

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" "MY LADY OF THE NORTH" "HISTORIC ILLINOIS, ETC."



SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Benthum, trapped by Indians in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also Gillis, the post trader, and his daughter, Gillis and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three days' siege. Hampton and the girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh cavalry, Lieut. Hampton in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glendale. Mrs. Duffy, proprietress, Hampton talks the future over with Miss Gillis—the girl shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parentage and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon. Hampton and the girl—runs away from Mrs. Herndon's and joins Hampton. He induces her to go back, and to have nothing more to do with him. Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit the mines to go to school. Miss Spencer arrives in Glendale to teach in the first school. Miss Spencer meets Naida. Rev. Wynkoop, etc. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's. Naida and Lieut. Brant again meet without his knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club ball in honor of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Silent Murphy, Custer's scout. He reports trouble brewing among the Sioux.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Lieut. Brant was somewhat delayed in reaching the scene. Certain military requirements were largely responsible for this delay, and he had patiently wrestled with an unsatisfactory toilet, mentally exhorting a service which would not permit the transportation of dress uniforms while on scouting detail.

The dance was already in full swing when he finally pushed his way through the idle loungers gathered about the door, and gained entrance to the hall. Many glanced curiously at him, attracted by the glitter of his uniform, but he recognized none among them, and therefore passed steadily toward the musicians' stand, where there appeared to be a few unoccupied chairs.

The scene was one of color and action. He watched the speeding figures, striving to distinguish the particular one whose charms had lured him thither. But among them all he was unable to distinguish the wood-nymph whose girlish frankness and grace had left so deep an impression on his memory. Yet surely she must be present, for, to his understanding, this whole gay festival was in her honor. Directly across the room he caught sight of Rev. Mr. Wynkoop conversing with a lady of somewhat rounded charms, and picked his way in their direction.

The missionary, who, in truth, had been hiding an agonized heart behind a smiling face, was only too delighted at any excuse which would enable him to approach Miss Spencer, and press aside those cavaliers who were monopolizing her attention. The handicap of not being able to dance he felt to be heavy, and he greeted the lieutenant with unusual heartiness of manner.

"Why, most assuredly, my dear sir, most assuredly," he said. "Mrs. Herndon, permit me to make you acquainted with Lieut. Brant of the Seventh cavalry."

The two, thus introduced, bowed and exchanged a few words, while Mr. Wynkoop busied himself in peering about the room, making a great pretense at searching out the lady guest, who, in very truth, had scarcely been absent from his sight during the entire evening.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, "at last I locate her, and, fortunately, at this moment she is not upon the floor, although positively hidden by the men clustering about her chair. You will excuse us, Mrs. Herndon, but I have promised Lieut. Brant a presentation to your niece."

"They slipped past the musicians' stand, and the missionary pressed in through the ring of admirers."

"Why, Mr. Wynkoop?" she extended both hands impulsively. "And only to think, you have never once been near me all this evening! You don't know how much I have missed you. I was just saying to Mr. Moffat—or it might have been Mr. McNeill—that you were completely tired out and wished you were here to sit out this dance with me."

Wynkoop blushed and forgot the errand which had brought him there, but she remained sufficiently cool and observant. She touched him gently with her hand.

"Who is that fine-looking young officer?" she questioned softly, yet without venturing to remove her glance from his face.

Mr. Wynkoop started. "Oh, exactly; I had forgotten my mission. He has requested an introduction." He drew the lieutenant forward. "Lieut. Brant, Miss Spencer."

The officer bowed, a slight shadow of disappointment in his eyes. The lady was unquestionably attractive, her face animated, her reception most cordial, yet she was not the maiden of the dark, fathomless eyes and the wealth of auburn hair.

"Such a pleasure to meet you," exclaimed Miss Spencer. "Do you know, lieutenant, that actually I have never before had the privilege of meeting an officer of the army. Your appearance supplies the one touch of color that was lacking to make the picture complete. Mr. Moffat has done so much to make me realize the breadth of western experience, and now, I do so hope, you will some time find opportunity to recount to me some of your army exploits."

The lieutenant smiled. "Most gladly; yet just now, I confess, the music invites me, and I am sufficiently bold to request your company upon the floor."

Miss Spencer sighed regretfully. "Why, really, Lieut. Brant, I scarcely see how I possibly can. I have al-

ready refused so many this evening, and now I almost believe I must be under direct obligation to some one of those gentlemen. Still, hesitatingly, your being a total stranger here must be taken into consideration. Mr. Moffat, Mr. McNeill, Mr. Mason, surely you will grant me release this once?"

There was no verbal response to the appeal, only an uneasy movement; but her period of waiting was extremely brief.

"Oh, I knew you would; you have all been so kind and considerate." She arose, resting her daintily gloved hand upon Brant's blue sleeve, her pleased eyes smiling up confidingly into his. Then with a charming smile, "Oh, Mr. Wynkoop, I have decided to claim your escort to supper. You do not care?"

Wynkoop bowed, his face like a poppy.

"I thought you would not mind obliging me in this. Come, lieutenant." Miss Spencer, when she desired to be, was a most vivacious companion, and always an excellent dancer. Brant easily succumbed to her sway, and became, for the time being, a victim to her charms. To Brant the experience brought back fond memories of his last cadet ball at the Point, and he hesitated to break the mystic spell with abrupt questioning. Curiosity, however, finally mastered his reticence.

"Miss Spencer," he asked, "may I inquire if you possess such a phenomenon as a 'star' pupil?"

The lady laughed merrily, but her expression became somewhat puzzled. "Really, what a very strange question! Why, not unless it might be little

in here, don't you think?" she complained. "And I was so careless as to mislay my fan. I feel almost suffocated."

"Did you leave it at home?" he questioned. "Possibly I might discover a substitute somewhere in the room."

"Oh, no; I would never think of troubling you to such an extent. No doubt this feeling of lassitude will pass away shortly. It was very foolish of me, but I left the fan with my wraps at the hotel. It can be recovered when we go across to supper."

"It will be no more than a pleasure to recover it for you," he protested, gallantly.

The stairs leading down from the hall entrance were shrouded in darkness, the street below nearly deserted of loiterers, although lights streamed forth resplendently from the uncurtained windows of the Occidental and the hotel opposite. Assisted in his search

for her, he turned toward her with a smile. "I'm not a man to be pleased to a pleasure to recover it for you," he protested, gallantly.

"Why, she is not really in my school at all, but I outline the studies she pursues at home, and lend her such books as I consider best adapted for her reading. She is such a strange girl!"

"Indeed? She appeared to me to be extremely unconventional, with a decided tendency to mischief. Is that your meaning?"

"Partially. She manages to do everything in a different way from other people. Her mind seems peculiarly independent, and she is so unreservedly western in her ways and language. But I was referring rather to her taste in books—she devours everything."

"You mean as a student?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so; at least she appears to possess the faculty of absorbing every bit of information, like a sponge. Sometimes she actually starts me with her odd questions. I really believe Mr. Wynkoop seeks to avoid meeting her, she has shocked him so frequently in religious matters."

"Does she make light of his faith?"

"Oh, no, not that exactly, at least it

by Mrs. Guffy, the officer succeeded in recovering the lost fan, and started to return. Just without the hotel door, under the confining shadows of the wide porch, he came suddenly face to face with a young woman, the unexpected encounter a mutual and embarrassing surprise.

CHAPTER XV. An Unusual Girl.

The girl was without wraps, her dress of some light, fleecy material fitting her slender figure exquisitely, her head uncovered; within her eyes Brant imagined he could detect the glint of tears. She spoke first, her voice faltering slightly.

"Will you kindly permit me to pass?"

He stepped instantly to one side, bowing as he did so.

"I beg your pardon for such seeming rudeness," he said, gravely. "I have been seeking you all the evening, yet this unexpected meeting caught me quite unawares."

"You have been seeking me? That is strange. For what reason, pray?"

"To achieve what you were once kind enough to suggest as possible—the formality of an introduction. It would seem, however, that fate makes our meetings informal."

"That is your fault, not mine."

"I gladly assume all responsibility, if you will only waive the formality and accept my friendship."

Her face seemed to lighten, while her lips twitched as if suppressing a smile. "You are very forgetful. Did I not tell you that we Presbyterians are never guilty of such indiscretions?"

"I believe you did, but I doubt your complete surrender to the creed." "Doubt! Only our second time of meeting and you already venture to doubt! This can scarcely be construed into a compliment, I fear."

"Yet to my mind it may prove the very highest type of compliment," he returned, reassured by her manner. "For a certain degree of independence in both thought and action is highly commendable. Indeed, I am going to be bold enough to add that it is these very attributes that awakened my interest in you."

"Oh, indeed; you cause me to blush already. My frankness, I fear, bids fair to cost me all my friends, and I may even go beyond your pardon, if the perverse spirit of my nature so move me."

"The risk of such a catastrophe is mine, and I would gladly dare that much to get away from conventional commonplace. One advantage of such meetings as ours is an immediate insight into each other's deeper nature. For one I shall sincerely rejoice if you will permit the good fortune of our chance meeting to be alone sponsor of our future friendship. Will you not say yes?"

She looked at him with greater earnestness, her young face sobered by the words spoken. Whatever else she may have seen revealed there, the countenance bending slightly toward her was a serious, manly one, inspiring respect, awakening confidence.

"And I do agree," she said, extending her hand in a girlish impulse. "It will, at least, be a new experience and therefore worth the trial. I will endeavor to restrain my rebellious spirit, so that you will not be unduly shocked."

He laughed, now placed entirely at his ease. "Your merit of mercy is appreciated, fair lady. Is it your desire to return to the hall?"

She shook her head positively. "A cheap, gaudy show, all bluster and vulgarity. Even the dancing is a mere parody. I early tired of it."

"Then let us choose the better part, and sit here on the bench, the night or our own."

He conducted her across the porch to the darkest corner, where only rifts of light stole trembling in between the shadowing vines, and there found convenient seats. A moment they remained in silence, and he could hear her breathing.

"Have you truly been at the hall," she questioned, "or were you merely fibbing to awaken my interest?"

"I truly have been," he answered, "and actually have danced a measure with the fair guest of the evening."

"With Phoebe Spencer! And yet you dare pretend now to retain an interest in me? Lieut. Brant, you must be a most talented deceiver, or else the strangest person I ever met. Such a miracle has never occurred before!"

CREOLE DELICACIES

TRY THESE WHEN SEEKING SOMETHING NEW.

Appetizing Preparations from Canned Fish—Good Way to Prepare Rice—"Grades" a Popular Dish in the South.

"Something new!" "Something new!" is the eternal cry of the house-keeper. Truly, every woman who keeps house must tire of preparing or even ordering the same old things. Some very famous creole recipes that have come direct from old families may answer this cry. Surely the southerners live well, and these recipes are delicious from the old test, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Canned fish of all kinds, if the best brands are purchased, help to change the menu during the cold winter days, and the recipe for shrimp fricassees that follows will make a very appetizing dish when old recipes have grown stale:

Shrimp Fricassees—Put a teaspoonful of lard in a saucepan; when it is hot stir in one spoonful of flour; stir over the fire until the flour is a rich brown; then add one onion chopped fine and when that has fried a little (but before it browns) add two tablespoonfuls of tomatoes. Let it stew a little while with the saucepan covered on a slow fire; then when the tomatoes have melted down add two cups of hot water, season to taste with salt, pepper and cayenne. Let it stand a few minutes before dinner, then put in the shrimps, one or two cans, according to the number of guests. The shrimps will break if put in too early.

Rice is such a substantial and healthy vegetable and yet when served just plain boiled the men in the family generally say: "No, thank you." Some time try the following for a change and see what they will say:

Creole Rice—Wash one-half cup of rice and cook in a double boiler until tender. Lay two good-sized pieces of bacon into a hot frying pan and cook to a crisp, but do not burn. Add to these drippings half an onion sliced fine and brown, then add half a cup of tomatoes and the rice, season with cayenne pepper and salt and stew together until it has all blended.

A very popular dish of beef, known in the south as "Grades" is an appetizing dish that is easily prepared as follows:

Grades—Take two pounds of beef (the bottom round if possible), slice thin, trim off all the fat and cut in pieces about the size of the inside of your hand. Put one spoonful of lard in a saucepan. When the lard is hot drop your meat, which must be first properly washed, black pepper and cayenne; cover the saucepan and let the meat stew, or rather, boil, for the juice of the meat will boil out, stir occasionally and let all the juice of the meat boil out; when it begins to get dry stir it till it browns. When it is of a nice brown color sprinkle in the saucepan about one teaspoonful of flour; when that is brown move it off the hot fire so that it will not burn and add three or four good-sized onions sliced, and three or four large tablespoonfuls of tomatoes. Let it all smother with the cover on the saucepan, stirring once in awhile, till the onions and tomatoes are all melted to a rich gravy, then add two teaspoonfuls of boiling water and season to taste and let it boil about one hour or more. A tiny bit of garlic adds flavor if you like it.

Ham Salad for Sandwiches. One pound cold boiled ham, one pound cold boiled tongue, chopped fine. Add one-half quantity fine chopped celery, then mix thoroughly. Dressing: Put on stove in saucepan one-half pint vinegar, butter size of an egg, beat two eggs, two tablespoons mustard, one tablespoon black pepper, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon salt. Beat well together, pour in vinegar, cook until it thickens. When cool mix thoroughly with meat and celery. Fix day before using. Keep in cool place. Spread the bread on each side and add a crisp lettuce leaf before folding together.

Excellent Potato Soup. A well-made potato soup is just the thing for luncheon some day when you are at a loss for something hot and wholesome. A quart of milk, six large potatoes, one stick of celery, an onion, a tablespoonful of butter. Put milk to boil with onion and celery; pare the potatoes and boil them until they are thoroughly done; turn off the water and mash fine; add milk and butter, pepper and salt; rub through a strainer and serve immediately. This soup must not be allowed to stand.

Rice Flummery. Mix quarter of a pound of ground rice with a little milk, cold. Boil a pint of milk, flavoring it with cinnamon, and when boiling mix in the rice. Stir until it thickens, adding sugar and a little ratafia to taste. Cook for quarter of an hour, then pour into a mold. Turn out when cold and serve with apricot jam and whipped cream.

Baked Turnips. Peel, slice thin and cook 15 minutes in salted water; drain, place in a buttered baking dish and pour over them a cup of good, clear stock, seasoned with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and, if liked, a teaspoonful of sugar. Bake until tender, basting often. Serve in a hot dish with the pan gravy, which should be slightly thickened, poured over them.

Dish Drainer Toaster. A dish drainer, which is a wire basket about 14 by eight inches, with five short legs, makes a splendid toaster and holds eight slices of bread. If placed on the top of the stove the bread will toast in three minutes, even when not previously dried in the oven.

To Clean Front Steps. To remove green mold and other stains from brown stone steps use 20 cents worth of oxalic acid dissolved in two quarts of boiling water. Scrub hard with a broom, then wash with cold water and wipe with a sponge and the steps will look like new stone.

Oriole Architects. One of the best architects in the world is the oriole. Its graceful nest contains four to six whitish eggs with black and brown.



MRS. JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN

Political Clubs for American Women

By Jeanie G. Lincoln

Well-Known Washington Woman Advocates the Founding of a Political Society for Women—"The League of the Golden Rod" Might Be Made Similar to "The Primrose Club" of England—Woman's Influence Should Purify the Ballot.

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln, widow of the late eminent surgeon, Dr. N. S. Lincoln, is well known in literary circles in Washington, where she is also prominent in society. Her first book, "Marjorie's Quest," brought her into public notice years ago. A later book, "Her Washington Season," was one of the first written in the new popular diary style. Her more recent books, "A Genuine Girl," and "An Unwilling Maid," were received with favor by the public. Of her verses which have been set to music, the best known is "Tender and True."

At the opening of the twentieth century, realizing the wonderful strides that progress and enlightenment have made, perhaps there is none more gratifying than the increased and far-reaching influence attained by women. Who, when the nineteenth century was yet in its infancy, would have been bold enough to predict to our grandmothers, whose stately heads still wore turbans and whose erect figures scorned even the support of a high-backed and most uncomfortable chair, that their descendants would don automobile caps, lounge even in a drawing room, become active promoters of clubs and other female organizations, even cast ballot at the polls and be elected to public offices? No doubt the dear old dames would have shuddered at such pronounced advancement; but "extremes touch," and never more easily than in the delightful being known as the up-to-date woman.

What a boon to many have been the clubs, from the modest societies of the working girls in our great cities to the genealogical clubs—the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames and the Holland society! These wonderfully successful organizations have conclusively proved that women are competent to direct public work, and to go hand in hand with men in the honor roll of progress.

But with this infinite number of clubs, historical and genealogical, there appears to be none combining the political and social in a manner which if properly inaugurated might show that the twentieth century is still a measure-in advance of the nineteenth and include among the active workers those whom the world at large is somewhat prone to regard as the drones of the human beehive.

There is a very large class of women in the United States who from environment, traditions and certain shrinking from the publicity attendant upon female suffrage are debarred from showing the interest they take in politics and from putting that interest and energy into practical use. Taken in the proper form it would seem a possible task to develop that latent force and to make it of considerable service to our republican government by forming a woman's league, which might be called—unless some bright woman suggest a better title—the League of the Golden Rod.

Twenty-five years since in England a few members of the conservative party, desiring to add to its strength and influence, proposed such a plan, and out of compliment and in memory of the late earl of Beaconsfield the present powerful and able Primrose league was named for its favorite flower. The first movers in the forming of this political organization were Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill and Sir Henry Wolfe, ambassador to Madrid. Possibly the quick wit of the American woman was the germ which appealed to the enthusiasm of her British sisters. The dames of the Primrose league, which began in a small circle of London drawing rooms, now number their thousands and are found in "habitations"—the English synonym for our American chapters—all over the "tight little island."

As woman's influence is supposed to purify and ennoble the ballot, a great power for good government might be evolved from an organization whose center should be in our capital city, where, although we have no suffrage, its principal officers could administer with fearlessness and ability. Its chief should be the wife of the president; ex officio, and of each succeeding

ing republican president, with regents and vice-regents in Washington, and in the states where the league may be established. The yearly dues and membership fees would form a fund which could easily be added to by subscriptions, when needed, and the only pledge required of the members of the league would be that by their personal exertion they procure, outside of their own family connection, one or two votes at most to be cast at the general elections for the Republican party.

The question of a national flower has been a matter of discussion for a long time, but the golden rod grows in every state of the Union, and as its color suggests "sound money" what better emblem could be found for the party which has taken that issue as a part of its political faith? With the general election every four years, with no prime minister whose tenure extends indefinitely, we lose the pretty custom which obtains in England, where "Primrose day" is celebrated by wearing primroses and by decking Beaconsfield's grave with the bright-eyed flower of spring. That, no doubt, would save the woman who may choose to inaugurate a league such as described the reproach of the Anglo-phobists—that we are becoming un-American, and even that awful thing, Imperial, by sharing the old honor with old England of maintaining a floral and political society.

CUPID IN THE CORNER.

One Instance in Which His Dart Failed in Its Purpose. When people first saw Nathaniel Seaforth they nearly always exclaimed: "What a dear old gentleman!" When they knew him better, they generally added: "But a bit too fond of interfering."

For Mr. Seaforth was the sort of man who prided himself on "taking an intelligent interest" in other folks' affairs. Now, of all things, he "loved" a love affair. He invariably scented it afar off, and did his best to help it along. One day he was comfortably ensconced in an electric car when two young people entered—a girl and a man. There were only two vacant seats, and they, alas, were on opposite sides of the car, and at different ends.

The young people seated themselves in these, but immediately Mr. Seaforth, with a benign smile, rose cumbrously, and gripping each successive strap in hazardous fashion, left his seat, which was next the young woman, and accosted the astonished young man at the other end of the car. "Take my seat," he said, in the voice of one who would add, "and my blessing, too." The young man obediently stumbled to the other end of the car.

The eyes of the whole company were riveted in sympathetic interest on the blushing couple now reunited, and Mr. Seaforth chuckled into his venerable beard as he said to his neighbor: "I don't like sweethearts to be separated. I was young once, myself." "Fares, please!"

The conductor approached, the young woman dived into her purse and paid for herself, while the young man paid his nickel? Had they quarreled? The company were more interested than ever. The young man hastily got out in stony silence. At last an ingot out at the next corner, passing quisitive but kindly disposed old lady, who could no longer restrain her curiosity, turned to the girl: "Why don't you kiss and be friends, my dear?"

"I've never seen the young man before," was the frigid reply; and, following the direction of her angry glance, the entire company gazed in silent condemnation at the would-be Cupid in the far corner.—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Was Happy. "Ever quarrel with you wife?" inquired Klacker, of an acquaintance. "No." "Have any trouble with your servants?" "No." "Children worry you?" "No."

"Great Caesar, man! how's that?" "Ain't married; live by myself."

Question for Question. "Why do women insist on going to matinees for the sake of crying?" he inquired, impatiently. "Haven't they enough trouble of their own?" "I don't know," replied she; "why do men insist on getting into a poker game merely for the sake of experiencing a new kind of financial worry?"—Washington Star.



"Miss Spencer, May I Inquire If You Possess Such a Phenomenon as a 'Star' Pupil?"

Sammy Worrell; he can certainly use the longest words I ever heard of outside a dictionary. Why, may I ask? Are you especially interested in prodigies?"

"Oh, not in the least; certainly not in little Sammy Worrell. The person I had reference to chances to be a young woman, having dark eyes, and a wealth of auburn hair. We met quite by accident, and the sole clew I now possess to her identity is a claim she advanced to being your 'star' pupil."

Miss Spencer sighed somewhat regretfully, and her eyes fell. "I fear it must have been Naida, from your description. But she is scarcely more than a child. Surely, lieutenant, it cannot be possible that you have become interested in her?"

He smiled pleasantly. "At least 18, is she not? I was somewhat impressed with her evident originality and hoped to renew our slight acquaintanceship here in more formal manner. She is your 'star' pupil, then?"

"Why, she is not really in my school at all, but I outline the studies she pursues at home, and lend her such books as I consider best adapted for her reading. She is such a strange girl!"

"Indeed? She appeared to me to be extremely unconventional, with a decided tendency to mischief. Is that your meaning?"

"Partially. She manages to do everything in a different way from other people. Her mind seems peculiarly independent, and she is so unreservedly western in her ways and language. But I was referring rather to her taste in books—she devours everything."

"You mean as a student?"

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Mozart's Music in the Tyrol.

Peculiar Charm of Concerts as Given by the Peasants.

There is a slow rising scale from the simplest summer music to the splendor of the Ring Bayreuth, or still higher, to an occasional Mozart fest at Salzburg, writes a musician on his European holiday jaunt. Somewhere near the humblest beginnings, and yet with a real interest all their own, are the small village concerts in the Bavarian Tyrol. Taking a supper at the rough tables in the open air, in the midst of peasant gaiety and the pretty colors of the costumes, we look, admiring, at the group of performers, sitting at a raised table, adorned in

the full glory of the national dress—feathers in the cap, brilliant waistcoat, trousers that leave a gap below the knee. One of the men plays the zither to the other's singing in a certain narrow round of harmonies that seem to fit all the songs. For these very really only in rhythm. Or the singers will produce hidden violins and a trumpet and have suddenly changed into a band. However simple the music, there is always the old charm of the Tyrolean intervals and folk-song.

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