

THE SLOOP = CUP.



Naturally the bunch of fellows lounging on the pier held Friday morning lazily criticising the regatta fleet as it swung at anchor, burst into interested comment as a long slim boat slid past them down the harbor and stood out before the heavy wind under full canvas.

"Hello! that's Thorne's boat now, isn't it?" exclaimed Joe Scott, dropping from his seat on the rail and hurrying over to the other side of the pier, with the boys at his heels. "Yes, there's her name, 'Conqueror'." She must have come in last night. I didn't know her at first; look at the big topsail he's got on her."

"She's been made over for this race. I tell you, it'll take her work for even the 'Fleetwing' to beat her now."

"I wonder what Dave'll say when he hears that his beloved rival is here."

"Here comes Dave now."

"Whoop! Hello! Heard the news?" roared the half dozen voices that had been disputing as a white boat came slowly down the wharf.

"What's the row?" asked the newcomer, calmly taking a seat on the rail beside Joe. "Anything fatal happened in the last ten minutes?"

"Thorne's here with a new set of sails on the 'Conqueror,'" blurted out Joe, who never could keep anything long.

"Thorne?" interrupted Dave, a black look on his good-natured face. "So he's come after all."

"Hasn't he, though; it will take your prettiest sailing to show him your stern."

"If I decide to race him," answered Dave, slowly watching the boat as it dwindled oceanward.

"Nonsense, Dave!" "The idea, old fellow." "Goodness sake, man, you wouldn't drop out for that," argued every one at once while Joe, who was Dave's particular chum, and dared any of the added: "Then you'll let Thorne take the cup? Your two are the fastest boats in the class."

Dave said nothing, but his mouth narrowed to the long, thin line the boys knew so well.

Ever since the two had been old enough to have boats, there had been a rivalry growing up between them, slowly changing their friendship to enmity, and ending the year before in accusation and open distrust.

"I'd rather have him take the cup than think I wanted it bad enough to race him for it," said Dave, shortly.

"Oh, fudge, then he'll think you're afraid of him," laughed Joe, throwing his arm over Dave's shoulder. "What you want to do is to go in and beat him clean out of his boots; take a little more ballast if it's too windy and show him the way home."

"Maybe," answered the other, a far-away look in his quiet blue eyes. "I suppose it is the only fair thing to do," he said to himself as he walked home.

"Better race and have it over. I only hope this wind will shift before to-morrow." And he glanced toward the northwest, whence a merry gale piped along.

For with all her virtues the "Fleetwing" could not make time in a stiff breeze. She could beat anything in a light southwester with Dave at the helm, for no man could sail a boat as craftily as he.

Sidney Thorne knew Dave's skill and the "Fleetwing's" powers, too, and he hoped as earnestly for a "reefing gale" as Dave prayed for a catspaw breeze, with better luck, unhappily for Dave.

"I'm afraid we're going to get more of this," said Joe Scott, anxiously, as he stood on the "Fleetwing's" deck Saturday morning and felt the puffy north wind that rolled the little sloop heavily in the trough of the waves.

"It will be dirty work getting round the 'pudding stone reef' in this choppy sea."

"If we can make the first leg on this breeze, I'll have the wind behind me on the next, and it's only a short beat home from the second buoy," answered Dave, with a sort of nervous quietness.

"Hurry up there, Joe, I never saw you take so long."

"Here, belay that, and stop your fussing," retorted Joe, throwing down a rope. "You can't race this race alone; I heard Thorne saying that as this wind would hold there was no hurry about starting."

The hard look on Dave's face deepened as he went on with his work. So busy were the two boys in talking that they did not hear their names called by childish voices, nor see a skiff that was paddled past them by unskillful little hands.

"Thorne isn't going to have an easy time taking care of that topsail of his," remarked Joe, looking up from the halcyard he was hauling in.

"Say, Joe, let Thorne take care of himself; we've got all we can do to manage right here; just run forward and keep her off the pier, will you?" answered Dave, in a tone that made his mate lift his eyebrows and whistle silently.

"Funny how mad fighting will make a man," he said to himself, as Dave snapped out orders to the boys as they tumbled on board from the pier where they had been waiting.

Dave was in a fighting mood. He felt his boat tugging to get away, and he saw the "Conqueror" wiggling along behind him as Thorne tried to get to windward at the starting line. "Joe," he ordered quickly, "I'm going to gybe up on the windward of Thorne; be ready with the sheet. You fellows ballast her now. All ready. It's going to be close sailing all the way," he said to himself, as one after another the boats slid over the line, "Conqueror" and "Fleetwing" side by side.

Closer sailing than he thought even. In spite of the "Fleetwing's" promising start and the master hand on her wheel,

the lee rail sank under water and the white sails, swelling like a swan's breast, strained in vain to keep ahead of the black-hulled boat that was using all the wind its sails could find.

Joe looked at the long ripple of water swirling continuously over the rail and shook his head. "It's not our fault, Dave, we can't run against the weather, old fellow," he said, gently, knowing his captain's thoughts.

They were all silent as the bigger boat tore along beside them, the sea snoring heavily under her prow like the deep laugh of a sea creature. It would mean so much to win that race. Both boys felt that more depended on it than they had thought—wherever won the cup won something else with it. And somehow Dave couldn't help feeling that Thorne would do anything rather than be defeated. "Just see if he doesn't do something queer before this is over," he thought as they swept on over the rolling, windy sea. "Just wait, though, until I get around that first buoy with the wind behind me. I've a chance yet, and it's changing to the east already."

Poor Dave, not a great chance. Even after they had started on that long second leg, where he had trusted to do so much, luck was against him. The northeast wind was as fierce as ever, and still the "Conqueror" gained. Dave would not look at her. He stared fiercely at the great curving sails above him, swollen and stiff with wind, the mast creaking and straining as the little vessel staggered bravely on under her heavy load. Dave's nails were white with the grip of his hands on the wheel.

And the "Conqueror's" tiller never wavered in Thorne's hard grasp. His eye on the luff of the sail, his breath coming short and hard, every thought

hurled forward with his flying boat, he was making up for the failure of last year—he would win this time beyond doubt or disbelief. Already the tide in the "pudding stones" was shouting victory in his ears. He laughed to it, and a voice came crying back. Thorne looked around. He wondered if any of the other boys had heard it.

The wind had veered into the east and was piling up the waves so that the "crew" who lay for ballast along the starboard rail caught a glimpse now and then of the "Fleetwing" staggering on behind. They saw and heard nothing else.

Again that faint call came to Thorne like the voice in the ripple of water. He bent and looked under the boom. Something was dancing toward the fatal current round the "pudding stones." Dancing like a thoughtless child. A wave lifted it nearer. It was a skiff and a bit of white stuff fluttered from the bow. Well, many boats came out to sea, why should Thorne notice this? Yes, many boats came—but not so far—not skiffs—not with something white flying from the prow in terrified signal of distress—surely not with frightened cries for help—for "mamma" and "papa." But why should Thorne stop to help. Dave was close behind him, so close that if he changed his course now enough to reach the little skiff, he would be too late by the time he had come back and rounded the "pudding stone" buoy on the starboard side. Dave would have passed him.

A wave tossed the little craft on its crest—another, and another, each wave nearer to the wind of water over the rocks. Thorne could see the spindles on the rag standing like a warning finger. It was time to tack out around it and start on the last leg home. Again came that frightened, sobbing cry, so hopeless and so lost. Thorne looked at his crew.

"I say, Thorne, the 'Fleetwing' seems to be gaining," called little Harley. "We can't be losing now, eh?"

Thorne's hand trembled on the wheel. The rudder swung. Slowly the shadow of the sail swung round over its captain. With a cry of amazement the boys flung themselves into the lockpit.

"What on earth, Thorne; there's the buoy on the port hand—"

Thorne nodded to the drifting boat, already circling in the edge of the whirlpool.

"Get the boat hook, Harley, quick. Ease her off, Bob; there she comes, now then, that's it. There's no hurry, Harley, we can't win. Thank God, we saw them in time."

"Never mind, then, they'll find out who's won," he added, quietly, as a long faint shout from the baffled "Fleetwing" warned them that their course was seen.

For as Joe eased the sheets to go about he saw the "Conqueror" headed home, but with the pudding stone spindle on the wrong side, and he said in a puzzled way: "Do look at Thorne, will you; isn't he inside the mark?"

"By Jove, so he is," shouted Joe angrily. "Call him, boys, let him know we've seen him cheating."

"Never mind, never mind," cried Dave, "wait until we get home, the cheat. We'll settle with him then." Dave's heart swelled as he saw the hated black hull, its huge canvas taut, ripping through the rough sea as though it cared not a stroke for honor.

"Coward!" groaned Dave.

What a long hour that was. "But the race is mine," said Dave, "Mine, mine, mine!" He repeated it over and over, as he heard the far-off clamor of whistles and bells and horns when the "Conqueror" crossed the line.

The angry blood flooded his cheeks and shook his voice as he touched the pier. For even his father and mother were there holding Thorne's hands and laughing ecstatically. And his two lit-

tle sisters all wet and tumbled laughing in his mother's arms. Dave could hardly wait to touch the dock, but sprang ashore. "Father, mother, do you know what he did—"

"Oh, Dave, did you see it, too; how can we ever thank him. If it had not been for him, if he had not been there just at that moment, Dick says that he and Mary would have been drowned. Oh, I can't think of it; such a narrow escape. And Mr. Thorne lost the race, too. It was too late to go back then."

As Dave understood he held out his hand. "You've won the cup," he said, swiftly. "Thorne, I'm mighty glad, old fellow."

"Not I," laughed Thorne; "it's yours, of course."

So that is why there are two names on the sloop cup, instead of one, and why it stands on the mantel in the club house; it's proudest trophy.—New York Ledger.

FIGHT WITH A FISH.

Monster Tuna Landed After a Contest Lasting Four Hours.

Prof. Charles F. Holder, the naturalist and author, describes how he caught what he believes to be the largest tuna ever taken with rod and reel. It was early morning, outside of Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, when he got a strike which threw the heavy flying fish bait which he was trolling far up the line.

"Then," says the professor, "the magnificent fish came boiling along the surface, throwing the foam high in the air, in a manner that has given some anglers here the 'buck fever.' Fortunately I hooked the fish, and its first rush took about 400 feet of line screaming and hissing from the reel, and had not the heavy brake been soaked the line would have burnt off at once. I succeeded in turning the fish, which then came in on me, with the greatest velocity."

"I had managed to reel in the slack, and when the fish reached within twenty feet of the boat it turned and was away again, taking 500 feet of the thread of a line. Again I turned it, and again it came in at me. Turning once more, the fish dashed away, towing the heavy boat a mile out to sea at a rapid rate. Finally I turned it, and, after a superb play on the surface, circling the boat, it turned and towed us a mile inshore, so near the rocks that I thought we should lose it in the kelp."

"Here the fish fought me for nearly three hours, rushing in and out, plunging down into the blue channel, circling around, darting away, and then coming at me from unexpected points, showing the most remarkable cunning I have ever observed in many years' experience in rod and reel fishing."

"At 9:30, after I had played the tuna three hours, I turned it after one of its rushes, when it gathered its energies and headed for Avalon, making a single run of six miles, and at just 10:30 a. m. I stopped it in front of the Hotel Metropole, where it gave a wonderful exhibition while surrounded by the launches of several friends who came out to see the finish. The tuna was, so far as I could judge, stronger than ever, yet it had towed the boat against the oars of my boatman at least eight miles."

"A heavy sea had picked up and threatened the boat, but this was forgotten, and at the supreme moment my boatman slipped the gaff under the fish and it was ours (?—not yet—the gaff went to pieces and the fish got away 100 feet again. I reeled it in; this time a big gaff was hooked into it, and, with a cheer, the monster fish was slid into the boat, almost capsizing it."

"The tuna weighed 183 pounds. Its length was six feet two inches, girth four feet, and the catch gives to California the hardest fighting game fish in the world with rod and reel."

One of the greatest discoveries of physiology is that we once had six senses. What the lost sense was no one knows, and probably no one will ever know. But that our forefathers possessed it there is no doubt, for the remains of that part of the brain in which it resided are still to be seen in any one of us.

These remains are simply a small and now perfectly useless little mass of brain substance, called the "pituitary body." It consists of two tiny little oval lobes joined together, and lying in a little cavity of the skull, strangely named the sella turcica, and situated under and behind the nose.

It is quite possible that it may have enabled our forefathers to see in the dark before lamps and candles were invented, or it may have placed them in communion with ghosts and fairies, or it may have been an organ that enabled them to go home in a bee line when they lost their way in the primeval forests.

On the other hand, it is possible that it was a bad substitute for vision or smell or hearing, and died out when the improved sense organ developed.

The Dog Began the Trouble.

Ole Hanson had trouble with a bell-cose dog belonging to his neighbor—a Russian by the name of Havva Drenkovsky. The Swede shot the dog as soon as he discovered that he was not friendly to him, and the sequel found him in a justice's court.

When Ole was propounded interrogatories by the attorney for the prosecution, he evidenced a sense of justice in framing replies that is rarely witnessed. "What sort of a gun did you have, Mr. Hanson?" inquired the attorney. "Es war two-hole shotgun." "Don't you think you could have scared him away?" "Aye might of ay had not bane scare so lak deekens maesal."

"Why didn't you take the other end of the gun and scare him away?" "Val, master lawyer, vy dedn' de dog com for mae oder end first of hae vant to hav mae do det vjd vjd vid de gun?"

Some Egg Statistics.

Secretary Wilson, of the National Department of Agriculture, estimates that the annual egg production of the United States amounts to 850,000,000 dozen. Placed end to end, they would gird the earth twelve times at the equator and still leave enough to exorcise a proper restraint upon one-night barnstormers.

It Was Only a Cameo.

"What a beautiful pin, Mrs. Stripes. Is it an heirloom?"

"Oh, no; it's just a cameo."



THE COUNTRY WOMAN'S LIFE.

"If we want the lives of our girls and women on the farms to mean more, their lives must, first of all, be made easier," writes Edward Bok, of "The Girl Who Feels Isolated," in the Ladies' Home Journal.

"There is too much menial work being done on our farms by wives and daughters which ought to be done by hired help. If the women on our farms could form among themselves 'leisure guilds,' and devise ways and means to have some of their work done for them, and not do it all themselves, the initial step would be taken toward the emancipation and a freedom from isolation of thousands of women. See, for example, what can be done in a town for the improvement of everybody in it, and start, if you will, with a public library. There is a public gallery of prints of the best paintings: of good photographs—a gallery made as the nucleus for an amateur photograph club, with summer jaunts and an exhibition in the winter. There is a collection to be made for such a gallery of specimens of all the rocks, and plants, and flowers, and insects of the place—the finest material for pleasant winter evening studies and classes in natural history. There is the organization of a band for music in the summer evenings on the green, with refreshments served by girls to raise money for some other object; a concert or lecture in the fall, perhaps. There are reading classes and dramatic clubs to be formed for the winter. There is a woman's club for the study of current events and books; a farmer's club for the men for the discussion of agricultural science and economics; a sewing club for the girls; a manual-training club for the boys; a debating society for the boys; a branch of the Chautauqua circle; a King's Daughters' circle for some specific neighborhood need or purpose; an art exhibition of the pictures from the magazines; a singing school for a concert during the winter; a neighborhood guild for girls; a guild for men and women for the betterment of good roads and the planting of hedges by the side of them; a dinner club for young men, where each member gives one dinner to the club during the season at his house."

The Well-Dressed Woman.

Mary Katharine Howard gives serious consideration to the art of looking one's best in an article showing what is good taste in dressing, in the Woman's Home Companion.

"The well-dressed woman is not only well groomed, but all the small details of her toilet are given consideration. Her hair, skin and nails show evidences of care and painstaking, and her clothing has not only been well made but is well kept. Always try to look your best, and that the game is well worth the candle will show in the influence upon your home, husband and children. The well-dressed woman is not the one who dresses the most extravagantly, or employs the most fashionable dress-maker; nor is she the one who affects all ultra styles and fads in dress; but it is she who is always consistently dressed with regard to time, place, occasion, age and the size of her husband's or father's income. We all owe a duty to our families, ourselves and society at large to make the best of ourselves in every way, and to be always well dressed is one of the ways of doing it."

Be Not Too Familiar.

We Americans are in too much of a hurry to be of much use to each other's hearts. It is the educational fail of our day to develop the individuality of every child to a tiresome degree until his individuality becomes a general impertinent nuisance. A reasonable amount of old-fashioned "what Paddy gave the drum" would create better men. Mothers join classes for instruction in the developing methods and meantime lose sight of the power they are losing over their sons by allowing them excessive freedom of speech and a half-fellow-well-met familiarity which throws the parent off of her pedestal. A mother belongs on a pedestal of purity, veneration and superiority. If a man is to consider her advice or suggestions worth anything to him he must be intimate and confidential with his mother, but not too familiar with her.—Frances Evans, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Tight Waists Again.

French dressmakers have decreed that the bouffante and rather careless-looking blouse should be converted into a tight-fitting, long-waisted corsege, which is made without darts, it is true, but is molded carefully to the figure, the gathers in front being neat and shapely, instead of hanging in the pouch-shaped bag as formerly.

They say this desirable reformation has been brought about by a celebrated corsetmaker in Paris, who incases the most fashionable society women and actresses in that capital, and who waxed so eloquent on the subject that she gained her end, and persuaded her clientele that the tight-fitting bodice should regain its prestige in the near future.

Nemesis of Ill-Advised Marriage.

Disastrous enough is the Nemesis which follows on a boy's imprudent marriage with one who is, perhaps, so far his social inferior as to be inadmissible to his natural associates—one whose past renders her unrepresentative to his mother and sisters—one, his astute senior, who palmed off her faded charms on him as fresh and lovely products of a fitting age, and only when securely married revealed herself in her distasteful truth—one who schemed and angled, and baited her hook with all the skill taught by long experience, but as yet unsuccessful in its object—the landing of the big gudgeon. He, the foolish boy who thinks he knows better than his elders, and

whose science of life goes far beyond the wisdom of the ages, rises to that well-baited hook, and Nemesis pulls him to the bank, gaffs, lands and cooks him for the remainder of his poor, uselessly regretful life! So with the girl who listens to her heart—heaven save the mark!—and marries her plausible scoundrel, let her calm judging mother say what she will. There is a Nemesis in store for her, too, as for us all; and notwithstanding those feet of wool she will creep up to the poor, foolish sinner before the moths are laid on the tired eyes, which then will weep no more.—Exchange.

The Woman Man Loves.

No man wishes to have as the presiding genius of his household a woman with whom self is the supreme ruler of life and actions. He wants to come home to the loving ministrations of a pair of unselfish hands that will have his slippers warmed and a cozy chair waiting in readiness for him, while her ears are ever ready to listen to the confidences of the day, and her lips thoughtfully sealed as to her own domestic worries, will utter loving, sympathizing words to smooth away all the jarring elements of his business.

Such is what every man expects to find in "the one woman," and the girl who would fit herself for the position of wife and mother must escape from the hurry and excitement of the age and by taking things quietly conquer and subjugate self.

A Household Disgrace.

There is no justification for the feast and famine principle or the "blue Monday" idea in the home. They are ever an arraignment against the intelligence and womanliness of the mistress, mother and homemaker. It is the boast of some wives that their husbands accept uncomplainingly whatever is put before them, be it quality what it may. Alas, that any woman should make a boast so self-accusing! And, alas, that any good but mistaken man should become a party to selfish neglectfulness and indolence by his complaisance—Woman's Home Companion.

Care of the Eyelashes.

The ancients made an art of the cultivation of the eyelashes. It was recognized that, besides adding to the expression of the eyes, the lashes preserved them from the dust, cold, wind and too glaring light, all of which tend to irritate and often inflame the eye. It is therefore not a vanity to endeavor to obtain them and then preserve them from falling out.

A little pure vaseline applied to the eye-lashes every night will aid their growth and strengthen them.

Taller and More Handsome.

American girls, according to Dean Smith, of Barnard College, are growing taller with startling rapidity. Bryn Mawr has kept statistics for twenty years, and the figures indicate an increase in the height of students of two or three inches. The average height of the girl of '85 was 5 feet 3 inches, and of '88, 5 feet 4 inches. It is now 5 feet 6 inches. The students of Vassar are reported to be taller than in any previous year.

Feminine Personals.

Mrs. Leland Norton, of Chicago, owns the only cat ranch in the United States.

Mrs. Martha Taylor, of Dinah's Corners, Del., took her first railroad ride last week and saw her first trolley car.

Mrs. Thomas Sears, of Bennington, Vt., has received a check for \$160,000, her share in her grandfather's estate in England.

Miss Zephyr Adler, who is regarded as one of the most beautiful women in Nashville, Tenn., has joined the Salvation Army.

Mrs. Annie Kline Rickert, once a famous Confederate spy, is now president of the Stockton and Tuolumne County Railroad, a sixty-mile track in California.

Mrs. E. A. Bennett of Lamore, N. D., has an Angora cat farm, and says she cannot raise enough cats to supply the demand, which is principally from the East.

The Empress Eugenie is still at Farnborough, and though in fairly good health rarely walks at all except in her garden and with the aid of a crutch.

Miss E. Bonomi, who has received the M. D. degree from the University of Genoa, is said to be the first woman to secure a degree from any Italian university.

Miss Jennie Flood, who has made a gift of her country place to the University of California, is worth \$7,000,000 and is the richest unmarried woman in the State.

Miss Laura Lykens, a half-blood Shawnee graduate of the Carlisle Indian school, and a lawyer in Oklahoma, is the only Indian woman lawyer in the country.

The Rev. Mother Digby, of Paris, mother-general of the Order of the Sacred Heart of Mary, who is inspecting the houses of the order in this country, is now in Detroit.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is said to be an enthusiastic collector of thimbles once the property of famous women. She owns one which once protected the finger of Elizabeth.

Miss Antoinette Greeley, daughter of the arctic explorer, and Miss Rosemary Sartons, a granddaughter of General Grant, will be among the debutantes in Washington this season.

Miss Theodora Cowan of Sydney, Australia's first woman sculptor, was a student under the American Hiram Powers, and has exhibited two pieces of her work in the Grafton gallery.

A notable feature in the proceedings of the American Board of Foreign Missions at Grand Rapids was the election of Margaret J. Evans, of Minnesota, as a member, she being the first woman to be so honored.

Miss Anna Nordend Benjamin, a Southern girl who acted as a war correspondent in the Santiago campaign, is going to lecture on her experiences to women's clubs in the New England and middle States.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT IRON

Were Prevalent in Ancient Times and Still Have Local Existence.

In Egypt iron was dominantly accursed, even when people used it all day long and every day. It was "the impure metal"—"the bones of Typhoo," father of evil. No man could touch it without sin; he must do penance and make atonement. That was the theory as long as the Egyptian race endured; in practice iron had been handled freely for several thousand years. The only piece of metal found in the great pyramid was an iron bar. The same conflict of ancient faith with growing convenience was urged everywhere, no doubt; but the record does not exist. It was lost before the classic time, and so Greek and Roman sages puzzled over odd little customs handed down from days of old. Cicero asked in vain why a tool of iron must not be brought into the sacred grove of the Arvals—or if brought by accident, must be expiated by the sacrifice of a pig or a lamb; and Plutarch wondered why the Archon of Plataea might not touch iron except at the yearly festival commemorating the triumph of Greece. There is no end to such instances. The sacred old Pons Sublucius had to be repaired without using iron; so had the ancient temple of Jupiter Liber—in imperial times, when the meaning of such rules was lost, a special law abrogated them.

One may survey mankind from China to Peru and find the same superstition everywhere. Iron tools were forbidden in the building of the temple at Jerusalem. The late Rajah Vizianagram, a member of the Council, a man of great learning and enlightenment, would not allow iron to be used in any building throughout his territory. He believed that an epidemic would follow. Negroes of the Gold coast must remove any particles of iron on their persons when consulting the fetish. Upon the other hand, a silk must always have a piece of steel or iron about him. Burton tells how "the pious Moslem stretches out a finger exclaiming, 'Iron! thou ill-omened one!' when a dust storm approaches the caravan—believing it to be directed by a Djinn."

In Scotland many traces survive. To use iron in kindling the "needfire" was awful impiety. When a fisherman swears during bad weather at sea his comrades still grasp the nearest bit of metal, crying "Cauld iron." It is not so long since people thrust a nail or a knitting-needle through each article of food in the house, or dipped it in the liquor, when a person died. This is enough—persons interested in the subject will find remnants of evidence in books devoted to folk-lore. We may credit that the superstition arose everywhere at the time when fierce invaders, armed with iron, overran the country, massacring the helpless people and destroying the antique religion. It was the accursed metal. Afterward, by a natural process, the evil thing often came to be regarded as a protection against other evil things—witches and demons and charms and death itself. English babies were defended from fairy kidnappers by putting a key, knife, pair of tongs, above all, scissors, in the cradle. In many of these pretty tales dealing with a "swan maiden," the girl cannot recover her plumage because it is locked in a chest with an iron key—sometimes she gets a mortal to open the chest, and flies away upon the instant. In other stories she is released by a touch of iron; in one favorite version by the husband throwing his bride at her to her—the iron bit is fatal.—London Standard.

When Welcome is Worn Out.

An Ohio host, wearied out of all endurance by the persistency of his guest, chose as his medium the family prayer after breakfast, and said: "O Lord, bless our visiting brother, who will leave us on the 10 o'clock train this morning." I prefer the subtler and more reverent method of another Ohioan, the father of William Dean Howells, the novelist. His practice was, when a visitor had worn out his welcome, to be called away on business and to say to his guest: "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I will wish you good-by." Excellent and highly appreciated by the boys was the formula used by Dr. Vaughn, when, as headmaster of Harrow school, he had to entertain the highest form in the school in batches at breakfast. Commiserating the bashfulness of the lads who did not leave and yet wanted to do so, the doctor would say—apropos of nothing: "Must you go? Can't you stay?" This was the signal for departure. I admire very heartily the transposition of a blundering narrator, who, in telling this story, gave the formula as "Can't you go? Must you stay?" A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind to this revised version.

Victoria's Pagoda.

It is not generally known that at Osborne there is a garden cottage in the shape of a pagoda, where none may enter except her Majesty. This cottage holds nothing but mementoes of the late Prince Consort and relics of the Queen's youth, as well as the toys and games of all her children, many of which the Prince Consort made himself, for he was no mean carpenter. There are also here wonderful fishes caught by the Duke of Coburg in Canadian seas, birds and tigers shot by the Prince of Wales while in India, a mummy case brought from Egypt, and other precious curiosities that are dearly prized by the Queen, who visits this family museum every day while at Osborne, and sits among the remains of her own and her children's youth.

A Car Load.

Very often you desire to know what constitutes a car-load. Well, paste this in your hat and you will find an answer handy. It is 70 barrels of salt