

OUR HISTORY IS MASCULINE

Hard and Uncolored Is the Chronicle of the Events Connected with America.

Our history is hard and masculine; colored with few purple lights; too little related to our tenderer sentiments and deeper passions. When older peoples have paused, as we did then, they have looked upon far different scenes, says William Garrett Brown, in the Atlantic.

Even the great personality of Lincoln, now potent in so many individual lives, intimate and familiar to so many of our hidden moods, was not yet fully revealed to his fellows.

True, Lincoln also leads us back to the princes whose peer he was, but we can pass from his death bed with no irreverence, no sense of shock or change, to look out, in the plain light of day, upon the whole wide field of work and strife and progress which was always in his thought, and glimpse the attitude and state of the republic when his summons passed, like an angelus, across the continent.

LACE-BARK TREES ARE FEW

But Half a Dozen of This Species Now Exist—Reason for So Naming.

There are in all about half a dozen lace-bark trees in the world, so called because the inner bark yields a natural lace in a ready-made sheet form, which can be made up in serviceable articles of apparel. Only four of these curious species of trees are of much practical value.

In its natural state the real lace-bark is of a delicate cream-white tint. It is probably a kind of fibrous pith. When the outer bark is removed it can be unfolded and unwound in one seamless piece, having a surface of a little more than a square yard.

Despite its practical use there is no essential demand for lace bark. It has been used by the natives for hundreds of years and yet is comparatively little known to this day.

Nothing Left.

A political reformer is a politician who has managed to get himself disliked by the machine.

A FAIR EXCHANGE

BY MILFORD W. FOSHAY.

"Two loads of furniture and farming tools went down the south road this forenoon," Elva told her brother at noon.

"Did, eh? I suppose it was the belongings of the new people on the Hinckley place," Orrin responded.

Elva Morrison saw the loads pass at about ten o'clock, followed by a buggy in which were two women, one elderly and the other of something near her own age.

"Indeed, I shall not," she said emphatically. "We'll have to lend it if they come and ask, but not without. Of course it would have been handy for us to borrow when we first came, but there wasn't anybody to borrow from, and we got along. They can do the same. I shall soon let them know that I expect a fair exchange for anything I lend."

Elva knew that it was of no use to pursue the subject, but she was queen of her own realm, and at six o'clock she sent a dozen hot biscuits down to the newcomers by her younger brother, Will, with her compliments and a friendly greeting.

At the end of that time, early in the day, a stalwart young man of twenty-four or five entered the Morrison yard and walked to the barn where Orrin was harnessing his horse.

"Good-morning," the stranger said, in a pleasant, frank way. "Permit me to introduce myself as Edward Fuller, who has bought the place to the south. You are Mr. Morrison, I infer?"

"Yes," Orrin answered, extending a hand in a manner that did not show any special satisfaction in making the acquaintance.

"Oh, I expect to be too busy to be lonesome," Edward replied, genially, ignoring the offish manner.

"I don't happen to be encumbered with a wife," Orrin replied, in the way of an explanation, "and it was my sister Elva who sent the biscuits. She is more inclined to do that sort of thing than I am."

Edward felt that his neighbor was deliberately warning him not to expect much friendliness. He had come to ask for the loan of a bolt, but because of the reception so far accorded him was on the point of turning away abruptly without making the request.

"Elva," her brother said, to relieve her embarrassment, but wishing she had not come upon the scene, "this is Mr. Fuller, who has bought the Hinckley place."

"We are very glad to welcome new neighbors," she said, as Edward lifted his hat, "for people are scarce in this region. I hope your family will like it here."

CIVILITIES AT THE FRONT.

On Christmas Day Japanese and Russians Agree to Suspend Fight That All May Feast.

A Japanese officer serving on the Shaho has a strange and interesting story to tell of intercourse and civilities between the two armies.

The Japanese being desirous of conveying to the Russians news of the fall of Port Arthur, volunteers were invited to carry the letters. Two non-commissioned officers and two privates undertook the task. They rode out toward the enemy's lines with the intention of delivering the letters directly into the hands of the Russians, instead of depositing them at some midway point, as had been the custom hitherto.

But they rode off stoutly to within a thousand meters of the enemy's outpost, waving white handkerchiefs. The Russians did not fire, and the Japanese went steadily on. When they were only about 30 or 40 yards away, a party of Russians lay down in firing positions, but still the sergeants and soldiers rode on, energetically waving their white flags.

Presently the Russians motioned them to lay down their arms, thinking they had come to surrender. The Japanese, however, regardless of risk, pushed on to within hand-shaking distance.

At first the Russians did not wish to accept the presents, but when they read the hearty sentences written on the boxes in their own language, they were much overcome, and there ensued an exchange of the friendliest greetings.

Then the visitors handed in their letters and spoke of the fall of Port Arthur, the news of which was received with profound discouragement. "There is no further object in the war," said the Russian soldiers.

THE BOOTMAKER IN CHINA

Common People Very Rarely Wear This Sort of Footwear—Customs in the North.

Boots are only worn in China by officials, servants, soldiers, sailors, and special hob-nailed boots, occasionally in wet weather, by the common people. The universal form of foot-covering is a shoe, while coolies and the poorest classes have to content themselves with straw or leather sandals, or go barefoot.

Woman's Progress in Roumania. The post of official shorthand writer in the Roumanian parliament has for the first time been won by a woman.

Her Tender Heart. "Why do you suppose a woman usually cries at her wedding?" "Out of sympathy, probably, for the men she could not marry."

SOME RICH ARE SLOW PAY

Notorious Fact Declares Writer That Many in Society Haggle Over Their Bills.

It is notorious that the rich are often scandalously slow in paying their bills. I recall one instance where the wife of a multi-millionaire (she was afterward divorced), took no notice, month after month, of a bill amounting to over \$20,000 for her daughter's wedding trousseau, and this bill was not paid for more than a year after the ceremony.

I have been told of several rich women in the smart set, two of them very rich, who are wont to haggle over prices in the shops as if they were in genteel poverty.

And another, whose husband is one of the richest men in the world, actually went before a Fifth Avenue dressmaker in her pleadings for a reduction of \$15 on the price of a certain garment that she simply had to have but could not afford.

When I was in Newport last summer people were laughing at the latest petty economy of this same husband, who is certainly one of the "closest" of our idle millionaires.

WASP BECOMES A HUNTER.

Intelligent Insect Proves a Veritable Octopus in Preying on Its Fellows.

When summer warmth has awakened the maternal instincts of the insect world, the mud-dauber wasp may be seen gathering mortar at the margin of stream, pool or puddle, writes C. H. McCook, in Harper's Magazine.

It's Not Unlikely. "Some marriages may be made in Heaven," observed the Pollock philosopher, as he kicked the grocery cat off the cracker box.

There's a Distinction. The difference between a politician and a statesman is about the same as the difference between a "sport" and a sportsman.

INDIANS KILLING OFF GAME

Right to Hunt on Reservations Often Abused by the Red Warriors.

Sportsmen returning from hunting in the vicinity of northern Minnesota Indian reservations tell in the Duluth Herald of the scarcity of game in certain sections which can be accounted for only on the theory that the Indians have been killing the animals during the fall and early summer, both on and off their reserves.

This Indian proposition is one that occasions a great deal of worry where reservations are located. Laws governing the Indians in this respect are little understood by the whites in general, but they are such that the conviction of any of these wards of the government for breaking them is made extremely difficult, if not impossible.

After taking his lands from him, or most of them, it would become the government if it did not allow the Indian the privilege of hunting at all seasons when wild game is eatable.

The Indians know the law and are careful to see that they are not caught breaking it, though in many instances they live so far from a game warden that they have become careless and open violations are said to be frequent.

As a general thing the warden pays little or no attention to such violations and lets the Indian hunter do as he will. Even when the hunter knows a game warden is in his vicinity he can usually contrive to bring down his game and get it into the reservation before being detected.

BIRD BABIES' FEEDING TIME

How Wee Humming Birds Are Given Food by Fond Mother, Who Is Only Protection.

"When I first crawled in among the bushes close to the nest, the little mother darted at me and poised a foot from my nose, as if to stare me out of countenance. She looked me all over from head to foot twice, then she seemed convinced that I was harmless."

Choice of Evils. "Ethel, I wish you wouldn't go out and play golf so much with that young Phoosle."

Brandy Furnished. In the Belgian parliament, when a member is making a long speech, brandy and water is supplied him at the expense of the government.

AID TO FRIENDLY QUAILS.

How Farmer Glover Fed a Flock Day After Day for Six Weeks—Never Frightened Them.

One cold morning Farmer Glover stood in the rear of the barn, fork in hand, looking out over the fields, says St. Nicholas. Snowstorm had followed snowstorm, until the stone walls were so covered that the farm seemed like a great field, with here and there a small grove to break the monotony.

Suddenly, from the light woods near the barn, came a startled "Bob white!" Immediately there was an answering call from the woods across the fields, and then another and another, and soon a flock of about 20 quail alighted on the ground, two or three roads from where Mr. Glover stood, and began picking up the seeds from the hay which the cattle had strewn over the snow.

Farmer Glover was careful not to frighten his woodland guests, and the next morning he put out wheat for them and threw handfuls of chaff in the hay which the cattle had left. The flock returned again and again, until feeding the quails became as much a part of the day's routine as looking after the hens and turkeys.

For six weeks the quails enjoyed Farmer Glover's bounty. When spring opened the kind-hearted protector met them only in the fields and woods; but whenever bob white's musical call comes over the summer meadows it brings pleasant memories of those winter breakfasts in the snowy barnyard.

NEGRO PASTOR LIKED LATIN

"Aqua Fortis" Used by Colored Parson in Baptism of Several Brethren.

Mose, a Florida negro, adds to his income as guide to sportsmen by ministering to the spiritual needs of a colored congregation of Baptists. He prides himself on his education and on his eloquent oratorical powers, and he never misses an opportunity of impressing his hearers into believing that he is a great Latin scholar.

"Please, suh," he finally ventured to ask, "what am de propah meaning of dat woad 'aqua?'" "Aqua means water," he was answered.

"And what am 'fortis?'" "Fortis means strong," he replied, edging away after making a polite bow to his informant and then to the camp in general.

The following Sunday Mose presided at a baptizing, and, as usual, electrified his audience with a roaring, eloquent sermon, freely interspersed with Latin (?) words. At last, with a dramatic sweep of his arms toward the river, where a few believers were soon to be immersed, he cried out in stenographic tones: