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GOD'S COUNTRY.

"You seem," she said, a little resentfully, "to be in a very thoughtful mood."
"I've been thinking," he replied, "of a beautiful spot on the shores of a far-off lake. I can seem to see it as plainly as if we stood there now. A high promontory jutting out into the clear blue water; the far-off hills across the lake; the wind blowing across the smooth and silvery surface of the water and causing the whitecaps to sparkle in the sunlight; the waving branches overhead, the soft grass under foot; the never-ceasing splashing on the pebbles below; the great solitude and the realization of nature's magnificence."
"It is a splendid picture. I wish I might see it."
"I wish you might. I wish I might have the privilege of showing it to you."
"That would be jolly—but—but, of course, if it is away off in a lonely place it would not be proper for you to lead me to it. Are there no houses there?"
"No. It is as yet uncontaminated. It is all just as God made it. I can almost fancy that I hear your exclamation of delight as you stand upon that high point of land, looking out across the blue water, with the breeze tossing your hair and swishing your skirts and the sunlight sifting through the branches, turning your soft, brown tresses to burnished gold."
"Is it very, very far from here?"
"Not so very. About a day's ride."
"I suppose it would not be possible for a girl—for me—to go there alone, would it?"
"It might be possible, but it would hardly be advisable. You might get lost, or you might find that somebody else had wandered in there. A hundred disagreeable things could happen. And then you wouldn't enjoy standing there all alone, would you even if you knew you were absolutely free from danger?"
"Of course, I should prefer to go there with—but—but, then, we couldn't go there together, you know. We might have a quarrel with us if you—dear me, what am I saying? There is no reason why you should want to go there with me or to be bothered by mamma. She is so uncertain on her feet when she tries to climb hills or go about where it is necessary to step over stones. I suppose I shall never be able to see it."
"There might be such a possibility if—"
"If a party were organized, perhaps. But I should not want to go there with a crowd."
"You would want to be all alone?"
"Well, practically alone."
"I wish I might hope to—"
"I suppose you intend to return there some day and see it again—just as it was—without one to break in upon your reverie or spoil your pleasure by asking silly questions."
"Some day I hope to go back—see it just as it was the first time I lay spread out before me. But I do not want to be absolutely alone. I would enjoy it a thousand times more if some one else were—that is, if I dared to go—but why should I think of such a thing? It might not seem as splendid to others as it seemed to me. It might not even seem as glorious to me again as it did the first time I ever stood there. My mood may have had much to do with it. I can never get back into just that mood again. Something has happened since then which makes it impossible for me to look at anything just as I looked at things before."
"Oh, I'm so sorry. Has some great bereavement come to you? I have never heard you mention anything of that kind. You must be brave; you must try to blot it from your memory."
"It is not a bereavement. It is a great happiness that has come to me—yet it is a happiness that must end, and when it ends I shall be the most wretched man in the world."
"How sad. Is there no way in which you can make it last? Why must it end?"
"I wish I might tell you—but—but—no, I shall not be able to make it last. I have no right to hope for that."
"But things seldom turn out to be as bad as we expect they are going to be, you know. You may go back there some day and be happier, as you stand on that promontory, looking across the blue water, than you ever were before."
"There is only one thing that could ever produce such a result."
"What is that?"
"He looked longingly into her deep, melting eyes and took an eager step toward her. Then he stopped, drew a deep sigh and said:
"If you knew what it was you would not ask me to explain."
"Then, is it something that—that is wicked or that I would not approve of?"
"It is not wicked—far from that. It would be glorious—heavenly! But you would not approve of it."
"Am I the only girl who would not approve of it?"
"I wouldn't care whether any other girl approved of it or not."
"And do you care whether I—that is—oh, pshaw. George, what's the use stringing it out? We are not a three-act play or a continued story. Let's go there on our wedding trip."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE "SKY PARLOR" IDEA.

Why Mayor Jones's Habit is Not a Mere Fad.
The sky-parlor idea as expressed by Mayor Jones in his advocacy of sleeping in the open air has attracted much comment in the press. But like many a so-called fad, it is simply an application of the rules of common sense to living. The greatest foes to germs, bacteria and microbes are the air and the sunshine. Given both in unlimited quantities, nature ordinarily takes care of herself.
The ordinary home is but a trap to catch and a place to cultivate all manner of diseased germs. Our household furnishings, fittings and hangings are often nothing but harbors for these destructive invaders, while the free access of air and sunshine, the only efficacious means of keeping these dangers in check, is impeded by the very furnishings which give them lodging. Yet in most households it is deemed of more importance to keep some prized hanging or floor covering from fading than it is to keep the room in sound sanitary condition.
A hospital for tuberculous patients has just been opened in Philadelphia. It is "opened" in a larger sense than these institutions usually are, for it is up in the air on the roof. It is the specialist's idea that a life exclusively in the open air will be a benefit to this class of patients, and this hospital is the result of his theory.
Fully one-half of the "superficial" area of the crowded cities is now given up to roofs of varying qualities of usefulness and ugliness. A wiser generation than ours will utilize these for recreation and incidentally put those agencies which are poisoning the air with dirt and smoke and foul gases out of business. We shall all live more in the open and up in the air.
We have learned to build and use porches, but the roof is practically unutilized. We are only a short way yet from the sanitary conceptions of the cave-dwellers. We can all be healthier if we want to be and will give up the luxuries and practices that make us ill. Mayor Jones stated the other day that he felt as much ashamed of being sick as a man should feel at being drunk. The "sky-parlor" is just about as blame-worthy as the other. We can avoid both if we will.
Consumption is an unnecessary ailment. We live in a vitiated air at home. We breathe foul, dirty, poisoned air abroad and the bacillus attacks us in our weakened state. We can prevent any disease almost, though there are few that we can completely cure. We have learned to avoid the sanitary size of our ancestors, but we have other shortcomings just as bad. We have not yet corrected the habit of dying from disease, accident and overwork.—Toledo News-See.

A SHIP BUILT IN THIRTY DAYS.

Short Description of Launching of the First Pennsylvania.
The Philadelphia Press reproduced from Youth's Friend, a Sunday School book of the thirties, this description of the launching of the first ship bearing the name "Pennsylvania."
On the 18th of July, 1827, not less than a hundred thousand persons were collected at the river Delaware near Philadelphia, to see a ship launched. It was the largest vessel that had ever been built in the United States, and perhaps there never was more than one so large built in the world. It was fifteen years from the time it was begun until it was launched. It measured nearly two hundred and fifty feet in its greatest length, if twenty-one such ships were to line in a line, the length of the whole would be a mile. It is fifty-four feet high, and one of the three masts (one of which were in the vessel at the time of launching), is two hundred and eighty-three feet high. One of the anchors weighs nearly twelve thousand tons. When such an enormous vessel, as this was to be moved from the land into the water, it is no wonder that every one wished to see the sight.
The ship's name is Pennsylvania. It was built at the order of the river, under an immense frame boom, or rather shed, for it had no rooms in it. When the time for launching came, the end of the shed towards the river was taken away, and great timbers placed under and about the vessel to guide it into the stream. The Delaware is a mile in width at that place, and vessels of all sizes and kinds, and filled with people, crowded to a great distance. Ships and schooners, ketches and wharves, with their flags flying, and their decks and masts crowded, were arranged in view of the great ship. The wharves, houses, and shores, as far as the eye could reach, were filled with people, many of whom stood for several hours waiting for the launch. At the appointed time two cannons were fired to give notice that the ship would soon be launched. Several hundred men were employed in knocking away the beams that kept it in the position above; and in a few minutes the great ship, with a number of persons on board, glided out of the shed into the river. It was a splendid sight, and the crowd shouted as the Pennsylvania moved like a warship among the other vessels, the largest of which appeared like boats in comparison. You see a representation of the scene in the picture. The ship has just entered the river, and the people are waving their hats and rejoicing all around.
The Pennsylvania is a vessel of war, and can carry one hundred and twenty cannons. It is to be used for the purpose of keeping the peace, but that when the nations quarrel, it will be prepared to fight. It is to be kept at anchor, and we should still more earnestly desire that the time may soon come when all nations will be peaceful, not because they are afraid of each other, but because they love each other as all mankind ought to do.

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THE BRITISH INDUSTRY.

Most people if asked what buttons are made of, would reply, "Bone." We learn, however, from the Apparel Gazette that this is not so. Buttons are made of vegetable ivory, a tree which produces ivory "nuts." The ivory nut admits of wider and more varied treatment for this purpose than any other known substance, and is easily worked. The United States consumes more than one-half of the world's product of vegetable ivory, and nine-tenths of the vegetable ivory is manufactured into buttons. When the nut reaches the button factory it is cut into three slabs. In the process of cutting out the button is partially shaped. Afterward the three holes are drilled and counterbored. The button is then sent to the polisher, who uses the shavings and powder made in drilling to polish them in their white state. Afterward they are sent to the designer, who inscribes on the buttons in indelible green the designs needed to make them match the various waives, coloring and texture of fabrics. After receiving these outlines, if the buttons are to remain smooth, and receive another coat of coloring, they are put into dye. If they are to be stamped with a separate pattern they are put into a pressing machine fitted with dies of the pattern desired.

Where Lime Juice Comes From.

Nearly all the limejuices used in the world comes from the tiny island of Montserrat, in the British West Indies. The lime grows wild in many West Indian islands, but only in Montserrat it is used commercially. That island is one vast garden of lime trees, and nowhere in the world is there a finer sight than the thirty miles of orchards laden with the fruit of the lime or fragrant with its blossoms.
The fruit is gathered by negro women, who carry it down the hills to the shipping port in big baskets on their heads. Like all West Indians, they are remarkable for their ability to carry heavy weights in this manner. Once the company which handles the limejuice industry sought to lighten the burden of its laborers by introducing wheelbarrows. The negroes called the wheelbarrows "redskins" and then carried them on their heads as they had been used to carry the baskets. Many a negro woman will carry a hundredweight of lime on her head the distance of a mile or more.

England's Disappearances.

At the end of last year 2,000 persons were being sought by their friends in England. The largest total of disappearances for one month was thirty. This year there were twenty-nine disappearances in January, forty-five in February and forty-eight in March. Nearly one-half of whom were women. In 90 per cent of the cases reported officially last year, the missing persons were found to be living their own lives, their disappearances being brought about merely by their desire to get away from old friends and old environments. It is this class that is growing rapidly, the growth being attributed to the increased neurotic tendencies of the people.

A Contented Prisoner.

The Prussian prison authorities are perplexed what to do with a man named Michael Keller, whose sentence to death, passed upon him in 1833, was commuted to penal servitude for life. The prisoner is now an old man of 80, and although he has been offered his liberty on more than one occasion, refuses to leave the prison. He declares that, after being in jail all these years for a crime of which he is innocent, he does not wish to be released in his old age to be miserable. The man's relatives have been traced, and are willing to look after him, but he will have nothing to do with them.—London Daily News.