my gun, knowing that  
nothing short of that would have any  
weight with Bill, hurriedly threw open  
my tent, and, the bright light of my  
lamp flashing out, I saw Kid flat on his  
back, with Bill kneeling on his chest  
one hand gripping the boy's throat  
and the other, grasping a knife, up-  
raised to strike. In Kid's face there  
was a look of horror that I will remem-  
ber as long as I live. The sudden  
flood of light caused Bill to pause, and  
then his knife slipped from his hand.  
"Wall, I'll jest be all over d—d!" he  
ejaculated, and letting go of Kid's  
throat he stood up. I could see nothing  
to justify such a change in his attitude  
and I was amazed to see him now  
reach down and take Kid's hand.

"Git up," he said gruffly, "I ain't er  
goin' ter hurt yer—never would a  
teched yer if I'd knowed what I know  
now, an' I'm sorry I done it." He  
helped Kid to his feet and went on.  
"Now go back to yer tent; I ain't got  
ter blow on yer, an' I won't bullygar  
yer no more—sabe? I'll keep the  
knife, though, so's yer won't git inter  
no more mischief with it."

Kid made no answer and I could not  
see his face, but I did see his hands  
suddenly clinch as he went away into  
the darkness. Having watched him  
out of sight, Bill walked off without  
even a glance in my direction. I was  
greatly puzzled by what had occurred  
and my curiosity being aroused I de-  
termined to find Bill the next morning  
and get him to tell me what it was  
that caused this sudden change toward  
Kid; but that day was Sunday, and he  
left camp at daybreak on an antelope  
hunt, so I did not see him. Turning  
the affair over in my mind that morn-  
ing, I came to the conclusion that Bill's  
heart was too large for his judgment  
and that Kid would yet avenge him-  
self; and I was not wrong, though he  
did it in a way that I could not have  
expected.

Our camp was pitched on a low hill  
that rose island-like in the midst of a  
grassy valley. On the west this valley  
was bounded by a range of rugged  
mountains that came down to within  
a mile of camp, and on the east by a  
chain of high hills; to the north and  
south, where the railroad came in and  
went out, the grassy level stretched  
away further than the eye could reach.  
To economize in feed it was the cus-  
tom to pasture the mules in this valley  
whenever they were not at work, on  
Sundays and at night, and they went  
out as usual on the day following Kid's  
attempt to knife Bill, though not under  
charge of the night herder, he and the  
old gray mare having to remain in  
camp to rest and sleep. When the  
gong sounded for supper, about an  
hour before sunset, the herd was in  
plain view from camp, and not over  
half a mile away, so the herder gal-  
loped in to his supper, leaving them  
unguarded until the night herder  
should go out and take them.

As we were in the Apache country  
it was a very foolish thing for him to  
do. He had scarcely unsaddled his  
horse and gone into the grub tent,  
when shrill yells and whoops, mingled  
with the thunder of pounding hoofs  
coming from the valley, brought every  
man running out. Watching their op-  
portunity from their lurking places in  
the mountains, a band of half naked  
Apaches had slipped into the herd, and  
running and striking, were trying to  
stampede them. They would have suc-  
ceeded, but they were mortally afraid of  
Indians, but that the night herder, pre-  
paring to go on duty, had brought the  
old gray mare to the grub tent to wait  
while he ate his supper, where she  
stood in plain sight from the valley.  
The mules were running away south-  
ward when the leading ones spied her,  
and making a wide detour to avoid the  
Apaches who were following as fast as  
their legs could carry them, the en-  
tire herd came galloping in.

Yelling with rage and disappoint-  
ment, the Apaches turned to go back  
to the mountains, when a white man  
rode out from the rocks before them,  
and started across the valley toward  
camp. By his horse, which we recog-  
nized, we knew him to be Bill Smith.  
The Apaches opened fire the moment  
they saw him, and, changing his  
course so as to avoid them, he was  
promptly spurred his horse into a gal-  
lop, and we thought he had got safely  
out of range, when the animal sudden-  
ly went down, falling on Bill, stun-  
ning, and pinning him to the ground.  
Instantly a yell of exultation went up  
from the Apaches, and they dashed to-  
ward him, racing with one another for  
his scalp. While the men occasion-  
ally killed one of their number them-  
selves, it was quite another thing to  
see one butchered by the Apaches, and  
they groaned with horror, for they  
could do nothing but stand idly look-  
ing on.

Kid had run out of his tent with the  
others, and was standing near me  
when Bill went down. In the excite-  
ment of that moment I lost sight of  
him; and when I saw him again he  
had leaped astride the old gray mare  
and, digging his heels in her flanks,  
started a furious gallop toward the  
Apaches. At this another groan went  
up, for it seemed that the boy was on-  
ly riding to his death. A moment later  
we saw three hundred pairs of long  
sars cocked toward the old gray, three

hundred shaved tails flew upward, and  
the ground quivered beneath the  
pounding of twelve hundred hoofs as  
the mules dashed away after their  
leader. Soon they overtook her, and,  
ranging themselves behind and at her  
sides, bore down in solid phalanx upon  
the Apaches, racing along as though  
for their lives.

Oh, what a wel of delight went up  
from the men when they saw through  
Kid's design! The Apaches heard it  
and, looking behind them, saw their  
peril. As one man they halted and  
fired into the mules, then scattered on  
the run, the greater number making  
for the mountains, the others still  
holding their course toward Bill—his  
scalp was too great a prize to be lightly  
given up. Stretched out flat on the old  
gray's back, Kid rode straight for  
these, and, presently they dropped  
their rifles and ran for their lives, but  
it was too late. One after another they  
disappeared in a mass of switching  
tails and flashing heels, to go down  
under the herd, trampled and crushed  
into bloody pulp of flesh and bone.  
When the last of them had fallen Kid  
reined in, and, getting off his horse,  
started staggering toward Bill, but be-  
fore going far he fell limply to the  
ground.

We saw this while running across  
the valley, for the moment we under-  
stood what Kid was doing every man  
in camp started at the top of his speed  
for Bill. Those of us that went to where  
Kid lay found him insensible and  
bleeding profusely from a ragged tear  
where an Apache bullet had ploughed  
through his shoulder. Quickly I took  
him in my arms, and tearing open his  
shirt to better see the wound I made a  
startling discovery—Kid was a woman.

Bill soon recovered sufficiently to  
ride the old gray back to camp, but we  
held to carry Kid, and never was babe  
held with tenderer care by a mother.  
When she regained consciousness she  
sent away all the "boss" and me,  
and told us all about herself. Her  
right name was Luisa Monter. She  
was born and reared on a ranch back  
in the mountains, where the Apaches  
had killed her parents. Without  
friends or relatives, compelled to earn  
her own living in a land where women  
are not supposed to do anything of the  
kind, she wandered up to Paso del  
Norte, and was almost starved when it  
occurred to her to pass herself off as  
a man, and she was given a job in our  
outfit.

When we left her Bill went in and  
had a long walk. What passed between  
them we never knew, but he immedi-  
ately took charge of her and, as care-  
fully as a woman could have done,  
nursed her until she was sound and  
well again; and the next thing any-  
body knew she took him, unresisting,  
back to civilization and married him.  
Ten years afterward I ran across Bill  
in Santa Fe, and he was a changed  
man. His overbearing manner was  
gone, leaving in its place the very  
spirit of meekness, and he was pros-  
perous, owning a small grading outfit  
of his own. Kid and the children were  
well and happy, he told me—The Ar-  
gonaut.

### "Hoodoo" Flower.

There are many superstitious fan-  
cies about the lilac. It is the flower  
which is fatal to love affairs.  
Though the scent is so sweet and  
lilac tints are so fresh and becoming,  
country girls rarely wear this flower  
as a buttonhole. "She who wears  
lilac will never wear a wedding ring,"  
runs an old proverb. A boutonniere  
of lilac is paid for dearly by solitary  
spinsterhood. The village maiden lets  
the lilac bush severely alone.

For the same reason rustic wise  
women—with marriageable daughters  
—never allow a jug of the sweet-  
smelling blossom inside the house.  
They decorate the outside window sill  
with it. But "there's no love luck  
about the house" which contains lilac.

Londoners are not superstitious,  
they gather the lilacs which  
grow so profusely in light and subur-  
ban gardens with a lightsome igno-  
rance of the unlikelihood in love this  
charming flower confers. Village peo-  
ple cannot understand why "clever  
London folk" know nothing of the  
traditions of ill-luck about the lilac.

To give your sweetheart a sprig of  
this flower is a sure way to break  
the engagement. White lilac is said  
not to be so unlucky in affairs of the  
heart as the mauve. But neither  
should be presented to a lover. It  
is supposed to prove as fatal to love  
as an opal ring.

It will comfort the wearers of lilac  
millinery—and what is more love-  
ly than a toque of these white and  
purple blossoms?—to know love  
laughs at artificial lilac. It is only  
the real tree-grown flower that comes  
between a lover and his lass.

Stony-hearted bachelors have been  
known to sport a lilac boutonhole as  
a charm against feminine blandish-  
ments.—London Express.

### Don't Drink Water in Cuba.

As a rule it is much better to sip  
water than to swallow a glassful at  
one draught. The exception to this  
rule is in the morning, when one  
should drink a glassful or two of  
moderately cold water in order to  
flush the stomach while it is tabular.  
At other times, however, sipping the  
water is much more stimulating in  
its effect on the circulation. During  
the action of sipping the nerve action,  
which slows the beating of the heart,  
is temporarily abolished, and in con-  
sequence the heart contracts much  
more quickly and the circulation in  
various parts of the body is increased.  
Another advantage in sipping is the  
fact that the pressure under which  
the bile is secreted is considerably  
raised. It has been stated on good  
authority that a glass of cold water  
slowly sipped will produce a greater  
acceleration of the pulse for a time  
than will a glass of wine or spirits  
taken at a draught. Sipping cold wa-  
ter will, in fact, often alter the crav-  
ing for alcoholic drinks—a point  
worth remembering by those who are  
endeavoring to reform.—Ladies' Home  
Journal.

## IN DAISY DAYS

Oh, fair the earth and sweet her ways  
When dawns the month of daisy days,  
And bees hum in the clover;  
The orchard with its sweetness fills  
The light winds trooping o'er the hills,  
And birds with song bring o'er.

Is then a blushing orchid's face  
Frogs out from some neglected place  
Where ferns unfurl their laces;  
And not a flower, from daffodil  
To those which brave October's chill,  
Can show so many graces.

Oh, sing a song of daisy days,  
Like strawberries in meadow ways,  
And butterflies in session;  
Of days when bobolinks will tell,  
Above the birdweed's snowy bell,  
That music's their profession.  
—Katherine H. Terry.

## AN EXCELLENT REASON.

Is it something immensely import-  
ant?" I asked, as Winifred looked up  
with a number of wrinkles on her  
forehead.

"Immensely," she said with a sigh.  
"Are you writing a poem?"  
"Nothing could possibly be more  
prosaic!"

"Then I may be able to help you," I  
suggested.  
"Certainly not!" she exclaimed, and  
she instantly covered her sheet of pa-  
per with the blotting-pad. "That,"  
she added, "would be too ridiculous."  
At all events," she insisted, "I must  
write the letter myself."

"Whom is it for?" I ventured to  
ask.  
"Lord Carfield, whom I met at the  
Tracys' at Newport."

"I wasn't aware you corresponded,"  
I suggested.  
"Oh, we don't. At least, he has never  
written to me before," she answered.

"And you find Lord Carfield's letter  
difficult to answer?" I asked.  
Winifred sat with her right elbow on  
the edge of the blotting pad, her eyes  
fixed on the window, a charming air of  
self-consciousness on her small face.  
A tress of her hair fell forward over  
her forehead, which was still win-  
dled.

"Suppose you let me tell you what to  
say," I proposed, standing with a hand  
on her chair.  
"Oh, I know what to say—"

"Then where's your difficulty?" I  
demanded.  
"At least I think I do—only I don't  
know how to put it."

"Well you see, that's where I might  
come in."

"It has nothing—nothing in the  
world—to do with you," she said,  
rising impulsively.  
"I'm not quite sure of that—"

"But I am perfectly sure," she in-  
sisted.  
"Now, if you were to take me into  
your confidence as far as to show me  
Lord Carfield's letter?"

"Of course I shall do nothing of  
the kind," she retorted.  
"Then I must try to guess its con-  
tents—"

"You could never guess!" cried  
Winifred decidedly.  
"He wishes you to marry him," I  
said.

Winifred turned upon me with an ex-  
pression of complete surprise.  
"Why how did you know that?" she  
exclaimed with a fine flush.

"Lord Carfield has really asked you  
to marry him?" I asked.  
"Isn't it a nuisance?" she cried,  
lifting her eyebrows with an air of ex-  
treme perplexity.

"Well, that's all right," I said.  
"What is?" she demanded.  
"So that you think it's a nuisance?"

"Well, it is," she answered. "All  
my people are bothering me about it.  
They want me to—"

"They don't want you to marry the  
man!" I cried.  
"They insist there's no reason why I  
shouldn't," said Winifred, with a har-  
assed expression.

"Oh, but there's the most excellent  
reason," I urged.  
"Oh, do tell me what it is!" she  
pleaded more hopefully.

"I said I could help you."  
"But how?" she cried.  
"Take a fresh sheet of paper and a  
new nib," I suggested, "then I'll dic-  
tate your answer. Now, then," I dic-  
tated, "Dear Lord Carfield:"

"I've put that."  
"Thank you very much."  
"Oh, I can't begin that way," she ob-  
jected.

"Well," I said, "we'll try again.  
Dear Lord Carfield, I am deeply hon-  
ored by your request!"

Winifred put the end of her pen be-  
tween her teeth and turned toward me  
with a doubtful air.

"You know," she said, "I don't real-  
ly feel honored at all."  
"Of course not. It's a mere matter  
of form. Now, then, we're not getting  
on. I am deeply honored by your re-  
quest, but I regret to tell you—"

"I must know what I'm going to tell  
him first," cried Winifred, pausing  
again.

"I regret to tell you that I am un-  
able to consider it—"

"But I did—very seriously," she in-  
sisted.  
"Oh, well," I said, "of course, if  
you really care for the fellow—"

"Well!" she cried provokingly.  
"Why, you may as well write the let-  
ter without my interference."  
"That's what I told you at first!"  
said Winifred triumphantly.

"I think I shall say good-by," I re-  
turned, and I took my hat from the  
table.

she began to write at a great pace.  
When she had finished she carefully  
blotted the letter and directed it to  
Winifred. "You might like to see it,"  
she suggested, on the point of seal-  
ing it.

The contents were barely two lines,  
asking Carfield to call at 4 o'clock the  
following day.

"Will that do?" she asked.  
"I think mine would have been bet-  
ter!" I said. "Now suppose you sit  
down again and finish my letter, then  
we can compare notes, you know, and  
I'll post which you please."

"Very well," she assented, and she  
sat down and took her pen again.  
"Where were we?" I asked.

"Dear Lord Carfield, I am deeply  
honored by your request, but I regret  
to tell you that I am unable to consid-  
er it—that's all we've done," said  
Winifred, looking up with an expectant  
expression.

"Because—"

"Yes, I've written that."  
"Because I am already engaged to  
be married to—"

Winifred threw down her pen, making  
a large blot on the pad.  
"I didn't know you were making a  
joke of it!" she cried, indignantly.

"I'm not," I insisted.  
"You are telling me to write non-  
sense."

"You never wrote anything half so  
sensible in your life," I assured her.  
"Besides, it isn't true," she said.

"Not yet," I answered, "and you  
haven't finished the letter. Now, sup-  
pose you finish it."

Winifred took up the pen again.  
"Because I am already engaged to  
be married to Mr. Arthur—"

"Oh, this is dreadful!" she murred,  
bending low over the paper.

"To Mr. Arthur Everett," I said.  
"Now all you have to do is to remain  
his very truly, or very sincerely, and  
sign your name."

"So Winifred signed her name; then  
she leaned back in her chair and star-  
ed hard at what she had written.

"I drew a chair to her side and sat  
down.  
"And now?" I suggested.

"And now?" I suggested.  
"Of course," she continued, "it isn't  
likely I could send him a letter of  
that kind."

"Still, it contains the truth," I hint-  
ed.  
"It says that I am engaged to be  
married," she said, "and of course I  
am nothing of the kind."

"You will be, Winifred!"  
"Some day, perhaps."

"To-day is as good as another," I  
urged.  
"And to somebody," she added.

"If it comes to that," I insisted, "I  
am better than any one else!"

Winifred looked into my face with a  
smile on her lips; then she became  
profoundly serious.

"Perhaps—perhaps you are," she said,  
quietly, and then—  
"But don't think  
I shall tell you what followed."

—Thomas Cobb.

Veinbrose's Theory of the Origin of Kissing.

According to Professor Cesare Lombroso,  
the distinguished Italian crim-  
inologist, kissing is quite a modern  
practice and originated in a very curi-  
ous manner. The kiss, as a token of  
affection, was unknown to the old  
Greeks, and neither in Homer nor in  
Herodotus do we find any mention of it.

Hector did not kiss his Andromache  
when he bade her farewell, neither  
did Paris press his lips to those of  
the beautiful Helen, and Ulysses, who  
was more of a cosmopolitan than any  
man of his day, never dreamed of  
kissing the enchanted Circe, and when  
after long wanderings he returned  
home to his spouse, Penelope, he af-  
fected himself with putting one of his  
stalwart arms around her waist and  
drawing her to him.

The people of Terra del Fuoco, says  
Lombroso, have taught civilized na-  
tions the origin of the delightful art  
of kissing. Drinking vessels are un-  
known in that country, and the peo-  
ple, when they are thirsty, simply lie  
down beside brooks and drink the wa-  
ter as it flows by them. It is evident,  
however, that infants could not satisfy  
their thirst in this primitive fashion  
and therefore their mothers have for  
ages supplied them with water by di-  
ling their own mouths first and then  
letting it pass through their lips into  
the expectant mouths of their little  
ones. In some places the banks of the  
brooks and rivers are so high that wa-  
ter cannot be obtained in the usual  
way and the mothers, in such places,  
draw it up through long reeds.

Birds feed their young ones in a  
similar manner. They first fill their  
own mouths with water, and then  
transfer it to the wide open mouths  
of the little ones. This very ancient  
maternal practice, according to  
Lombroso, the only source to which  
the modern practice of kissing can be  
traced. The custom of pressing one  
mouth to another originated with the  
women in Terra del Fuoco, who could  
only supply their infants with drink  
in this manner, and it is presumable  
that they learned the lesson from the  
birds. Finally, we are told that kiss-  
ing is an evidence of slavery and a  
memorial of that early stage in our  
development during which the wife  
had not yet triumphed over the moth-  
er, nor love over maternity.

Lombroso's views on this subject  
meet with the general approval of  
scientists, though there are some who  
point out that his explanation of the  
origin of kissing is not in accordance  
with the one handed down to us by the  
old Romans. These latter maintained  
that the kiss was invented by hu-  
bands who desired to ascertain in this  
way whether during their absence  
from home their wives had been drink-  
ing their wine or not.

Others cannot live in the Baltic  
sea. The reason is that it is not salt  
enough. They can only live in water  
that contains at least 31 parts of salt  
in every 100 parts of water.

To clean a carriage, first put the  
wheels in a tub of water and wash  
them with a brush. Then wash the  
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and water. Finally, polish the wheels  
with a brush and oil.

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Londoners are not superstitious, they  
gather the lilacs which grow so profu-  
sely in light and suburban gardens with  
a lightsome ignorance of the unlikeli-  
hood in love this charming flower con-  
fers. Village people cannot understand  
why "clever London folk" know nothing  
of the traditions of ill-luck about the  
lilac.

Soldiers in the Italian army are  
allowed two hours in the afternoon  
for a nap.

There is only one woman among  
women in sight anywhere.

Twenty-four men have been  
twenty years and upward in the  
ed States Senate.

The post office department has  
issued special warrants in regard to  
short paid letters for foreign countries.

Half a century ago the labor cost  
the production of 100 gold dollars  
was 100 cents. Now it is only 50.

A church society in Rochester  
discussed at a recent meeting the  
question: "Which is more democratic,  
fashion or tobacco?"

The strongest statement of the fact  
is his reverence for his mother. He  
always stands in her presence and  
invited to sit down, a compliment he  
pays to no one else.

Balloons are used for drying linen  
in Paris laundries. Bamboo frames  
are attached to a captive balloon and  
the clothes are attached to them. The  
balloon makes six ascents daily to a  
height of about 100 feet.

In India extensive experiments are  
being made with the rainforest, which  
is considered by some medical men to  
be a better preventive of malaria than  
the eucalyptus tree.

The young King of Spain always in-  
sists on having his pockets filled with  
coppers before going for a drive, and  
scatters the coins among the many  
beggars who crowd around his car-  
riage.

It is estimated that the losses by  
business failures in the last ten years  
amount to \$1,000,000,000, which is more  
than