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J. H. GALLEY

505 Eleventh Street



HENRY THE THIEF.

The Black Heart of the Greely Arctic Expedition.

STORY OF HIS EXECUTION.

The Order issued by the Emaciated Commander and the Way it Was Carried Out—The Rifle Shot That Put an End to the Traitor.

One of the many tragedies of the Greely Arctic expedition was the execution of Private Henry, who had been caught time after time stealing food from the scant store of the starving party. Henry alone was strong and active, thanks to the stolen food and to the fact that he did no labor he could possibly shirk.

Lieutenant Greely had warned and warned Henry and had punished him, but to no avail, and finally, after a particularly despicable act of theft, the commander, in fear that Henry's course would cause a general raid on the store of food and thus bring about the destruction of the whole party, condemned Henry to death.

The story of the execution, which makes a new page in history, is told in the American Magazine by Frank B. Copley, who got his data direct from the survivors of the expedition. He writes:

"All his lethargy gone, Greely dismissed the man, seized pencil and paper and, with trembling, emaciated fingers, wrote:

"Near Cape Sabine, June 6, 1894. "Sergeants Brainard, Long and Frederick: "Notwithstanding promises given by Private C. B. Henry yesterday, he has since, as acknowledged to me, tampered with seal things if not, carried out the destruction of the party if not at once ended. Private Henry will be shot today, all care being taken to prevent his injuring any one, as his physical strength is greater than that of any two men. Decide the manner of his death by two ball and one bullet course. This order is imperative and absolutely necessary for any chance of life. A. W. GREELY."

"In the official report of the Lady Franklin bay expedition it is simply announced that 'shots were heard about 2 o'clock, and later the order was read to the general party.' The manner in which the order was executed here appears for the first time.

"Sergeants Brainard, Long and Frederick could not decide to 'decide the manner of death by two ball and one bullet cartridge.' Greely had failed to take into consideration that at this time the party had left only one serviceable rifle.

"The three sergeants drew lots to see who would do the shooting. When they had done so they bound themselves with an oath that the identity of the man thus chosen never should be revealed.

"Henry was at the tent on Cemetery ridge with all the other men when the time for putting him to death came. What sergeant to take place, of course, was known only to the three sergeants and the commander. Two of the sergeants remained in the vicinity of the old hut, while the third went to the tent to bring Henry down.

"The man who went for Henry told him that he was wanted at the old camp to help carry up some more of the supplies that had been left there. Suspecting nothing, Henry readily accompanied the sergeant to the place chosen for putting him to death.

"Now, Greely had repeatedly cautioned the three sergeants to take chances on Henry's getting away, for, although none at Cape Sabine knew the man's past history, enough of the man's black soul had been revealed to make his comrades feel that no crime could be put past him.

"So Brainard, Long and Frederick, cautioned by their commander and warned by their own knowledge of the man with whom they had to deal, had decided that Henry should be made to stoop to pick up something and had then he should be shot from behind. At least one of the sergeants had no more compunction about killing him than he would have had about killing a mad dog.

"But one of the other two men weakened at the last moment. To shoot a man in cold blood from behind, to send him into eternity with no opportunity to compose his soul, was too terrible a thing for him to stand. It was a mistake that nearly proved disastrous.

"Henry's sad face to face that he was to be put to death in accordance with the order of the commander, and he was advised to kneel and make his peace with his God. At the same time the executioner appeared with his rifle at a convenient distance before the doomed man's eyes.

"Henry stood agape. He muttered something about something not being right. Near where the third sergeant stood an ax lay on the ground. Henry's gaze, searching the ground, encountered the ax. He sprang for it. A warning cry was raised. The sergeant who stood near the ax jumped and got his foot on it almost as Henry was upon him. There was a cry of 'Quick!' Even then there was danger of the executioner shooting his fellow sergeant if his aim was the least unsteady.

"But despite all he had been through the aim of the executioner was true. The rifle cracked, and the bullet sped, penetrating the breast of the man for whom it was intended. The man fell. He was motionless. He was dead. 'You have tricked me! You have tricked me!' Again the rifle cracked. A second bullet went through Henry's head, and he fell dead."

"Playing Her Cards. Tommy—'May I stay up a little longer?' Ethel—'What do you want to stay up for?' Tommy—I want to see you and Mr. Green playing cards. 'What about that?' Said the man. 'Why, the world is coming to an end next Monday.' Emerson replied: 'I'm glad of it. We can get along a great deal better without it.'"

"Boston Could Stand It. Ralph Waldo Emerson once made a cringing reply to a man who asked him whether the people in Boston did not feel alarmed. Said Emerson, 'What about that?' Said the man, 'Why, the world is coming to an end next Monday.' Emerson replied: 'I'm glad of it. We can get along a great deal better without it.'"

"How He Won. A rich old man was asked how he made his money. 'Simplest thing in the world,' he said. 'I always did the reverse of what everybody else was doing. If everybody bought, I sold—prices were high. If everybody sold, I bought—prices were low.'"

"Cautious. The young housekeeper was looking at some soft shell crabs squirming and wriggling in their bed of seaweed. 'They're very nice,' said the dealer. 'Well, I send you a dozen?'"

"'Yes,' answered the innocent, 'if you are sure they're fresh.'"—New York Journal.

H. F. GREINER

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 12 Cans of Peas, good quality... \$1.00
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Spider Racing. Lord Devon's property was greatly impoverished by the twelfth earl, who squandered nearly all his fortune and terribly embarrassed the entailed property. He was addicted to a most peculiar form of gambling, namely, spider racing, which he played with the last Marquis of Hastings and the eighth Duke of Bedford. Each player selected a spider, which was placed on the table, and then the latter was gently heated from underneath. The warmth caused the insects to run, and the spider which got to the edge first won. But spiders are curious creatures, and it would frequently happen that a spider which was near the edge and looked like winning would double back, traverse the table in all directions and lose its backer the thousands of pounds so nearly won. Lord Devon, Lord Hastings and the Duke of Bedford each of them squandered enormous sums on this game, which contributed in no small degree to the ruin of the two former.—New York Tribune.

Inn Names in Germany. Germany probably holds the record for out of the way signs and fantastic inn names. The most absurd records are usually obtained by the name of some animal with a more or less unsuitable object. The Comfortable Chicken and the Cold Frog, both of them in Berlin, are certainly left in the shade by the Angry Ant (Ort, in Westphalia) and the Stiff Dog (Berlin). The Lame Louse is an inn in a suburb of Berlin, and not far from it is the Thirsty Pelican. The Dirty Parlor, the Bloody Bones, the Musical Cats, the Fourhundredweight Man, and the Boxers' Den are all in Berlin or the neighborhood, and the Old Straw Bag in Leipzig. The Green Bangle is in Siedsteden, in the Palatinat, and the Shander Blade in Jericho. The Last Tear is a landlord's notion for the name of his inn, situated near a graveyard, visited by returning mourners, and is of frequent occurrence throughout the fatherland.

A Strange Colony. The Colonia Cosme, on the Paraguay above Asuncion, is one of the most curious in the world. The members of the colony make or grow everything they want and import nothing. The workmen have seven hours' work a day and earn not money, but time. Their wages are hours and half hours. These they sometimes save up till they have a week in hand and they go off on an excursion. If a man wants a chair or table he pays for it in hours of work, which are deducted from the balance to his credit. Three men went off up the river in a canoe for a three weeks' holiday. They sold their canoe at Asuncion for a pound and came home overlaid in ten days, lodged in the best houses in the villages on the way and yet had some money in hand at the end.—London Spectator.

Dogs in Ecclesiastical Decorations. The stained glass representation of the "Peddler and His Dog" was removed from Lambeth church a quarter of a century ago owing to the alleged incongruity of introducing the figure of a dog in a church window. Quite recently Chancellor Prescott of Carlisle refused a faculty for a stained glass window in a Westmorland church because the design included a dog, and perhaps the only existing examples of dogs used for ecclesiastical decorations are to be found in Lord Brownlow's private chapel at Ashbridge. In this church one stained glass window depicts Tobias and Sara in bed and a dog sleeping on the quilt, while in another window Job is shown being mocked by three men, one of whom is holding a dog by a chain.—Westminster Gazette.

The Giant's Staircase. One of the most widely known geological curiosities in the vicinity of Cork is a series of knobs or knots projecting from the face of a cliff. There are sixteen of these huge projections all together, all regularly set in the face of the cliff, one above the other, forming a series of such uniformity as to give it the general appearance of a stairway. Since time out of memory this queer ascent and its projecting "steps" have been known as the Giant's Staircase.

Trials and Temptations. Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear, but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.—Richter.

Fly Time. Howell—'What is the best time of day to go up in an airship?' Powell—'Well, I've always been a believer in early rising.—New York Press.

They can conquer who believe they can.—Dryden.

Origin of Plum Duff. This is the origin of plum duff, according to the captain of an Atlantic liner: "One Christmas day, hundreds of years ago at sea, a ship in a storm was swept by a comb that carried off her cook, her crate of chickens, her turkeys—in a word, the whole raw material of her Christmas dinner. "But the sailors were determined to have at least some sort of Christmas pudding. They knew nothing about cooking, and they drew lots for their new cook. The lot fell to the boatswain's mate. "This chap fished up a cookbook from the bottom of his sea chest. He ran over the pudding recipes and chose one that began: "Make a stiff dough." "He made a pudding after this recipe. It was stuffed with Malaga raisins and covered with a rich sauce. The men were delighted. "Put a name to it," they said. "Put a name to it." "And the boatswain's mate, knowing that 'r-o-u-g-h' was pronounced 'rough' and thinking 'd-o-u-g-h' followed the same rule, answered readily: "It's called duff, mates."

Settled the Sacristan. A matter of fact sacristan of the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote the king of Prussia this brief note: "Sir—I acquaint your majesty, first, that there are wanting books of psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal state. I acquaint your majesty, third, that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous. SCHMIDT, Sacristan of the Cathedral. "The reply of the king was not that of the 'gracious majesty.' Its stiff formality in imitating the style of the sacristan probably was not taken by the receiver as complimentary to him: I acquaint you, Herr Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. I acquaint your majesty, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him. FREDERICK.

The Shillalah. The shillalah is no raw limb of a tree. It is almost as much a work of art as a well balanced cricket bat. The old shillalahs were as carefully looked after by their loving owners as is a rifle in the wilds. Cut from the sturdiest of young blackthorns and showing as little taper as an ebony ruler, it was weighed with lead or iron at the end nearest the grip so that its center of gravity was about four-fifths of the way from the hitting end. When properly seasoned by being kept in the neighborhood of the farm oven for a few months it became a thing of supple steel. And the proper pronunciation of the name of this fearsome weapon is the melodious one of "shill-ally," with the accent on the "all."—London Chronicle.

Her Queer Question. The rector of a country parish in England having sent blankets, governesses, coats and some of the good things usual at Christmas to an old parishioner a lady expatiated warmly to him on the reverend gentleman's kindness. "Don't you think," she asked the old villager, "that it is very good of the rector to look after you like this and send you all these nice things?" "Good of him?" exclaimed the old man in blank amazement. "Why, what's he for?"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Slap at Whistler. A young San Franciscan, the owner of a large and valuable collection of autographs, once wrote to James McNeill Whistler, politely requesting his signature. The letter was sent in care of the London Royal academy, with which the famous American painter was at outs. After four months the letter was returned to the San Francisco address from the dead letter office in Washington. Covering the envelope was the word, repeated numberless times. "Unknown."

How He Won. A rich old man was asked how he made his money. "Simplest thing in the world," he said. "I always did the reverse of what everybody else was doing. If everybody bought, I sold—prices were high. If everybody sold, I bought—prices were low."

Cautious. The young housekeeper was looking at some soft shell crabs squirming and wriggling in their bed of seaweed. "They're very nice," said the dealer. "Well, I send you a dozen?" "Yes," answered the innocent, "if you are sure they're fresh."—New York Journal.

Queered His Grandfather. Peter Augustus had a foolish, fond old grandfather. The grandfather was boasting to a visitor one day, as grandfathers will, about the family he had raised.

"My daughter Martha is a fine young woman," he said, "and her little boy, Peter Augustus, is a fine lad. But the finest thing about that pair is the affection that exists between them. They never exchange a cross word. They're more like two young lovers than mother and son. It's beautiful to see them together. Here on a minute, and I'll call Peter Augustus in. Then his mother will come down, and you can see their relations for yourself."

The old man rose and ambled heavily to the door. There was a beatific smile on his old face. Little Peter Augustus was playing with the cat in the garden.

"Peter Augustus!" he shouted. "Peter Augustus! Your mother wants you!"

The little boy dropped the cat and fixed a searching glance on his grandfather.

"Your mother wants you, Peter Augustus?"

"Does she want to warm me?" Peter Augustus cautiously demanded.

Really Worth While. Eben Pratt of Marshy had sent two sons to Boston and knew he had reason to be proud of them. One day a summer visitor lingering in Mr. Pratt's grocery, provision and dry goods establishment mentioned some of the shining lights who had made themselves remembered in and near Boston and others still to be found there.

"We've had a good many smart men and women in and around our city," said the visitor, "and there are a number of them left. We've got scientific men and writers and artists and musicians and—"

Mr. Pratt's dry voice broke in on the list. "If ye call those folks smart," he said, "ye want to go down near the water to an address I'll give ye and see the way my boys, Ed and Sam, can open oysters! I guess they'll give ye something to go by when ye're talking of smartness."—Exchange.

Willing to Be Muzzled. Phil May, the great English artist, earned his first fame in Australia. One day a broken down minister applied to him for charity, and May engaged him as a model. As a joke he also demanded that his eighty-year-old pensioner agree to leave him his skeleton when he died. When May left Australia he called his model in. "You've played me a dirty trick," said May, "by swindling me out of that skeleton. I could have bought one in sound order and condition for half the money you've cost me." The old fellow, conscious of his base ingratitude to his best and most patient friend, answered: "It's not my fault. I meant to keep my word. Stay in Sydney a few months longer and give me another chance to show you that I am a man of honor."

Redhot Plays. "It is a tremendous undertaking to get a new play accepted and produced," once said the late Clyde Fitch to a friend. "So many are written, and so few ever see the light of day. An English playwright with a gift of humorous exaggeration illustrated this fact to me once. He told me how he had submitted a play to a celebrated actor and how in the course of the conversation the actor remarked: "Don't you think it is growing chilly in this room?" "Yes; it is rather," the young playwright admitted.

"Then the actor rang a bell, and a servant forthwith appeared. "James," said the actor, "this room is rather cold. You may put three more manuscripts on the fire."—Lippincott's.

What Did She Mean? Shop Assistant (to purchaser of widow's bonnet)—Would you like to try it on before the glass, madam? Customer—No, thank you, miss. It ain't for me. I wish it was.—Stray Stories.

CURIOUS PERUVIAN TREE.

It Produces a Copious and Continuous Supply of Rain.

The rain tree of Peru grows very large, is rich in leaves and is called by the Indians tamalcap. It is the power of collecting the dampness of the atmosphere and condensing it into a continuous and copious supply of rain.

In the dry season, when the rivers are low and the heat great, the tree's power of condensing seems at the highest, and water falls in abundance from the leaves and oozes from the trunk. The water spreads around in veritable rivers, part of which filters into the soil and fertilizes it. These rivers are canalized so as to regulate the course of the water.

It is estimated that one of the Peruvian rain trees will on the average yield nine gallons of water per diem. In a field of an area of one kilometer square—that is, 3,520 feet each way—there are grown 10,000 trees separated from each other by twenty-five meters. This plantation produces daily 385,000 liters of water. If we allow for evaporation and infiltration we have 135,000 liters or 29,531 gallons of rain for distribution daily. The rain tree can be cultivated with very little trouble, for it seems indifferent as to the soil in which it grows. The tree increases rapidly and resists both extremes of climate.—Espana Moderna.

A BRAVE TOREADOR.

One of the Most Thrilling Incidents of the Bull Ring.

The famous Spanish toreador Reverte figured in one of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena. It was at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued caring wildly the spectators began to be afraid for Reverte's life. Wounded to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted: "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident. The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matador, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

Killing the Bad Taste. "Maybe I won't have to take medicine again, and even if I do have to take it maybe the doctor will prescribe an ambrosial mixture, but if I should be condemned for my sins to swallow vile doses I know how I'll take them." a city salesman volunteered. "A man who was doctoring himself in the drug store showed me the way."

"The druggist had mixed a particularly obnoxious dose. The man before taking it asked for cracked ice. The errand boy brought it, several spoonfuls nearly pulverized. The sick man held that in his mouth until it melted, after which the medicine seemed as mild as tea.

"I always prepare my mouth that way for a disagreeable medicine," the man said. "The ice numbs the nerves, and the medicine slips down without leaving any taste, good or bad."—Exchange.

He Got the Rain. "You want more money? Why, my boy, I worked three years for \$11 a month right in this establishment and now I'm owner of it."

"Well, you see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang on to his business."—Chicago Record-Herald.

AN EPIC OF THE BACKWOODS.

One of the epics of the backwoods, told by John G. Nelhardt in "The River and I," is the adventure of old Hugh Glass, who was terribly mauled by a grizzly up the Missouri, so terribly that the rest of the expedition pushed on, leaving a young friend and several others to see the end. "It seemed plain that he would have to go soon. So the young friend and the others left the old man in the wilderness to finish the job by himself. They took his weapons and hastened after the main party, for the country was hostile.

"But one day old Glass woke up and got one of his eyes open. And when he saw how things stood he swore he would live merely for the sake of killing his false friend. He crawled to a spring close by, where he found a bush of ripe huckleberries. He waited day after day for strength and finally started out to crawl a small matter of a hundred miles to the nearest fort. And he did it too! Also he found his friend after much wandering—and forgive him."

Always Feminine. A young chap was walking along a business street with a very pretty girl when he happened to glance into a couple of windows where the latest styles of men's overcoats and suits were displayed. The girl noticed it. She stopped and exclaimed: "What a dandy overcoat! Why don't you get one of those, Bob? You'll look fine inside of that."

She looked at everything in that window, and the young chap was delighted at her interest in men's clothes.

"You're all right, Grace," said he. "That's what I like about you. Most girls would rather look at lingerie waists than at a man's overcoat and suits."

The girl laughed. "Well, Bob," said she, "to be perfectly honest, the mirrors in that window are something to cry for. I was trying to see if my hat was on straight!"

The Merits of "Angelick Snuff." Angelick snuff, the most noble composition in the world, removing all manner of disorders of the head and brain, easing the most excruciating pain in a moment, taking away all swimming and giddiness proceeding from vapours, etc.; also drowsiness, sleepiness and other lethargic effects, perfectly curing deafness to admiration and all humours and soreness in the eyes, etc. Corroborates the brain, wounds to the very quick of the spirits. Its admirable efficacy in all the above mentioned diseases has been experienced above a thousand times and very justly causes it to be esteemed the most beneficial snuff in the world. Price 1s. a paper, with directions. Sold only at Mr. Fynn's toy shop at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul's churchyard, near Chesapeake-Advertisement in London Paper, Aug. 6, 1711.

Briguel in a Temper. On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Briguel, the famous singer, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago! Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well; you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"

Doesn't Food Them. Blimm—Our landlady says she likes to see her boarders have good appetites. Smart—Well, some women are naturally cruel.—Boston Transcript.

The future is purchased by the present.—Johnson.

HE FINALLY GOT WARM.

A Writer's indoor Experience on a Cold Night in Bordeaux.

What beautiful sunshine we had at Bordeaux, and how nice and warm it was in the daytime! As long as the sun kept out it was lovely; but, oh, when the sun went down!

They gave me a beautiful, large, lofty room at the hotel with doors and windows all over it. After dinner I went up to try to write, and then I found that Siberia had come again. I put great logs of wood upon the fire and blew them with the bellows till the flames roared up the chimney, but still I shivered in the icy blasts that blew through every crevice. I put on my uster, I dragged the blankets from the bed, I ran races around the room and practiced the Indian clubs with a heavy portmanteau in each hand, but still I felt my blood congealing, and the horrors of the early morning came back again.

In this dilemma my companion's Sudan experiences stood us in good stead. He was with Gordon in the expedition of 1873-7. He took our walking sticks and umbrellas, and with these and the blankets and the rugs he rigged up a nice, comfortable tent in front of the fire.

Sitting in this tent in our big room we at last got warm, and my fingers were able to hold a pen.—George R. Sims in "Dagonet Abroad."

AN ARCTIC DELICACY. Eskimo Soup Would Hardly Tickle Red-faced Palates.

Kane and Dr. Hayes, the first white men apart from an occasional whaler—to visit the Eskimos, found some difficulty in accommodating themselves to local customs. In "The Toll of the Arctic Seas" D. M. Edwards quotes Hayes' account of his first visit to a native hut. After a cordial welcome he was pressed to eat.

"This," says Hayes, "was an invitation which I feared, but now that it had come I knew that it would be unwise to decline it. The expression of thanks was one of the few in their language that I knew, and I made the most of this. They laughed heartily when I said koyenak in reply to their invitation, and immediately a not very beautiful young dame poured some of the contents of the pots into a skin dish, and, after sipping it to make sure, as I supposed, that it was not too hot, passed it to me over a group of heads. At first my courage forsook me, but all eyes were fixed upon me, and it would have been highly impolite to shrink. I therefore about my eyes, held my nose, swallowed the dose and retired. It was told afterward that it was their greatest delicacy—a soup made by boiling together blood, oil and seal intestines."

"Three Sheets in the Wind." "What was the origin of the phrase for drunkenness, 'three sheets in the wind'?" a landsman asked a sailor the other day. "Well," said the sailor, "I'll explain that matter to you. The two lower corners of a ship's sail are held taut by two ropes, one called a tack and another called a sheet. The tack is always kept very tight, but the sheet is loosened according to the wind, and the looser the sheet is the more freely the sail swings. If the sail is quite free its sheet is said to be 'in the wind.' Now, suppose that all three of a ship's sails were quite free, they would then fly about very crazily, and the ship would wobble. The course of the ship would be a zig-zag one, and the reason for this would be that she had 'three sheets in the wind.' That, I guess, is why a man when he staggers in his course is said to be 'three sheets in the wind' also."

Presents. The Host's Youngest—Don't you show feel very uncomfortable when you walk, Mrs. Nurycha? Mrs. Nurycha—Dear me! What an extraordinary question! Why do you ask, child? The Host's Youngest—Oh, only cos pa said the other day since you'd come into your money you'd got far too big for your boots.