

UNUSED NIAGARAS.

Close to a flaming contact
A busy city life
A wiser philosopher in the spray
And learned to change in some strange
Its mission into light:
And now the city ably so
The middle class
And still Niagara flows down
Castles
Thus have we often let the power
For being other than
To be a fair woman of the year
For darkened Buffalo.
Why not life the wife of Faith
Let the power that Heaven hath
Luminescence
It can illuminate the heart
With light supreme and pure,
Was a fair woman of the year
And make connection
By Harris May.



THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAID

By DOROTHY G. CLARK
Copyright, 1921 by The Authors Publishing Company

They were seated on a rustic bench at a fashionable water place. She was a fair woman of 25, he a tall, dark, handsome man of 30. "I want to tell you the story of my life, Miss Arlington," he said, leaning toward her, but I have a selfish desire for your opinion after I have finished. I will not tell you with more than a passing glance as possible to the principal facts. I shall picture to you a dirty, ill-clad, ill-fed boy, who knew nothing of schools nor books, at the age of thirteen. My mother died when I was quite small, and I stayed with my father, whose business was working one of those numerous mills in the mountains of Tennessee, and doing the routine office work. When he was not drunk to sleep, my duty was to attend around and warn him if he threatened, and for my faithfulness I received but kicks and threats. At last he was killed while defending the mill, and I was left alone, and the treatment I received at their hands was more than I could stand, so one night I went away. All night I ran through the darkness, every mile increasing my terror lest I should be overtaken and carried back. After sunrise I crept into a thick clump of stones some distance from the mill, and with my bundle for a pillow I fell asleep. Several hours later I was awakened by a little girl bending over

me and saying, "What's your name?" "Where'd yous kin' from?" she asked calmly, as I opened my eyes. I bounded to my feet, expecting my back to be cut and my head to be split, but there was no one else in sight. "What yous 'traid of, boy?" she asked.

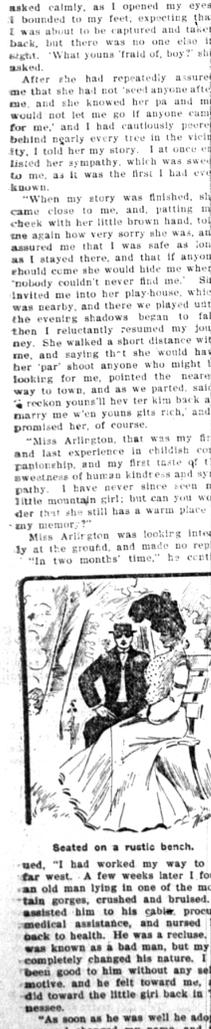
"Where'd yous kin' from?" she asked calmly, as I opened my eyes. I bounded to my feet, expecting my back to be cut and my head to be split, but there was no one else in sight. "What yous 'traid of, boy?" she asked.

"I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!" "I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!" "I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!"

"I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!" "I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!" "I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!"

"I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!" "I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!" "I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!"

"I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!" "I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!" "I reckon yous'll hev ter kin' back an' marry me w'en yous git rich!"



MRS. MALPROP IN REAL LIFE.

Comical Phrases Ascribed to Newly-Rich Philadelphia Man. A young Philadelphia man, who has just returned from abroad traveled on the same steamer with Molly Elliott Seawell, the novelist, and found her to be a woman who had a good deal to say about the world. She told of a very rich but rather vulgar American whose daughter had married into the nobility and who was a veritable Mrs. Malprop. "The old lady spends considerable of her time with this married daughter," said Miss Seawell, "and she is very rich in London she gave me a very pressing invitation to come out and see her at her daughter's country house. The old lady had a very large hall which had been an old baronial castle remodeled, only she referred to it as a baronial castle, whatever that may be. In the hall they have the loveliest pair of antelope horns you ever saw," she said. "And the hall has been entirely runnated."

THE ORIGIN OF FAIRIES.

Many Legends Connected With Them. The fairies are considered by archæologists as the heirs and descendants of the inferior pagan divinities, good and evil. The ancient Greeks and Romans were reduced to this condition when heathenism was outwardly brought to an end. However, the popular belief is that the fairies were not openly born, but fell of a kind of sympathy with his wicked aspirations. When the rebel angels were expelled from their earthly abode, some fell no farther than the earth, on which they are to remain till the day of judgment, and whether they are to be pardoned or condemned. The Irish fairies are the spirits of the Fomorians, who after their death took possession of the chief subterranean caves throughout the kingdom, and continued, according to their good or evil dispositions, to suffer and torment the souls of the living, of whom they had been dispossessed.

Catalpa the Coming Wood.

Color and pulp are rapidly being substituted for the purpose of supplying railway and telegraph poles, and at the present rate of consumption it will not be long before the supply of the tree will be exhausted. The foresters look to catalpa to fill the place of pine and cedar in this particular. The catalpa flourishes in a great many places in the country and has the advantage of growing very straight, and attains the needed size in from sixteen to eighteen years. The wood of catalpa and pine is more than double this.

Force of Habit.

The force of habit was very forcibly illustrated at a pumping station at the pumping station of the water-works at Emd. A tank standing just outside the building is kept full of water for the accommodation of passersby and the neighborhood. A cow accustomed to drink at this tank came for her morning drink. The valley of the tank was three inches and a half within two or three inches of the top of the tank, but the cow went over the waste of water to the tank. Twice a day she went to the tank, but by perseverance she finally cracked the objective point. After drinking long and eagerly she turned and apparently satisfied that she had done the only thing to find water.

The Poet.

One sang, and many turned aside to hear. And they whose souls were fashioned to conceive. The conceits that he uttered with delight, And only blessed the singer and the song. Till far and wide, in corner homes, the flow from the lips, familiar and beloved. And often the charmed word, half-echoed, and sung.

Preferred Bad Money.

An acquaintance of the country, having visited some friends, and being about to depart, presented a little boy, one of the family, with half a crown in the presence of the host. "You are a good one," asked the little fellow. "Of course it is," replied the gentleman, surprised. "Why do you ask?" "I don't know," said the boy, "but I've heard that bad money is preferred to good money. I've got it, and I never get it again."—Stray Stories.

Fast, but Don't Run.

"Will these colors run?" asked an elderly lady who was shopping in a dry goods store. "No, indeed," replied the affable clerk. "They're too fast for that."—Baltimore American.

A SMUGGLER'S HAUNT IS NOW SLEEPY VILLAGE.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Little Peddington is one of the hundreds of places in England the aspect of which provokes the stranger to ask: "How does it exist? There is no life, much less air, in it from year to year, and one may traverse its surrounding hills and fields for hours without meeting a human being. The road through it



Typical Cottage.

leads from nowhere to nowhere in particular, it has no staple industry; three out of four of its inhabitants would not take work if they were offered it, and the fourth would be mostly particular in his choice of what he took.

But it was not even this. Until some years ago, the village of Peddington was the busy center of a very large and lucrative wool-merchandise trade, but as the wool trade fell into disrepute, for Little Peddington held one thing more than another in veneration, it was that it was a wool-merchandise town, and favored it. It is a town of the wool trade, and favored it. It is a town of the wool trade, and favored it.

Times have changed in Little Peddington since then. A smuggler's hole was found in the woods the other day, and it is only about smuggling it forms a contrast between what is and what was, is so striking.

No Other Bishop in His Diocese.

An amusing story is told of Commodore John S. Chauncey, who was a "read" of the navy, while in command of the New York Navy Yard, one Sunday, at the usual service of the church.



Little Peddington.

bananas and potatoes are almost identical in their chemical composition. The bananas and potatoes are almost identical in their chemical composition. The bananas and potatoes are almost identical in their chemical composition.

Bananas and Potatoes.

The bananas and potatoes are almost identical in their chemical composition. The bananas and potatoes are almost identical in their chemical composition.

A Little Bite With Whistler.

An American artist of some note is fond of telling about his meeting with James McNeill Whistler in London, and especially on the occasion when he dined with that famous artist. "I had planned to leave for Paris the following evening," he says, "but Mr. Whistler appeared and I was obliged to dine with him on that date, and feeling that such an invitation was a mark of special favor, I put off my trip for a day and accepted it. He did not make the place where we would eat, but said he would call for me at my hotel at 6 o'clock, and we would look it up then. I was ready at the minute, but my horse did not prompt. At 8 o'clock he arrived and we set out.

"Arrived at his house, we were met at the door by the most distinguished of butlers whom I had ever directed to provide us with a bite, then he excused himself to freshen up a bit, while I waited in the drawing room. He returned in about five minutes, coming from another room, then a gentleman in evening dress, with a lady, also in full toilet, strolled in. Whistler, the first to see us, at the end of the apartment, then another couple, and still others came leisurely sauntering through the room where I sat.

"It seemed that a swell function of some sort was in progress, and I felt very uncomfortable. I was just debating how I might bolt without being noticed, when the double doors at the far end of the room were thrown open, revealing a gorgeously equipped dinner table, and at the same time a number of very fine fish in clear water, was placed before the host, who poured into it a small quantity of some liquid from a vial. Instantly the water grew brilliant, and the little fishes raced and wriggled about in great excitement, leaping into the air and making a veritable rainbow shower of flashing, changing colors. It was a unique and beautiful spectacle, and not until the turbulence had ceased, and the little creatures began to settle, did we realize that we had witnessed a tragedy, for the mad dance was caused by their dying agonies, and that their wondrous changing colors.

In the Harvest Fields.

One of the college boys who went to the western Kansas harvest fields writes to a friend an account of his experiences, saying: "Well, this isn't what it is cracked up to be, and Harold will not be so sure that the harvest fields are so good to mamma twice of two days after starting if he hadn't been worse afraid of the bothing of you devils than of historical pangs. Speaking of the harvest fields, the first night of the first day I had put all over my hands, and that night the fat dame of this household stuck needles into 'em and tapped 'em with the old boy was good to me, and for two days he kept me at choring around, leading water, helping the fat dame weave a tablecloth out of the air, and playing the lolly-colly. Then I tackled the header boxes again for ten straight days, and I really got to liking it. But say, you don't believe that there's about a shortage in the world's bread crop. I know better, for I pitched enough of the blamed stuff to make two crops of wheat."

"I figure that I'll get home with about \$20 to the clear. The old boy says he will give me \$25 a month to stay and plow, and a treasurer man will work for him. But \$30 is capital enough for Harold. I am not grasping or wordy. "After breakfast we hike us away to the field and out wheat until the fat dame waves a tablecloth out of the window to tell us that dinner is ready. Then we eat and go out and eat more wheat, and the old boy keeps us at it until it gets too dark to do it. Willie, the way you can sleep after you have had a day like that! You go dead—that's all about it."

Bull Goes to School.

The bull, after knocking desks, ink-wells and books around and demolishing things in general, left the building to seek the scholars. Two pupils were on the ground and the other five were on the roof. When they saw the bull coming toward them again teacher and pupils fled in haste. The bull, after knocking desks, ink-wells and books around and demolishing things in general, left the building to seek the scholars.

The bull, after knocking desks, ink-wells and books around and demolishing things in general, left the building to seek the scholars. Two pupils were on the ground and the other five were on the roof. When they saw the bull coming toward them again teacher and pupils fled in haste. The bull, after knocking desks, ink-wells and books around and demolishing things in general, left the building to seek the scholars.

The bull, after knocking desks, ink-wells and books around and demolishing things in general, left the building to seek the scholars. Two pupils were on the ground and the other five were on the roof. When they saw the bull coming toward them again teacher and pupils fled in haste. The bull, after knocking desks, ink-wells and books around and demolishing things in general, left the building to seek the scholars.

Life's Aims.

No man should live but he aims in personal, social, higher and religious. The aim of a man's life is not to be pardoned, but low aim in life merits perpetual condemnation. Any progress toward a high ideal is worth no failure; it is self-degradation. Every truly lofty ideal is both sane and in accord with common sense, and is a day-dream of a day-dream, or a builder of air castles is not characteristic of the youth or the man of high ideals.—Exchange.

Whistler and Dierzell.

Whistler once came very near to painting a portrait of Dierzell. He had had a long talk with the artist, and was very much interested in his work; but the great man did not manage to get into the mood. Whistler went away disappointed, and shortly afterwards Dierzell placed a meeting in Whitehall which was the occasion of a well-known story. Dierzell put his name in Whistler's for a little way on the street, bringing from the artist the explanation: "If only my creditors could see!"

Fasting Schoolgirl.

Miss Reba Engham, a 16-year-old pupil of a high school at Colorado Springs, recently concluded a twenty-five days' fast which she undertook "for fun." She only lost ten pounds, and did her accustomed household work during the fast. She is now living on fruit juice, and has abstained from a set meal, and has abolished breakfast entirely.

Egg Preservative.

German papers say that it is possible to keep eggs fresh for any length of time by simply immersing them in a 10 per cent solution of silicate. Eggs preserved in this way will hatch a year afterward.