

## LET US GIVE THANKS.

For all that God in mercy sends:  
For health and children, home and friends,  
For comfort in the time of need,  
For every kindly word and deed,  
For happy thoughts and holy talk,  
For guidance in our daily walk—  
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,  
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,  
For song of birds, for hum of bees,  
For the refreshing summer breeze,  
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,  
For the great ocean's mighty flood—  
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,  
For the returning morning's light,  
For the bright sun that shines on high,  
For the stars glittering in the sky;  
For these and everything we see,  
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee,  
For everything give thanks!

—[Ellen Isabelle Tupper.]

## TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

BY CECIL CHARLES.

"Down on my luck! Well, I should say so." Cory Dickinson shouldered his pack and got up. He left the shadow of the mountain foliage reluctantly and began again his toilsome ascent of the road. The blaze of the tropical sun produced upon him a strange sensation. It did not blind him; on the contrary, it seemed to stimulate his faculties. Or was it wholly the varied atmosphere as he climbed higher and higher? No, it was the sun, he decided. The atmosphere was partly responsible, but the sun—the tropical sun—seemed to show him constantly new, strange sights, somewhat even as the tropical night sky with its thousand new stars, had divulged new secrets to his marvelling senses.

So he trudged under his small pack over the mountain to reach the capital. Meeting him, one would have hardly suspected him to be "down on his luck," as he had but lately declared. Tall, good looking, well dressed, barely thirty years of age, Cory Dickinson looked like the son of a rich man out on a pleasure tramp—not like a self-exiled evader of the law seeking a new home in a remote Central American republic.

But that was what Cory Dickinson was doing.

As he plodded along the dusty road in the afternoon splendor, his thoughts wandered far away from his actual surroundings. He lost sight of the distant, dreamy peaks, the still billows, the intense emerald hues of foliage, the trickling, musical mountain streams and saw only the small New England town whence he had lately fled, late Autumn, sombre, staid, matter-of-fact and Sunday-observing. He saw his late home, his stern-faced uncle, his invalid aunt, Mason, the hired man, with his grim scowl, and Hannah, the servant girl. Mason's face and Hannah's stood out particularly clear and obnoxious. Mason had rejoiced at his trouble, revengeful of the day when Cory had come upon him brutally kicking the poor old family horse, and struck him a smart blow with his umbrella. Mason had never forgotten that blow nor the way in which Cory had threatened him if he ever ill-treated the animal again. Hannah, too, had been overjoyed at his disgrace; she was Mason's sweetheart.

Then, all at once, there came another face that Cory could only see in a thick blur of—something like the face of little Lydia Post, the school teacher, the only one of those who knew, who believed in him.

He had to dash something away from his eyes as he strode on.

Late in the afternoon he came to the first outskirts of the town and entered a small roadside dwelling. He could speak no Spanish; the woman with her numerous children clinging to her could speak no English. But she looked at him with generous eyes and made him sit down on the best seat in the poor room. He made a motion of drinking and said appealingly "Aqua?" For he had not paused to drink at the last mountain stream, fearing night might overtake him on the way. She brought water quickly, and when he would have risen, made signs for him to wait, pay, he might prepare food for him. He drew out the last bit of money left him—less than a dollar, for he had little remaining when he left the steamer at the port—but she waved it away and made him see that she desired no pay.

The humble food of the country was very good, he thought. He had had nothing but a biscuit since early morning. He ate the large black beans and tortillas and drank the black coffee that had grown and blossomed out a few miles away as he they were the choicest delicacies. As he ate he wondered what they were doing at home; it was their supper time, and it was a bleak autumn day—a late November day, almost the last of the month. Something rose in his throat, lump like, and he made haste to finish, fearful of breaking down. The woman would take no pay, she thanked her over and over in words that he could not comprehend, but with looks that she surely read, and continued on his way. But continuing on, he found that this was but a small village and that there were yet some few miles to traverse before he came to the capital.

to the city. I've only this one little horse, you see. It won't carry double or I'd take you along. Who are you, by the way?"

"My name is Dickinson," said Cory. "I suppose I've come down here on a fool's errand. Had a quarrel with my relatives and left in a hurry. Brought no money. Just a dollar left in the world." Unconsciously he adopted the short phrases of the others, as if thus to be more easily comprehended.

"Well, you are not the first," said his new acquaintance. "Some succeed, some don't. If you only knew a little Spanish, you see. However, by the way, this is an old hacienda of mine. There's a house and you can sleep in it—under shelter, you know. There's the plank of a bed, that used to be a servant's. You'll be safer inside. Come, I'll take you in. To-morrow come into town and inquire for Julio Vargas Vera; split with a J in English and pronounced like an H, remember."

Cory looked over him with a feeling of unreality. He struck a match and showed him the boards on trestles that should be his bed. "By Jove! there's a candle," he said. "Is your blanket double on the boards and creep into it. Wrap it well around you. You'll be safe from insects, asclerases and the like. I'm off now. Lock the door carefully in the morning and come to town as early as possible. You can take coffee with me if you're in before eight. Good-night."

Cory locked the door after him and heard him ride away into the calm night; then went back and crept between his blanket folds and blew out the candle.

As he drifted into a first doze he suddenly remembered that this was Thursday—the last Thursday of the month—and therefore it was Thanksgiving Day at home.

He wondered if Lydia had thought of him. He hardly believed that she had gone to take Thanksgiving dinner with her aunt, as she had formerly done. She loved him a little—perhaps a good deal—if only as a sister. She was too loyal for that. Thus he fell asleep and slept steadily, despite his uncomfortable couch and the chill temperature.

Julio Vargas Vera was pretty well known in town. A lawyer by profession, with hardly any practice, because he had neglected it; formerly a Legation attaché abroad—the husband of a pretty woman and father of several pretty children—a thoroughly honorable fellow with one deplorable passion for gambling at the exciting country cook-fights.

Who did not know Julio Vargas Vera? Cory found his way to his new friend's house without trouble and had coffee with him as agreed. And Julio Vargas Vera bade him consider himself a welcome guest at his house until he should find work. For Cory was penniless. He could accept any situation, he said, anything, however humble. Shame and humiliation were his, to find himself humiliated, a fellow of twenty-nine. He had supposed a strong young fellow of that age could find work in any part of the globe. He had forgotten the difficulty of a different language.

And so for weeks he had a blue time of it. He wanted to go back to the port, where some English was spoken, but Vargas Vera objected. He wanted to seek employment on the primitive little railway, but Vargas Vera objected. Vargas Vera was the kindest fellow on earth, but over-proud. And Cory chafed under his objections. Night after night he lay awake suppressing groans at his helplessness and his tormenting memories. Oh, to have come to this land of eternal sunshine under different circumstances! Oh, to have come to this land of eternal sunshine under different circumstances! Oh, not to have had to run away from home and friends! But could he have remained there after the accusation of theft? And who had been the thief? Who had taken his uncle's thousand dollars from the open safe on that fatal afternoon when he had sat reading in the next room and had hardly noticed him as he passed out into the kitchen for a moment? He had sat in the sitting-room; the safe was in the sitting-room bedroom; one could only enter the bedroom from the sitting-room. His uncle had gone into the kitchen—and had left the safe unlocked. Hannah, the servant girl, had laid a kettle of soap grease boil over, and for a brief time the kitchen was almost on fire. Cory, a little lazy, had heard the uproar, and had gone to see what the trouble was. His uncle, in a fury at the servant's carelessness, called him a stupid fool and ordered him angrily not to stand gaping there. And Cory, angry in turn, had quickly come back, seized his gun from the sitting-room table and left the house. He had not returned very soon. His uncle had seemed to hate him of late.

And he had gone off with some young friends of his to a neighboring town, not venturing back until the next afternoon. Then he had found his uncle in a state of excitement bordering on insanity. The thousand dollars that had been destined for the payment of a mortgage was gone from the safe. It had been taken while Cory's uncle was in the kitchen helping extinguish the fire. No one could have entered the house in that brief space of time, but Cory, to the shame and his invalid aunt was aware of the presence of the money in the safe. Nothing else had been disturbed. It had been put in an instant's work to extract the package for one who knew it was there and in precisely what spot. And—but for the shock and misery for the invalid aunt Cory's uncle would, he said, have sent an officer after the young rascal, all of which Cory had listened to in a dumb-founded way and then said:

is away from all civilization. There I only an Indian settlement and some negroes. The climate is bad—it is very hot—and there are marauds just below. It is a four day's journey at the very best, and mails are a week in coming and going. I'm afraid you will have the fever at once."

"I am not afraid," said Cory. "I shall have fever if I stay here, my dear friend. You are good as gold to me, but I can't stand idleness. For heaven's sake, let me go."

And so he went.

Out into the wilds—impenetrable, beautiful, silent, tropical wilds. And he went faithfully to work and became happy with a new hope. He did not take the fever. He got fairly started by the following midsummer. That is, what was midsummer at home, for it was always midsummer in this new country. But he had never ceased to reckon by the seasons of the far North. And by midsummer he wrote to Lydia Post.

After he had written he counted the days. A week to take the letter to the port. A fortnight more—allowing for delay of the steamer mail at the expected—for it to reach the United States. In three weeks Lydia would have her reply. He knew that his fingers would tremble so that he could hardly open it. Alas! the six weeks had passed, and yet another and another. And no reply. And as another month drifted along and November was begun, Cory began to give up hope. Had she not received his letter? Had she not cared to reply? Was he lost to her forever? Little Lydia—of whose faith he had dreamed in darkest hours!

Sadly he realized one evening that it was the 10th of November, just a year since he had left home. A day or two later he fell ill. It was not from the climate, not from the heat. The plantation was not as deadly as Vargas Vera had believed. But it was the snapping of his last hope, his hope of Lydia. It was more of a nervous fever. And he could not rise from his bed any more. And he did not care if death came. There was no doctor near; there were a few simple remedies on the shelves of his cane hut, but he hardly cared to take them.

One night his fever was higher—much higher—and he raved of Lydia to the Indian woman who sat beside him and the negro servant who liked him well. The next day he was conscious again but very weak. He felt as if he could easily slip away. And he asked the negro to send to the post a certain letter that was going to the United States, thousands of miles away. Hardly had he done giving his feeble instructions when some of the Indian boys came hurrying in to tell him that a canoe had come up the river with people, white, tall, and a lady, with many bundles and other things. A beautiful young lady, Cory wondered vaguely until a shadow fell upon the threshold—and a moment later, as if an angel dawning from heaven, Lydia stood beside him and bent to take him into her arms.

"I knew," she sobbed softly, and in her tears his face felt as cool and refreshed and joy-lighted as a rose in the summer rain. "I knew that you would be ill. I knew that you would be ill. I was almost ready to fetch you. I knew you would not come back alone. And I had been working and saving the money for months—and only a few weeks were lacking. So I would not write—but came. And your uncle asks you to forgive and forget. For it was Mason who stole the money—with Hannah's help. And so you'll go back with me. I'll give you a whipper-snapper and you come to this place—thousands of miles—through all these dangers—by land and sea and sea and land? Am I dreaming, Lydia? Have you come all this way alone? Through all these strange ways?"

"Do you think," she sobbed, "do you think there is any road too long, too hard for a man to travel if the one he loves is at the end?"

"No road," said Cory, softly. "But you knew I loved you—even before my letter—and then you knew it again. And you took wings and flew to me. And so we shall go back together, dearest."

Another shadow crossed the threshold. Julio Vargas Vera, also on his way to find Cory, having heard of his illness, had met with Lydia at the port and had come with her in a sailboat and canoe. He had discreetly remained outside the hut until after the meeting of the lovers.

Not many days later there was a wedding at the capital. Cory and Lydia were married by the American Minister, and Julio Vargas Vera stood sponsor to the bride. It was Thursday—and Thanksgiving Day.

## They Did Bathe.

Rev. T. E. Bridget, of England, in a recently published historical essay on "Blunders and Forgeries," takes a good deal of pains to refute the assertion made some years ago by Dr. Lyon Playfair that "for a thousand years there was not a man or woman in Europe that ever took a bath." Dr. Bridget says he does not, even tolerably acquainted with the literature of medieval Europe, can doubt for a moment that the bath was in constant requisition. Among the accounts of Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II, is an entry of a payment "for repairs of the queen's bath and gathering of herbs for it." In a narrative of the arrival of Louis of Burgundy, created Earl of Winchester in 1479, we find among other comforts provided for him that in the third chamber there "was ordered a Bayne, or iij, which were covered with tentes of white clothe." Mr. Dickinson, the editor, tells us in the preface to the first volume of the accounts of the lord high treasurer of Scotland, that "bath-rooms were not uncommon in the houses of the great, and even the bath-rooms of the poor were not unknown. The accounts show two payments for broadcloth to cover a 'bath-fat'—that is, to form a tent-like covering over it." The Abbe Thiers, in his "Traite des Superstitions," mentions certain days on which silly people fancied it was wrong to bathe, a notion which would never have arisen had not bathing been a common practice.

## A Dog's Long Fast.

The story comes from Camilla that John Joiner and several others were out hunting some time ago, when Mr. Joiner's dog fell into an old well. It was not known at the time whether the dog was or was not made for him, Mr. Joiner thinking that if he had been in a short time. Eighteen days after the dog was lost Mr. Joiner was out hunting again and heard his dog howl. At first it was hard to locate the sound, but the dog was finally discovered in an old dry well, where he had been for eighteen days without food or water. The dog was drawn to the surface and is now as well as ever. —[Atlanta Constitution.]

## THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Deceptive—A Standing Literature—An Eye for Bargains—A Stomach Ache in Sight, Etc., Etc.

Visitor—Hark! That must be another railroad collision!

Host—Oh, no. That's Charlie's college club in the barn practicing a new yell.

A STANDING IN LITERATURE.

"What can you show by way of evidence that you are an author?"

"I've got the writer's cramp, and the doctors all say so."

AN EYE FOR BARGAINS.

Father—Is that young girl you are going to marry economical?

Son (enthusiastically)—I should say so! Why last year she spent \$2,500 in bargains. —[Chicago Record.]

A STOMACH ACHES IN SIGHT.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "do you know what the word 'foresight' means?"

"Yes'm."

"Can you give me an illustration?"

"Yes'm."

"You may do so."

"Last night my mamma told the doctor he might as well call around and see me Thanksgiving night." —[Washington Star.]

ONE REPLACES THE OTHER.

Miss Manhattan (maliciously)—You must miss the dear old London foggy very much."

Lord Tuffnut (loftily)—I do. But I am partially compensated by your charming New York mud. —Vogue.

PROOF OF IT.

He (fervently)—Dearest, do you love me so much that you would rather be miserable with me, if you had to choose, than happy with any other man?

She—Why, darling, haven't I said that I would marry you? —Vogue.

AND HOW THEY DO SPEAK!

The schools of oratory don't teach any eloquence that surpasses that of a couple of dumb and silent chairs sometimes, when pages into the parlor the morning after John has made an evening call. —[Somerville Journal.]

CAPABLE SUBSTITUTES.

"You don't have monarchs in this country," said the foreigner, musingly.

"Not by that name," replied the native. "We have servant girls, however." —[Judge.]

NOT AN ADMIRER OF IT.

Park Rowe—What d'ye think of the suit? Election bet, you know!

Hoffman Howes—That's too bad! How long do you have to wear it?

FRUGAL.

"I am sorry to tell you," said the editor, "that we cannot use your poem."

"Indeed?" "To be candid with you, it is clumsy in sentiment and faulty in construction. The rhymes are all wrong, and altogether it is not even decent doggerel."

Here the editor paused for breath and the poet said meekly: "Give it back to me, please." "I don't think you can do anything with it." "Oh, yes, I can. I'll have it set to music and make a popular song of it." —[Washington Star.]

WASTED SOLICITUDE.

"Now, dear," said the thoughtful wife, "you will be careful not to get your feet wet, won't you?" "Humph!" replied the dyspeptic husband, "that's the way with you women. That shows just about how much consideration you have for a man. I suppose you'd be satisfied to see me break my neck trying to walk down to my office on my hands, wouldn't you?" —Washington Star.

A COMPARATIVE ESTIMATE OF HIMSELF.

"Regional," said the young man's father, "you couldn't earn your salt."

"Oh, yes, I could, father," he replied, complacently, and, after some thought, he added, "but I might have to fall back on you for the peppah." —[Washington Star.]

MARRIAGE WITHOUT MOTIVE.

Missus—So you are going to leave my service! Now, what motive impels you to go away?

Servant—It's no motive, madame; it's a soldier! —[Paris Gazette.]

HAD ENOUGH.

Judge—Why didn't you call a policeman when the man assaulted you with a club?

Citizen—Call a policeman! Good heavens! Your Honor, wasn't I thumped enough as it was? —[New York Herald.]

AN EXCEPTION.

"Are you going to—wear that big hat to the theatre?" the young man asked.

"Yes, George." And after a silence, she added, "But I am going to take it off when we get inside."

And that is what confirmed George's suspicions that she is an angel. —Washington Star.

WHAT HE RETAINED.

"I was in a railroad accident once," said the man in the smoker to a group of listeners, "and had both legs and both arms broken." "Did you retain your presence of mind?" inquired one of the listeners. "No." "No! What did you do?" "I retained a lawyer and got \$10,000 damage." —[Detroit Free Press.]

LIMITATIONS OF MATRIMONY.

Little Boy—What is your papa?

Little Girl—He's a literary man.

"What's that?"

"He writes."

"What does he write?"

"Oh, he writes most everything 'cept checks." —[Good News.]

A LITERAL TRUTH.

"I think your figures are pretty high," said the lady who was pricing feather beds and pillows.

"Madam," said the clerk, with a scarcely perceptible wrinkle in his eye, "all our best goods are marked down."

New York Press.

WON BY A FLANK MOVEMENT.

"I'm not going to ask for money, mum," said Rhodessa, "for food,

though I'm faint with hunger and I ain't eat anything for two days, but for the sake of a spasm who's in hard luck, won't you please, mum, allow me the loan of a piece of soap and a towel for a few minutes?"

It was about one hour later that Rhodessa finished a sumptuous meal and set forth with a fifty-cent piece in his hand. —[Chicago Record.]

MORE THAN HALF BACK.

Friend—Your son played football at college, I am told.

Fond Mama—Yes.

Friend—Quarterback?

Fond Mama—Oh, he's nearly all back. He lost only an ear and a hand. —Puck.

THIS WALL WOULDN'T TELL.

"Sh-h-h!" said the tragedian, "the very walls have ears!"

"Sure," answered the low comedian, glancing up hastily, "but this is a dead wall."

And the orchestra burst forth with a chord in G.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

IN THE CONSULTING-ROOM.

Doctor—"You look rather excited. For some time to come you had better not exert yourself too much. For instance, you must not—what is your profession?"

Patient—"Anarchist."

Doctor—"He must not throw bombs, do you hear?" —[El Caffaro.]

THE TEST OF EFFICACY.

"I don't see how your medicines can be much good, doctor."

"Why not, Freddy?"

"They don't taste nearly so bad as Dr. Brown's used to." —[Judge.]

AN IMPORTANT ONE.

Professor in history (in the young ladies' seminary)—"Having finished the sad story of this episode in the life of Marie Antoinette, I should be glad to answer any questions you may feel inclined to ask."

The class (in unison)—"What did she have on?" —[Chicago Record.]

ONE CERTAINTY.

Tom—"Have you read 'Two Men and a Girl'?"

Kitty—"No; but I think the girl must have had a good time!" —Puck.

Fighting Mules.

If two male mules meet in attendance on the same lady of their choice, they soon pick a quarrel, with the quip galant or the retort courteous, and proceed to fight it out with desperate resolution. Their duel is a outrage. Just at first, to be sure, they carry on the war underground; but soon the war begins to take blood, they lose all control of themselves, and adjourn for further hostilities to the open meadow. Indeed, it is seldom that you can see them emerge from their subterranean "run," except when seriously ill, or engaged in settling these little affairs of honor.

Once arrived upon the battlefield, they go at it literally tooth and nail, and never cease till one or the other has disabled his adversary.

Then comes the most painful scene of all, which only regard for historical accuracy induces me to chronicle. As a faithful historian, however, I cannot conceal the fact that the victor male falls bodily in his triumph upon his fallen antagonist, tears him open on the spot, and drinks his warm blood as some consolation to his wounded feelings.

The sense of chivalry and the decencies of war have been denied to these brave and otherwise respectable insectivores. —[The Million.]

Sentiment and Chicken.

A man I knew kept fowls for the table—pure Dorkings. As they grew plumper every day he would take a basket with food in it, scatter it among them and sigh deeply. After a few days of this, with a mournful countenance, he would give the orders for a couple to be placed in a fattening coop; then, when he had satisfied himself that they were just right, he would send for a man to bring them home, giving him a shilling for the job, and while the deed was being done he would go off on a long walk.

His wife and daughters were as tender-hearted as he was. It ran in the family. Yet the servants always noticed that, whatever they might eat or leave on the dinner-table, they invariably finished up the fowls. This was, possibly, on the same principle as that of the kings of the East, who ate their handiwork out of respect. —[Macmillan's Magazine.]

The Origin of Starching.

The course of history carries us back no further than the year 1654 for the origin of starching in London. It was in that year that Mistress Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis "for their greater safety," and there professed herself a starcher. The best housewife of the time was not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mistress Plasse soon had plenty of good paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it became a saying that if any one sent her a ruff made of a spider's web she would be able to starch it. So gradually did her reputation grow that great ladies and gentlewomen of the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of £4 to £5, and for the secret of seething starch they paid gladly a further sum of twenty shillings.

Materials of Paper.

Paper can be manufactured out of almost anything that can be pounded into pulp. Over fifty kinds of bark are said to be used, and banana skins, bean stalks, pea vines, cocconut fibre, clover and timothy hay, straw, sea and fresh water weeds and many kinds of grass are applicable. It has also been made from hair, fur and wool, from asbestos, which furnishes an article indestructible by fire, from beet plants, from husks of any and every kind of grain. Leaves make a good strong paper, while the husks and stems of Indian corn have also been tried, and almost every kind of moss can be made into paper. There are patents for making paper from sawdust and shavings, from thistles and thistle-down, from tobacco stalks and tanbark. It is said that there are over 2,000 patents in this country covering the manufacture of paper.

The Chinese Navy Worthless.

It is stated at Shanghai, "on excellent authority," that the real reason why none of the Chinese squadron went to Bangkok was that it was found there one of the squadron prepared for such a voyage without refitting, from plants, from husks of any and every kind of grain. Leaves make a good strong paper, while the husks and stems of Indian corn have also been tried, and almost every kind of moss can be made into paper. There are patents for making paper from sawdust and shavings, from thistles and thistle-down, from tobacco stalks and tanbark. It is said that there are over 2,000 patents in this country covering the manufacture of paper.

Among many quaint customs which are gradually disappearing is the so-called "Lion Sermon," which, after having been annually preached in the Church of St. Catherine, in the city of London, for nearly three centuries, has just been abolished. It owes its origin to an advertisement which befell a medieval Lord Mayor of London, Sir Richard Gurvey. According to the legend, being attacked by a lion while travelling with a caravan in Arabia, he fell upon his knees and vowed to devote his life to charity if spared from the lion's jaws. The animal is stated to have thereupon turned tail, and in pursuance of the vow thus made, the "Lion Sermon" has been regularly preached ever since.

An ancient ceremony was revived on the occasion of the procession of judges when the Michaelmas term was opened at the law courts in London. It was the carrying of an exquisitely chased silver car, some three feet long, before the president of the Admiralty Court; and as soon as he had taken his seat on the bench the car was laid on the table in

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

Dr. PLATFAIR, of London, recently received a fee of \$12,000 for attending a royal patient. A Boston lady best this. She once paid a English physician \$35,000 for his services.

A DANISH author, told Dr. Klep Oward of the case of a relative, a Kleptomaniac, who would steal from himself. He used to tiptoe into his own pantry and make off with uncooked pines, raw onions, or anything of the kind.

In splitting open a log at Middleborough, Ky., workmen discovered a dark brown, wormlike mass, which proved to be a toad. It was at first perfectly lifeless, but upon coming in contact with the air showed signs of life and soon began to hop.

On a recent Sunday, for the first time in many years, the water of the Delaware Bay was nearly as fresh as the water of a mountain stream. This condition of affairs was brought about by a strong northeast wind that blew continuously during the week.

A HIRKPOO baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother. In that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the