The Advancement of Learning in Women

By Tom Masson.

IB land is filling up so rapidly with ladies of least that t conceal one's ignorance 1 becoming an ever-increasing matter of difficulty.

No and the second state of the

We thread our way through groups of authoresses; female scientists are as common as trees; lady politicians are not wanting; and one needs to be extremely careful in selecting scine demure and seemingly ingenuous young miss for a teteorical imperative.

In this competition mere men have small chances. Occasionally a pro seer of psychology obtrudes himself into the public gaze; some fellow with a sen head for business hires an office and writes a book that runs through a a editions; & preoccupied astronomer discovers a star; or an ambition an (with the aid of a lady secretary), makes a speech bristling with ons. But as a rule men are dull instruments. Their occupations give am but little time to think. And their condition is rapidly becoming hop

It is time, indeed, that they face the matter with what courage they pos-ness, for it is one that vitally concerns them. It is already extremely hazardous to fall in love with a girl too hastily, when all the time she may have concealed about her such a stock of knowledge as would make future companion ship a matter of continual reproach. And when we consider that among women learning is no longer confined to the homely, but has spread to the beautiful, the gravity of the crisis is apparent.

For it seems to be true that Beauty and Brains are no longer distinct entitics; and girls so handsome, that to keep from loving them seems a criminal waste of time, are so hopelessly imbued with facts, so flercely erudite when approached too near, as to render mere courtship almost dangerous

Girls are caught so young nowadays that, with care, there is time enough before they get to be of age, to connect them with all the systems of education there happen to be. And when new systems of education arise, they are added on to the others without apparent discomfort.

It would be extremely impolite and discourteous for mere man to suggest that the ladies have not the right to know as much as they want to. But is it not possible for them, in their companionship with him, to put him more at his ease, by laying aside their own learning and stooping to his level? When woman realizes—as soon she must—that the task of instructing man. o making him her intellectual equal, is really hopeless, it is highly probable that she may then be willing to look at the matter in the right light; to be loved by an inferior creature in the absence of anything better, and thus to accept the inevitable, with that scientific resignation which art, logic and philosophy have taught her.

In the meantime, let us struggle on as best we may; admitting our own inconsequence with due humility, and hoping for that blissful time to come when we can kiss some lovely and learned creature, over and over again, if need be, without even caring how ignorant we really are.-Life.

La P 2 20 Why the French **Have No National Sport**

By Marcel Prevost.



THUSIASM for sports is hardly possible in France. No matter how hard we try to restore them in our lycees and colleges, they take at best only a second place, and they are obstinately looked down upon by many students, and those not the worst The taste for debate prevails in our boarding schools and athlet icism is never a topic of discussion in our colleges. Need we complain of this? Is a generation of athletes better worth while than a generation of thinkers? No one will dare to say so in an age when

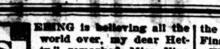
intelligence seems the secret of victory even in contests of strength. Besides, you can't change the nature of a race by issuing ministerial cir

culars. The young Frenchman is perfectly well aware that athletic prowess will never win him the triumphs he aspires to, namely, social success and the admiration of women. He learns all too soon that the distinction a man gets out of sports is directly proportional to the amount of money he spends on them. He therefore longs to own fine horses or a 100,000 franc automobile rather than to be a golf champion or a crack oarsman. Considerations of race, of tradition and of customs will prevent sports

from reaching anything like the predominance in France that they have at-tained among the Anglo-Saxons. They have progressed in France during the past twenty years, there is no denying that; but if you look beneath the surface you find that nowhere among us have they become what they are almost universally in England-the main object of life or at least an indispensable adjunct to it. For our young people they are an amusing form of sociability or even an opportunity for flirtation. For men of leisure they are a pastime but any approach to painful effort is excluded from them, and is not this the very negation of sport? Finally, for a large number of sportsmen, and those not the least impassioned, they are a means of climbing the social ladder.

The proof that all this is true is the fact that we no longer have a national spor, as in old France, and that we borrow our sports (and even their names) from other nations. Pity 'tis.





ty." remarked Miss Vina Stone, drawing on her gloves and tying her furs round a very skinny throat. "I am simply wasting my breath in trying to convince you that your husband is deceiving you. Wrap yourself up well and come over to my room, and see and judge for yourself."

Pretty Mrs. Thorpe sat before bright wood fire which she had kindled with her own hands upon the open hearth, to welcome her husband in question. He liked to sit by her side, as she sewed during the cold evening. and trace out pictured fancies in the burning coals.

At such times he was very silent. The happy wife had heretofore supposed that he was thinking of her. But, if Miss Vina is to be believed. his thoughts had lately been busy with a mysterious woman, who had suddenly intruded upon their dream of bliss. oming no one knew whence, and go-

ing-ab, who could say how or when she was to depart? "It is so terrible! So utterly unexpected!" she said, bursting into tears. "Not to me," said Miss Vina, vicious-"Charles Thorpe was not too steady before you married him. I

warned you then." "You said he would be tired of me in one month, and we have been married five, and he is fonder of me than ever,'

wept Hetty. "Don't talk in that foolish way. child," said Miss Vina scornfully. "The men are a bad lot, take them through reason. and through. My way is the only sen-

for knowing the whole, and will be the bottom of this business, if you will sation. only be guided by me."

capable of doing, I fear." Poor Hetty! She listened to the

with a most unwilling heart. Miss Vina's room was a bare and

flights of stairs in a second-class stood in a side street, but from its end den thought of terror. windows could be obtained a glimpse of Washington street, and to her own particular end window Miss Vina es- opening the door. corted her visitor with glances of proound meaning.

week past, at just about this time, I pain. have seen him go up the steps of that old-fashioned brick house that you see ing his hand upon her shoulder. nearly opposite. And such a pretty is as it ought to be!"

With a beating, aching heart the streaming with tears. young wife leaned forward, only to see "her own Charley" step aside from

EMING is believing all the | the letter and pulling his mustach Finally he left the house.

The deaf and dumb servant in the kitchen heard him slam the door loudly, and shook her head, sighing deeply. He had given ber no orders about tes, and she was in a quandary. Should she go up into the parlor and

lay the cloth? Or should she keep in the solitude of her basement kitchen until the master returned and made known his pleas-

Before she had debated the question long with herself, the latchkey turned again in the lotk. He was coming back.

But this time he was not alone. A woman's voice sounded in the hall. The soft rustle of a woman's dress passed by the kitchen staircase, where the new servant was listening, and then the parlor bell rang. The deaf and dumb woman caught

up the tray of dishes that stood ready on a side table and went upstairs. Mr. Thorpe, glancing up at his new servant, saw a middle-aged woman. bent and stooping, whose thin, sad

face, deeply wrinkled, was half hidden by a widow's cap and spectacles, and some narrow bands of black hair. well sprinkled with gray.

"Poor soul! She looks as if she had een a world of trouble," he thought. and then dismissed her from his mind. In Hetty's own armchair, before the fire, sat another widow, young, lovely and fascinating to a degree.

On her the eyes of the master rested more complacently, and with good

Few men could have resisted the sible way to deal with them. Watch charm of those deep blue eyes and them constantly. Show them that you golden locks, and that wild rose comknow a part of the mischief they are plexion, that contrasted so strangely up to, and they will give you credit with the heavy widow's cap she wore. The deaf and dumb servant waited afraid to carry it through. I could deftly enough during supper, and was, show you such a nice way to get at of course, no restraint upon the conver-

After the table had been cleared "That will depend on what I see at away the piano was opened. For more your room this evening," said Hetty, than an hour a bird-like soprano warturning very pale. "If you are right, bled Charley's favorite songs. and there is nothing that I should not be Charley listened as happily as if there had been no absent Hetty in the world. "Hark! Some one is sobbing and crytempter and turned her back upon her ing near the door," said the fair widow little domestic Eden, hurrying out suddenly, as she finished a Scotch air through the cold December night to that Hetty loved. "Oh, Charles, if I search for proofs of her husband's have been watched and perhaps foltreachery, although, to do her justice, lowed to this house, what shall we do?"

Her trembling hands fell with a crash very cheerless apartment, up three upon the keys. The crimson died away from her lips and cheeks, and she boarding house in Boston. The house clung to him, unnerved by some sud-

"It is nothing but your fancy, Anna," said Charley, freeing himself and

But even he was thoroughly startled when he saw the new servant crouch-"You owned to me, Hetty, that your ing on the first step of the staircase, husband had been home late from the near the parlor, with her head buried office every evening for a week past. in her clasped hands, and rocking to Well, my dear, every evening for a and fro in a paroxysm of grief or

"Are you ill?" he asked loudly, lay-Absorbed in her own sufferings she woman-goodness, there he is! Look had not heard the opening door. As and judge for yourself if everything Charley touched her she screamed out and lifting her head, showed a face

"Are you ill?" asked Charley again.

ALA MISS VINA'S WAY. ALA "Ko, don't kins me till I've told yout And then you'll never kins me again. I'm afraid! Tou see, Charley, Mins the told me something about you; and the told me something about you; and when 2- wandh't believe it, do took me down to the took me down of the took me down of the took me t I saw you, Charley, going into a house in Washington street, and meeting a lady that you kissed! Miss Vina said she had watched you going there every evening for a whole week, and she told me of a way in which I could find out for myself what it all meant. And. ob. Charley, she disguised me and painted my face, and I was the dumb woman! And I saw you bring that lady here, and I heard her sing my songs to you, and I sat outside on the stairs, crying and praying that I could die, for I thought it was Ida Russell, who was your first love, you know, Charley, and who is a widow now." "Ida Russell!" cried Charley, indignantly.

"I know! I know!" said Hetty, interrupting him. "But I did not know then and at last I became angry, Charley, and half demented, and I had such dreadful thoughts about her that I was afraid. Then I heard you call her sister, and I remembered Anna at once. I put off my disguise, and washed off the paint, and waited till she had gone to bed to come and ask you to forgive me. But I'rı afraid you never can."

It was impossible to cherish any feeling of resentment, with the image of the weeping figure on the stairs so fresh in his memory. "Poor child! What an evening you

must have passed, thanks to that meddling old maid," he said, kindly. "But she was right in one thing. Hetty. It

is just one week since poor Anna came to Boston and I have visited her every evening since. I wished to tell you of her arrival at the first. But the poor girl has a morbid dread of being discovered. Her husband is a drunkard now, and very nearly a lumatic, if not entirely so, and she has fled to me for a refuge and a protection till a divorce can be obtained. She trembles at a shadow, and her nerves are all unstrung. You will pardon her for fearing that you might not keep her secret, after you have heard her story from her own lips. Such a lovely creature as she was, and it! It seems hard that her life should be so wrecked; and yet. she is only justly punished. She might have been as happy as we. Hetty, if she had not chosen to marry for money and cast a true love and a noble man aside. Poor girl! You will make her welcome for my sake. Hetty, and you will soon love her for her own. She shall never return to her husband. In his jealous, drunken fury her life is

"Oh, I will do everything in my power to make her happy," said Hetty, whose kind heart was touched, as he had intended it to be, by the sad story

of the beautiful Anna. "But Miss Vina must not know anything about her, if she is to be safe from her husband under our roof.'

"End that acquaintance now, my ove," said Charley. "This will be an excellent excuse."

Hetty hesitated. "And we will bury the history of the dumb servant in oblivion," he added. 'Anna need never know."

"Dear Charley, how good of you! I will never doubt you again-never!" said Hetty, gratefully.

Her lips were very near his own as she whispered the promise. They signed and sealed the covenant, those rosy, smiling lips, in a manner decidedly satisfactory to the receiver of the kiss, but in point blank opposition to the wise Miss Vina's "way."-New



THE HOLLT-TREE WIGHT. There was a little goblin gay Whose home was in a holly-tree; He laughed and caroled night and day, And made that tree a jolly tree.

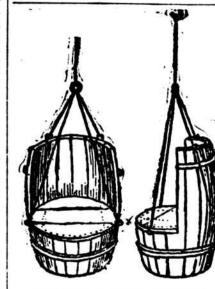
The urchin never went to bed, But when he wished to doze a bit He set his heels above his head And let his eyelids close a bit.

His food was berries, nuts and seeds; His tablecloth was made o' grass; and for his drink he sipped the beads Of night-dew from a blade o' grass.

This merry wight began to thrive Ere clocks began to go at all; But whether he is yet alive I really do not know at all. —Henry Johnstone, in St. Nicholas.

A BARREL SWING. This picture will show you how to make a barrel swing. They are novel and comfortable, and look very quaint hanging from the porch of a country bouse

All you have to do is to saw away part of the barrel, as the picture shows, and screw four stout screweyes into the four sides of the barrel.



THE BARREL SWING COMFLETE.

To these are fastened ropes, which meet above in an iron ring which comes just above the hand of the person sitting in the swing. The barrelhead is fitted into the bottom half as a seat and may be covered

BREAKING THE PONY.

with cushions or left bare.

Olna had a mind of her own and was sometimes—well, maybe bad. She was bright and pretty and agreeable enough, too, when she wanted to be. Olna was a pony, a little round Shetland pony with a brushy mane and a

broomy tail. When she was a tiny colt they took her away from her pony mamma to live in a little village where there were giant horses, bigger than any ponies she had ever seen. Here a tall man bought her and led her home to his little girl. And what do you think that little girl did? She cried the very

softly in Olua's car. "Loo ruu, else they blake loo."

But Olna didn't understand, or else she wasn't afraid, for she wouldn't budge, but stood with her head turned round as far as she could reach suif-

fing at the apples in Isabel's dress. "Loo. naughty!" scolded Isabel. "Naughty, naughty!" But she slipped to the ground and coazed the pony along a step or two at a time by running ahead of her and holding out an apple now and then. The little girl's legs began to get tired, but she dared not stop yet. She had left her own street and was following another which pretty soon led out in to the country road. But by and by the apples were all gone and Olna insisted upon stopping every few feet to eat the grass

along the readside. "If I climb on lowr back, wir loo run now?" pleaded Isabel, her little pink

nose close to Olna's brown one. Olna sniffed over the hot little face and the apple stained fingers and snorted ever so gently.

"That is a promise," thought Isabel, and led the pony to the fence, where she could mount. Then she patted Oina and lay her cheek down on the soft neck, and when the pony felt the little girl's tingers shut tightly into her shaggy mane, she threw up her head and began to run. Isabel, tired and hungry as she was, laughed and hung on tight as the pony frisked and bobbed. She had never ridden so fast, for in the yard there was only a little space to play in. Nor had the little giri ever been so hungry. But above the fun of riding and the pang of hunger came the thought that the faster the pony ran the sooner she would get away from the "breaker man."

"Loo get away! Loo get away!" she cried excitedly, and wrapped her arms around the pony's neck and hung on tighter.

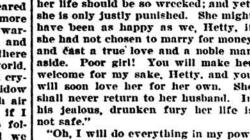
By and by they came to a village. Some small boys ran out to stop the pony, but Olna dodged them gleefully. And then, after another run, she stopped short, with her brown nose close against a gate.

And where do you suppose she had brought little Isabel? Right back home; and there were father and mother rushing down to open the gate. Then in terror she cried to her pony: "Oh. Olna, Olna, now you be blaked, loo be blaked!"

It was a sad, sobbing, dusty, applestained little Isabel that mother lifted from the popy's back. Mother cried a little, too,

When father found out why his little girl walked away out into the country, coaxing Olna with apples, he took his baby on his lap and explained to her that to "break" the pony meant to teach her to draw a little buggy, so that Isabel could drive her as well as ride her.

When Isabel stopped crying and Olna came up to her and nibbled at the buttons which were "hind side" fore. "Loo naughty," flashed Isabel, laughing a little. Then mother carried the little girl into the house, where she was cleaned up for breakfast, and Ofna stood at the door, patiently waiting for her little playmate to come out,-Cynthia Grey, in Atlanta Journal? Success of a Mosculto Campaign. A striking example of the efficacy of exterminating mosquitoes to prevent disease is to be found in the case of the yellow fever epidemic at Laredo. Texas, last fall. This city it situated on the Rio Grande, with one part in Mexico and the other on the American side of the boundary. The outbreak of yellow fever in September was soon brought to the attention of the United States Government, and its medical officers immediately addressed themselves to the problem, supervising all medical work on the Texas side of the river. The patients afflicted with yellow fever were carefully screened. and a relentless search was neade for the mosquitoes, all infected premises being disinfected, so as to kill the insects, and water pools and other possible breeding places covered with oil. The result was that on the Texas side of the river only ten per cent, of the inhabitants suffered with the disease. while on the Mexican side of the city fifty per cent. were afflicted. So thoroughly was the work done in the American part of the city that in Nocember no traces of the mosquitoes could be seen. As mosquitoes are responsible for the transmission of diseases other than yellow fever, such a record should be encouraging to stamp out the pest during the present season,



IE case with which the sun's light and heat penetrated the earth's the crowd of business men who were aerial envelope diminished perceptibly at some time between November 15, 1902, and February 19, 1903. It then maintained a lower level than that of the preceding year, rose nearly to the earlier standard by January, 1904, and then decreased again. The record ends with February 11.

Inasmuch as the air is credited with absorbing from one-third to two-fifths of the solar radiation, a heightened obscuration, though not enough to be apparent to the ordinary observer, might well affect the welfare of plants and animals, and especially that of civilized man. The degree to which this supposed obstruction operated was not uniform for all parts of the spectrum. It was about twenty per cent for the violet rays, which are believed to be particularly helpful to vegetation, and from 2.3 to 6.5 per cent in the invisible region beyond the red rays. The second set of figures indicate that outside of the atmosphere there was a falling off in the sun's output. On March 26, 1903, a reduction of fully five per cent was detected, as compared with the average for six or eight earlier observations that year and in October, 1902; and by the close of April, 1903, the deficiency was fully ten per cent. The amount of radiation underwent the same variations, but remained about the same for ten months. A perceptible increase was recorded late last January, and on February 11, 1904, the radiation was apparently as large as ever



Different Ways of Resting.

By Margaret E. Sangster.



HOLD, in theory, that every woman should lie down every afternoon and relax, taking an hour's interval of entire repose, not even thinking of anything that taxes her, and thus repairing the waste places of her life after a busy morning. This is my theory, firmly held and warmly recommended to you. Let me whisper, in strict confidence, that this is not a thing I ever do myself. To take a nap in the daytime would be for me one of

the impossibilities, and the mere suggestion is enough to keep me wide-awake. My preference is a rocking chair and footstool and a bright short story in the half-hour after the midday meal. A neighbor of mine has always a white shawl on hand, and knits when she wants to relax. I could not tell you how many white shawls this lady has made and given away, but she is so proficient in their manufacture that she knits like an automaton. This pastime is her sedative, and she would not forego it on any account.

Certain men among my friends say that a day's fishing rests them to an extent that nothing else does, and they affirm that the rest is in the fishing, not in the catch. I think, as I am sure you do, that everybody who is busy and most of us women are-must have an occasional rest. Some of us get it, if we are sociable souls, in the homes of our friends or in little excursions abroad; some of us never really rest well except in our own beds, and we hate to leave home even for a night. Which of us can dictate to the other? Your road to Arcady and mine may lead across different rivers, and through diverse valleys. It does not matter much. if we reach our goal, by what route we make the journey .- Woman's Home Companion.

Called the Weeping Tree.

In the Canary Islands is a weeping tree, so called because it drops tears. It is of the laurel variety, and frequently rains dows in the early morning a copious shower of tears or water drops from its tufted foliage. This water sometimes collects at

Odds and Ends.

Only two obstacles are met, say German papers, in the employment of big sailing vessels; first, it is hard to secure assurance of a sufficient cargo. and second, it is difficult to secure a crew of sufficient skill. These obstacles are important, because sailing vessels in order to be able to compete with steam must be much larger than heretofore.

An arbitration treaty with France was signed at Washington.

the foot of the tree and forms a kind of a pond, from which the inhabitants supply themselves with a drink able beverage that is fresh and pure. The water comes out of the tree itself, through innumerable little pores situated at the margins of the leaves.

Current Comment.

Mr. Paul D. McQuiston has petitioned the Mexican Government for the excluive right to manufacture an article in pulverized form that, when mixed with celd water only, possesses not only all the advantages of an oil paint, but is even superior to oil colors in a tropical limate. The dry colors are to be man vlactured in all desirable shades.

There are too many men talking about Christian work who think they are too big for the Almighty to handle.

hurrying up Washington street on their way toward home.

She saw him run up the steps of the ancient brick house, and knock at its door like one who had the right of entrance. She saw that door opened by a

beautiful golden haired woman, who greeted Charley with such a tender smile! They passed into the dimig-lighted

parlor, and the blended shadows of the transparent blind betrayed a tall, many figure bending down to meet a pair of uplifted lips!

"There!" exclaimed Miss Vina, as if the world were coming to an end that very minute. It had ended for Hetty! "Seeing was

believing," as Miss Vina said, and falth, love, home and happiness had passed away forever-as she thought-with that shadow of a kiss! "Oh. Charley, Charley, I wish that I could die this moment!" she wailed, as she sank down in a heap on Miss Vi-

na's hemp-carpeted floor.

When Charles Thorpe entered his house at a quarter to eight that same evening he seemed to be greatly troubled and perplexed. He had taken several turns around

the well lighted and well warmed sitting room before it occurred to him that Hetty did not run to meet him with a kiss, as usual, as soon as his atchkey, sounded in the door.

"Good little darling!" he murmured. 'In the kitchen, no doubt, getting up ome tempting dish for supper on this old night. It isn't right to keep this thing from her any longer. It will be as safe with her as with mc. I'll tell her the whole story this evening; and If I know anything of her kind heart. she will have Anna ready to meet me here in my own home at this time tomorrow evening, and all the poor girl's fears will then be at rest."

On going toward the door to call his wife, Charley saw, with some surprise, letter lying on the centre table, directed to him in Heity's handwriting. He opened it, and, with increasing

wonder, read as follows: "Dear Charley-1 have been called home suddenly for a few days. I leave you the best servant I could find at so short a notice. She seems to be cleanly and civil, and promises to take good

care of the house. She is deaf and has an impediment in her speech, but she understands signs readily. In haste, "HETTY."

"Gone home! What for, I wonder? She doesn't say. Hadn't time, probably. And left me with a deaf and dumb servant! Understands signs readily, does she? Then some one else must make them to her. I'll be shot if I will!"

Master Charley stood for a few mo-

Can we do anything for you? She looked from him to the graceful, shrinking figure in the doorway.

Then she rose, pointing to her mouth and cheek, and making a strange moaning kind of noise, as she took the lamp she had left on the hall table and hobbled down to her basement room. "A sudden attack of toothache or neuralgia in the face, as near as I can make out her meaning," said Char-

ley. "Why, Anna, how pale you are!" "That woppen frightens me. There is something very strange about her. Do send her away, dear Charley,' pleaded the pretty widow, laying her hand upon his arm.

Her shadow, as she stood beside him at the open door, was projected on the wall opposite the kitchen stairs.

If she could have seen the gleaming eyes that watched it; if she could have caught one glimpse of the dumb woman's face as she stood listening on that staircase, she might well have felt alarm.

"Won't you send her away, Char ley?" the soft voice pleaded. "What! before Hetty comes back?"

replied Charley, who was now searching the pocke s of his overcoat, which hung on the wall, for a cigar. "Oh, yes! This very night, Charley!

She gave me such a look just now. I am certain she is not quite right in her mind, dcar. I shall not be able to close my eyes this night if that dread. ful woman siays in the house!"

"Don't be foolish, little one! Do you think I would let harm come near you in this house?" said Charley, finding his cigar at last and lighting it. "The woman is ill, afflicted, and unhappy. I am sure you won't ask me to send her away on such a bleak and stormy night as this is, when you think of it quietly, my dear sister."

The parlor door closed.

The dutch woman sank down upon her knecs on the dark kitchen staircase.

"His sister!" she gasped. "Ob. why didn't I !' 'nk of that? I see it all now -and what a wicked, wicked wretch have ! 'n!"

. An hour later the beautiful widow was safe in her own room, sleeping without unpleasant visions of any kind; and Charley was bending over the dying coals of the parlor fire, nursing the fag end of his last cigar, while he pondered over the different events

of the evening. "Oh, dear! I wish the little woman were here, for I'm fairly lost without her," he sighed, as he rose from his chair to prepare for bed.

"She is here. Charley," said a low voice behind him. "Why, how on earth did you get in,

lear?" he asked. "I locked the doors myself.' "Oh, Charley, you will hate me and

despise me, when you know," she ments in utter perplexity, frowning at sobbed, eluding his proffered embrace.



A Western firm is now manufacturing a new liquid fuel for gasoline automobiles, and it is said to propel a machine nearly as far again as a like quantity of gasoline.

> One of the recent interesting food discoveries is that the growth and fattening of oysters may be promoted by supplying with commercial fertilizers the minute diatoms on which the bivalves thrive. This discovery is due to Dr. H. F. Moore of the United States Bureau of Fisheries.

An electric third rail system that is claimed to be safe and trustworthy has been invented by a Chicago man. By means of his device, in which the third rail is inverted and practically hidden from view, the inventor declares it impossible for persons or animals to come in contact with the charged rail.

The Japaneses excel in the making of paper from the bark of trees and shrubs. Among the remarkable varietles, D. G. Fairchild mentions the thin rain-proof paper, used instead of glass for windows, the olled papers, serving for coverings and clothing, and the olled tissue for wrapping delicate articles. The bark paper, employed for meal and grain sacks, is not readily penetrated by weevils and other insects. Most interesting of all, perhaps, are the leather papers, from which tobacco pouches and pipe cases are made, these papers being almost as tough as French kid, translucent, and as soft

and pliable as calfskin.

Weather forecasters in the British Isles have worked at disadvantage. The disturbances largely approach from the west and southwest, and in those directions the Atlantic has kept the observing stations too far away for effective reports. The aid of wireless telegraphy is now being invoked. Efforts of the Meteorological Council to make arrangements with Lloyd's have failed, but private enterprise has now stepped in and the approach of future storms is to be signalled from ships

crossing the ocean. It is expected that in winter, when the western coasts of Europe are often swept by severe gales, the warnings will be of great value.

The Pere Marquette has fitted up baggage cars for the accommodation astride the pony's back. of excursion crowds out of Chicago,

first night because she couldn't take the baby pony to bed with her. So the pony and the little girl came

lo love each other dearly. Olna learned to eat cake and cookies and sugar out of Isabel's fingers, and was always careful not to set her white teeth into the dimpled fingers. Eest of all, Olna loved to be fed apples, and whenever she smelled one she began a quiet search for the place where it was hidden. Many a game of apple hide-and-seek Isabel played with her pony. The pony was so much like a big dog that Isabel was not at all afraid of her and often sat on the pony's back, where with her arms tight around Olna's neck, she would ride all over the yard. Sometimes the pony would gallop a little, but Isabel held

One day Isabel heard her papa say that to-morrow a man was coming out to "break" Olna. Now, Isabel some times broke her dollies. Her dollies had to be nursed for days after they were broken, and the sawdust blood was likely to run all over the floor. too. So Isabel knew that it hurt to be broken.

Isabel said nothing to father and mother, but she went to bed that night very early that she might waken earlier in the morning. For she was going to take her pony and ride her away into the country where the "breaker man" could not find her.

The sun was shining when Isabel wakened. Father and mother were eating breakfast: she could hear them from her room. Softly she slipped ont of bed and hastily she put on her clothes. "I got to put my dress on hind side fore," she whispered to herself. She was not big enough to button it up the back. She was only five years old. When the buttons were all

carefully fastened she tiptoed out of the house to search for Olna. She opened the door of the little stable where Olua slept and called her. "Olna, Olna, come, Olua, come, Olna." She was very quiet.

Olna put out her nose to be petted and smelled for something to eat. "I get a lapple for loo," cooed Isabel, and in a moment back she came, the hem of her dress gathered up in front and bulging with apples. "I don't want Olna to be blaked." And Olna, with her nose brushing the dressful of apples, followed like a dog across the lawn and out of the gate.

So far no one had seen them. "Loo have loor bleakfast when we get gone," promised Isabel standing on

tiptoe to open the gate. And Olna nodded vigorously as they both pushed through

It is hard work for a little girl with dress full of apples to climb on to pony's back, but after repeated attempts, and one big spilling of apples. lunch counters running the length of Isabel managed to get herseif seated "Now, loo run, Olna," advised Isabel | and soon can go it alone.

Not So Green as He Looked.

-Harper's Weekly.

The spectacle of a typical youth from the rural districts complacently sprawled out on the marble stairs beside County Judge Sutherland's door. on the second floor of the Courthouse. this morning, happily counting over a large mound of crisp bank notes, attracted considerable attention. Several lawyers eyed him hungrily, but in reply to many queries he briefly "xplained that he had just sold several loads of produce and wanted a safe place to count his money. He also remarked something about having "seen a thing or two" and not being so "green as he was painted," all tending to impress the bystanders that he had acquired wisdom without passing through the gold brick stage,-Roches-

ter Post-Express.

Training Turkeys to Eat.

Dr. G. W. Field, of the biological farm in Sharon, Mass., instructs his young turkeys to find and eat caterpillars and in this way gets rid of the pests. He takes a turkey chick under his arm and, passing along the young cabbage plants, shows the caterpiliar to the bird, and the former sees his finish. The young chicks are apt pupils