

The Wind of the Prairie.

Out on the rolling prairie
It blows where it will,
And summer time or winter
The wind is never still.
It lingers at the moon,
It dances in the wheat field,
And laughs amid the corn,
Sometimes it scoldeth harshly.
The farmer at his task,
Whether for grain or blighting
The wind does never ask.
Sometimes, with drifting dust-clouds,
It sears the tender leaf
And makes the land a desert.
And fills the heart with grief,
Sometimes, when winter lingers,
It hurls in solemn gloom,
While man and beast grow fearful
That death is riding free.

But still the wind is kindly
And bears a healing wing,
And greets the growing flower
All in the time of spring—
Gives it with gentle blessings,
Bids it to bloom again,
To fill the earth with beauty
And cheer the hearts of men.
The wind bears rain clouds over
The waiting thirsty fields.

And oh what golden harvests
The prairie planting yields!
It touches all the orchard
With wonder-working skill,
And roving through the vintage
Both wine of life and ill.
And cutting up the tresses
Of maidens young and fair
It tosses them to witchery
Ere love is yet aware.
Oh the wind, the wind, is willful,
And wanders with the land,
And though it smite in anger
It hath a bounteous hand!
The trees resist, yet woo it,
The grasses show disdain,
The streams go laughing onward
Source ruffled by its reign,
And all the silent landscape
Rejoices that a friend
Visits it when 'tis lonely
A buoyant hope to lend.
And man, full as inconstant
As winds are wont to be,
Watches it deftly turning
His toil to liberty;
And thanks the God that made it
To blow, now here, now there—
That worship follow plenty
And peace be everywhere.

The Storyette.

THE MATCH OF ---THE SEASON.

"She is no daughter of mine; a madcap, a changeling, an unbroken colt who threatens to kick over the traces at any moment. What have I done that such a misfortune should befall me?"

Thus lamented Mrs. Gainsborough over her coffee one sunny winter's morning, to her husband, immersed in the daily news.

"Oh, what's the matter now, Mollie?" with easy good nature.

"Laura was a model," she sighed, "she never gave me a moment of uneasiness from first to last. The belle of her set, she married advantageously in her first season; and as for Dorothy, she could be led by a silken thread. But Theodora—she and she threw up her hands in horror, as though the subject beggared description."

"Come, come, Mollie," he pleaded; "let the child grow up in her own way; they can't all be alike it stands to reason. There was a god boy in Teddy, frank, fearless and honest as the sunlight; it would be a sin and a shame to cut, prune and pare her down into a doll of fashion like the best of them."

"Oh, you men!"—in accents of pathos. "What can you know about the heart of a mother, the awful responsibility resting upon her shoulders, the sacred charge entrusted to her hands. All depends upon her coming out; by that she stands or falls; the verdict is final. And when I think how ill she is prepared for the occasion; how willful, untrained and careless of the consequences, I tremble for her future; and with an air of tragedy she returned to her breakfast with renewed appetite."

At that moment the door burst open, and a young girl, in rough skating costume, with a mane of red hair like a shaggy pony, entered in whirlwind fashion, rosy, panting, radiant with health, spirit and abundant vitality, "a sight to make an old man young."

"Just in time for breakfast, and hungry as a hunter, too, I promise you!" in clear, ringing tones, and without ceremony she seated herself at the table.

"Skating at such an hour, Theodora!" protested her mother, in reproving tones, "when you should be abed getting your beauty sleep, in preparation for the great event before you."

"My beauty must care for itself," was the careless retort. "Must I code myself all day because I'm to come out tonight? Come out!—in scornful tones. 'What does it mean, anyway, daddy?' and she turned to her father with a look of hearty comradeship and affection."

"Well, Teddy, with most of you it means beaux and clothes, so far as I understand it; vanity and vexation of spirit, and ultimately marriage, when the right fellow comes along."

"Then I'll have none of it," and with an air of decision she turned to her breakfast with the vigor of seventeen.

No mother hen was ever more dismayed at the duckling in her brood than this punctilious leader of fashion at the daughter now on her hands to pilot through the shoals and quicksands of society, and at last anchor safely in the harbor of matrimony. Yet she was but a frank, high-spirited girl who despised forms and conventions with all her heart; rebelled at maternal counsel and discipline, turned sentiment to ridicule with the careless mockery of extreme youth. But she proved a pretty handful to the proud, scheming mother, whose aspirations soared high in the matrimonial line; a hotly pointed sword to solve, which would tax her wits, temper and endurance beyond her limit.

Yet her debut promised well, and maternal criticism could find no flaw in the radiant vision presented to her view in all the costly simplicity of a Worth gown, imported to grace the occasion. She had never realized her loveliness before; the piquant charm of Titian coloring and laughing dark eyes, the sylph-like grace of her buoyant figure, the childlike ease of her bearing, which sustained her well throughout the trying ordeal.

And Teddy—though she might rebel in advance at maternal authority, was the proof against the pleasure of the moment; the dangerous knowledge of her own beauty borne in upon her for the first time, the incense of masculine homage, the gay inspiring music, the novel charm of the occasion?

And possible gancheries, it might be that an odd bizarre character, such as this, would go down, in social parlance, even for a time created a sensation. Beyond this she dared not look or scheme; one hint of matrimonial intentions, such as she cherished, would rouse the wildest antagonism, cause the downfall of her fairest hopes and dreams.

So the season sped on, and the girl was caught in the current of events and whirled away; in the excitement of ball, reception, theater, opera, the awakening knowledge of her own power, she was gradually changing day by day into a striking, if unconventional, figure in social circles. And Mrs. Gainsborough, though shocked, startled and confounded in a thousand ways by the racy wit and audacious freedom of the daughter she so little comprehended, congratulated herself that she was safely launched at last, with every prospect of a fair and prosperous voyage.

Where Teddy sat, talked, or walked, was the central point of gaiety in any assemblage; her speech was punctuated with laughter, her dancing robes torn to tatters. The young enthusiasm with which she entered upon any occasion was an antidote to dullness and monotony, a rejuvenating draught to the most jaded beholder.

She seemed to have the gift of universal popularity; even her rivals liked and would have copied her if they could, and with the men she was a prime favorite, they hovered about her like moths about the flame.

But here maternal criticism came in and feared for the future. To the men Teddy seemed more like a good comrade than a beautiful girl to be wooed and won; a divinity to be worshipped. Sentiment shrank from her frank presence and pitiless laughter, and more than one foolish swain had cause to regret the expression of his admiration. The lover who passed the Rubicon with Teddy must needs be a valiant one.

To this free-hearted maiden the stately Gerald Massey, the most eligible match of the season, the cynosure of all eyes, the target for all matrimonial darts, was but "Jerry," a "jolly good fellow" and the best waltzer in society.

That she honestly liked him was manifest in word and act, though it must be confessed that his lack of sentiment and nonsense, as she termed it, seemed his chief attraction in her eyes. And the liking was reciprocal. It was many a day since this well-bred gentleman and inevitable bachelor had revealed such interest in the most beautiful debutante; many a day since he had encountered such a refreshing bit of femininity. But the best-laid plans of mice and men gang all agley.

And leave us naught but grief and pain.

For promised joy. Mrs. Gainsborough was a wise woman in her generation, and held her peace; the time for counsel, scolding or entreaty had passed; one scene of the kind with her rebellious offspring had taught her the wisdom of silence on forbidden subjects. Only the most winning diplomacy, such as had ruled her household for years, could avail, but this bit of a girl could elude her influence in the end seemed incredible.

Time brought its changes, and Teddy scarce realized the transformation she had undergone in these winter months that flew by as on wings. Still frank and freehearted in thought, word and act, she had gained in social grace and tact until she seemed another creature from the careless hoyden of a few months ago.

The season was to close with a bal masque, and then came the Lenten period of retirement, prior to further dissipation at mountain or seaside resorts. This was the event of the season, a grand finale to the lighter amusements that had gone before; and society was stirred to its depths in anticipation of the coming spectacle, in which beauty, wealth and fashion would play prominent roles.

As by a touch from an enchanter's wand, the noble mansion was transformed into a scene from fairyland, in which the rarest exotics exhaled their fragrance, the most ravishing music eloquently discoursed, while the gorgeous pageant streamed hour by hour through stately hall and gallery shifting and changing like the visions of a dream.

To Teddy it presented all the charm

of novelty, and in a rich Venetian costume of the olden time, her lovely face hidden 'neath the mystery of the mask she had a strange sense of losing her identity in that of another. No longer the daughter of prosaic modern Gotham, she was a creature of another race, age and clime, with her pulses attuned to love and romance, her heart throbbing with the passionate Hungarian music that swept through the corridors.

A stately gallant of the sixteenth century, bravely attired in velvet, silk-hose and slouched hat, was her faithful cavalier throughout the evening; together they danced, strolled in the wondrous galleries of art, played at sentiment, yet, as if by tacit consent, preserved the mystery of the masquerade.

But at last, in the still, dim lighted conservatory, 'neath the shelter of the shadowy palm and trailing vine, with the low plash of a little fountain in their ears, the gallant lost command of himself, and spoke to her in a language that startled her to a sudden realization of the truth—the language of love.

For one breathless moment she listened spellbound; then she tore the mask from her face with hasty hand; her cheeks were aflame, her great dark eyes sparkled with tears.

"This from you, Jerry?" she protested, in the sorrow accents of "Et tu, Brute!"—"No, no—I cannot listen."

But he would not be silenced, and unmasking, revealed a face pale with a resolution that frightened her. "Teddy, child—is it so strange that I should love you? Have you not divined it in all these months, when I have followed as your shadow, lived upon your smile, your wit, the sunshine of your presence? Another had seen it long ago."

"But we were such good comrades, Jerry," and she caught her breath with a sob.

"True, Teddy, and can be still; but, child, though you are, I have fallen under the spell of your enchantment, become entangled in the net you never threw. Dear, dearest, 'have you no word of kindness, of pity for me? I will not ask for love—now.'"

"I—do—not—know," she faltered, while her beating heart belied her speech. "It is all so strange, so unreal; a part of the hour, the scene, the mask—in a moment I shall awaken."

"And, shy in the presence of her new born love, Teddy, the careless hoyden, the scoffer at sentiment, surrendered to the enemy like the weakest of her sisters, while the stirring music of the Hungarian Czardas filled the silence with passionate meaning."

When the engagement was announced in the spring, to the consternation of social circles, Mrs. Gainsborough bore herself proudly, who took no small credit for the felicitous termination of the season.

Yet to this day she has never understood how it came to pass; how this strange, strange girl made the match of the season, alone and unaided. It remained to the end an unsolved mystery of the bal masque.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Bay leaves, laurel and oak with golden acorn are used for trimming fur toques, especially chinchilla.

Short skirts of corduroy or velvet in some neutral tint, lined with a bright colored silk, which is made into a blouse also, are the correct thing for skating dresses.

The latest tint in pink is called cameo and a velvet rosette of this soft shade is exceedingly effective on a dark velvet or fur toque.

Beautiful velvet leaves are much used in millinery, forming in some instances the entire crown of a fur toque, or, reversing the plan, the leaves are used for the brim and the fur for the crown.

Fine flowers are very much worn in the hair for evening dress and if the color of the hair is bright a black chrysanthemum or a black rose is very effective. The fine flowers usually have something of the wreath effect.

Some of the flannel blouses for dress wear are more artistic with the fronts tucked and relieved with an embroidery through which a narrow black belt velvet ribbon is threaded, while on others coarse lace is judiciously employed.

A detachable lace lining for your muff, with frills of edging at either end, is the latest makeshift, and a very beautiful one, too, since in a moment you can transform a plain muff into a dressy one by using two pins.

White mouseline de soie is extensively used for evening dresses this winter, made with graduated flounces alternately plain and spangled, often met by a deep tulle. A bolero fastened with a large bow in the center usually completes the bodice.

One of the latest fancies in handkerchiefs shows a row of fine dots in color just above the hem and a monogram in the same tint in one corner. Something still more dainty is the fine sheer narrow hemmed handkerchief, with only the monogram done in white and pale blue or violet.

Slowly but surely the coiffure is shifting its position from the top of the head to a point anywhere between the crown of the head and the nape of the neck. This tendency to lower the knot is especially noticeable at the fashionable dancing parties and wherever full evening dress prevails.

Indianapolis News: Dowle invested about \$50,000 in his lace industries and then issued over \$1,000,000 in stock. It is plain that this modern Eljah is not going to depend on the ravens to feed him.

The Incarnation of Mulvaney.

A CONTINUED STORY BY RUYARD KIPLING.

Once upon a time, and very far from this land, lived three men who loved each other so greatly that neither man nor woman could come between them. They were in no sense refined, not to be admitted to the outer doormats of decent folk, because they happened to be private soldiers in her majesty's army; and private soldiers of that employ have small time for self-culture. Their duty is to keep themselves and their accoutrements spotlessly clean, to refrain from getting drunk more often than is necessary, to obey their superiors and to pray for a war. All these things my friends accomplished and of their own motion threw in some fighting work for which the army regulations did not call. Their fate sent them to serve in India, which is not a golden country, though poets have sung otherwise. There men die with great swiftness, and those who live suffer many and curious things. I do not think that my friends concerned themselves much with the social or political aspects of the East. They attended a not unimportant war on the northern frontier, another one on our western boundary, and a third in upper Burma. Then their regiment sat still to recruit, and the boundless monotony of cantonment life was their portion. They were drilled morning and evening on the same dusty parade ground. They wandered up and down the same stretch of dusty white road, attended the same church and the same groshop, and slept in the same lime-washed barn of a barrack for two long years. There was Mulvaney, the father in the craft, who had served with various regiments from Bermuda to Halifax, old in war, scarred, reckless, resourceful, and in his pious hours an unqualified soldier. To him turned for help and comfort six and a half feet of slow-moving, heavy-footed Yorkshireman, born on the wilds, bred in the dales, and educated chiefly among the carriers' carts at the back of York railway station. His name was Learyod, and his chief virtue an unmitigated patience, which helped him to win fights. How Ortheris, a foxterrier of a cockney, ever came to be one of the trio, is a mystery which even today I cannot explain. "There was always three of us," Mulvaney used to say. "An' by the grace of God, so long as our service lasts, three av us they'll be. 'Tis better so."

They desired no companionship beyond their own, and evil it was for any man of the regiment who attempted to dispute with them. Physical argument was out of the question as regarded Mulvaney and the Yorkshireman; and assault on Ortheris meant a combined attack from these twain—a business which no five men were anxious to have on their hands. Therefore they flourished, sharing their tobacco, drinks, and money; good luck and evil, battle and the chances of death; life and the chances of happiness in northern India. Through no merit of my own it was my good fortune to be in a measure admitted to their friendship—frankly by Mulvaney from the beginning, sullenly and with reluctance by Learyod, and suspiciously by Ortheris, who held to it that no man not in the army could fraternize with his red-coat. "Like to like," said he, "I'm a bloomin' soldier—he's a bloomin' civilian. Tain't natural—that's all."

But that is not all. They thawed progressively, and in the thawing told me more of their lives and adventures than I am likely to find room for here. Omitting all else, this tale begins with the Lamentable Thirst that was at the beginning of First Causes. Never was such a thirst—Mulvaney told me so. They kicked against their compulsory virtue, but the attempt was only successful in the case of Ortheris. He, whose talents were many, went forth into the highways and stole a dog from a "civilian"—videlicet, someone, he knew not who, not in the army. Now that civilian was but newly connected by marriage with the colonel of the regiment, and outcry was made from quarters least anticipated by Ortheris, and in the end he was forced, lest a worse thing should happen, to dispose at ridiculously unremunerative rates of as promising a small terrier as ever graced one end of a leading string. The purchase money was but barely sufficient for one small outbreak which led him to the guard room. He escaped, however, with nothing worse than a severe reprimand and a few hours of punishment drill. Not for nothing had he acquired the reputation of being "the best soldier of his inches" in the regiment. Mulvaney had taught personal cleanliness and efficiency as the first articles of his companions' creed. "A dirty man," he was used to say, in the speech of his kind, "goes to clink for a weakness in the knees, an' is court-martialed for a pair av socks missin'; but a clane man, such as is an ornament to his service—a man whose buttons are gold, whose coat is wax upon him, an' whose 'coutrements are without a speck—that man may, spakin' in reason, do 'what he likes an' drink from day to divil. That's the pride av bein' daint."

We sat together upon a day, in the shade of a ravine far from the barracks, where a watercourse used to run in rainy weather. Behind us was the scrub jungle, in which jackals, peacocks, the gray wolves of the north-western provinces and occasionally a tiger strayed from Central India, were supposed to dwell. In front lay the cantonment, white under a glaring

sun, and on either side ran the broad road that led to Delhi.

It was the scrub that suggested to my mind the wisdom of Mulvaney taking a day's leave and going upon a shooting tour. The peacock is a holy bird throughout India, and whose slay one is in danger of being mobbed by the nearest villagers; but on the last occasion that Mulvaney had gone forth he had contrived, without in the least offending local religious susceptibilities, to return with six beautiful peacock skins that he had sold to profit. It seemed just possible then—"But f'what manner av use is it to me goin' out without a drink?" The ground's powder-dry underfoot, an' it gets unto the throat fit to kill," wailed Mulvaney, looking at me reproachfully. "An' a peacock is not a bird ye can catch the tail av unless ye run. Can a man run on water—an' jungle wather too?"

Ortheris had considered the question in all its bearings. He spoke, chewing his pipestem meditatively all the while: "Go forth, return in glory. To Clustum's royal 'ome. An' round these bloomin' temple 'ang 'The bloomin' shields o' Rome.'"

"You better go. You ain't like to shoot yourself—not while there's a chanst of liquor. Me an' Learyod I stay at 'ome an' keep shop—case o' anythin' turnin' up. But you go out with a gaspille gun an' ketch the little peacocks or somethin'. You kin get one day's leave easy as winkin'. Go along an' get it, an' get peacocks or somethin'."

"Jock?" said Mulvaney, turning to Learyod, who was half asleep under the shadow of the bank. He roused slowly.

"Sitha, Mulvaney, go," said he. And Mulvaney went, cursing his allies with Irish fluency and barrack room point.

"Take note," said he, when he had won his holiday, and appeared dressed in his roughest clothes with the only other regimental fowling piece in his hand—"take note, Jock, an' you, Ortheris, I am goin' in the face av my own will—all for to please you. I misdoubt anythin' will come av pernicious huntin' after peacocks in a desolat lan'; an' I know that I will lie down an' die wid thirst. Me catch peacocks for you, ye lazy scutts—an' be sacrificed by the peasantry—Ugh!"

He waved a huge paw and went away.

At twilight, long before the appointed hour, he returned, empty-handed, much begrimed with dirt.

"Peacocks?" queried Ortheris from the safe rest of a barrack room table whereon he was smoking cross-legged, Learyod fast asleep on a bench.

"Jock," said Mulvaney without answering, as he stirred up the sleeper, "Jock, can ye fight? Will ye fight?" Very slowly the meaning of the words communicated itself to the half-roused man. He understood—and again—what might these things mean? Mulvaney was shaking him savagely. Meantime the men in the room howled with delight. There was war in the confederacy at last—war and the breaking of bonds.

Barrack room etiquette is stringent. On the direct challenge must follow the direct reply. This is more binding than the ties of tried friendship. Learyod answered by the only means in his power, and so swiftly that the Irishman had barely time to avoid the blow. The laughter around increased. Learyod looked bewildered at his big friend—himself as greatly bewildered. Ortheris dropped from the table because his world was falling.

"Come outside," said Mulvaney, and as the occupants of the barrack room prepared joyously to follow, he turned furiously and said: "There will be no fight this night—unless any wan av you is wishful to assist. The man that does, follow on."

No man moved. The three passed out into the moonlight, Learyod fumbling with the buttons of his coat. The parade-ground was deserted, except for the scurrying jackals. Mulvaney's impetuous rush carried his companions far into the open ere Learyod attempted to turn round and continue the discussion.

"Be still now. 'Twas my fault for beginnin' things in the middle av an end, Jock. I should ha' commint wid an explanation; but Jock, dear, on your soul are ye fit, think you, for the finest fight that iver was—better than fightin' me? Consider before ye answer."

More than ever puzzled, Learyod turned round two or three times, felt an arm, kicked tentatively, and answered, "Ah'm fit." He was accustomed to fight blindly at the bidding of the superior mind.

They sat them down, the men looking on from afar, and Mulvaney untangled himself in mighty words.

"Followin' your fools' scheme I wint out into the thrackless desert beyond the barracks. An' there I met a pious Hindoo drivin' a bullock-karyat. I tuk ut for granted he wud be delighted for to convey me a piece an' I jumped in—"

"You long, lazy, black-haired swine, drawled Ortheris, who would have done the same thing under similar circumstances."

"'Twas the height av policy. That naggur man dhruv miles an' miles—as far as the new railway line they're buildin' now back av the Tavi river. 'Tis a karyat for dhirt only,' say he an' again, thimself, to get me out av it. 'Dhirt I am,' sez I, 'an the dhirt that you iver karyated."

Drive on, me son, an' glory be wid you.' At that I wint to slape, an' took no heed till he pulled up on the embankment av the line where the coolies were pillin' mud. There was a matter av two thousand coolies on that line—you remember that. Pristinly a bell rang, an' they throops off to a big paysh. 'Where's the white man in charge?' sez I to my karyat-driver. 'In the shed,' sez he, 'engaged on a rifle.' 'A f'what?' sez I. 'Rifle,' sez he. 'You take ticket. He take money. You get nothin'.' 'Oho!' sez I, 'that's f'what the shuper or an' cultivated man calls a rifle, me misbeguided child av darkness an' sin. Lead on to that rifle, though f'what the mischief 'tis doin' so far away from utes home—which is charity bazaar at Christmas, an' the coolies' wife grinnin' behind the tea table—is more than I know.' Wid that I wint to the shed an' found 'twas pay-day among the coolies. Their wages was on a table forinist a big, fine, red buck of a man—seven fut high, four fut wide, an' three fut thick, wid a fat on him like a corn-sack. He was payin' the coolies fair an' easy, but he wud ask each man if he wud raffle that month, an' each man sez, 'Yes, av course.' Thin he wud deduct from their wages accordin'. Whin all was paid, he filled an' old cigar box full av gun-wads an' scattered ut among the coolies. They did not take much joy av that performance, an' small wonder. A man close to me picks up a black gunwad an' sings out, 'I have ut.' 'Good may ut do you,' sez I. The coolie wint forward to big, fine, red man, who threw a cloth off the most sumshus, jooled, enameled, an' variously beddiled sedan-chair I iver saw. 'Sedan chair! Put your 'ead in a bag. That was a palanquin. Don't yer know a palanquin when you see it?' said Ortheris, with great scorn. (To be continued.)

HOW LITTLE IT COSTS.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day;
Just one kind word of a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way;
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight; another goes
All weary in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little, I wonder why
We give it so little thought;
A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch!
What magic with them is wrought.
—Open Window.

QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE.

Judge Crane in the county court in Brooklyn granted permission recently to Mrs. James Clark Bryden Fitzsimmons to change her name to Simonds after February 9. In 1898 she got an absolute divorce from Mr. Fitzsimmons and permission to use her maiden name. She has six children, whom she says are held up to ridicule by school children, who refer to them as the little "Fitzes" and in a contemptuous manner say they are the children of "Bob" Fitzsimmons. The petitioner says that she understands that Fitzsimmons is a puglist.

A knot of men was gathered in the smoking room at the club the other evening, relates the New York Times. It was late, but so cold outside that they hesitated to make a move. All ordinary topics had been exhausted and they finally entered upon a contest to see who could tell the most remarkable story about the fat men or the lean men they had seen. A veritable Ananias was awarded first prize without a dissenting vote when he asserted that he had met in his travels a man so thin that he could "go thro' a flute without striking a note."

Elsa Condon, head waitress at the New Grand hotel, Vincennes, Ind., last her life as the result of injuries to her spine from a fall in trying to execute a banter of kicking a tray of dishes held high by a playful girl comrade. She was unconscious twenty hours in a room at the hotel and three doctors failed to save her.

Rev. John J. Eberle of Pottstown, Pa., a retired Baptist preacher, was found dead in his bed a few days ago. On July 14, 1896, he began the practice of eating one meal per day, and did not deviate from that rule to the time of his death. He took no nourishment whatever between meals. From the age of 17 to 37 years he was an intense sufferer from complicated ailments and adopted the one-meal-a-day method to effect a cure. His health improved under this system of dieting, and the distressing headaches with which he was afflicted disappeared altogether.

Patrick Tierney, an eccentric character living at Summit, N. J., is dead. For twenty-five years he lived alone in a small cottage, miles away from the village. His life was absolutely that of a hermit. Tierney spent practically all of his time in reading works on religion, and until three years ago never missed a service in St. Theresa's church. He always insisted on remaining standing with his hand high above his head during these services, and this proved such a distraction to the other worshippers that he finally discontinued his attendance.

Dr. John P. Wood, the oldest practicing physician in the world, celebrated his 101st birthday at Coffeyville, Kan., on January 4. When Kansas was admitted into statehood he was a United States commissioner and John Brown was twice brought before him, once charged with murder and once with harboring fugitive slaves.