

FAIR INES.

O sun ye not rise here?
O sun ye not rise here?
O sun ye not rise here?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
I saw thee, lovely Ines,
I saw thee, lovely Ines?



THE big, square, weather-
worn house looked in its
silence and isolation like
the relic of a long dead
past.

Then she turned out the light
and crept to the window, where she
sat looking out across the way.

In spite of the flowers, however,
there was such an atmosphere of
sombre quiet about the house that
except for the presence of a tabby cat on
the step, it would have seemed to be unin-
habited.

The following morning she again
took her place by the window. But
the bus passed and Mr. Lorton had not
appeared.

Certainly every morning for more
than twenty-five years Mr. Lorton had
been seen to issue from his front door
punctually at 7 o'clock, in order to
ride to the station in the old bus
which passed at that hour.

Approaching the door of what was
probably Mr. Lorton's sleeping room,
she tapped gently upon the panel.

Late in the afternoon she went about
the garden attending the flowers with
her usual care. There was a small
square hole in the side of one of the
gateposts, where a pair of the prettiest
of the blue-coated songsters had nested
every year, feeling secure from mole-
station under Miss Phoebe's kind-
ly protection.

With a swift impulse Miss Phoebe
placed the white rose over the withered
petals of the red one. Then laying
her cool hand on the hot fingers of
the sick man, she said gently:

While Miss Phoebe was leaning
against the little gate, her spirit drifting
with the gentle current of happy
memories, she was suddenly startled
from her dreamland voyage by a
strange noise in the post at her side.

Again the fevered eyes turned to
hers, and again they sought the wall.
"No use," murmured the hoarse
voice, "no use to live; no future—no
one who cares—only red roses—red
roses—"

It was almost dark when Miss Phoebe
finally dragged herself from the
camp grass and entered the house.
Once inside the stately old drawing-
room, she drew the folded paper from
her bosom, and again read it over,
while tears coursed slowly down her
cheeks.

Miss Phoebe had no thought of his
return until she looked up and saw him
pausing before the gate. As his eyes
met hers she flushed ever so slightly,
stammered some little phrase of pleas-
ure for his recovery and then turned
toward the house.

A LAND OF WOMEN

Only One Out of Seven Persons in Paraguay is
Man is Always Leap Year in Revolution
The Work is Bachelors There and in Uruguay
Are Comparable With Old Maids in Alaska

Uruguay is probably noted
more for its pretty girls than
for any other thing. The
romantic side of southern
life has been heralded a
great deal, but the average Northern-
er, after sizing up the situation in a
sentimental way, is likely to conclude
that the courtesies are too strict and
the marriages not strict enough.

Mr. Lorton's hand which held the
letter dropped to his knee.
"Ah, Phoebe, you sent me a red
rose that evening."
"O John, how could I know? It
was by chance that I sent it as a
token of remembrance. Then for some
reason we went away that night in-
stead of the next day, so that I never
thought to look in the letter box. When
I came back a month later the blue-
birds had settled there, and it was
only by accident that I ever received
your letter, twenty-five years after it
was written!"

There is advertising and advertising.
That is to say, there is so-called
exploitation and exploitation that is
genuine. Business firms get out pam-
phlets, booklets, circulars, etc., and
these may or may not bring good re-
turns.

It is estimated that about twenty per-
cent of the young men who recently
applied to enter the Naval Academy
have failed in the physical test, and the
failure was largely due to the use of
tobacco, resulting in the irregular beat-
ing of the heart. Nowadays physi-
cians speak of the "tobacco heart," a
trouble caused by the excessive use
of the weed. When the smoker de-
velops into a "cigarette fiend" the ser-
vices of a physician are necessary,
but before this time the young man
is subjected to a physical examination
which the extent of the disorder becomes
known.

Country life in these far away places
has many strange features. Although
the climate is warm, the people live
principally upon meat. Mutton is the
great staple. The favorite way of pre-
paring it is to boil it with vegetables,
after which it is served in a large dish,
the family gathering around with
knives and spoons, each one helping
himself according to his wants. Very
little bread is used by the poor natives
living in the country districts. The
kind that is used is so hard that a ham-
mer comes in handy in breaking it to
pieces. The principal pastimes are
horse racing, card playing, and danc-
ing. The men are perfectly at home
on their animals and have the reputa-
tion of being very cruel to their beasts.
They overwork them and do not prop-
erly feed them.

English shipbuilders in May put into
the water twenty-five vessels, of about
55,191 tons gross, as compared with
twenty-seven vessels, of 54,715 tons
gross, in April, and twenty-five vessels
of 55,900 tons gross, in May last year.

WONDERFUL NATURAL BRIDGE

Here, across a canyon measuring
three hundred and thirty-five feet
narrow, stands a natural bridge of
sandstone, sixty feet thick in the
central part and forty feet wide, leav-
ing underneath it a clear opening 357
feet in perpendicular height. The lat-
eral walls of the arch rise perpendicu-
larly nearly to the top of the bridge,
when they flare suddenly outward,
giving the effect of an immense coping
or cornice overhanging the main struc-
ture fifteen or twenty feet on each side
and extending with the greatest regu-
larly and symmetry the whole length
of the edge of the canyon wall seems
partly to obstruct the approach to the
bridge at one end.

Evil is not eliminated by a synonym.
New light does not mean a new sun.
Only the truthful can know the truth.
Religion is more than a law; it is a
life.
Divine fear delivers from all other
fear.
The lowly in heart are lifted in
honor.
The world is a fearfully noisy place
to the man who is waiting for a chance
to blow his own horn.

At the final exercises of Harvard
commencement week, Phi Beta Kappa
Day, the oration was by Congressman
Samuel W. McCall, who took as theme
present day journalism. He said that
the vast consequence of newspapers
under a free government and the neces-
sary reliance on them on the part of
the people, who were supposed to de-
cide public policies, for facts of current
political history, made the press a fit-
ting discussion on an occasion like to-
day's. Mr. McCall said in closing:

Some of the Indian tribes of the
United States still cling to their primitive
forms of food. A notable instance of
this is the continued use of wotoks by
the Klamath Indians. This tribe occu-
pies the Klamath reservation, which is
a part of the territory originally occu-
pied by them before the arrival of the
white men, and lies in the southern
part of Oregon. The land has but a
small annual rainfall, but, on account
of its situation at the foot of the eastern
slope of the Cascade Mountains, it is
well watered with streams and con-
tains two considerable bodies of water.
One of these, Klamath Marsh, is par-
ticularly rich in plants, and conse-
quently in animal life. Occupying
about 10,000 acres of this marsh there
is a solid growth of the large yellow
water lily, Nymphaea polysepala. In
the old times the seeds of this plant
were collected by the Indians, and un-
der the name of wotoks, furnished their
principal grain supply, filling the place
of the corn used by some other tribes.
Today these seeds are still collected
and regarded by the Klamath Indians
as a delicacy. The lily seeds are har-
vested in August; the wotoks gather-
ers use a dugout canoe and pull them
around among the dense growth of
stems and leaves, picking off the full-
grown seed pods.

In tropical countries, between lat-
tude twenty-three degrees south and
twenty-three north of the equator, the
inhabitants use spices with their food
as we use pepper. A certain benefi-
cial effect is caused to the digestion,
namely, stimulant and carminative.
But there is a secondary effect, which
is perhaps even more beneficial seen
in the fact that the volatile oil passes
out of the body, mostly unchanged
through various channels, but chief-
ly through the lungs and skin, so that
in the tropics nature has provided anti-
septics which in passing out by the
lungs and skin kill the harmful mi-
crobes which might be breathed in
and also prevent, to a great extent
the attack of mosquitoes. It is a well-
known fact that insects, including
mosquitoes, dislike volatile oils, and
will probably not attack an individual
using spices as a food adjunct. It is
interesting to note that spices grow
where there is a high rainfall condi-
tions under which malarial influences prevail.
The author quotes various authorities
in regard to the antiseptic, antipyretic
and other properties of aromatics.
—Journal of Tropical Medicine.

Bishop Olmstead, who
succeeds the late Bishop Huntington,
is sixty-two years old, was educated
at Trinity College, and the Berkeley
Divinity School, and was ordained to
the priesthood in 1908 by Bishop Ho-
ratio Potter.

Even the post in the United States
and England eat white bread. In most
of the continental countries of Europe,
rye bread is the staple. The Russians
use buckwheat. The Laplanders have
a bread made of oats mixed with
pine bark, and the Icelanders make
their flour from helens. Banana flour
is used in the South Sea Islands.

THE BOY AGAIN

"The boy stood on the burning deck;
And viewed with scorn the scene.
Until he read his finish in
The powder magazine."
—Indianapolis Sun.

"You can't do two things successfully
at the same time." "I did." "What
did you do?" "Spent my money and
my vacation."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
A barytone singer out West
Was reckoned as good as the best.
The tones that he made
Were liquid, folks said,
Because they came from the chest.
He—"What, after all, induced you
to accept me?" She—"Well, you pro-
posed to me as if you sort of had some
other girl in view."—Cincinnati Tri-
bune.
Mrs. Lonzelle—"Weren't you sur-
prised, uncle, to hear that poor Harry
had left me a widow?" "That's about
all I expected he would leave you."—
Life.
"Ah, me!" exclaimed Harding, "it's
very hard to be poor." "Nonsense," re-
plied Snitnick. "I find in the easiest
thing in the world."—Philadelphia
Ledger.
"A man was buried the other day
to the tune of 'Brahma'." "Perhaps
he wanted it played at a time when he
couldn't hear it."—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.
Edith—"When I accepted Jack he
said he was in the seventh heaven of
happiness." Ethel—"Quite likely—
he's been engaged to six other girls this
season."—Punch.
They lunched a young lady in Mo.
Whose face was so piously pale.
That man from Augusta,
Said, "Lady you must
Felt sure you were living in ve.
Giles (who has been rendering "first
aid" to wrecked motor cyclists)—"Now
marry, I don't think as 'e be a mar-
ried man, 'cos 'e says this be the worst
thing 'ot as ever 'appened to me!"—
Punch.
"Are you going to the seashore this
summer?" "No," answered the broad-
looking man. "There's no use of going
myself. I can send the money every
week by registered letter."—Washing-
ton Star.
Shinestand Customer—"Why do you
charge only a nickel for a shine, my
lad?" Shinestand Kid—"So that th'
guy wid only a dime 'spond will h'v
a nickel left for a tip—see?"—Baltimore
American.
"Father," said the small boy, "what
is an investigation?" "An investiga-
tion, my son, is usually an effort to lo-
cate the responsibility for a disaster
after it's too late to make any differ-
ence."—Washington Star.
"Did Miss Gillington's wedding to
Count Graf de Swag turn out to be a
happy one?" "Yes, old Gillington said
it turned out better than any other
wedding of an American heiress and a
foreign nobleman he had heard about.
The count deserted her the day after
the wedding."—Baltimore World.
Hicks—"Pulling, the dentist, has
brought suit against one of his patients
for damages caused by the extraction
of one of the patient's teeth." Wicks—
"Guess you mean the patient has
brought suit against the dentist." Hicks—
"Mean what I said, Dr. Pulling
declares that he was over-persuaded
by his patient, and estimates if the
tooth had been left in it would be
worth at least a hundred and fifty
dollars in him keeping it in working
order."—Boston Transcript.
Bessie—"Do you know, I believe I'm
a half-fool and I guess Harry is the
other half." Kitty—"Not very compli-
mentary to either of you." Bessie—"I
suppose not, but I mean it, all the
same. Harry was up to see me last
evening, and by some accident or other
the electric light got turned off. And,
if you will believe it, we sat there in
the dark for at least two hours, if
never occurred to either of us that it
could be turned on again in half a sec-
ond."—Boston Transcript.
Caught the Train.
In a little village in the Ozarks, says
the Kansas City Star, a guest at the
hotel wished to catch the early morn-
ing train, and asked to be called at
3:30. Having no alarm clock and no
clock, he lunched sat up all night to
make sure of arising him in time.
The hotel-keeper found it rather hard
to keep awake, but at 3:30 promptly
he knocked at the guest's door.
"Get up!" he said in a surly tone,
"it's 3:30!"
The guest turned over and granted
in sleepy laziness. "Oh, I guess I'll
let that train go, and sleep till 7," he said.
"No, ye won't, either," shouted the
landlord, and emphasized his remarks
by shooting three or four shots into
the floor of the hallway from the re-
volver with which he had guarded the
hotel. "I sat up all night to get you
up in time, and you're a-going to get up
or I'll know the reason why!"
There was an ample perspiration
about the way he said it, and the guest
got up and caught his train.

The Fish and the Voice.
Eve voices, it is said, are seldom
found in a country where fish or meat
diet prevails. Those Italians who eat
the most fish (those of Naples and
Genoa) have few fine singers among
them. The sweet voices are found in
the Irish women of the country, and
not of the towns. Norway is not a
country of singers, because they eat
too much fish; but Sweden is a coun-
try of grain and song. The carnivorous
birds croak; grain-eating birds sing.

Bread Eaters.
Even the post in the United States
and England eat white bread. In most
of the continental countries of Europe,
rye bread is the staple. The Russians
use buckwheat. The Laplanders have
a bread made of oats mixed with
pine bark, and the Icelanders make
their flour from helens. Banana flour
is used in the South Sea Islands.

A Large Wireless Station.
The largest station for wireless tel-
egraphy is being placed near Pisa, It-
aly. On its completion, by the end of
this year, it is expected to afford di-
rect communication with all countries
of Europe, as well as the United States
and Canada, and with all vessels on
the Mediterranean, Indian and Atlan-
tic Oceans.

British Ships Built.
English shipbuilders in May put into
the water twenty-five vessels, of about
55,191 tons gross, as compared with
twenty-seven vessels, of 54,715 tons
gross, in April, and twenty-five vessels
of 55,900 tons gross, in May last year.

Matrimonial Reform in Afghanistan.
It is stated by a correspondent from
Peshawar that the Amir has ordered
that the people of his State should have
no more than four wives, and this is
to be strictly carried out by the Afghan
Sardars. It is stated that the Amir
himself has divorced his additional
wives, and that under this order Sar-
dar Abdul Kudas Khan has divorced
eight and Mr. Ata Ulla Khan thirty
wives.—Lancet Tribuna.