...Noah ...d Among ... Records of Chaldea.

Perhaps the tracing of the story of the book of Genesis is the true fascination that Mesopotamia has for those who have time to read. The great boats of the Euphrates have the identical lines of the toy ark that can be bought in London. Where a pent roof has been added for our purposes the two are one in shape. A Euphrates "bellum" arranged as a sick barge is the toy ark of childhood. Is that toy ark an authentic tradition in its shape? It is almost certain to be. The Euphrates boats are pitched inside and out with pitch, as was that ark. In these same bellums, some as large as 70 tons, we may find British batteries sailing the Euphrates and a modified menagerie could easily walk on board. One more suggestion of the toy shop tradition strikes the casual observer. The tribespeople from the hills who work on the Tigris and Euphrates wear high black felt hats, a topper without a brim. Are Mr. and Mrs. Noah really correctly dressed?

Then on top of the discovery of the ark comes the more serious reading of a parallel version of the Bible story of the flood found in the cuneiform in Layard's tablets from the Royal library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh, copied or collected possibly from Sargon's library at Accade or Erech, older than Ashurabanipal by perhaps 1,800 years. Were the stories of Genesis the household stories of Chaldea 4,000 years ago? It would seem so, when from Babylon is unearthed a seal with the representation of the temptation, Adam and Eve, the serpent and the apple tree.

HAVE TO SEARCH FOR POET

Great Mind by No Means Easy to Find, and Some Can Never Discover Him.

There was once a small but mighty nation, now numerous as the sands of the seashore, and no longer so interesting. To this nation was born a poet, and they made him the poet of all time. They took him and taught him all they knew—and they had great things to teach; and when, at their command, he made great dramas, they stood at his elbow; and everything they gave him he gave back to them tenfold.

England was then Shakespeare's land.

The poet is always amongst us; the difficulty is how to find him; he is like the proverbial needle in a bundle of hay.

But one thing is certain—logicians without love will not find him; they leave a desolation, and call it peace—nay, they call it culture. Critics of this sort will allow nothing to exist except themselves. No; I am wrong. There is one thing they admire more even than themselves—the fait accompli a mundane success.—John Butler Yeats.

Health in Trapshooting.

The great and popular detective of fiction, Sherlock Holmes, once admitted that a man's knees were the seat of great enlightenment and from this source he drew many of his deductions. He may, therefore, scrutinize with interest a trapshooter's knees while he is in action. Do they wabble not? He is a seasoned shooter in good physical condition. Do they wabble? He is anxious, perhaps a little new at the game but so happy and willing to get that next target he cares little whether the sun shines or the equinoctial is on.

It is a fascinating sport without placing any strain on the nervous system, in fact, trapshooting strengthens the nerves. It combines sport with fresh air and sunshine and saves many doctors' bills. Physicians and nurses recommend the sport as a health tonic, and if the patients follow the advice given there will not be much need for the physician and the nurse.—Forest and Stream.

Homer.

Homer is an epic poet and not a historian, so it is quite natural that he should have exaggerated everything with poetic license. Moreover, the events which he describes are so marvelous that many scholars have long doubted the very existence of Troy and have considered the city to be a mere invention of the poet's fancy. I venture to hope that the civilized world will not only not be disappointed that the city of Priam has shown itself to be scarcely a twentieth part as large as was to be expected from the statements of the Iliad, but that on the contrary, it will accept with delight and enthusiasm the certainty that Ilium did really exist, that a large portion of it has now been brought to light and that Homer, even though he exaggerates, nevertheless sings of events that actually happened.—Robertson.

Natural Enemies of Mosquito.

Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the United States bureau of entomology, writing on his favorite theme, the mosquito, in a recent bulletin reviews the subject of the natural enemies of this insect. Among fish, he mentions first the common goldfish and silverfish, which destroy mosquito larvae and should be put in artificial ponds. Top-minnows are great feeders on mosquito larvae, and certain species introduced from Texas and Hawaii have proved their value, while a small top-minnow of the genus Girardinus, known in Barbados as "millions," has been used successfully in other West Indian islands. Many predatory aquatics feed on mosquito larvae. Certain birds prey upon the adults, and bats eat them. Many plants are believed to keep away mosquitoes, them being several species of mint, the castor oil plant, citronella, etc. Scientific observation has confirmed the popular belief on this subject.—Scientific...

Uncluttering a Soul

By FLORA A. MONTY

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Isobel Newton deliberately ruffled her smoothly coiffed hair with the petulance of weary womanhood.

"Oh, I'm tired—tired to death!" was her involuntary confession to herself.

The room was cluttered; her mind was cluttered. For the working place of an efficient young woman, the office was in a sad state, and it seemed to make a mute appeal for the relief of broom and dustcloth.

The busy disorder of things seemed to cramp her soul, and she had a vague feeling that by waging war on the tangible disarray and eliminating as much as she could of things she would regain the mental freedom so necessary to the wise carrying on of her business affairs.

Isobel was a working girl of the kind that get paid for working. She contended that all girls worked—some at the job of earning a salary, some at the ungrateful task of housekeeping and some at the steady grind of society.

Isobel professed to loathe the latter two kinds, but today the impatient desire for physical action became dominant in her mind and insisted on expression.

From the only little used drawer of her desk she abstracted an apron of the coverall variety and a cap that was rakishly prim. They covered her business attire with a completeness that seemed to invest her with a new aura, and she began to be pleased with herself for indulging in the very temporary experiment of "housework."

Her efforts successfully dislodged the dust that the recent wind had brought, and piece by piece she was looking over the papers and letters on her desk, grimly determined to destroy every one that her for once elastic prudence would allow.

With an almost reckless disregard of consequence, she tore paper after paper, the crisp rasp soothing her nerves like magic; and she worked faster and faster, tossing the torn bits high, for the pleasure of watching them float softly to the wastebasket. Isobel laughed softly, then began humming as she worked.

An important contract, some receipts, a bill or two, and several orders were placed on top the desk, as they required the first attention of her clear thinking mind when she should settle back once more to her orderly routine.

So busy was she that Austin Stafford, whose office was across the narrow hall, gazed at her in unobserved amazement as he paused by her door a moment. The busy, efficient Miss Newton, the unsentimental, independent wage-earner, who ignored any gallantries a man might offer as coolly as one looked through space, seemed vastly remote from the dusty maid who was flushed and smiling and singing.

With a wisdom rare in a man, where the worshiped woman is concerned, he refrained from speaking to her, and went quietly on with his errand before she could detect him watching her. Out from the depths of his big heart crept a tiny seedling of hope. The sight of Isobel in "human garb," as he mentally classified her apron and cap, was like the mellow warmth of the sun on the desire he had buried deep. Not that he would require her to be a drudge if he married her, but he wanted the assurance that his wife would have the instincts of real womanhood. The Miss Newton with whom he had had business associations was practical and shrewd in a well-bred but "manly" way.

Stafford always reproached himself when he thought of Isobel as "manly," for her manner, under every circumstance, was quiet decorum; but he resented hugely the spirit of equality she always managed to put into their relations. He wanted to look up to her. He believed that a man should always have to rise to a woman, but in spite of his dissatisfaction with her career, he felt his heart gradually going to her, due, though he did not understand it, to his subconscious recognition of her hidden qualities.

A sudden gust of wind from the open window lifted the pile of documents that Isobel had placed ready for inspection, and gleefully flung them about the room for a moment, then out the door, and scuttling across the hall into the office directly opposite.

With an impatient exclamation Isobel pursued them, madly waving her dustcloth in wasted effort. Giving hurried thanks that Mr. Stoddard was temporarily out of his office, she gathered up her papers, which were now quite scattered and lay like tired children at various places about the room. They were all there but the important contract. That she must have, as her signature was required before the day was over.

In some perturbation she looked around again, even venturing to Mr. Stafford's desk. And there it lay, thrust by the force of its fall, part way into an open drawer. As she drew it out a picture, clipped from a newspaper, came with it, and fluttered to the floor. Stooping to recover it, her breath shortened, for the picture was one of herself which had appeared a short time since in a local paper that was featuring the suffrage cause. "Miss Isobel Newton, Who Proves ... pers acclaimed him as a "local boy who has made good," and the Star even went so far as to speak of him as a "product of this office" and run a full page with pictures of him, along with photographs of his old desk and the machine on which he used to pound out criticisms of other actors.

The evening subsequent to his first appearance at the Empress he went to the Star office to renew acquaintanceships. The managing editor, ... ," he remarked to the city editor, ... d like to meet your dramatic critic. He certainly did give me a bang-up write-up in this morning's Star, and I want to thank him. I remember the last criticism I wrote. It was not so complimentary to some members of the bill."

The city editor filled his pipe, gave out assignments to two reporters, answered three phone calls, borrowed a match and said:

"It happens that the 'he' you speak of is a girl. The funny part of it is that she's a former actress, the same as you're a former critic. She's not here just now, but she'll be on hand soon."

Presently the young lady arrived and was introduced to the Empress headliner. Gary had the shock of his life when he saw her, for she was none other than Mildred Harrison, the girl he had loved and had criticized—the cause of his cutting loose from the newspaper world.

"I'm glad to meet you," she told him, her eyes sparkling with more than sincerity. You know, I was once on the stage myself. I tried to make an actress of myself, but it was useless, and it remained for the dramatic critic on this very paper in this very town to show me the error of my ways. I owe that critic untold gratitude, especially since he was kind enough to resign and leave open the only job I could fill on a newspaper. My stage experience was a fizzle, but it fitted me to be a critic of others."

"I am very glad to meet you, too," he replied just as sincerely; "so glad that I am going to ask if I may not see you after the show tonight. My act is near the last, and I presume you will be attending some other performance. If I may call for you there—"

He did, and they made their way to a quiet little restaurant, where they engaged in some serious conversation over a light lunch.

They talked in subdued tones, but they were desperately in earnest, as anyone with half an eye could have seen. Let us eavesdrop just a moment. We will drop into a chair at a nearby table just as he remarks:

"Isn't it strange that I should fall in love with you the moment I saw you on the stage, and that you—"

"And that I," she finished, "should fall in love with you the moment I saw you on the stage, in the same theater a year later?"

He sipped his coffee.

"Well, it simply shows that I am a prophet. Didn't I tell you a year ago that you would make a wonderful wife?"

ART AS THE FRENCH SEE IT

In Their Eyes It Is the Direct Antithesis of Artifice as Generally Understood.

No one can understand this French conception of art, as no one could understand the similar Greek conception, without distinguishing clearly between art and artifice. The first comment of the Anglo-Saxon on all art is likely to be that it is artificial; his comment upon the French life, itself an art, is that it partakes too much of the quality of artifice. The difficulty is that such a comment assumes civilization as a natural thing, said Prof. Erskine in a recent lecture to his soldier students in France. The Frenchman knows better. When our mothers sent us to childhood parties and cautioned us to behave, naturally they did not mean what they said; they meant that we should wear our acquired arts of courtesy as though they were natural.

In that sense all civilization is not natural, and French life, being the most highly civilized, has most the character of art. But the French themselves are even more severe than we are in condemning artifice, which to them is not art, but its most perverse enemy. Art for them must be frank and sincere, a quite open control of means to reach an intelligible ideal. There is nothing secret about it; its glory is the large part that reason and calculation frankly play in it—as any choice between good and evil should be calculating and reasonable. Artifice, on the other hand, is the putting on of disguise, the assuming of methods which do not harmonize with the genuine purpose; it is too great emphasis upon means and too slight valuation of the noble end. Art is, as it were, the contrast or other pole to nature; it is the condition which is reached when man has given an interpretation and a direction to the chaos of crude experience. In between these extremes is artifice, partaking of the quality of both—half directed, half meaningless.—New York ...

Keep Mind Free From Rust.

A rusty tool of any sort is a poor recommendation for the owner. It is doubly condemning when that tool is the master key of life. The weather and the carelessness of others may rust tools of steel. Only the indolence of the man himself can allow the mind to get rusty. It's a mark of senility or premature mental weakness when the mind that ought to be vigorous shows signs of rust. No man of good sense has a right to think he has reached his limit of usefulness. Each step upward should become the incentive to a higher step. As higher ground extends the vision so mental attainment should extend the scope of a man's influence.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Alcohol in the Nerves.

Major Sicard of the French army tried all ordinary methods of treating intense pain of injured nerves, and came to the conclusion that the best results were obtained from injections of alcohol. He freed the nerves from the adjacent tissue and injected into its sheath from one to two cubic centimeters of alcohol.

FEAST FOLLOWS ARAF ...AST

Institution of the East Much Resembles the Christian Observance of Lenten Season.

As the Mohammedan year is a lunar one, the months rotate through the different seasons, and the fast of Ramadan becomes a severe affliction upon the faithful when the month happens to fall in the hot days of summer. The sick, travelers and soldiers in time of war are temporarily released from this duty, as well as nursing women and others to whom it might prove injurious. The fast is followed by the feast of Beiram, which was established by Mohammed, who seems to have been guided by the Christian institution of Lent, which in the early church varied from four to six weeks. On this day every family of the true believers offers a sheep to God, and the streets of the cities are filled with men carrying the destined victims on their backs. Among the Arabs the festival begins at four in the morning, when great crowds collect at the residence of the nearest pasha or bey, awaiting his appearance in the court of the palace. At five o'clock his highness enters, accompanied by members of his family and his staff; cannon are fired, the peculiar bands of the East play suitable airs, and the chief captain announces that the hour of sacrifice has arrived, and that his highness, after prayer, will be present at this act. All then adjourn to the mosque, and when the sacrifice is over the pasha re-enters the court, and those of high rank kiss his hand; the inferior slightly touching it with their lips. This occupies about an hour, when all retire to take coffee, the captain thanking the crowd for their presence as a mark of attachment to their ruler.

FOUGHT THE FLOWING BOWL

Eastern Monarchs and Religious Leaders Long Ago Lifted Their Voices Against Drunkenness.

Temperance movements and prohibition crusades date back at least 3,000 years. It was China that first tried to be bone-dry. Early reforms along temperance lines are attributed to the priests of India and Persia. But the Chinese claim that in the eleventh century before Christ their emperor, so disgusted over the prevalence of drunkenness, ordered all the grapevines in the kingdom uprooted.

A hundred years before this bone-dry effort, in the twelfth century before Christ, King Wen tried partial reform in China. Wen, founder of the Chou dynasty, promulgated an "Announcement Against Drunkenness," according to ancient Chinese documents handed down by Confucius.

King Wen declared "drinking has long been a national vice." He ordered that wine be used only in connection with sacrifices—and even then drunkenness was not to be tolerated.

The temperance reforms also existed in Egypt centuries before Christ. Here's what a teacher said to a youth who had been looking upon the flowing bowl too freely:

"Drink not beer to excess. The words that come out of thy mouth thou canst not recall. Thou dost fall and break thy limbs and no one reaches out a hand to thee. Thy comrades go on drinking; they stand up and say: 'Away with this fellow who is drunk.' If anyone should then seek thee to ask counsel of thee, thou wouldst be found lying in the dust like a little child."

...AMMOTH CAVE LONG FAMOUS

Has Been Acknowledged One of the World's Wonders, Practically Since the Year 1809.

The most famous cavern in America is Mammoth cave, in Kentucky, writes "Niksah" in the Chicago Daily News. Mammoth cave was an old Indian refuge, and the story of redskin adventures is written plain in the skeletons, tomahawks and reed torches that have been found in the cavern depths. Then, in 1809, a white man, a pioneer hunter, followed a wounded bear into the mouth of the great cave, and from that time on Mammoth cave became in American estimation the eighth wonder of the world.

Almost as soon as the white man discovered the cavern he began to make practical use of it. Long before the era of Indian possession bats had inhabited the cavern halls and in the course of time their skeletons had accumulated on the floor, especially near the entrance. These skeletons, containing nitrate, played an important part in the war of 1812, for nitrate, so needed for making explosives, was scarce in the colonies and the Mammoth cave became the main source of supply.

When the country settled down to a period of comfortable prosperity, Mammoth cave became, even more than it is today, a great show place of America. The cave's history is told in the names of the various rooms and galleries. Jenny Lind and other artists visited the cave and sang or played the airs that had made them famous in "Ole Bull's Concert Hall" or other cavern corridors. In a room since named "Booth's Amphitheater," Edwin Booth was inspired to declaim some of the lines of Hamlet before a small and select audience.

Power of Imagination.

A doctor, treating an old woman for typhoid fever, took her temperature on each visit by putting a thermometer under her tongue. One day, when she was nearly well, the doctor did not take her temperature. He had scarcely got 100 yards from the house when her son called him back. "Mother is worse," said the young man. "Come back at once!" The doctor returned. As he went into the sick room the old woman looked up at him reproachfully. "Doctor," she said, "why didn't you give me that tube under my tongue today? That always did me more good than all the rest of your trash!"

A Wonderful Wife

By R. RAY BAKER

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Gary Hazard, dramatic critic of the Morning Star, scowled into the cloud of tobacco smoke for which his long curve-stemmed pipe was responsible.

"No use," he sighed as he tore a sheet from his typewriter and cast it into the waste-basket. "I simply can't make the girl out a good vaudevillist. She's wonderful to look at, but when they put her on the vaudeville stage they spoiled a fine wife."

His face took on a little smile as he sat there at his desk in the editorial room. He was in a hurry to finish his criticism, or rather the printers were in a hurry to get it, so they could close up the theatrical page. But somehow he just couldn't seem to go on with his work.

All about him was noise. Typewriters vied with telegraph instruments in a contest of sound, and every now and then the linotypes would chip in with their musical tinkle-tinkle whenever some one opened the door to the composing room.

The city editor was roaring into a telephone, repeating for the fifth time the words: "I didn't get that last name; will you please spell it?" The state editor was howling into another phone, and the telegraph and news editors were arguing rather loudly over the size of a head for the League of Nations story.

In the midst of this apparent confusion Gary sat at his machine and dreamed about the girl he had seen an hour and a half ago on the Empress vaudeville stage.

Gary did not try to delude himself. He realized he was in love with the girl; had renounced possession of his heart the moment she skipped onto the stage, and the worse her act became as it progressed the more deeply Gary became enmeshed in her charms. The girl fitted the mental picture of his ideal in features, height, gesture and voice. And yet her act was absolutely impossible.

That was why Gary's hands lingered on the keys of his typewriter. He could not bear to give his honest opinion as to Mildred Harrison's act—"Mildred Harrison in a Whirlwind of Song, Dance and Merriment." Twice he started to write complimentary words, and once he thought seriously of omitting mention of her in his review, but quickly changed his mind when he realized the omission would be more noticeable than a few words of adverse criticism. As to the compliments that he wanted to write, and which he knew her act did not deserve—well, he simply couldn't write a lie. He knew, and everybody else at the theater that evening knew, that Mildred Harrison was a failure on the vaudeville stage, as was evidenced by the tittering heard during the would-be serious moments of her program and the forced "haw, haw, haw" when she endeavored to be witty.

"How did they ever let her on the stage?" he asked himself. "Surely she must have had a big pull with the powers that be."

Well, it was inevitable. He was paid money to give his honest opinion as to the acts on the bill, and he owed it to his paper and also to the theater-going public to do just that. Besides, he would be doing the girl a favor by telling her in print that she was a failure behind the footlights. So he finally wrote:

"Miss Mildred Harrison is a very attractive girl, with an entrancing personality, but when it comes to vaudeville—dear Miss Harrison, may it not be suggested that you try some other means of earning a living? As a vaudevillist, Miss Harrison, you are not—well, you would make some young man a wonderful wife."

Gary finished his criticism and handed it to the city editor, through whose hands it must pass. Then he went back to his machine.

"I've killed that girl as far as her stage career is concerned," he sighed. "Her job expires tomorrow morning—there's no doubt of that, because vaudeville fans take the Star as their Bible."

"And it also ends my job. After this I'm through. People may think it's fun slamming stage folk, but it isn't. It's better to be one."

He wrote his resignation, to take effect in two weeks, and went home to bed. The next evening he went to the office early, and was greeted by the managing editor, who informed him coldly that his resignation was to take immediate effect as his position already had been filled.

Now, Gary was a vaudevillist himself. Two years before he had been popular on the stage, and had quit the game only because he had grown tired of the constant hopping from one town to another. There was a standing offer for his services right now, however, and he at once wired to the booking office—and received a favorable reply.

Gary was a good newspaper man, but he was a better stage performer, and within a year he had recaptured the old halo of popularity that once had adorned his head. His was a single act, with songs, monologue and sleight-of-hand, and the house was sure to shake with applause every time he appeared.

A year after severing his connection with the newspaper world, Gary came back to the old town to be featured as the headliner at the Empress. The ... Woman's Efficiency in Business," was the caption under which the cut was run.

Underneath, in a masculine hand, was written, "Isobel Newton, Business Woman." Her cheeks scorched suddenly at the scorn she felt it implied. Then the hot blood receded till it left her cold and still. So that was the way he thought of her! "Isobel Newton, Business Woman!" Again came the flush of shame, succeeded by bitter anger at herself. Why should she be ...shamed of what she was? She had always been proud of her success. And now, merely because Austin Stafford had scribbled that silly bit below her picture, she felt as guilty as though she were a criminal.

A hitherto unknown weariness assailed her. She turned and walked uncertainly out of the room, across the hall, and into her now orderly office.

The rows of technical books, the filing cabinets, every evidence of her modern methods seemed to press upon and choke her as she looked at them. She opened drawer after drawer of her desk. Everything was a mute testimony to the success with which she had met the events which came into her affairs, yet to her it now seemed a hopeless jumble of things that did not compensate. After all, a well-kept office and a smart boarding place were inadequate when it came to satisfy the soul need of a woman.

With the realization came tears—the tears which Isobel had denied herself through all the years of her struggle, and they washed away all the barriers she had rigidly erected around her heart. She knew that she had failed in the big thing of life, and failure was not sweet.

After some moments she raised her head and grimly wiped away the last tear, and saw before her Austin Stafford.

His poise deserted him as he addressed her.

"Isobel—I—I—tell me, dear, what is the matter?"

"Nothing!" The answer was intended to be haughty, but haughtiness and red eyes are not well teamed, so to the eager man it sounded merely pitiful.

"Is it because—" he ventured, and then could find no words.

"Oh, it's because everything about me is crowded full of things that shouldn't be—crowded and jammed cluttered! I'm sick of it all!"

"Thank God, dear heart! Thank God, you are a real woman, after all! I've a place for you in my heart and in my home—if you'll come."

Radiant, Isobel listened, and then leaned toward him.

"Oh, I see why there wasn't room for these other things! My soul was crowded with love for you!"

CITY HAS LONG BEEN DEAD

Tiahuanaco, in Bolivia, Collection of Ruins of Which Even the Incas Knew Nothing.

One of the numerous cities claiming the title "oldest city in the world," is Tiahuanaco, near Lake Titicaca in Bolivia. A thousand years ago, say the scientists, Tiahuanaco was as dead as it is today, and that is practically all that anybody knows of its history. Even the Incas, who hold a record for antiquity in South America, admitted to their first Spanish visitors that they knew nothing about Tiahuanaco, except that it was very probable that the stone images scattered over the ruins were the people of the city turned into stone by some angry god.

There would be nearly as much of the old city visible today as there was in the time of the Incas, had not the stones been so attractive to the Indians of nearby villages. As it is, beautifully carved idols have gone to decorate the door fronts of humble cottages, and polished stones to prop up chimneys and pave floors. The little modern village of Tiahuanaco, near the ruins, is full of stolen souvenirs. Whole houses and churches are built of them.

After several centuries of this plunder the government of Bolivia put a ban on removing stones from the ruins, but there was then little left of old Tiahuanaco. A few stone gods as huge and angular as any deities of Egypt, the sites of a fortress, a palace and many tombs, all vaguely marked by worn carved stones are scattered over a great desolate plain. Yet from these battered relics with their cryptic carvings the archeologists hope some day to reconstruct the story of a mysterious people.

SURELY HAD GREAT FAITH

Or Else It Was First Time This Man Had Ever Gone After Forgotten Umbrella.

Oh, ye of little faith, listen, for I would a tale unfold. A man came flying down the street the other day. He looked like Atlas with the world on his shoulders. He seemed bent on going somewhere and getting there quickly. A friend met him and said:

"Why this haste? There must have been a still alarm, as I didn't hear any whistle. Where goest thou?"

The Marathon pedestrian said: "Yes, I am in a little hurry. I was down street shopping a couple of days ago and went into a department store, and when I got home I found I had left my umbrella. I know just where I left it, on the south side of the store, standing up against the counter. I thought I would run down and get it before another shower came up."

Just think of it. Why, if I had that man's faith I could not only turn a mole hill into a mountain and sell the gravel to the government to make concrete ships, but I could move the mountain with a broom handle.

After parting with that old rain shedder he had blind faith that he would feast his eyes on it again. Forty-eight hours of golden moments had flitted by, and he had the idea that all he had to do was to stand in front of the store and whistle, and that umbrella would come to meet him, bringing a flock of little umbrellas with it. I don't wonder the gold-brick factories are running overtime. Why that innocent mortal must have at this writing enough nice, shiny bricks on hand to top out a chimney.—Kennebec Journal.

Something Saved.

A music teacher, giving a lesson to a careless pupil, was becoming impatient with her. Finally, at a most complicated part of a difficult piece, the pupil lifted her hands from the piano and searched for her handkerchief. It was the last straw. "Oh," exclaimed the teacher, "was there ever such a girl? You lose your position, you lose your fingering, you lose your handkerchief—you lose everything!" "Oh, no," responded the pupil, with a twinkle in her eyes, "not everything! I haven't lost my temper!"

GREAT LAW MUST ...

Mankind He... Befor... sistible ... of Pr... Known as ... Natio...

The old sailing packet ... along, tacking and trimming, ... yards of unfurled canvas mig... the freshening winds. The ... his leathern face seamed wi... heavy lines put there by years o... feting struggle with wind and ... watched the great engine-driven ... race past him.

A dark bitterness welled up in ... old sailing skipper's heart. For ... engine-driven liner represented a ... lentless progress that would not ... stayed or denied. It had driven mo... of his kind from the face of the wa... ters; it had made cargoes for the few ... of his kind remaining difficult to ob... tain and obtainable only at rates that ... meant at best only a pittance.

On the bridge of the steam-driven liner the captain, as he gazed at the crawling old sailing packet, caught the hum of a mighty motor overhead. His glance turned from the miserable old packet to the swiftly approaching outlines of a giant aircraft. It came from behind and it passed the racing liner even as the liner had passed the packet. And in the heart of the liner's captain welled a dark bitterness. For he understood. The workings of the Great Law were written clearly in the air and sea before him. Even as the day of the skipper of the sailing packet had ended so his own day was nearing its end. A progress that would not be stayed or denied was overtaking him and his kind.

There is a sadness like unto no other for they who watch and give way before the changing eras, for they represent life's helpless discard.

PUZZLE FOR LEARNED MEN

Figures of White Horses, Cut in English Cliffs, Have Never Been Satisfactorily Explained.

Every now and then, naturally enough, a little wave of popular interest eddies around the mysterious white horses cut in the hillsides in various parts of southern England. Sometimes, owing to the encroaching halts of the brush, the chalk which constitutes the lines of the animals fades from view and almost from memory. This process had well-nigh happened to the Westbury White Horse at Brattan, Wiltshire, when the clearing of the bushes laid it bare, and revived inquiries as to its origin, and solicitude for its preservation, as well as for the upkeep of its various counterparts elsewhere.

Well-known authorities have it that the horse was cut out to commemorate the victory of King Alfred over the Danes at Ethandune, the site of which is not far distant. Uffington, however, has a better specimen as white horses go, though abnormally lean and scraggy in proportions. In size it is nearly 350 feet in length and the same in breadth. It is mentioned in the records of 1571 and was long the scene of annual festivities known as the "scouring" festival. The existence of these and the other white horses with which may be included the Cerne Abbas Giant and the Long Man at Wilmington, have been the object of much learned and largely unfruitful discussion.

Proof That Seeds Breathe.

It is easy to demonstrate that germinating seeds take in oxygen and give out carbon dioxide, according to the following experiment described in the Scientific American:

A score or so of peas are placed in a close-fitting jar with a small amount of moisture. After a while the peas start to germinate, but soon they cease all development, because the oxygen in the jar is exhausted. A single pea in a jar of the same size, however, will develop and grow up into a little plant. There is evidently oxygen enough for the needs of the single specimen.

To prove conclusively that there is no oxygen left in the jar in which the number of seeds germinated it is only needful to plunge in a burning match. This instantly goes out. The presence of carbon dioxide in this jar is clearly shown by pouring into it lime water, and then shaking. The lime water becomes milky in appearance. This would not happen in a jar in which there had been no germinating seeds.

Life's Master-Key.

Life's master-key is a personal possession. It's yours to use. It's your estimate of yourself plus sufficient initiative to bring ideals to pass. You're bound to be questioned and discounted at every turn. Others have the same mental concept of their worth as you do. It's your job to show them who is most fit. No, you needn't begin that old quarrel about the survival of the fittest. Life knows mercy as literature more than it does of conduct. Nature's laws are just, impartial and irrevocable. They know neither sex nor social position. He who by instinct works with them wins, he who does the opposite fails. When opportunity steps into view you must grasp the forelock or join the great army of those who spend the time in regrets and those who sigh, "if I had only known."

Sought to End Civil War.

On the 18th of July, in 1864, Horace Greeley, one of the most famous of the Abolitionists, received a letter from George Saunders of Kentucky, suggesting that Clay of Alabama and Holcombe of Virginia, would, with himself, meet Greeley and negotiate peace terms for the ending of the Civil war. Greeley was commissioned by Lincoln to take the matter up, but the negotiations came to nothing, as the Confederate delegates did not have the full backing of their government, and the war lasted nine months longer. Greeley was a rabid anti-slavery leader, but he was not in accord with Lincoln. He was always of the opinion that the slaves could be liberated by reimbursing the southern states for their value.

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