

A Real Bird

Her eyes are as brown as the thrush's
Her neck like the swan's downy coat,
Is whiter than snow in its whitest state,
And her voice has the tune of a night-
ingale's throat.

Her hair is as black as a raven's wings,
Her grace, even when she is ill,
Is that of the eagle which soars high
And every three months there's a mil-
lener's bill.

She's as proud as a peacock, that rain-
bow-like bird,
With dignity o'er her head;
With feathers and two little feet pigeon-
toed,
My wife would in fact be a consum-
mate bird. —Philadelphia Press.

A SUNSET'S WOOLING

By EVELYN JENNER

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The sunshine seemed unusually
pleasant that bright spring morning.
How good it was to be out! How
the buds were swelling and how busy
the birds were, hopping about from
place to place, choosing sites for their
summer cottages. All nature seemed
rejoicing that the long, cold winter
was past.

Old Mrs. St. Leger stood for a moment
by the open doorway, enjoying
it all; then she noticed a bit of vine
which the wind had loosened from
the trellis. She stepped on a chair
and stood on tiptoe to put the truss
back in its place, when she over-
reached and would have fallen had not
the strong arm of a passerby caught her
and deftly placed her on the veranda
floor.

"Lucky thing I happened to be pass-
ing or you would have had a nasty
fall if not a broken limb."

"It was indeed fortunate for me and
I am very grateful to you," she said,
as she looked at the tall form bending
over her.

"What were you trying to do?
Bring me a hammer and some nails
and I'll fix that broken trellis for you.
It's not the handiest thing in the
world for a woman to do that kind
of work."

"Seems as though the place needs
quite a bit of fixing. I guess I'll have
to get a man in for a day or two."

"You're a bit like myself, I see. You
miss your partner and I miss mine.
But you're better off than I am; you're
in your own home, while I've had to
give up mine and go and live with
my children. None of them want me,
so I have to 'live round' with them.
Do you understand. Stay with this
one a while and then with that,
always feeling that I'm not wanted
and in the way." A mournful note
had crept into his voice and a shade
across his kind face.

She sighed in sympathy as she
said, "I see, and that's what I'm
coming to. The children say that I
can't stay here another winter. They
fall I had to sell my cow and through
the winter I killed all my chickens.
I hate to give up my little home
where I've been so comfortable all
these years. This living with the
children takes away the independent
feeling that makes one so contented."

"That it does, I'd rather live on
less and have it under my own roof."

They sat awhile in silence. The
warm spring sunshine fell on their
locks, whitened by the snows of many
winters; their toll-worn hands lay
laidly in their laps. The tabby cat was
taking a nap on the old lady's skirt
and his dog Rover, which followed him
everywhere, lay curled up at his feet.
They had spent useful lives and had
looked forward to a winter of quiet
content, which, alas! seemed to have
slipped from the grasp of each. Her's
was a cheery disposition, however,
and she strove to look at the bright
side.

"Well, I've one more summer in the
old place anyway. My tulips and crocuses
are looking fine. Horace used to
say to me, 'Wife, yours are the
finest and earliest tulips on the
street.' He loved to look at them
as he sat at the south window. Just
around the corner I've a bed of pan-
sies and already the buds are show-
ing."

"You've a clump of daffy-down-dil-
lies, somewhere," he said, catching her
spirit. "I always like those for they
reminde me of England and my child-
hood's home."

"Listen, do you hear the bluebirds
in yonder grove? See that inquisitive

robins; I do believe the same robin
builds in our apple tree every spring.

They sat enjoying the pleasant
spring sunshine, the balmy air and
the chorus of song from God's little
thrusters. A quiet, restful feeling
seemed to take possession of the old
man who presently said:

"Mrs. St. Leger, this is a pretty and
a neat little home; you would hate to
leave it as I disliked leaving mine.
We are both well-to-do. Both have
grown-up children, and both without
a home, or nearly so. Now you need a

man about the place, and I a woman.
I've always liked your looks and be-
lieve we could get along pretty com-
fortably together. What's to prevent
us getting married? We could both
go to sacrifice something if I could only
sit at my own fireside once more. I'm
tired of being shoved around from
eyes grow moist.

"There's a good deal of truth in
what you say, James Crosby, but—I
wonder if we could get along to-
gether?"

"To be sure we could if we made
up our minds to do it. I'd be willing
to sacrifice something if I could only
sit at my own fireside once more. I'm
tired of being shoved around from

"I've not come to that yet but I will
next winter if something isn't done."
"As I've said, I've always liked your
looks. I'm sure you're not hard to get
along with."

"Well, I'd do my best to make the
home comfortable for you, and, as I
rather like your looks, but—what will
the children say?"

"They need know nothing about it
until it is done. I'd leave you enough
when I died so that you wouldn't
have to live round. The children
ought to be glad that they wouldn't
be bothered with us."

"That's so. We could live here,
couldn't we?"

"Yes, if you like, Mary. I'd buy a
cow and some chickens; then I'd look
after the garden and provide for the
house."

They were silent for some time,
thinking of the future; then he re-
ached over and took her hand as he said:
"Think of having a home, Mary,
where we could do as we pleased, and
not feel in the way. Think of the
comfort, the joy of one's own home!"

"Yes, it would be nice. I wouldn't
have to go and live with the children.
I'll do it, James, and try to make you
so comfortable that you'll never re-
gret it," and she looked up into the
kindly face beside her.

"I'm sure you will, Mary," he said,
as he kissed her. "I, too, will do my
best to make your life contented and
happy. Now we'd better go to the
minister's at once, before the children
get knowledge of it, and have a
chance to make a fuss."

"But, James, I'd like to clean the
house up a bit, and—"

"You can tidy up the house, Mary,
while I clean the yard. Just think of
having a home; I feel ten years
younger at the thought. Now, I'll go
up street and get the license while you
get on your bonnet. Then we'll
go over to the minister's and get mar-
ried; we'll come back to our own
home for dinner. After dinner I'll get
a pony and carriage and we'll drive
out into the country and look after a
cow and some chickens."

He stooped and kissed the bright,
cheery face of the old lady, and said,
as he walked to the gate:

"Be ready, Mary, in half an hour,
for I'll be back then."

Roche's Strenuous Career.
Jim Roche, the man who smuggled a
torpedo destroyer out of England
into the service of Russia, is a man
of varied and exciting experience. He
has had a revolution in South America,
has had a tombstone erected to him
somewhere in northern Europe, stood
as a model for the late Sir John Mil-
lais, struck oil in a southern state and
at one time was an ally of Ernest Ter-
rah Hooley, the south African pro-
moter.

Photographs Wild Animals.
The African explorer Shillings has
brought to Berlin an extraordinarily
interesting series of photographs of
wild animals taken by themselves.
His method was to attach to a piece
of meat a string, which, on being
touched, brought on a flashlight ex-
posure. Leopards, hyenas, lions, apes,
zebras and other animals were thus
taken in the most diverse attitudes.

White Cattle to Be Sold.
A herd of abnormal, wild white
cattle, which has been confined for
nearly seven hundred years in Char-
ley Park, Staffordshire, England, on
the hereditary estate of the Earl Fer-
rers, is to be sold. The park, consist-
ing of nine hundred acres, is to be di-
vided up. The herd has numbered as
many as forty-three, but numbered now
only nine. It was shut up in 1248.

The Voyage.
Each night I went favorite, I never
upon the soundless sea of sleep;
My sails with treacherous breeze swell,
I cleave a path, I leave behind
And, sick of mind, I leave behind
The old world, weary grown, and sad,
And on and on I sail to rest.
The stranger coast, the islands glad!

At morn the voyager ends—'I wake!
I look through my cabin window. 'That's
right, my eye! The sun don't beam
In silver splinters through the slats!
What strange new land lies there at
hand!
What kindness fills the wondering
What leagues of sea I must have spanned
From that old world of yesterday!
New Orleans, Times-Democrat.

Mill Makes Only Wagon Hubs.
The hub mill at West Sebols, Me.,
is in full operation. The mill at West
Sebols is one of the few of its kind
in New England, nothing but wagon
hubs being made.

Blind Man Operates Typewriter.
George W. Raper is a blind ty-
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rate in an unusual degree, and because
of his inability to correct errors has
learned to make very few. Raper lost
his sight two years ago as the result
of a fever.

Germany's First Titled Dentist.
Countess Helene von Schwelbitz
has just passed a most satisfactory ex-
amination in dental surgery. Germany
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and physicians, but the countess is
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ITS WINTER SLEEP BROKEN.

Big Catfish Disturbed by the Intrusion of a Lot of Buffalo Fishes.

The Aquarium's big Mississippi river
catfish, which in winter lies on the
bottom of its tank motionless for
weeks at a time in a state of hiberna-
tion, woke up in great snip on Mon-
day last when some other fishes were
introduced into its tank.

For years this big catfish has had a
tank all to itself; but when the fishes
from the St. Louis exhibit, a big lot,
were received on Monday, it was nec-
essary to double up the stock here in
a few of the tanks, and then the buffa-
lo fishes, which have been in the Aquar-
ium about six months, were placed in
the tank with the big cat.

The buffalo fishes came from the
same waters as the big catfish, but the
catfish regarded their coming into its
tank as an intrusion, for all that,
and it got up out of bed—out of its
bed of sand on the bottom of the tank
—to say so, chasing the buffalo fishes
about with a liveliness quite unexpec-
ted to it at this season. The buffalo
fishes are sizable specimens, but not
nearly so big as the catfish, and they
fed at its approach.

When it had driven the buffalo
fishes all into the upper waters of the
tank, the big catfish went back to
bed again, and once more settled down
and went to sleep. And so it has since
remained, the buffaloes keeping well
away from it.

Apparently it is now sleeping well
and soundly again, but when it
dreams—if catfish ever do dream—its
sleeping visions doubtless take the
shape of those unmannerly buffalo
fishes, which so rudely broke in upon
its long winter slumber.—New York
Sun.

CHARITIES OF HELEN GOULD.

Her Gifts Bestowed With Unswerving Business Instincts.

Her law school course illustrates
another trait in her character. She is
careful, judicious, an excellent busi-
ness woman even in the bestowal of
her charities. The misdirected fervor
of the sentimental giver of gifts is
not hers. She is fortunate that it is
not. Emotional philanthropy would
long ago have made her a bankrupt.
Her fortune, at a conservative esti-
mate, is about \$15,000,000; if she com-
plied with all the requests for money
which she receives it would take her
something less than two years to dis-
pose of it. She receives about 100 let-
ters a day asking for sums which
make a weekly total of about \$150,000.
She is asked to buy vessels for old
sea captains, to raise mortgages on
western farms, to train the voices of
eunuch youths on the prairie, to edu-
cate young men for the ministry, to
contribute to ladies' aid society fairs
in country villages, to endow all sorts
of institutions. Herself a strikingly
unconventional woman in matters of
dress and all personal specialties,
she is asked by prospective brides to
provide smocks ranging as high as
\$2,000 for their modest trousseaux.
Parents write her enthusiastic let-
ters describing the charms of young
Helen Miller Gould Smith or Jones
and saying how gratefully a nucleus
for these young ladies' future dowries
will be received. In one banner week
the begging public—including, of
course, the respectable beggars for
worthy charities, as well as the more
prayers on unsophisticated kindness—
asked for a million and a half dollars
—Harpers Bazar.

Woman Rules Snake Indians.
Alexander Posey, interpreter and
diplomat of the Dawes commission,
who recently spent some time among
the Snake Indians to secure evidence
needed in making record of Creek In-
dians, tells of a strange discovery he
has made.

Among the fullblood Snakes he
found a woman who is the modern
Zenobia of her race. Her Indian name
is Famine. She can not speak Eng-
lish, but is considered a woman of
wisdom among her tribesmen. She is
50 years old, and for years there has
not been a council of war, or any
other matter of import to the tribe,
at which she has not been present and
given advice.

She is always listened to by the
men of the tribe, and seldom has her
judgment been at fault. Her sympathy
with the faction, which has always
resisted the allotment of lands.

She has never led a band of In-
dians in a fight, but she has taken a
very active part in shaping the policy
of the tribal government for the last
twenty-five years.

Japanese Retort Courtous.
Nagahaki, the celebrated Japanese
juggler, was a great favorite with
the crowd, and just before the presen-
tation broke out he was performing in
St. Petersburg.

When hostilities commenced he had
to clear out, and his admirers, among
whom were many officers of the gar-
rison, gave him a farewell supper.

At the close of the banquet they
were wishing him "Goodby" when
some of them exclaimed, "Not good-
by, but only an revoir, for we shall be
drinking your health in champagne in
Tokio before the year is out."

"I am afraid not," replied Nagahaki,
gravely. "Japan is a poor country, re-
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Names Not Good on Checks.
Are Recognized and Verified Every-
where Except in N. Y.
Though he carried checks aggregat-
ing more than \$200,000, Julius Red-
mond of Granite Falls could not raise
a cent in Minneapolis.

Water Tower Never Used.
Intended for National Soldiers' Home
Which Was Not Built.
Located far up on the hills to the
west of Lake Assawampsett, in Lake-
ville, Mass., stands a water tower,
built about twenty years ago. It is
an imitation of the old stone mill at
Newport.

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"This man, John the Baptist, has
deceived me," protested Redmond.
"I'll have him arrested and leave it
to the court if I haven't been done
up."

Redmond was arrested after he had
earnestly tried to persuade the teller
of the Northwestern National bank to
cash his checks. The largest check,
for \$99,999.99, was signed by "John
the Baptist" and indorsed by "St.
Peter." Another for \$55,260.14, drawn
on the National bank at El Paso, Tex.,
was signed by "Adam," once prop-
rietor of the Garden of Eden. Two
other checks for about \$50,000 were
drawn on the First National bank of
West Superior, and were signed by
"Peter the Great." All were indorsed
in the flowing hand of "St. Peter."

"These grain men have fooled me,"
said Redmond, as the tears came.
"They said the checks were good, and
could be cashed any place. I have
worked hard all my life, and last Feb-
ruary I had thousands of bushels of
wheat on hand. They offered me a
fair price for it, and I sold."

On the backs of the checks were
the replies of the various bank tellers,
and many of them would hardly be
approved by the indorser and his rep-
resentative at Rome.

Story of Port Arthur as Told in Italy.

100 acres was secured there, occupy-
ing a beautiful position, from which
every lake in the great chain was
clearly visible. Plans were made for
the erection of buildings.

The first requisite was water. Ac-
cordingly a 60-foot well was dug. A
place to store the water was not
needed, and this came in the form of
the old tower. It was built of field
stone, cemented together. Six columns
were constructed with arches between,
and a big column in the center to
support the whole. Above these col-
umns the massive stone tank was
built, which would contain thousands
of gallons of water. An arched roof
was added and it was attractively set
off with a weather vane.

Shortly after the completion of the
tower, work on the home was stopped,
and it has never been renewed.

American Precious Stone Sold.
The great 133 carat aquamarine
found in Stenham, Me., and probably
the most valuable gem ever found on
the American continent, has recently
been bought as a valuable acquisition
to the crown jewels of Germany. The
German price, while in this country,
saw the gem of Chicago and admired it
so much that the government has been
negotiating for it ever since. At the
World's fair at Chicago the gem was
valued at \$30,000.

Prehistoric American Art.

One of the earliest examples of
American designing is shown in the
accompanying illustration. This in-
teresting work of art is many cen-
turies old; just what its age may be is
a matter of dispute. Scientists be-
lieve they can trace in the motive
of the design a relationship with
Asiatic peoples.

Spaniel Tossed on Locomotive Pilot.
Engineer George W. Jacques, who
runs into Kansas City, has a pet
which he secured in a very peculiar
manner.

When about five miles this side of
Oak Grove one morning the pilot
of his engine struck a water spaniel.
Instead of throwing the dog un-
der the wheels, as is usually the case,
the canine was lifted into the air sev-
eral feet and came down safe and
sound on the top of the pilot, where it
remained, too badly scared to move,
until the train pulled into the Union
depot. Mr. Jacques found the dog
crouched down against the head of
the engine, shivering with the cold,
and took it to his room.—Kansas City
Journal.

World's Sugar Production.
The total production of sugar
throughout the world is about 2,000,
000 tons per annum. Of this quantity
nine-tenths are afforded by the sugar
cane, and just before the present war
broke out he was performing in
St. Petersburg.

When hostilities commenced he had
to clear out, and his admirers, among
whom were many officers of the gar-
rison, gave him a farewell supper.

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"I am afraid not," replied Nagahaki,
gravely. "Japan is a poor country, re-
member, and I fear we shall not be
able to give our prisoners cham-
pagne."

Women Drudges.

The Khyber women are the heav-
ers of wood and drawers of water to
their village communities.

Newspapers of the World.
It has been calculated that, taking
the population of the whole world,
there is one newspaper to every \$2,
600 persons. The United States sup-
ports 12,500 newspapers, of which
1,000 are dailies, these being round
figures. Germany has 5,500 journals,
of which 800 are dailies. England
takes second place in the European
record with 3,000 newspapers, of
which 809 are dailies. France has
nearly the same number.

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About twenty-five years ago, accord-
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