

A CONVERT.

I'm ready fur the simple life, I'm waitin' for the day,
When everything is peaceable, without a sign of fray.
I'm tired o' fightin' snowstorms, I'm tired o' choppin' wood—
A simple life is somethin' that I feel would do me good.
I've shivered in the mornin' when the dawn was gray and bleak,
I've took quinine and bitter till my stomach's gettin' weak.
An' I'm waitin' most impatient for the time to come along,
When the sun is shinin' lazy and the world is all a song.

Swingin' in the hammock underneath the spreadin' tree,
Listenin' to the robbin' an' the murmur of the bee;
Keepin' jest a little bit awake, so's not to miss
The perfume of the clover mingled with the sephyr's kiss.
I've had enough of battle with the winter's ruthless power;
I yearn for peace and quiet. I can stand it by the hour.
It's fine to be a hero an' to conquer in the strife,
But I'm gettin' good an' ready to adopt a simple life.

—Washington Star.

LEONORA'S WEDDING CAKE

MONOLOGUE, Miss Martha Plinter, seamstress by the day, speaking:

"Yes'm, certainly I can turn 'em upside down and put 'em right in style. I've been doing that for all my customers ever since the spring work began. I never did like sleeves big at the bottom. They didn't fit the way arms are made, and I turned against 'em from the first. But land, with most folks it's anything for style! I'm real glad to reverse 'em and put the fullness at the shoulder. When all's said and done you can't tell but what they was cut that way in the first of it. I've been real successful changing sleeves."

"Tell you about the wedding? I don't know any reason why I shouldn't. You see, having the same regular customers year in and year out, I get well acquainted with the folks I work for and I sort o' fit 'em together like one big family; though I never was a hand to carry tales from one house to another. Troubles I never repeat, and there's many a one o' 'em I know, I don't mention. But weddings are different. They're mostly joyful occasions, particularly when it happens they're doublets, so to speak, as Leonora Wilson's was. Haven't you heard? Why, her pa and ma has come together again and Leonora's getting married done it. That's the reason I said her wedding was a doublet."

"Just let me slip this sleeve on you till I see if it fits the arm size. Do you prefer having the fullness gathered near the front, or over back? I think they drape more graceful when they're a little mite nearer the front, but, it's just as you say, not's I care. There, just step to the glass and see if that suits you. Well, I'm relieved that you like 'em. The set of a sleeve is everything. I never like to let 'em go careless."

"As I was saying about Leonora's wedding, I made her outfit and I must say, without meaning praise to myself, that it was sweet. Not that she had so much. She had a small outfit, her ma not being able to afford and things being as they was with her pa, but what she had was nice and I always did hold for quality instead o' quantity. And Leonora's such a pretty girl, she set off what she had. She always makes me think of a flower, she's that dainty and pure looking."

"Of course, me being in the house helping 'em get ready for the wedding—Leonora married a real smart young man and he's well off, too, which isn't a drawback, so's she's got a favorable start and him and her are that fond of each other 'twould do you good to see 'em together. As I was saying, me being in the house helping 'em get ready for the wedding, 'twas natural I should know most everything going on and they didn't nesitate to talk right out before me, I've been in the family so long."

"I never really knew why Leonora's pa and ma took to living separate, but it seems they got so they couldn't agree and one trouble led to another till it ended by his going to the hotel to stay and Leonora's ma commencing to take boarders for a living, which she didn't get rich by. Leonora was real young when her pa and ma separated and it was hard on her, she loving 'em both and not understanding why her pa and ma was like poison to each other. Living in the same town, it made things kind o' awkward, as family partings generally does, especially when there's only one child to divide up between 'em."

"Leonora's pa did as much for her as her ma would let him and between the two she got good schooling. Leonora aimed to be a teacher, but Mr. Right came along and put a stop to that which was a good thing, say I, believing in marrying when the right folks get together."

"It's likely you remember the talk there was about Leonora's pa. Whether or not it was true, I don't know. It might be he was wild some, not having any real home and feeling lonesome, but however it was, it set Leonora's ma against him more'n ever and she said they was parted for good and all."

"How will you have your sleeves

fixed around the hand? Just plain with a fall o' lace? I like 'em best that way myself and that's real pretty lace you have. It'll look sweet."

"As I was saying, when Leonora was grown she kept feeling worse about having things as they was between her pa and her ma. She tried to bring 'em together, but no, they was both stiff-necked and prideful, and, being used to living apart, they didn't feel to come together."

"When Leonora's pa heard she was going to be married, he sent her a nice check and a letter she thought more of than she did the money. Her ma acted kind o' hurt about it, but Leonora's firm for all she's so soft spoken and has such loving ways. I heard her say myself one day when her ma was fretting, 'but, mother, he's my father, and we haven't quarreled.'"

"The day before the wedding all of Leonora's things was done and we was trying her wedding dress on her. I never expect to see an angel look sweeter, Leonora's soft air and tall and slim, and with her white dress and



"YES'M, I CAN TURN 'EM UPSIDE DOWN."

veil on, she made me think of an Easter lily. Right in the midst of the trying on, in come her ma with a big, wooden box. She'd had the cover taken off and inside was another box made of tin, and inside the tin box was a big, rich fruit cake done up in wax paper. She looked sort o' pale and trembled when she set it down. 'Leonora,' said she, 'here's your wedding cake. It was made the day you were born—most twenty years ago—and see how fresh it's kept.'"

"Leonora flushed all up, she was that pleased. 'Why, mother,' said she, 'why mother, how lovely!' She put her arms around her ma and I could see her give her a good squeeze."

"When she was born things was different in the family. Her pa was doing well and thinking nothing was too good for her ma, and if ever a child was welcome and made a to-do over, it was Leonora. You'd have thought she was an angel straight from heaven and as she made things turn out, I more'n half believe she was."

"Her ma couldn't talk for as much as a minute, but when she could speak she said, 'Leonora, there's some letters for you in the box. They were written and put in 'fore the cake was sealed up. Maybe you'd like to read 'em. They were meant for this day if you should live to see it.' She stopped and choked up."

"Leonora gave her a quick look and then began to take out the letters. They was stained from the richness of the cake and the ink was faded, but it wasn't any trouble to read 'em. Loving messages they were from her pa and ma and other relations. Leonora read 'em all real careful, and then looked in the box for more. She found another almost hidden in a corner. 'Why,' said her ma, 'I didn't know that one was there. Who wrote it?'"

"'To My Dear Wife,' read Leonora, slow and gentle."

"She passed it to her ma and looked at her, sort o' beseeching. Her ma took it in her hand as if she was afraid it would burn her. It was a full minute before she opened it and Leonora and I pretended we weren't noticing."

"'Is your dress satisfying?' said I. 'It is lovely,' said Leonora, absent-minded."

"'Pretty soon we heard her ma sobbing. Leonora flew to her like a bird. I grabbed a sheet and wrapped around her so no tears could fall on her wedding dress. I couldn't have that bad luck come to Leonora.'"

"'What is it, mother?' said she, betwixt laughing and crying."

"'You see I had her done up tight in the sheet and she couldn't get her arms free.'"

"'Oh, take this sheet away,' she said, as near cross as I ever heard her speak."

"I wouldn't budge, and there stood Leonora trying to get free, till her ma came to her."

"'We can't have any tears on your wedding gown, little daughter,' said she, wiping her eyes. She sort o' hesitated and then I heard her say, real soft, 'this letter is from your father.' 'Oh, mother!' said Leonora, 'let me read it. Please, do.'"

"'Her ma flushed up and gave it to her without a word. She looked melted and forgiving. I knew right away how it was. You see that letter was written when Leonora's pa and ma were thinking a lot of each other and feeling so happy over Leonora's coming, and reading it so unexpected, brought it all back to Leonora's ma.'"

"Leonora read it through twice. It was that still you could hear a pin prick you. And then Leonora said, 'Mother, that's the dearest letter I ever read. If father was like that then, he can be so again. Won't you make me happy and ask him to my wedding?' 'They was crying, whether or no, on each other's shoulders. I went out of the room real quiet, and closed the door.'"

"'How they fixed it I don't know, but come Leonora's wedding night, I was there helping her to dress and says she, chirk as a lark, 'Father is coming to my wedding; isn't it beautiful?'"

"I wish you could have seen the way her eyes were shining! I thought of blue stars when I looked into 'em."

"'Just before it was time for the folks to come, I went down stairs to see about Leonora's flowers. And just as I got down in the hall, the bell rang and I let her pa in the front door. Knowing he was expected, I didn't act surprised. Says I, 'Good evening, Mr. Wilson; won't you rest your hat?' Then I flushed up, remembering he ought to be more at home than I was."

"'He came in and stood around sort o' uneasy till he saw Leonora's mother in the back end of the hall. He moved toward her like he was pulled. Leonora's ma was looking almost as pretty and young as Leonora. She had on a white dress I'd made her, with a full skirt and shirred some on the hips and cut out a little mite in the neck. Mr. Wilson is a well-favored man and they certainly was a handsome couple. He went right up to Leonora's ma and took her hand and said something in almost a whisper. I couldn't hear. Then he put his other hand on her shoulder and looked at her steady for a full minute. If there ever was love and pleading in a man's face it was in his.'"

"'In the midst of it I heard a soft rustle on the stairs and there was Leonora coming down. If you'll believe me that girl appeared to float from the top to the bottom without putting foot on the stairs!'"

"'Father—mother—you're together! Oh, I'm so happy!' she was saying, and she kept saying 'I'm so happy,' till she was where they stood smiling and not speaking. Leonora's pa put his arm around the both of 'em and hugged 'em up close. I never expect to see a lovelier view!'"

"'Leonora's pa and ma stood up with Leonora and her beau while they was getting married, and the wedding was exactly like a doublet. They was congratulated as much as the real bride and groom and a happier acting couple you needn't look for. I expect folks wondered considerable. Let 'em wonder, say I. Good things don't need explaining.'"

"'It was Leonora's wedding cake that was the means of bringing 'em together and I feel real privileged to have seen it. They never expected to live together again, but never is not such a long day but what it has an ending. Leonora's ma won't have to keep on taking boarders. Mr. Wilson's well able to care for her, and it's pretty to think that now they can go hand in hand through the rest o' the vale. That wedding was certainly a happy occasion.'"

"'Yes'm, I'm real glad I could tell you about it, though I'm no hand to carry tales from house to house. If you'll hand me that lace I'll frill it on around your sleeves, and when all's said and done, you never can tell but what they was cut full at the top in the beginning.'—Toledo Blade."

The only thing that ever happens in a country town is the appearance in the spring and fall of a strange milliner to trim hats for six weeks.



A grass snake, reported by an English naturalist, ate a small frog on June 11, 1904. After this it refused all food, but appeared in good health, and often very lively, until about a week before its death, on Feb. 2.

Two Nova Scotia men believe that they have discovered a practice for hardening copper. One of them is a blacksmith and has made a razor out of the hardened copper. The razor, though rough, is sharp enough to shave with. The men say they can harden copper to any degree.

Mosquitoes have been associated with malaria in the minds of men for a very long time. Sir A. J. Blake at a meeting of the Asiatic society recently announced that Singapore medical books of the sixth century recorded sixty-seven varieties of mosquitoes and 424 kinds of malarial fever caused by mosquitoes.

That music tends to stop bleeding from wounds is the singular observation of an army surgeon. On bringing a patient near music he noticed that hemorrhage was greatly reduced or stopped, and was eventually led to conclude that the air vibrations induce faintness, thus lessening heart action and consequently reducing blood overflow.

The new type of telautograph of Isaac and Membret, French engineers, includes a desk transmitter, on which the writing is done with an ordinary pencil, and an apparatus at the other end reproducing the writing on a roll of paper. Designs, music and signatures, as well as messages, are prepared in Paris and are accurately reproduced in Rouen, the results being much superior to those attained from time to time during many years of experiment.

The final report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies presents some interesting facts. Assuming four thousand feet as the limit of depth and one foot as the minimum thickness of seam at which coal-mining is practicable, the commission estimates that the available quantity of coal yet untouched in the British Isles amounts to a little over one hundred thousand million tons. This is about ten thousand million tons greater than the estimate made by the Coal Commission of 1871, notwithstanding the fact that more than five and a half thousand million tons of coal have been raised in the meantime. The consumption of British coal in 1903 is estimated at one hundred and sixty-seven million tons, so that the report is reassuring as to any danger of immediate exhaustion of the supply.

Are thoroughbred racers and Arab horses distinct in their origin from the common kind of horse? Richard Lydekker, a well-known geologist and traveler, has written a letter, dated at the British Museum, to the editor of the London Times requesting that skulls of pedigreed horses be given to the British Museum. He says it was "recently discovered that a horse skull from India, in the museum, showed a slight depression in front of the eyes, evidently representing the pit of the face gland (like that of a deer which existed in the extinct three-toed hipparions or primitive horses)." A similar depression has been noticed in the skulls of the racers Stockwell and Ben d'Ore and an Arab horse. It existed in a less rudimentary condition in the fossil true horses of India. But it has not been found in the skulls of any of the ordinary English or continental horses, and "it appears to be lacking in horses' skulls from the drift and turbary of Europe."

COASTING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It Is Done on Grass in that Far Western Town.

One-half of the world's coasters do not know how the other half coast. The Canadian has his toboggan, the mountaineer his sled, the rustic Easterner his home-made sled for ankle-deep snow in zero weather, the city boy his wheeled coaster for paved streets; but here, on the hillsides of suburban San Francisco, a boy may coast without snow, without a cement walk or an asphalt street—without even a coaster! All he needs is to mount a piece of board on the top of a hillside, where there is a vacant lot covered with dry "sticker grass," and away he goes like a sandbag out of a balloon, whooping, screeching in wild excitement and boundless joy.

It is a dangerous sport, but no boy loves it less for that. Even full-grown men have been known to break faith with life insurance companies, forget their duty to housemates given them to keep their trousers in order, and throw themselves for a mad hour into this intoxicating frolic.

Foxtail grass, or "sticker grass," as it is commonly called, is the terror of gardeners. The seed head of foxtail is borne on a rodlike stem that, as the season advances, becomes stiff and sleek, like wire polished with sand. In this State, beginning usually in the latter part of May, the foxtail makes

of every hillside upon which it appears an unrivaled coasting track.

June is the ideal month for grass coasting. Sometimes the grass is not dry enough in May, sometimes it has been spoiled for later months by Fourth of July fires; but almost any June day, if you will walk about the slopes of Bernal Heights or of Fairmount, you may find boys enjoying this sport either singly or in groups. Occasionally a long board starts down a precipitous descent, with a sturdy steersman in front and a row of other boys squatted along upon its entire length. On the downward flight some of the coasters are usually spilled, beginning, commonly, with the one seat farther back. Often I have watched them, and I have never seen one of these courageous youngsters seriously hurt. Sometimes the board strikes a stone, swings round and selects a new course, as if it were a living thing.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

It is not the expected dangers which are the greatest menace to Alpine climbers. W. C. Slingsby tells in the Alpine Journal of a party of three who set out to scale the Dent Blanche with every reasonable expectation of a quick return. They were well equipped, were all experienced climbers in first-rate condition, and the weather was above reproach. Yet an unforeseen peril overtook them, and not one of them would willingly repeat the experiences of that night. Says Mr. Slingsby:

We climbed up without any adventure, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we started to come down. The weather was perfect, and we had no thought of mishap. We had been descending for about one hour when a flash of lightning called our attention to a black cloud, which advanced toward us and caused us to hasten our movements.

Suddenly, without warning, the cloud fell upon us, dense and dark. The axes in our hands gave out faint and steady flames; so did our gloves, and our hair stood out straight. A handkerchief which Solby had tied over his head looked like a tiara of light. The sight was uncanny, but interesting. The sparks and flames emitted no heat and no hissing, but I felt an unpleasant vibration about my spectacles.

One hundred and fifty feet of climbing would take us over the dangerous part of our journey, and in spite of the darkness we pressed on to reach safety before nightfall. We were all seated on a steep incline of ledge, clearing away the ice, when all at once the mountainside appeared to break out in a blaze, followed by a muzzled, muffled peal of thunder, which seemed to come out of the interior of the mountain. If a great crevice had opened and fire burst forth we should not have been more surprised.

Solby and Smith cried out, "My ax is struck!" and each let his ax go into the chasm in front of us. We were blinded by the terribly intense light. Smith had a broad band burned halfway round his neck, but aside from that we were not hurt. There was nothing to do but to wait until the storm should pass. The spectacle was so grand that we even took a grim enjoyment in it. But when it had passed night had fallen, and we were prisoners until morning.

We lashed ourselves to the rocks, braced our feet on the small projections of the steep incline and tried to make the best of it. It snowed and hailed and blew. We did not dare to sleep, but kept our hands and feet moving all night long. Smith was so dazed by the electric shock that he kept calling us by wrong names.

At the earliest dawn we made a breakfast of frozen oranges and sardines. Then we tried to start, but we were so benumbed that we were forced to wait for the sun to give us some heat. When it finally did blaze upon us and our stiffness had disappeared, we rescued our axes and started for Zermatt, which we reached at nightfall. A rescuing party had just been organized to go to our relief.

Two Times.

The expressions "time" and "right time," as used by the North Sea trawlers, were explained by the managing director of the Gamecock fleet at the Board of Trade inquiry, at Hull, concerning the firing by the Russians upon the English fishermen.

The clocks on the fishing trawlers are set an hour faster than Greenwich time, in order that the catch of fish may be delivered to the receiving boat, and reach the Hull market promptly.

The witness was asked what the fishermen would gain if they knew the clocks were fast.

The manager answered that it was an old custom, and that such traditions have great weight with fishermen.

You can't blame people much for hating agents; an agent always comes in when you are busiest.

Most people are not sorry soon enough.