

POLLY

By Nancy V. McClelland

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"Wait just a minute, please," begged Polly. "I'll have these two ready to mail."

She sat down at her tiny desk and began dropping a little more ink on a half written page while she talked to me over her shoulder. No wonder Polly's letters are hard to read!

"It's a very hot day," I observed. "M-m-m-melting!" she agreed. (She looked as cool as a flower.)

"And two letters as heavy as yours," I added, "mean a great deal of extra weight to carry back into town."

Polly nibbled the end of her pen—that's the reason I gave her a silver one last Christmas—and looked at me a moment reflectively.

She saw clean through me, I know. Polly's mind has a sweet way of its own; nobody but Polly knows what guides it, but it goes racing straight to the point like a little wild pony.

When I have come pulling across a big thought and get to the gate that's going to lead me out, I usually find Polly there ahead of me waiting; she's over the bars and off again before I've had time to draw breath.

"Well," she said finally, turning away with a demure little curl to the corner of her mouth, "don't stop for them then. I can send them later when



HE BLEW ME A KISS FROM THE DOORWAY AS SHE DISAPPEARED.

James goes to the station. I'd-I'd hate to burden you, especially on such a hot day."

"Oh!" I hastened to explain, "it's not that I mind being burdened—by you—but I feel that I ought to get something for it."

Polly scribbled furiously. I couldn't see her face.

"How would a 'ricky' do before you start?" she asked temptingly. "I'll call."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," I said with dignity. "I've sworn off."

"A cigar, then," she suggested and went toward the smoking table. Her father's cigars are good.

But I stopped her again. "No," said I; "I've got to be paid in the coin of the realm."

"Dollars or dimes?" asked Polly briskly, hunting out her little purse.

"Neither," said I, waving my hand magnificently. "I'm living in a bigger, sweeter, better country than the United States."

"Oh!" said Polly, smiling innocently, but blushing a little. "Why didn't you say so before?"

"She tossed the letters at me. 'One for each,' she laughed.

I looked at the addresses. "This," said I, "is to Harold Brown, and you know perfectly well that I shall ask at least ten for it."

"Two," she bargained. "Ten," I repeated firmly.

She shook her head. "It's positively"—when Polly says "positively" that way there's an end of it—"it's positively not worth more than five."

"Very well," said I hastily, "we'll call it off at five. I suppose it's all right for you to be writing to Harold Brown like this."

"Silly!" she cried. "Of course it is. I'm thanking him for some flowers."

I felt unhappy, and I'm sure I looked it, for Polly laughed.

"Now, you," she said thoughtfully, "haven't sent me any flowers for at least a week."

I took up the other letter. "Polly!" said I. "He was the man, wasn't he?"

"Yes," she nodded—"before you came."

"Really," I protested. "He is sailing for Europe tomorrow," said Polly, "and—this is goodbye."

She was looking out of the window with a farawayness in her eyes. Polly's eyes were like deep, deep lakes, fringed round with wonderful things. When you were saying something and she looked up at you unexpectedly, you promptly forgot what it was all about and fell in. Then you tried to clamber out, holding on to the fringe on the edge, and the more you tried the more hopeless it grew. But somehow you didn't at all mind drowning this way.

the room and only blew me a kiss from the doorway as she disappeared.

"I didn't say when," she cried. "I didn't say when I'd pay."

I confess I was in a temper—it may have been the day. Deliberately I took the two letters out of my pocket, laid them back on Polly's desk, went out under the trees where my horse was standing and drove off in the little red wheeled runabout—not so much as a glance behind me at the crisp white curtains where I knew Polly must be peeping.

Thick hedges of wild roses and honeysuckle, brimming with sweetness, ran on both sides of the lane. The warm air was noisy with humming bees.

I drove quietly along the dusty road, flicking the trees with my whip and wondering— Suddenly my horse stopped short.

"Good morning," said Polly's voice calmly. "It is a hot day, isn't it?"

She was leaning over the honeysuckle hedge, hatless, her hair shining in the sun. Her face was a little flushed—I think maybe she had been running. Goodness knows how she got there even then. But it is the angels' secret how they use their wings.

I looked at her sternly without speaking.

"Do you know," she went on, "you drove away and forgot my letters?" She broke off and looked at me critically, with her head on one side.

"Why, I do believe," she cried to the bees, "I do believe the man's angry with me! He didn't forget my letters at all. He left them on purpose?"

"Did you forget anything?" said I severely.

"No," she answered cheerfully; "that is the reason I'm here. It was fifteen."

I smiled, but I don't think she saw it. "You'll have to come through the hedge," I said discouragingly.

"There's a gate," she answered. And she was in the road.

"And climb into the runabout," I cried.

"There's a step," she laughed. "Somebody may see us," I objected.

"And what if they do?" said Polly as she put her arms around my neck, and her big blue eyes were close to mine. I saw tears trembling in them.

"Polly," said I, when I had forgiven her, "I shall have to drive you home."

"Yes," said Polly comfortably, "and stay to luncheon."

"And then take the letters into town," I added.

"Both the letters!" said Polly.

How to Judge Cheese. Most housekeepers quail before that part of the family marketing which relates to the purchase of cheese and wish the man of the house, who is usually the chief consumer as well as the connoisseur, would always buy it. Such may find the words of an authority of value:

"A cheese with an indication of goodness will stand square on the shelf and will have an even colored not mottled rind. The moment you press your finger tips on the rind you can begin to judge of the inferior makeup of a cheese. If it yields readily to the pressure of the fingers and the rind breaks or does not spring back readily when the pressure is withdrawn, you have struck a soft article, caused by the slack cooling of the curd, a want of acid or both. At best it will have an insipid flavor and will 'go off' as it ages. Cheese which feels so hard that you cannot press it on the rind is either sour, salted too heavily, cooked too much, skimmed or suffering from a touch of all these complaints.

"A good cheese will be mellow to the touch, yet firm. Its rind will be of an even tint, elastic and free from puffs, and the sample will reveal firm, close grained, buttery cheese of a nutty flavor."

Geographical Knowledge in 1402. But very little was known in regard to the extent of the world in Aristotle's day, in the fourth century before Christ, and but very little more was known about it 1,800 years later, in the time of Columbus. In 2,000 years the world had in reality retrograded rather than advanced.

It was the popular belief in the time of Columbus that the world was flat, though many contemporary scholars thought differently. The great civilizations of the world at that time were grouped around the Mediterranean sea, although England was a considerable power and the Scandinavians were a great maritime people. But Europeans at that time knew but little of Asia and but little of Africa, and America of course was undreamed of.

Even after Columbus had discovered the latter continent he was perfectly oblivious of the fact. He thought Haiti was Cipango or Japan, and for a long time regarded Cuba as a part of the mainland of Asia.

The Other Wouldn't Care. Maurice Barrymore, the actor, once journeyed from a hunting camp where he was a guest to a small Maine town for the purpose of seeing "Hamlet" acted by a company of barnstormers. The performance was so bad as to be fascinating, and Barrymore and his friends remained until the very end. As they made their way to the village hotel one of the party asked the actor how companies of the kind managed to exist.

"Don't know," said Barrymore, "but they serve an educational purpose."

"They do? How?"

"Well, if I had the time and money, I am sure I could decide the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy after seeing tonight's performance."

"Why, Barry, what was there tonight to make you think so?"

"My dear fellow, if the bodies of Shakespeare and Bacon were discovered, you'd find that the real author of 'Hamlet' had turned in his grave."—Philadelphia Times.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

He Showed the Widow Why It Was Too Late to Mourne.

After the ship which had come from New Zealand was tied up at the wharf Larry O'Brien was told off by his shipmates to call upon Mrs. McCarthy and break the news of the death of her husband, which had occurred on shipboard the preceding summer. The Brooklyn Eagle tells how he did it:

"Good morning, Mrs. McCarthy," said he. "Is Denny in?"

"Denny?" said the surprised woman. "My Denny? No, he's not in. Is the ship here?"

"Sure it is. And Denny's not got home yet? That's queer—unless something has happened him."

"What would happen him?" Mrs. McCarthy asked anxiously.

"There's plenty of things can happen a man," said Larry delicately. "He might have got hurted or he might have took sick with the fever. But there's one comfort, as Father McGinnis said once, and that is that time heals iv'ry grief."

"What do you mane, Mr. O'Brien?" "I mane that if anything happened to Denny you wouldn't feel as bad about it a few months after it happened as you would right at the time, would you?"

"I suppose not," said Mrs. McCarthy. "I mind when I lost me first husband I thought I'd never get over it. But, as you say, in a few months it was aiser to bear."

"Then, Mrs. McCarthy, you'll be glad to know that it's now four months—nearly five—since Denny died. Sure, it can't grieve you now as much as it would if you'd know it at the time."

Spain's Migratory Sheep. There are about 10,000,000 migratory sheep in Spain, which each year travel as much as 200 miles from the plains to the mountains. They are known as transhumantes, and their march, resting places and behavior are governed by special regulations, dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one may travel the same route as the sheep, which have the right to graze on all open and common land on the way. For this purpose a road ninety yards wide must be left on all inclosed and private property. The shepherds lead their flocks, which follow after and around. The flocks are accompanied by provision mules and by large dogs to guard against wolves. The merino sheep travel 400 miles to the mountains, and the total time spent on the migration there and back is fourteen weeks.

Bribery in Elections. Bribery in elections is an ancient if not an honorable custom. This is shown in the case of Shrewsbury, England. An extract from Parry's "Parliaments and Councils of England" of a case of bribery, with its punishment, in 1571 shows how long the pernicious custom has been in practice: "Thomas Long, a very simple man and unfit to serve, is questioned how he came to be elected. He confesses that he gave the mayor of Westbury and another £4 for his place. They are ordered to repay this sum, and a fine of £20 is to be assessed on the corporation and inhabitants of Westbury for their scandalous attempt." One can imagine the indignation of those inhabitants of Shrewsbury who received no bribe having to pay a fine for those who did.

Queer Looking Worms. New Zealand, Australia, the Samoan and the Solomon Islands, as well as portions of the Hawaiian group, are the homes of various species of worms with thick, heavy bodies and with a well defined neck connecting the body with a head that is a startling reminder of that of the monkey. In the Sandwich Islands they are called "me-ta-lu-ki," which means "creeper with a child's head." An old New Zealand legend says that at one time they were of immense proportions and threatened the extinction of all human life on the islands.

Prudence and Prevention. The following quaintly worded notice is posted outside the offices of one of the street car companies of Paris: "We beg to inform burglars that we do not leave money or valuables in any of our depots during the night. You are requested to make known this fact among the confraternity, so as to avoid unnecessary trouble and loss of time." The newspaper which publishes the above adds: "Prudence and prevention are the two mothers of safety."

A Natural Mistake. He had recited to his class the story of Abraham entertaining angels unaware. Feeling that the children might not know the meaning of the word "unaware," he asked them if they did. One little hand went up promptly, and the smallest girl in the class said: "The thing you wear next your skin."—Harper's Magazine.

A Prejudiced Deduction. Waggsby—So De Wruyter says he wrote ninety-nine poems last year, does he?

Naggsby—I understood him to say "better than a hundred."

Waggsby—That's what I meant by ninety-nine. I've read his poems.—Baltimore American.

Retort. Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.

Wife (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.—New York Weekly.

You will find that the mere resolve to be useless and the honest desire to help other people will, in the quickest and most delicate ways, also improve yourself.

Eyeless Fish in Boiling Water.

One of the most remarkable discoveries in the shape of a peculiar species of fish ever made on this continent was that made at Carson City, Nev., in 1876. At that time both the Hale and Norcross and the Savage mines were down to what is known as the "2,200 foot level." When at that depth, a subterranean lake of boiling water was tapped. This accident flooded both the preceding summer. The Brooklyn Eagle tells how he did it:

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Passing a Plate in a Church. There was a very large congregation, and the rector seeing that there was only one alms dish made signs to a rustic from the chancel entrance to come to him and bade him go into the rectory garden through a glass door into the dining room, where there had been a slight refection before the service, bring a dish from the table, take it down one side of the north aisle and up the other and then bring it to the clergyman at the place from which he started. The rustic disappeared, reappeared with the dish, took it as he was ordered and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle, and then approaching the rector whispered in his ear: "I've done as yer told me, sir. I've taken it down yor side of the aisle and up 'tother—they'll none of 'em 'ave any." No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was full of biscuits!—Dean Hole's "Memories."

Shellac in Chinese Works of Art. By softening shellac with heat it may be drawn out and twisted into almost white sticks and of a fine silky luster. Extreme beauty is given to Chinese works of art by the use of shellac. Some of them are very ancient and of great value. They are chiefly chowchow boxes, tea basins or other small objects made of wood or metal. They are covered with a coat of shellac, colored with vermilion, and while the layer of shellac is soft and pliable it is molded and shaped into beautiful patterns. Some of these works thus ornamented are so rare and beautiful that even in China they cost fabulous sums.

He Forgave the Bishop. A certain bishop, an ardent advocate of teetotalism, found one of his flock, to whom he had preached for years, leaning in helpless drunkenness against a wall.

"Wilkins!" cried the bishop, inexpressibly shocked. "Oh, Wilkins! You in this state! I am sorry; I am sorry; I am sorry!"

As the bishop was passing by on the other side Wilkins pulled himself together and hiccupped after him: "Bishop, bishop!"

The bishop hastened back in the hope of hearing a resolution of repentance. "Bishop, if you are really sorry I forgive you!"

A Bird Much Like a Fish. The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on, but under water, never keeping more than its head out and when fishing coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.

Discouraging. "My dear sir," wrote the editor to the persistent young author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat we are inclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript and mail it to yourself, it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."—Chicago Post.

Goldfish. There are some goldfish in Washington which belonged to the same family for the last fifty years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious today than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Royal aquarium in St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old.

Depressing. "Were there laughter and cheers during your speech?"

"Well," answered the youthful statesman, "there weren't many cheers, but now and then people in the audience looked at one another and laughed."—Washington Star.

A Case of Necessity. Mrs. Smith—We missed you so much at our party!

Mrs. Jones—And I was so vexed when I couldn't come! You see, our cook had company unexpectedly, and she needed us to fill out the card tables.—Detroit Journal.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us.—Franklin.



INNER SEAL

ABOVE

is the unique trade mark design of the National Biscuit Company. Always printed in red and white on each end of the package that preserves the freshness, crispness and original oven flavor of biscuit, crackers and wafers.

For example try Zu Zu Ginger Snaps, Graham Crackers, Butter Thin and Social Tea Biscuit.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Paths in Africa. It may be a surprise to the unenlightened to learn that probably no explorer, in forcing his passage through Africa, has ever for more than a few days at a time been off some beaten track. Every village is connected with some other village, every tribe with its neighbor, every state with its neighbor and therefore with all the rest. The explorer's business is simply to select from this network of tracks, keep a general direction and hold on by his wits. They are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten hard and netted beneath the level of the forest bed of centuries of native traffic.

Like the roads of the old Romans, these footpaths run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe. Yet within this general straightforwardness are a singular eccentricity and an indirectness of detail. And the reason is not far to seek. If a stone is encountered, no native will ever think of removing it; he simply walks around it. It would never occur to him that that stone was a displaceable object and that for the general weal he might displace it.

The Whale's Appetite. A whale's appetite is phenomenal. His chief diet consists of jellyfish. He has simply to open his mouth and paddle along leisurely in order to take in jellyfish by the wagon load. Such is the method adopted by the whalebone whale. The sperm whale, on the contrary, captures huge squids weighing often several tons. Like his brother the whalebone whale, he must be constantly on the lookout for food; otherwise he would starve. As many as fourteen seals have been taken from a thirty foot "killer." Other fishes of enormous appetites are not uncommon. The bluefish, for example, thrives on sardines and other small fish. Assuming that one bluefish eats ten small fish a day, it has been figured that it requires 10,000,000,000 sardines to feed the 1,000,000,000 bluefish on our coasts every summer. Most curious of all eaters is the hydra—a strange creature that can be turned inside out without impairing its appetite or its power to eat.—Scientific American.

A Mistake That Paid. Mistakes made on purpose are sometimes profitable, and a New York merchant illustrates it thus: "A concern owed me \$50, and repeated duns did no good. The debt was perfectly square, but I had no documentary evidence on which to base a suit, so I decided to be foxy and secure such proof.

"I sent a bill for \$100, with a caustic letter, figuring that the concern would answer, repudiating the claim of \$100 and saying that the amount was \$50. Once I got this admission I would be in a position to sue.

"Imagine my surprise and pleasure when I received a letter from the manager of the concern apologizing for the delay and inclosing a check for \$100."

Her Milking Stool. He—Then, if you are willing, we will be married at once, but we will not live in the close, crowded city. I will purchase a little farm, and we will live on it and be as happy as turtle-doves.

She—And I shall be a farmer's wife. "Yes, my darling."

"And what do you think, John? You won't have to buy a milking stool for me, for I've got one already."

"Oh, yes, the prettiest you ever saw—decorated with handsome plush and cherry colored ribbons."

Carlyle on Novels. A letter of Carlyle's gives us the opinion of novels entertained by him in the year 1866. To a budding story teller he wrote to suggest that she should "shove her own novel well aside for a good while or forever and be shy even of reading novels. If she do read, let it be good and wise books, which not one in 10,000 of the kind now called 'novels' is." And yet Carlyle was himself guilty of at least beginning to write a novel.

Mind is that which perceives, feels, remembers, acts and is conscious of continued existence.

THE SALT IN THE SEA.

Some Interesting Observations on One of Nature's Wonders.

The very fact that the waters of oceans are salty is a wonder within itself. That such is the case everybody knows, but why? Rivers are not salt, neither are some of the very large inland seas, yet one school of scientists will tell you that these same seas (lakes) are the remains of what was once an universal ocean, that there was once an upheaval of the land and that all the waters settled in basins except that which drained off. If this is a fact, why are these lakes or seas now fresh? Don't tell me, says an investigator, that it is because they have been evaporating through the long centuries and that the vacancy has been supplied by fresh waters from rivers. Great Salt Lake is no less salty now than it was 3,000 years ago and probably a great deal more so.

The water of the Caribbean sea is dense compared with that of the Atlantic in the vicinity of the Cape Verde islands, the proportion being eleven to twenty-one. Why is this? It is certainly a fact that they are both of one body of water. The variety of saline matter found in all sea water is universally the same. There is another fact which should be mentioned while we are classifying sea water—that is this: When the saltiness of oceans is referred to, it must not be understood as being the table salt of commerce (chloride of sodium), for there are many other salts in the solution. Expert hydrographers tell us that there are enough of these various salts held in suspension in the waters of the oceans to cover the whole landed surface of the globe to a depth of 1,500 feet—in other words, that there is 60,000,000,000,000,000 tons so held in suspension! The sea is salt by reason of the earth washings which are poured into it.

Homicide. "We cannot consider your story seriously," wrote an editor to an author, "because you have killed your hero in the middle of it."

And the author replied, "I killed him early because he made me tired."—Atlanta Constitution.

Subordinate. Mr. Byrne Coyne—Ah, sweetest one, may I be your captain and guide you bark down the sea of life?

Mrs. Berrymore (a widow)—No, but you can be my second mate.—Detroit Free Press.

STORK TIME

to most women is a term of anxiety, serious thought and sweet anticipation.

With the cessation of pain necessary to childbirth, there comes calm nerves, sleep and recuperation.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

does diminish the pain accompanying maternity. With its aid mothers can and do bring healthy, sweet dispositioned and ideal babies into the world.

Morning sickness, sore breasts and excruciating pains caused by the gradually expanding organs, are relieved by this penetrating and relaxing liniment.

Among the manifold aids to popularity and gained a prestige among rich women as well as poor; it is found and welcomed in the mansion as well as in the cabin.

By lessening the mother's agony of mind and diminishing pain a beautiful influence is wrought upon the child, and instead of peevish, ill-tempered and sickly forms you have healthy, laughing humanity, remaining a blessing ever to you and its country.

All Druggists sell Mother's Friend at \$1.00. Write for our free Book "Mother's Friend" THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.



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