

AN EASTER STORY.

The old gray house was filled with sounds of hurrying to and fro, of confusion and sobs and moaning cries, but Margaret knew nothing of it all. The girl had slipped away from every care and was out in the fields delighting in the first fain; flush of dawn and the pure air on her cheek. It had been a long while since Margaret had been out of doors.

There was such joy in every step that she could not stop with the fields, but kept on down the road until she came to the village where the bells were ringing with gladness for Easter morning, and the children were carrying flowers to church. Margaret entered softly and took her old place in the dim corner, facing the window pictured with the story of Mary in the garden. How good it seemed to be there!

The altar cloth was glistening white,



OUR CHILD IS GIVEN BACK. the dim sisles were sweet with the perfume of lilles that filled the chancel, a few silent worshipers knelt at their prayers, and Margaret bowed her own | Clang! Clang! Clang! head with thoughts as pure and sweet | On wings our spirits soarwith gratitude as the breath of the In earnest words, in hymnal rhyme, flowers.

Now as she knelt in the quiet of that | We hear the story o'er! holy place, Margaret wondered to hear with the chiming bells, soft silvery Clang! Clang! Clang! strains of music, such as were never | Christ rises once againheard in the little church before, and Perfection of creation's sum, to feel the touch of a gentle hand laid | Grand miracle of martyrdom, on her hair. She locked up to see the To free us from our pain! beams of the morning sunshine streaming down upon her and the stained window palpitating with glorious light and color, but wonder!-as she looked again the stained window was no longer there at all; instead opening before her on every side was a lovely garden sweet with flowers.

"This is too good to be true," she cried, rising in a kind of rapture as she felt the soft balm of the garden air in

her face. "Nothing is too good to be true." said a voice at her side, but Margaret

could not discover any one. "Mry I enter this rich garden?" Margaret asked of herself, thinking of her poor, shabby dress, so faded and patched, which she was always glad to hide in the dim corner of the aisle. But as Margaret, doubting, asked this question, the sun shining upon her dress, showed it to be glistening white as the altar cloth and the lilies in the chancel. In her confusion the girl put her hands to her eyes to see if she were awake or dreaming, but every moment the vision grew more radiant.

The broad stream of light now appeared a pathway along which angel children were passing to and fro, and they smiled on Margaret and embraced her and drew her tenderly with

"Margaret, dear little sister! We are at glad you are here! Have you sponded. come to stay with us?" and they made raucic for her delight and showed her beguties of the garden past words to express, then went their way to ap-

pointed tasks. Margaret walked on in the gar- broil me a bit of steak."

den, borne about by a kind of winged ecstasy rather than by any touch of her feet, she came upon the Gardener | Those of us who know Easter only taking care of His garden, and He on our cold and prosaic North can have turned and looked at the girl.

"Sir," entreated Margaret, falling solemnity of Passion Week in countries upon her knees, "may I stay with you? where a hotter sun has infused in-May I help you take care of this gar- tenser warmth into the blood.

"Margaret," said the Gardener, tak- ! ing her by the hand-and then Mar- dent of the Juragua Iron Mines comgaret knew it had been His hand on her hair and His voice at her side.

"You may help me, Margaret, in an- served in Santiago and other Cuban other garden. You may work for me in the garden of human hearts and cultivate sweet and beautiful thoughts even business assumes a quieter aspect, and make them grow."

"But I am so tired of the old life-of the pain, the poverly, the hardship of it all!" and Margaret began to weep bitterly. "I cannot go back to the old

"My thild, it is a new life I give unto

"But I must leave you!" "I shall be with you always." "But we must leave this heavenly

"Margaret, my child, the garden shall be where we are."

It was in the old gray house at sunrise, on Easter morning, that the father was saying with humble grati-

"Tnank God, our child is given back to us."

"The Lord is merciful," sobbed the mother. "Blessed be His loving kind-

So Margaret was once more given health and strength, and as she went about her daily tasks the radiant vision of Easter was always present with her and these words were always singing themselves in her heart:

"A new life I give unto you-I am with you always-the garden shall be where we are."

## EASTER DAY.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The penitential days are done, Jehovah's joy bells ring: And 'neath the glorious Easter sun We hail the Lord, our King!

In organ peal and belfry chime

At Easter Breakfast.



It was at the Easter breakfast table and little Mabel asked: "Where's Johnny?" "He's dyeing eggs," somebody

Mabel opened her eyes in wonder. "Do dying eggs come from dead

chickens mamma?" "Here, Jane, take away this omelette," gasped Mabel's father, "and been more petted by the Whimpetts | go out for a walk." than any child they ever owned, and the death was celebrated with solemoff than they had ever been before in their lives. They enjoyed the distincof parlor furniture and some flow- the floor.

EASTER IN CUBA.

little conception of the significance and

Mr. Thomas H. Graham, vice-presi-

pany, Santiago de Cuba, gives an in-

teresting description of Easter as ob-

cities. "During the entire week," he

says, "all social gayety is suspended;

but the distinctive celebrations do not

begin until Holy Thursday. On that

day high mass is broken off in the mid-

dle, and a procession of priests car-

ries the image of Christ-the 'Ecce

In towns where there is no cathedral

some church is selected, and there the

the eighteen canons of the church in

SANG A HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

That is, they visit fourteen churches.

indicative of the fourteen stations of

the cross, saying prayers at every sta-

tion. It generally requires a part of

Good Friday to complete the pilgrim-

Catholic country is something to be

f the grave. The very air is funereal.

the most striking of all the ceremoni-

fully two and a half feet in height,

eighteen feet long. Every canon is

train. Then comes the populace, men

lighted candles. The scene is curiously

"The people who are not in the pro-

cession vie with one another in doing

homage to the Virgin as she passes.

Money is freely given, and flowers are

offered in profusion. While we lived

in Santiago Mrs. Graham always sang

a hymn to the Virgin as her image

passed our house, which was facing

the great plaza. As her voice rose

from the balcony where we stood the

vast procession would stop and listen

in a silence so profound that it could

be felt. Not a sound would be heard

The virtue of faith rests on risk.

except Mrs. Graham's voice."

the future.-Rev. P. C. Yorke.

mediaeval and impressive.

Homo'-to the cathedral.

bread flung back at her.

reconciliation. If the grown folks were

gave each other bloody noses, and the

ered dishes-126 pieces, including scimitar-shaped dishes for the rinds of grocery house he made bold to wear his | who lived upstairs, came along. blue jacket and buff leggins and the "Mrs. Dennis," whispered Jack, "who and other heroic episodes. But with went in the Hennesseys' door?" the Hennesseys it was different. They sey had been a contractor and had made money. But figuring got too audacious. close, finally, and Mick made blunders, lost his property and his reputation, and had the pain of seeing his family



marie Hennessey at the convent, a

and then before the Whimpetts, who sent their brood to the public school and had expectations of nothing bet-

"Keep you clear of that Rosemarie if you please, sir." Hennessey!" warned Mrs. Whimpett, speaking to her son the day before the responded Hennessey, and turned his girl's expected return.

"Heh!" sniffed Jack. "I've no need

a girl to my liking." Jack?" piped Dick, who knew things seen more money than ye'll have the with the roots and fibers of various the rest of the family did not. He had countin' av if yeh live to be a hunerd." image, life size and robed in white, is seen Jack taking girls into ice cream carried in solemn state, the entire populace joining the procession. This ceremony commemorates the journey sturdy legs, his big round head with old Hennessey's eye, and because his to Pilate's Judgment Hall. The image its clustering black curls, his brave eyes were merry and the turn of his is left in the church and the people eyes and simple manner, were calcu- calf was good, something got hold of disperse in silence. Then the devout | lated to do execution, though, to be | old Hennessey's better self and he begin the ceremony of the pilgrimage. just, he was not vain.

The Whimpetts heard great goings that it fairly swallowed his face. on the night of Rosemarie Hennessey's return. There were lights in all the Come see the girl, if her mother's willwindows, and the sound of fiddling, in'. Yeh come of a good fightin' famand an ice-cream freezer from the lly, I'll say that for ye." out in the corridor, in their Sunday pett. remembered. The sun rises on a city best, and sticking out their tongues at

plunged in absolute stillness-stillness | the young Whimpetts. In the afternoon the procession of the Holy Virgin takes place. This is really als. The sacred image, robed in black, is carried by priests and is followed by singular costume, all black. On their into his blood and made his heart the girl in her arms and kissed her. dance, though he forced his feet to heads they wear conical black caps keep perfectly still. He had no mind | You're just the one to help me plan a to let the feet of a Whimpett make picnic. I was thinkin' of askin' your and their robes have trains sixteen or merry to the music of a Hennessey. Besides, as mentioned before, the Henfollowed by an acolyte, who carries the nesseys and the Whimpetts had been at it again. and women, still in black, all carrying

It was a close summer night, and he determined at length, the younger taken for granted .- Chicago Tribune. children being in bed, his mother nodding over her paper, and his father not yet home-he was on a night shift at the yards-to go out for a little air. He had to pass the Hennesseys' door to reach the stairs, and he meant not to acknowledge the merry-making by even a turn of the head. But there was such a glare of light, such a babel of voices, such a whishing of starched skirts, that, because he was not yet one and twenty, he looked out of the

corner of his eye-and was lost. For this is what he saw: A tall, hair braided about her head in the most engaging fashion, a pair of bluest eyes, full of modesty and merriment, a This is the foundation of all justice. rounded throat, a pink and white skin, hand. It places us above ourselves and pro- a fluttering white gown and some pink jects our souls on into the realms of roses. It was altogether the prettiest thing Jack had ever seen off the stage, long-felt want would remain unfilled. Globe.

had been cast over him, and from the safe gloom of the hall stared upon this The Hennesseys and the Whimpetts apparition. Some one spoke to the were at it again. It was the revival of girl, but she did not turn her head. an ancient unpleasantness, and it had | She still looked in Jack's direction. its beginnings in the fact that when | The truth was, that half in shadow and Mick Hennessey, for reasons not nec- half in white light, she saw a young essary to mention, was laid off at the | soldier, handsomer than any man she stockyards, Bill Whimpett went in and | had ever beheld, looking at her from took his job. Immediately upon this, his loneliness, with eyes of apprecia-Nora Hennessey, as bad luck would tion and reverence. This made the have it, fell ill with rheumatism, and, hall much more interesting than the while she was in bed, little Pat, who parlor, and she, too, moved by an inwas 10, got into bad company, and tak- | clination for fresh air, left the room

ing the bit in his teeth, as young colts | where her friends were and stepped

will now and then, he ran away. It | into the hall. was three months before he turned up No one noticed her departure, and she slipped away from the door, then, again at home, and when he did he had acquired a good deal of knowledge feigning to refresh herself in the draft which a boy of 10 can do nicely with- that came up the stairway, she covertout. All of which the Hennesseys laid | ly observed the soldier. He drew back at the door of the Whimpetts. Indeed | further in the shadow, then, after a and indeed, when Mary Whimpett pause, he came nearer to her. She ventured over to the Hennesseys with looked at him frankly then, challenga baking of warm bread-that was ing him to speak. while Nora Hennessey was in bed-she

"The sound of the music is gay," got her trouble for her pains, and the said he, accepting the challenge. But his voice was quite sad. He had, in perverse fate attended all efforts at daughter.

The girl whirled about lightly on in a mood for amity, the youngsters her slippered feet. "I can't keep still when I hear music

espoused the part of their young. all night." Moreover, Mick got a place on the Hal-"I couldn't sit still any longer in sted street line as grip driver, and the my room." Jack confessed. "And I first thing he did was to run over the thought it would be silly to get up and Whimpett's terrier. The terrier had dance all by myself, so I concluded to

The music took a new turn, a caressing measure. The two young people stood near each other in the dusky The Whimpetts had, moreover, some hall and listened, he in his soldier frock. The scent of the roses she wore tion of a front flat, a piano, a new set | invited them. Jack flung his hat on

"Come!" said he.

The girl blushed, hesitated, harked baked potatoes. With such conven- to the rhythm of the waltz, and then iences it is possible to live in an ele- laid her white hand on Jack's arm. gant manner. Jack Whimpett had, They went waltzing in and out amid moreover, gone to Cuba at the call of the shadows of the corridor. At the his country, and though he was now far end the music stopped. The girl engaged in rolling barrels of sugar and sprang from Jack's arms, looked at flour from the trucks of a wholesale him abashed. Just then Mrs. Dennis,

methods were simpler, Mick Hennes- | sure, Jack Whimpett, and not for you." | Jack tossed his head and became

It would be impossible to describe

"O, I don't know," he said.

the amazement of the Hennesseys and move out of their imposing three-story | the Whimpetts the next day when brick into an apartment beside the they saw Jack and Rosemarie boldly Whimpetts. However, they still lived standing together in the hall talking. "It's a warm Sunday," said Jack. in the shadow of prosperity, for Mrs. Hennessey's sister, Kate Cragin of "Wouldn't you like a taste of ice Boston, had the goodness to keep Rose- cream, Miss Hennessey?"

"I would that, thank you, sir. But fact which the Hennesseys flouted now | my mother may object." "Ask her," said Jack, and he felt braver than he ever did in Cuba. Rose-

marie came back and shook her head.

"Mother says no," said she. "I'll call again tomorrow," he responded, and he did. But there was still a refusal, and at home he was bullyragged unmercifully. In fact, the wrath which the Whimpetts and Hennesseys had hitherto poured upon one another they now turned upon their outrageous offspring. But that did not keep roses from being thrown over the paper boxes of ice cream from finding | in its wake, sometimes only a few betheir way to her hand, and ultimately | numbed, dirty people. to her mouth. And to cap it all, one night when Mick Hennessey was home, in walked Jack, with a daisy in his different kinds of insects. The ant dedragoon before the frowning old man. | leather or cloth. It will attack dis-"Good evening, Mr. Hennessey,"

Mick Hennessey took his pipe out of his mouth and gave a surly "Good evenin'."

"I'd like to call on Miss Hennessey,

"Well, you can't, bad cest to yeh, back. "I've got a new place, sir, and a raise

better."

"Very likely, sir. But why may I water give forth the most gorgeous saloons, big as life. Jack was a hand- not call on Miss Hennessey?" He flowers, yielding the odors of Arabia. some fellow. His broad shoulders and smiled pleasantly, and somehow got broke into a smile so comprehensive

"Git along wid ye, ye spalpeen!

caterer's standing out in the hall. The | And the next morning a girl in a young Hennesseys paid full tribute to fresh gingham gown, with a rose in "A Good Friday in a southern Roman | the glory of the occasion by running | her black hair, called on Mrs. Whim-

"Here's a little drawn work I did at the convent, ma'am," said she, mod- phia Times, five or six sparrows were part of their subsistence from this est and as soft as could be. "And I pecking away in the gutter immediateand endeavored to read the book he thought maybe you'd have the goodhad brought home from the public li- ness to accept the same from me." She a cat crept across the street and brary. It was a good book, but he looked up under ner long lashes depcould not really understand it because recatingly. Mrs. Whimpett drew back the victim's companions sent up a war of the fiddling next door, which got and trembled a little. Then she caught | cry, which was as instantly answered.

> pa and ma!" And so the feud of the Hennesseys and Whimpetts died. There are other chapters to the story, but it is not nec-

essary to write them. They can be

Crime and Its Punishment. For stealing two prayer books Josph Szezepanski caused the arrest of Charles Jarzambrowski in Chicago yesterday. The offense is a serious one and Jarzambrowski will no doubt be hustled to the pejnitejntizjrski.-Waukegan Gazette.

Rolling an Umbrella.

The proper way to roll an umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs slender, smiling girl with raven black and the stick with the same hand, and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twirled around with the other

## THE COMEDY OF IT. and he stopped as if an enchantment THE DREARY VELDT.

SICKENS HEART OF THE BRIT-ISH SOLDIER.

The Desolate Philn of South Africa, Where Duststorms Swallow Up Men and Amimals and Nature Seems to

spelled without the "t." It means an "grass country." The higher tracts, entirely destitute of timber, are called the high veldt; areas thinly covered with scrub or bush are called the bush-veldt. The great veldt of the Transvaal is the Hooge of the Drakenberg range, whose edge attains a height at the summit named Mauch of 8.725 feet. Mafeking, where Baden-Powell is

now fighting for life and English vic-In the course of time both families | truth, never been to such a grand party | tory, is in the heart of a veldt "upon would have been well enough pleased as the one with which the Hennesseys | which," writes a traveler, "there rests to have fluttered a flag of truce, but a | celebrated the homecoming of their | the silence of horror; where there is always the desolation of drought and excessive heat." A brief season of the year comes when this is not so; when dry torrent beds fill and brief rains respective mothers, fierce as tigresses, like that!" she cried. "I could dance fall. Wild flowers blossom, the grasses birds chirrup shrilly as they flutter from bush to bush. Then the veldt is a color picture, a plaque of nature, upon which the eye settles for rest. So brief are these periods, though, that the terror of the parched veldt when the clouds come no more, and the wind cause for envyings. They were better clothes, she in her perfumed white is scorching at midnight, or raw and stole to their nostrils. The long hall | before the crazed eyes of the beasts. There is a saying of the Arabs that

> traveler caught upon the veldt without water and no hope but to fight for life and gain the too distant ranges. In January the average temperature at Durban is 74: in July 62: at Pietermaritzburg the January average temperature is 71 and 55 in July; at Swellendam the January temperature is 72 found. Streams that were gorging in June and July are empty in January and February. The soil cracks with the baking it receives. The short grasses lose all vitality and pass away into powder. Windstorms sweep over the plain and conceal the trails. Duststorms form and swallow up men and animals. These duststorms start upon apparently the same scientific basis as do the western cyclones. They are at first but the size of the cocked hat of a clown, turning lazily gain power and size. The traveler may throat, oppressing with frightful heat. The whirlwind is gone almost as quick

The veldt is not uninhabited, for Africa is the home of more than 1,000 buttonhoie, and stood up straight as a | stroys everything in the shape of wood, abled men or beasts, swarm upon them and leave them picked to the bone. A fly exists which fatally stings the horses and cattle, and there are creeping things of hideous shape and more hideous feeling when upon the person. Only the Hottentot bears their attacks with equanimity. He calls the veldt "karroos," which means dry or arid. He it is, too, who pushes back the to go to the Hennesseys, I hope, to find | in salary, and a promise of something | sandy soil and finds beneath the germs of life that shall give fruit when the "Say, there's others, ain't there, "It's less than nothin' to me. Ave rains return. This soil is pervaded plants, which under the influence of Then come the antelope, the zebra, the quaggas, the gnus, in countless herds, and after them those who seek them for prey-the lion, hyena, panther and to April the winds blow from the pool, as legends have supposed, but of southeast, and are cold and dry. From | being dashed to pieces against the May to September the northwest wind rocks.

A Surprised Cat.

Several days ago, says the Philadelly in front of an engine house when pounced upon one of them. Instantly From housetop and tree, the sparrows "Come in!" she said. "Sit down. flocked to the scene. With whirring, hissing cries of noisy rage, they fearlessly attacked the offender. For about thirty seconds the dazed cat endured the blows from perhaps a hundred beaks and twice as many beating wings. Then, still holding her prey, she struggled way from the infuriated birds and ran into the engine house. The plucky little fellows followed her inside, but soon gave up the chase, leaving her with her dearly bought dinner, a sadder but a wiser cat.

> Not Prepared. An eccentric Maine preacher was recently driving along a country road and, overtaking a young man tramping als weary way on foot, invited him to 1 seat in his sleigh. After he was comfortably seated the preacher rolled visor of his cap and said in sepulchral Kitchener of Khartoum. ones: "Young man, are you prepared to die?" With an ear-piercing scream and a back somersault over the back of the sleigh, the young man made for the cense woods, and has never been

FAST SPEED IN A FOG. Strain on the Nerves of Engineers of Express Trains. A railroad engineer, referring to the

published story of the strain upon the

steamers in dense fogs, said to a Tele-

nerves of pilots of Long Island sound

graph reporter: "I just wish you would say for the engineers: "They don't have a very easy time in such weather." And then he went on to tell how in foggy nights the engineers of the Veldt is a Dutch word sometimes fast trains, and for that matter, the slow ones, endured a strain that would unforested or thinly forested tract of sicken many a man. They sit on the land, what cowboys would call a hard little perch provided for them, rushing along, often at a pace of 50 miles an hour or more. Under them the huge mass of iron and steel trembles and throbs, as nervous as a woman and twice as skittish. It is impossible to see ten feet ahead of the engine, and the signal lights, be they red or white, are only visible as they are passed by. A misplaced switch would mean a disaster horrible to contemplate. These men know all this, and still they are obliged to sit there with a hand on the throttle, ready at any minute to shut off steam and stop the enormous bulk of plunging metal. I have been running on fast trains now for 10 years," said the engineer, in winding up his story, "and every time I get on my engine to take my train, I say to myself that it will be for the turn from brown to green, the native last time, but somehow I always come again. It is not the danger which attracts me, for I know too well the results of a slip or a mistake, but somehow or other I cannot give it up. When I get old I will be put to running some men forget them and remember but freight train, and then will probably die in a smash-up, after having taken one of the fastest trains in the country over 125 miles of track, day in and cold, and the mirage of water dances day out. Still I cannot give it up." And that is the tale that all of them tell. They all say that it is not the danger which fascinates them, but they "the soil is like fire and the wind like cling to the life which wears a man a flame." Thus it seems to the unwary out in a comparatively few years, and ages him before his time.-New London Telegraph.

## CHARLES I. AS A "MARTYR." What Shall We Say of These Americans? Asks Roosevelt.

Any man who has ever had anything and the July 59. On the veldt the tem- to do with the infliction of the death slouch hat that suggested San Juan is that girl in the white dress that just perature rises in December and Janu- penalty, or, indeed, with any form of ary to 100, 105 and 108; in July it falls | punishment, knows that there are sen-"That?" said Mrs. Dennis. "Did she to 85, 90 and 95. So the English ob- timental beings so constituted that had seen much better days, and it was have blue eyes and black hair? Why, servers have determined. The greater their sympathies are always most not easy for them to forget it. When that's Rosemarie Hennessey, to be the heat the less water is there to be keenly aroused on behalf of the offender who pays the penalty for a deed of peculiar atrocity, says Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's. The explanation probably is that the more conspicuous the crime the more their attention is arrested and the more acute their manifestations of sympathy become. At the time when the great bulk even of civilized mankind believed in the right of a king, not merely to rule, but to oppress, the action struck horror throughout Europe. Even republican Holland was stirred to condemnation, and as the king was the symbol of the upon the level. As they proceed they state and as custom dies hard, generations passed during which the great see one first as a thin spiral column | majority of good and loyal, but not parreaching from the earth to the sky. ticularly far-sighted or deep-thinking It leaps fantastically from the ground men, spoke with intense sympathy of and descends again. On the fringe of Charles, and with the most sincere horits edge there are faint electric sparks. For of the regicides, especially Crom-When at full strength it descends upon | well. This feeling was most natural humans with blinding force, filling the then. It may be admitted to be natural mouth, mostrils and ears, choking the in certain Englishmen even at the present day. But what shall we say of Americans who now take the same transom at Rosemarie's feet, nor little as it came. Sometimes there is death view; who erect stained-glass windows in a Philadelphia church to the memory of the "royal martyr," or in New York or Boston hold absurd festivals in his praise?

> World's Most Remarkable Whirlpool. The Maelstrom, which means literally, "grinding stream," is situated on the Norwegian coast, southwest of the Loffoden Isles, and is the most remarkable whirlpool in the world. It runs between the island of Moskenes and a large solitary rock in the middle of the straits. The strong currents rushing between the Great West Fjord and the outer ocean through the channels of the Loffoden Isles produce a number of whirlpools, of which the maelstrom is by far the most dangerous. During severe storms from the west, for instance, the current runs continually to the east at the rate of six knots an hour, without changing its direction for rising or falling tide; and the stream will boil and eddy in such mighty whirls that the largest steamer could hardly contend successfully with the waters. The depth of the whirlpool is only twenty fathoms. leopard. Animal life is visible every- but just outside the straits soundings where for a short period, and then the reach from 100 to 200 fathoms. The heat returns, the death within life, the great danger to vessels is of course not dust and the silence. From September of suction into the heart of the whirl-

> > The rearing of kids for their skins is a leading industry among the French mountaineers, who obtain no small source. Softness, delicacy of texture and freedom from blemish are principal factors in the value of kidskins. and to secure these essentials great pains are taken. So soon as the young animal begins to eat grass the value of the skin declines, for, with a grass diet, its skin immediately begins to grow coarser and harsher in texture and its chief merit vanishes. It is, therefore, kept closely penned, not

only to prevent it from eating grass,

but also to secure the skin from acci-

dental injury from scratches and

bruises, which impair its value. When

the kids have reached a certain age.

at which the skins are in the best

condition for the use of the glover.

they are killed, and the hides are sold

to traveling hawkers, through whom

Where Glove Skins Are Grewn.

they reach the great centers of the tanning industry. Won Their Titles by the Sword. There are just now three living British peers who have won their peerages on the battlefield-Viscount Wolseley. the whites of his eyes up under the Lord Roberts of Kandahar, and Lord

> Quaint Little People. The natives of the Andaman Islands,

the smallest people in the world, average three feet eleven inches in Were it not for the dentist many a seen in those parts since, -Boston height and less than seventy pounds

in wight.