

SILLY

By M. L. Avery

Copyright, 1903, by the S. S. McClure Company

Her name was Priscilla, but through abbreviation and corruption it became "Silly" and finally degenerated into "Silly." "So easy do even names go to the dogs, you know," she explained to Dick.

There were some people in the village who did not hesitate to say that Silly herself would "go to the dogs" some day, she had such "shiftness ways." She preferred to wear plain clothes rather than spend time indoors on needlework. She could not be counted on for the sewing circle nor dragged to the debating society. Moreover, she was not as fond of going to church and Sunday school as she might have been.

"It fits me, Dick!" she cried, her face, pink and white as their petals, framed in a tangle of apple blossoms. Her eyes were as blue as forget-me-nots, and her hair was like the golden tassels of the corn. "The name fits, I haven't any sense, you know."

"That's one of your attractions," drawled Dick. "When a woman hasn't any sense, it's really a drawing card in these days. She's a novelty, you know. Women are so awfully wise and clever that they put a fellow to the blush."

"They were sitting on the green grass within a fragrant bower of pear and rose. Something like dewdrops gathered in the girl's forgetful eyes."

"What's the matter, sweetheart?"

"Dick, it's the name and the fitness of the name. It seems so absurd to care about it. But I do. When I was little, it seems to me they might have cared enough about me to let me keep the sweet name my mother gave me. I suppose they thought it was a waste of time on me to say 'Priscilla.' If I had been their own child, they'd never have called me Silly. And to think it'll stick to me all my life!"

"If I were your last name, now," said Dick, "I could change it for you."

"Don't be silly!"

"You're that when you laugh at my loveliness. It's poor, but honest."

"Dick, do you think, like all the rest, that sensible talk is wasted on me? Do you, Dick? Oh, what would I not give to be a wise, clever woman with a dignified name! Nobody in the world will ever take me seriously as long as I am called Silly!"

"I'll take you seriously if you'll let me; take you and never let you go."

"Dick, would you be willing—you, a varsity man—to have a wife called Silly? You wouldn't! I can see it in your eyes. Oh, do something very wise and learned! I'd be happy!"

"For heaven's sake!" cried Dick in alarm, "don't do anything wise and learned!"

"She never has a serious thought, that girl," her aunt remarked. "If her name don't fit her to a T!"

She was coming up the walk, her arms full of apple blossoms, her hat dangling at her side, singing one of the ragtime tunes with which she scandalized the town.

"She do seem to be light headed," observed her uncle, Samuel Morris. "But, then, she's a good hearted thing."

She could not remember her parents. They had died when she was so little. She seemed to be a sort of accident in her uncle and aunt's family, a rather burdensome and unpleasant one, which by God's grace they must put up with.

They lived in an old, old house on the outskirts of a quaint, rambling old village. It was set about with orchards where many birds loved to nest. Silly, when she might have been embroidering herself a petticoat, making a crazy quilt or doing some other sensible thing, preferred to stay out in the orchards with the birds.

Mr. Samuel Morris dreamed that a burglar was pressing a pillow down over his face. He tried to cry out, but could not. He heard a great banging at the door and a voice calling:

"Uncle, uncle!"

"Somebody is killing poor Silly," he thought, but he could not move.

Then some one was pulling him out of bed. There were smoke and a gleam of shooting flames. Something wet was slapped over his face. He was being dragged over the floor and down the steps by one who panted hard. A voice—Silly's—was screaming:

"Help me save uncle! Somebody go back for aunt! I couldn't find her!"

"No use!" voices cried back. "Come out quick! The house is about to fall in!"

"I'll save her or I'll die trying! Take uncle!"

They told him afterward, the few neighbors who had seen the fire after it was well under way and had come to help if they could, that as she went back the steps fell down behind her. She had jerked the wet blanket from around him and thrown it about herself.

more daring help had come. A ladder reaching part way up was against the uncertain walls. Dick was climbing it. He received her burden as she lowered it and passed it on to those below. Then he held out his arms.

"Come, beloved," he said. "Come quickly!"

She had fastened one end of the rope about her waist, the other about the bedpost. She was looking down. "Come!" Dick called again. She climbed out of the window and began to descend hand over hand. Her senses seemed leaving her. She let go.

When she came to herself, she was lying on a big white bed in the village parsonage. People were talking.

"She had more sense than any of us; never lost her head; knew just what to do."

"And she's brave! Think of going back into that house with the steps falling behind her!"

"Yes." The pastor was speaking slowly and ponderously. "She's our village heroine, is Priscilla."

Through the door the voice of the rich man of the village rang out:

"I am going to name the new library 'Silly' in honor of her."

"S-sh!" The village doctor was speaking. "We must have quiet now. She's recovering consciousness."

"What is it, Priscilla?"

"Apple blossoms," she murmured foolishly. "My hands are so hot. Dick!"

He was kneeling by her bed. The pretty face and hands were bruised and blackened, and the flames had not altogether spared the beautiful golden hair.

"Dick, it hurts so bad to be clever and brave. They're saying I'm that. And I've got my name. But, oh, Dick, I don't want to be wise. It's so painful. Let the others call me Priscilla," in a whisper. "It sounds dignified, and I like it from them. But you—you just call me Silly. I'm not wise or brave, Dick. Don't tell anybody. I went back into the fire because I didn't have any better sense."

"You are right, beloved," said Dick. "Wise people do not run back into the fire to save others. Only the brave, the fools and the angels do that."

The Passing of the Pie.

A word as to the causes of the disfavor with which pie has come to be regarded. Like other things, it kept a place by force of tradition after its special work was done, and, being always a "hearty" dish, when the savory piece of pie was added to the plenty of the prosperous table in the nature of things it proved the one straw too much and broke down the digestion already weakened by indoor life and airtight stoves.

The pie is not as black as it has been painted, having had to bear the load of many circumstances not its own fault. The vial which has usurped its place at dinner is not as blameless as it is commonly held to be. For children eating no meat pudding may well be dinner, but for grownups a helping of pudding gives as much unnecessary food value as did pie. It must be remembered in discussing pastry also that it was in good hands not the heavy, greasy kind so often found today. The early cooks attained great skill in preparing light, flaky "crusts."

The passing of the pie is not to be regretted in view of the greater abundance of fresh food, especially as the making of the pie requires not only skill, but time, and the baking of the pie in modern stoves is a matter of large experience.—Good Housekeeping.

Perishable Goods.

In a Vermont village there lives a young man who has reached the age of twenty-four with no apparent thought of taking to himself a wife, although all his companions have either "settled" or left the place. He is regarded by the entire community as a confirmed bachelor. His mother looks upon his state with a sadness which has afforded more or less amusement to her summer boarders.

"There's one of his last pictures," said the mother, displaying a photograph on a small card. "It's a good likeness, ain't it? Getting kind of drawn round the mouth, same as his pa, he is. I said to him that I'd been wanting he should have a dozen taken, so I could give 'em round to his friends—young ladies—for sometimes a picture standing on a bureau, facing right to you every morning, will start a kind of affectionate feeling. I've been waiting in the hopes he'd think of it himself, but when I saw that he was beginning to fade and show his age I took matters right into my own hands and marched him to the photographer quick as I could. I only hope some good may come of it."—Youth's Companion.

Breaking the Silence.

A little lot of about five summers held a place recently in one of the United States supreme court seats while the learned justices were handing down their weighty decisions. The court was the embodiment of dignity, so much so that it was almost oppressive. The little girl fidgeted in her place as the justices in monotonous tones expounded fine points of law, and she shook her head, adorned with a big picture hat, in impatience.

There came a pause. One justice ceased to speak, as he had given forth all he had to say on some important litigation. The silence was thick enough to be cut with a knife, as they sometimes say in the books. The messenger by the noiseless folding doors shifted from one foot to the other, the throng of lawyers within the bar waited breathlessly for the next decision to be announced. Still no justice spoke.

It was more than the little girl with a picture hat could endure. "Mamma," said she in a voice audible even up to the judicial bench, "why don't some one laugh?"—New York Tribune.

ALLIGATORS AS BOATMATES

Experience With One That Had Been Apparently Killed.

Alligators move rapidly under water, are hard to see, harder to hit, and the harpoon will penetrate only the least accessible portions of the body. Nor does the title to the hide necessarily pass with making fast the weapon.

One afternoon in the Cheesehowitz-kee river I harpooned a large alligator which towed me up and down the stream for an hour or two and then sulked in its deepest part. I pulled on the line until the boat was directly over him and stirred him up with the harpoon pole. He rolled himself up on the line in the manner peculiar to sharks and alligators and banded the boat suggestively. We rowed to the bank and, making fast to some bushes, hauled on the line until we succeeded in worrying him nearly to the boat, when he rose to the surface and attacked us with open mouth. We repelled the attack with harpoon pole and rifle. The former was promptly bitten in three places, but the latter apparently finished him. It was so nearly dark that we decided to carry him in the skiff a mile down the river to where our sloop was anchored. We broke the seats out of the boat and together managed to lift the head of the alligator aboard and tie it. We then tied the other end, when the reptile came to life and landed a blow with his tail which lifted me out of the skiff into the saw grass, with the breath knocked out of my body and my hand and face badly cut by the grass.

Boat and boatmen were capsized. As my rifle had fortunately been left upon the bank, I was able to kill the alligator again. We secured him by floating the boat under him and then balling it out. The alligator completely filled the boat, so that my companion and I sat upon his back as we paddled down the river with gunwales unpleasantly near the water.

It was growing dark, and the water around us was becoming alive with alligators. While we were reflecting upon our overloaded condition our alligator came to life again and shifted ballast until water poured over the gunwale. We quickly balanced the boat, only to see it again disturbed and to ship more water. A scramble for the shore followed, which we reached without capsizing and where we left our victim for the night after again killing him. In the morning our buzzard friend from the Homosassa river, surrounded by his family, was sitting above him in the tree waiting for us to attend to our carving duties.—Country Life in America.

UNPLANTED CORN.

It Has a Habit of Getting Uneasy in the Spring.

"It beats all," said a Bergen county farmer, "what curious things we find in nature that we can't explain. You kin go over a lot of 'em, and there's yet one that you can't tell me why it is. That's corn heatin' up in the spring."

"You take a lot of corn. I don't care if it's whole corn or cracked corn or cornmeal. You keep it in any kind of storehouse—the common granary, like we have on the farms, or the stone or brick buildin', like many of the grocers and feed dealers have it in. When it comes corn plantin' time, that corn of yours 'll git uneasy. Soon's the blades start out of the ground, then you'll have to hustle to save your grain."

"Seems as when the time comes along fur corn to be planted in the corn in the bags, no matter what shape it's in, begins to heat up, and when the planted corn begins to grow what you've got stored will git so hot it'll fairly smoke. You've got to take it out of the bags and spread it out so it'll cool off or you'll lose it all. In a few days it'll cool down again, and you won't have no more trouble with it durin' the summer, no matter how hot the weather gets. It's jest when the planted corn starts; that's all."

"Curious? Of course it's curious or I wouldn't speak of it. I might understand how whole corn would act that way, but when it comes to cracked corn and cornmeal then it's too much fur me. And I'll bet you can't tell why it is, 'cept it's jest nature tryin' to assert herself."—New York Mail and Express.

Writing on Wood.

Some persons are of the opinion that the first writing was upon thin pieces of wood. From their convenience this seems probable. Such boards were used at an early period by the Greeks and Romans, and were frequently covered with wax, which was of course more easily written upon than the bare wood. Where wax was used errors were readily erased by rubbing with the blunt end of the piece of metal which served for a pen. To make the writing more visible it appears that some black substance was smeared over the surface of the white wax and remained in the scratched marks.

Good Enough as It Is.

"Doctor, if a pale young man named Jinks calls on you for a prescription don't let him have it."

Why not?

"He wants something to improve his appetite, and he boards at my house."

It Would Seem So.

Fair Niece—Why do you object to duets so strenuously, Uncle Tom?

Uncle Tom—Because when two people attack one inoffensive piece of music simultaneously it's taking an unfair advantage.—Chicago News.

Very conservative in all matters are the Turks, and especially slow to adopt modern improvements of any kind.

When a man quits smoking and goes to chewing he is not much of a hero.—Atchison Globe.

Water Shrews.

A pretty little animal, writes a correspondent, occasionally to be noticed at the edge of a stream or pond is the water shrew. The ways of these creatures are most fascinating. I have seen them quietly emerge from the grass, run down the side of the bank into and along the bottom of the stream. While under the water their movements are very rapid. They scrape away on the bottom with their feet, thrusting their long snouts into the mud and under stones and leaves in search of insects on which they feed. They then retire a little way up the bank for a moment or two to take breath and hurry back to their work once more. I have never seen water shrews dive. They simply run in and out of the stream, as if air and water were both alike to them, and they were equally at home in either element. When under the water, they look as if they were covered with minute silver pearls owing to the particles of air adhering to their furry bodies. Land and water shrews are not of the mouse tribe. They have the sharpest and most delicately beautiful teeth imaginable and live entirely on insect food.—London Opinion.

The Williams and Johns.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to estimate the relative frequency of names prior to the Norman conquest, which created something like a revolution. "William," of course, got a good start, as is shown in "Doomsday Book," where stand 68 Williams, 48 Roberts, 28 Walters and 10 Johns. In 1173 Sir William St. John and Sir William Fitz-Hamon entertained a dinner party at the court of Henry II. The invitations were limited to knights of the name of William, and the company numbered 120.

But the day of "John" was not long to tarry, and in 1347 the common council of London contained 35 Johns, 17 Williams, 15 Thomases, 10 Richards, 8 Roberts, and in 1385 out of 376 names enrolled in the Guild of St. George at Norwich there were 128 Johns, 47 Williams, 41 Thomases. From that day to this John and William have held their ground as the commonest baptismal names in England.

The Lion of St. Mark.

The symbol of the Venetian republic—the famous lion of St. Mark—is made of bronze. There is a tradition among the Venetian people that its eyes are diamonds. They are really white, agates, faceted. Its mane is most elaborately wrought, and its retracted, gaping mouth and its fierce mustaches give it an oriental aspect.

The creature as it now stands belongs to many different epochs, varying from some date previous to our era down to this century. It is conjectured that it may have originally formed a part of the decoration of some Assyrian palace. St. Mark's lion it certainly was not originally, for it was made to stand level upon the ground and had to be raised up in front to allow the evangel to be slipped under its fore paws.

Antient Legal Statute.

The provision of the Virginia code exempting from service on the grand jury the owner or occupier of a grist mill, says Law Notes, is an interesting example of a law which has been allowed to remain on the statute book long after its usefulness and the condition that called it into being have ceased to exist. When the statute was passed, serious inconvenience to the citizens of the surrounding country might have arisen as a result of summoning a mill owner from his work, but the mill owner is no longer so important a member of the community.

Parrots.

A dealer in birds in sober and serious Manhattan advertises that he has in stock a "large variety of semireligious parrots, the most profane one" only \$200. That's an odd way of appealing to public patronage. If the most profane parrot is held for sale at \$200, what would be the price of a parakeet that could only say "Good gracious?"

Plenty of Time.

Bacon—Burglars entered the first floor of our house and took nearly everything we had while my wife was upstairs putting on her hat to go out. Egbert—They took quite a good deal, did they?

"Oh, yes. It must have taken them several hours."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fiction's Fiction.

"Have you read Wrighter's new work of fiction?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I've only read the advance notices, but I suppose there is really more fiction in them than there is in the book itself."—Baltimore Herald.

Definite Description.

"Johnny, it isn't tobacco sauce, it is tabasco. Now, don't let me hear you calling it wrong again."

"No, mamma."

Two hours later at dinner—"Mamma, I want some of that—that—that red-headed sauce that makes you mad."—Washington Times.

At a Mixed Dinner.

"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."

"Yes, madam; our host introduced us to each other just before dinner."

"Ah! I was positive I had seen you somewhere. I never forget a face."—Exchange.

Her Obscure Complexion.

"Is she a brunette?"

"A brunette! Why, she's so dark her father has to turn the light on in the parlor to find her in the evenings."—Princeton Tiger.

Married constables of the London police force receive forty pounds of coal a week all the year round.

A Wise Man

shows his superiority over the man who is not wise, by what he says and what he leaves unsaid.

Uneeda Biscuit show their superiority over common soda crackers in a paper bag, by what is in them and what is not.

The baker puts all kinds of goodness in Uneeda Biscuit—the In-cr-seal Package.

keeps all kinds of badness out of

Uneeda Biscuit 5c

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

HAWAIIAN FISHERMEN.

Heads and Teeth Play a Part in Capturing the Octopus.

The native fisherman of Hawaii, while an adept with the hook and line, does not scorn to use his hands to capture his prey when occasion arises. The bonito is the fish most generally caught with hook and line, and as the hook used is of mother of pearl, made from the shell of a mollusk now quite rare, which glistens with an iridescence similar to the shimmer from the scales of the smaller kinds of fish on which the bonito lives, no bait is needed. The barb of these hooks is of bone, and two tufts of hog's bristles attached at right angles to the barbed end keep the inner side up, so that the hook lies flat on the surface of the sea. When a likely fishing ground has been reached, the fisherman, standing up in the canoe, casts out his line violently, so that the hook falls with a slap on the water and attracts the attention of the fish. The line and hook are then drawn rapidly toward the boat, as though it were a spoon, and the bonito, taking the hook to be a small fish, rises to it immediately. It is fortunate for the fisherman that he has to waste no time in baiting his hook, for this method of casting frightens the school, and the fish disappear within ten or fifteen minutes.

An ingenious plan by which very large fish are caught is by planting a long pole on the shore in such a position as to cause it to lean decidedly toward the water. On the top of this a bell is arranged so that it can swing clear of the top of the pole. A block and fall are also attached to the pole close to the top, and a long line, with baited hook at the end, is run through the block and allowed to float out to sea, the land end being tied in a slip-knot to the bottom of the pole. As soon as a fish is hooked its struggles cause the bell to ring, whereupon the fisherman runs to the pole, loosens the slip-knot and plays the fish until he has drowned it, when it is hauled ashore.

In fishing for octopus the native dives to the bottom and with a stick pokes around in the small holes in which the octopus lives. When he touches one, it seizes the stick and allows him to draw it out of the hole. When he reaches the surface, the native grabs it with his hands and bites into the head, thus killing the animal.

Cromwell.

On the morning of the 1st of May, 1637, there occurred an incident that, unnoticed at the time, afterward proved to be one of the turning points of history. Eight immigrant ships lay in the Thames ready to sail. A body of pilgrims were about to embark, and Oliver Cromwell and his famous cousin, John Hampden, were among them. But they were stopped at the landing by a guard of soldiers. The king had decreed that his subjects should not leave England. Cromwell stayed, and with him, as Macaulay wrote, "stayed the evil genius of the house of Stuart." Had Cromwell and his friends been allowed to carry out their project of emigration the whole history of the English civil war might have remained unwritten.

A Mist Quotation.

An attaché of a religious bookstore has spent so many years of his life among theological volumes that he is Scriptural or nothing, but he sometimes evolves a misfit. When his attention was called the other day to a rose neatly attached to the lapel of his coat and an insinuation thrown out that a lady friend might have had something to do with it, he paralyzed the insinuator by saying, "No, sir; I gathered that rose from my own vine and fig tree."

A Slender.

The Bachelor—I wonder why those flats are not supplied with warm water pipes like the others?

The Benedict—They are probably intended for married men.

The Bachelor—Does that make a difference?

The Benedict—Yes. When a man is married his wife generally "keeps him in hot water."—Philadelphia Record.

This would be a much more peaceful world if lots of grown up people as well as children could only be seen and not heard.—Chicago News.

CONSENT EASILY WON.

The Reason a Little Girl Agreed to a Painful Operation.

There is one little girl in Washington who recently gave her parents an exhibition of her nature for which they were totally unprepared. The child was cross eyed, and her affliction was a source of extreme annoyance to herself and family. An oculist was consulted, who advised an operation to remedy the defect, and so it was decided to take the little one to a hospital in Baltimore. The utmost secrecy was observed in the matter. Miss Annie had once made a great fuss about having a tooth pulled, and, of course, it was to be expected that she would enter serious objections to an operation on her eyes, says the Washington Post.

She was taken to Baltimore under the impression that she was going on a pleasure trip with her father and mother. When they arrived at the hospital, the mother took her daughter in her lap and nervously broached the real object of the trip. She set forth in all its triple horror the embarrassment which is the lot of the cross eyed person, stating that the trouble would increase as she grew older.

"Now, Annie," she said finally, "we have brought you over here to have your eyes straightened. It won't hurt you at all. Wouldn't you like to have your eyes like other people's?"

"You just bet I would," exclaimed Annie, to the astonishment of the others. "You can go ahead and do anything you want, and I don't care how much it hurts. I'm just sick and tired of having a pack of colored boys spit into their hats and cross their fingers every time they meet me."

The operation was performed forthwith, and the young lady has as good a pair of eyes as anybody in Washington.

Theory and Practice.

"Dinglebat has original ideas about family government. He says every home should be a little republic, where universal toleration prevails and every one has a voice in the government."

"Yes, his family is managed on that plan; but he and Mrs. Dinglebat have the same old wrangle every day as to who shall be president."

Taking It Literally.

"I see that New York spends \$200,000,000 a year for the meat she eats."

"Seems tough, doesn't it?"

"Yes, most of it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Beautiful Thoughts

The sweet, pure breath of the babe is suggestive of innocence and health.

A mother's yearning for children is inseparable from a love of the beautiful, and it behooves every woman to bring the sweetest and best influence to bear on the subject of her maternity.

To relieve pain and make easy that period when life is born again,

Mother's Friend

is popularly used. It is a liniment easily administered and for external use only.

Pregnant women should try this remedy, it being undeniably a friend to her during nature's term of suspense and anticipation.

Mother's Friend, if used throughout gestation, will soften the breasts, thereby preventing cracked and sore nipples. All muscles straining with the burden will relax, become supple and elastic from its continued application.

All fibres in the abdominal region will respond readily to the expanding cord containing the embryo if Mother's Friend is applied externally during pregnancy. Of all reliable druggists \$1.00 per bottle. Write for free book on "Motherhood."

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

is popularly used. It is a liniment easily administered and for external use only.

Pregnant women should try this remedy, it being undeniably a friend to her during nature's term of suspense and anticipation.

Mother's Friend, if used throughout gestation, will soften the breasts, thereby preventing cracked and sore nipples. All muscles straining with the burden will relax, become supple and elastic from its continued application.

All fibres in the abdominal region will respond readily to the expanding cord containing the embryo if Mother's Friend is applied externally during pregnancy. Of all reliable druggists \$1.00 per bottle. Write for free book on "Motherhood."

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.