

THE ODD CORNER



Just Two Girls.

O, I'm weary of young ladies,
The kind that blossom in books;
These beauties that are brilliant
With languidly-loving looks,
Coquettish, kitteny creatures,
I'm worn out, too, with you—
Just two little girls have my heart—
Rebecca and Emmy Lou.

Rebecca with that parasol—
(The sweet little country maid!)
Sitting high on the old stage coach
Lays her rivals in the shade.
Both went to school and "carried lunch";
Both friends had, tried and true;
Ah, they were friends that one could
trust—
Rebecca and Emmy Lou.

Won't you be my "intimate friends?"
I, too, can guard secrets well,
And anything that you would say
I declare I'd never tell
If I were a marrying man—
(I tell this only to few)—
I'd elope with two little girls—
Rebecca and Emmy Lou.
—New Orleans Picayune.

Monastery of Mar Saba.

No woman is permitted to come within sight of Mar Saba, the fortress monastery on the Dead sea, which the wandering Arabs call "The Prison of Ten Thousand." Not many years ago there were actually 10,000 monks living in this grim and mournful retreat, and even to-day there are more than 1,000 left. The monastery is one of the oldest in the world, having been founded about 1,300 years ago by Euthymius, who lived there in a cave dug in the rocky wall of the Kedron ravine.

A romantic attachment for this stern anchorite was formed by the Empress Eudoxia. She built near by a tower, which still exists, from which she might watch him at a distance, for, true to his vows, Euthymius utterly refused to see or speak to a woman. Now the tower is inhabited by a watchman, who keeps constant guard against the incursions of prowling Arabs. Twice during the past century the place has been raided by hordes from the desert.

Most rigorous of any in the Greek church are the monks who live there to-day. They pass their lives in everlasting penance, with no hope of pleasure and no cheerful incident. Many of them go mad from horror and desolation of their surroundings.

Honor for Onion of Sunny Italy.

A strange ceremony is always celebrated in the Abruzzo—one of the gayest regions of Italy—when the onions have reached maturity. Onions form the staple product of this part of the country, and the legend runs that long ago a hermit planted in a soil that was absolutely sterile some of these vegetables, which, by the blessing of God, grew and multiplied, and that those who ate of them remained immune from the plague which was then ravaging the country. So every year an old villager, nude to the waist, personifies the ancient hermit and lectures his hearers on the old legend, after which they gather some seeds and take them home to plant them, in order to insure a good crop for the coming year.

Spectacles of Long Ago.

An interesting collection of spectacles is that possessed by Mrs. Wesley Williams of Bowdoinham, Me. More than 100 years old, these curios were the one-time property of the women of Bath, who were forced by destitute circumstances to seek refuge in the almshouse. Many are of odd pattern, with side lights and extension bows. Another valuable souvenir owned by Mrs. Wesley Williams is the sword of her great uncle, Col. Samuel Coombs, a famous officer of the revolutionary war.

Wayside Inn for Geese.

Years before the war Daniel Scott, the owner of "Scotlands" plantation, in Albemarle county, Virginia, began the custom of feeding flocks of wild

geese each spring and summer on their semi-annual migrations. The custom has continued to this day, being kept up by the descendants of Mr. Scott.

He had a special garment which he donned when feeding the hungry birds, and in this they invariably recognized him.

The children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the first geese must have been well instructed in regard to this "wayside inn," for they always tarry there to get provisions.

United States Senator Thomas S. Martin is the present owner of Scotlands.

Saved by a Turkey.

As a gift two turkeys and a pair of bantam fowls were sent to a gentleman in New York, who placed all four in his poultry yard. One day a hawk on mischief bent flew down at the bantam hen, which at once uttered cries of alarm. A few feet away strutted the turkey cock. When he heard the danger signal he turned and went for the hawk in gallant style, striking at it with his spurs. At last, with a well-directed blow, he sent the trespasser reeling. Meanwhile the bantam had found shelter, and the hawk soon afterward departed, thoroughly punished. But for the turkey's friendly help, however, his tiny chum would have been converted into hawk's meat.

Strange "Talking Fish."

There is a kind of fish, the "grondin," well known to naturalists, and often called the "talking fish." It has a sort of feet, and makes excellent eating. When it is taken from the water it makes a noise more or less loud, which has given it its name (from the French "gronder," to growl or snarl). This sound, however, is produced by the passage of the gas from the swimming bladder, which the fish can compress at will.

Strange Recovery of Voice.

For five years Mrs. Henry Rosier, wife of one of the leading merchants of Bennington, Vt., has been unable to speak above a whisper. The loss of voice followed a cold. A few days ago she went to call her son, Harry, when she discovered that she could speak as well as she ever could, that her voice had returned, and nothing has occurred to show that it has not come to stay.

Tree Not Very Prolific.

A well known Bangor, Me., man who has tried fruit raising with varying degrees of success was elated one morning recently to find that one of his trees had grown a pear, the second in the tree's life of twelve years. So surprised was he that he climbed into the tree to make sure that some practical joker had not attempted to fool him by tying it on.

Mail Clerks' Good Work.

A mail pouch was brought to the Meriden, Conn., postoffice that had been run over and badly mutilated by the wheels of a railroad train. Some of the mail matter was almost destroyed, but by much work and perseverance the bits were put together and practically all of the letters delivered to the persons to whom they were addressed.

Angles In Water Pipes.

It is calculated that one right angle bend in a pipe through which water flows will make necessary 9 per cent more pressure for a given flow than it required for a straight pipe of like size and structure. With three sharp bends at right angles, the pressure needed is 13 per cent more than that which is used in a straight pipe.

Shark Hooked on Cod Line.

A man-eating shark gave a hard battle to a fisherman named Merchant in Salem (Mass.) harbor. He bit at a cod line and he crept up on it ready for a fight. The fisherman fought the shark with his gaff, and the fish bit off a piece of its hard wood handle as if it had been straw. The fish was four feet in length.

Trees Bent by Indians.

There still remain at Highland Park, Ill., a few of the old bent trees which once marked the Pottawattamie trail. One theory declares they were bent to mark the direction of Lake Michigan, while another says they point toward the mound where once burned the council fire.

Minister Sets His Wife Free.

The Rev. B. Harrison of Charlton, Kings, England, committed suicide, leaving his wife a letter which began: "This will set you free from a climate so trying to you, and you may now live in London or any other place that may suit you."

Prohibit Opium Smoking in Public.

Opium smoking in French ports on the Mediterranean assumed such large proportions of late that a law has been passed prohibiting the smoking of opium in all public places in Marseilles, Toulon and other cities.

To Repair Czar's Cottage.

A public subscription has been started in Holland toward repairing the ruined cottage of Zaandam, in which the czar, Peter the Great, lived while he was working as a navy in the docks.

Decides Bridal Question.

The important question, When does a bride cease to be a bride? is decided by the London Queen, which says she becomes a "wife" at the expiration of six weeks after the wedding.

Indian Never Forgives.

The Indian never makes up after falling out with any one. He may speak to an enemy as he passes, but dies with the hatred in his heart.

How Many Legs Has a Wasp?

A London weekly offers a \$50 prize for the answer to the question: "Has a wasp eight legs?"

"WHACKS"

And What They Mean.

When Old Mother Nature gives you a "whack" remember "there's a reason," so try and say "thank you," then set about finding what you have done to demand the rebuke, and try and get back into line, for that's the happy place after all.

Curious how many highly organized people fail to appreciate and heed the first little, gentle "whacks" of the good old Dame, but go right along with the habit whatever it may be, that causes her disapproval. Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea or other unnatural treatment of the body, until serious illness sets in or some chronic disease.

Some people seem to get on very well with these things for a while, and Mother Nature apparently cares but little what they do.

Perhaps she has no particular plans for them and thinks it little use to waste time in their training.

There are people, however, who seem to be selected by Nature to "do things." The old Mother expects them to carry out some department of her great work. A portion of these selected ones oft and again seek to stimulate and then deaden the tool (the body) by some one or more of the drugs—Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea, Morphine, etc.

You know all of these throw down the same class of alkaloids in Chemical analysis. They stimulate and then depress. They take from man or woman the power to do his or her best work.

After these people have drugged for a time, they get a hint, or mild "whack" to remind them that they have work to do, a mission to perform, and should be about the business, but are loafing along the wayside and become unfitted for the fame and fortune that waits for them if they but stick to the course and keep the body clear of obstructions so it can carry out the behests of the mind.

Sickness is a call to "come up higher." These hints come in various forms. It may be stomach trouble or

Mirrors Used by Anglers.

Rather a quaint idea comes from France, where anglers are in some waters using a tiny mirror attached to the line near the baited hook. The idea is that the fish, seeing itself reflected, hastens to snatch the bait from its supposed rival. Very successful results have been obtained through the employment of this simple device.

About the Wedding Dress.

A host of superstitions center about the wedding dress. Some stitches should be set in it by the bride herself on her wedding day—she should "sew her own joy in it." But the groom should never be allowed to see the bride in her wedding dress until he meets her at the altar.

Kilt Good Costume for Boys.

In lecturing on "Personal and Domestic Hygiene," J. Caultie, F. R. C. S., stated that the healthy form of attire for boys was the kilt. He said that in the Scottish highlands "those children who wear kilts are invariably strong and turn out to be fine men."

Big Comb of Honey.

A nature-study museum established in a disused mortuary in St. George's-in-the-East, London, contains a comb with twenty pounds of honey, collected mainly from the sugar cargoes in the docks by a colony of 7,000 bees.

Trap Gun Kills Man.

A. E. Chambers was killed at Santa Nora, Cal., by a load of salt ured from a spring gun the owner of a cabin had placed at his door for the purpose of discouraging the visits of burglars.

Few Women Ventriloquists.

Of the many women who become public entertainers, very few succeed as ventriloquists.

bowels, heart, eyes, kidneys or general nervous prostration. You may depend upon it when a "whack" comes it's a warning to quit some abuse and do the right and fair thing with the body.

Perhaps it is coffee drinking that offends. That is one of the greatest causes of human disorder among Americans.

Now, then, if Mother Nature is gentle with you and only gives light, little "whacks" at first to attract attention, don't abuse her consideration, or she will soon hit you harder, sure.

And you may be sure she will hit you very, very hard if you insist on following the way you have been going.

It seems hard work to give up a habit, and we try all sorts of plans to charge our ill feelings to some other cause than the real one.

Coffee drinkers when ill will attribute the trouble to bad food, malaria, overwork and what not, but they keep on being sick and gradually getting worse until they are finally forced to quit entirely, even the "only one cup a day." Then they begin to get better, and unless they have gone long enough to set up some fixed organic disease, they generally get entirely well.

It is easy to quit coffee at once and for all, by having well made Postum, with its rich, deep seal brown color which comes to the beautiful golden brown when good cream is added, and the crisp snap of good, mild Java is there if the Postum has been boiled long enough to bring it out.

It pays to be well and happy for good old Mother Nature then sends us her blessings of many and various kinds and helps us to gain fame and fortune.

Strip off the handicaps, leave out the deadening habits, heed Mother Nature's hints, quit being a loser and become a winner. She will help you sure if you cut out the things that keep you back.

"There's a reason" and a profound one.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."