

By Seumas Mac Manus (Author of "Through the Turf Smoke" "Twas in Dhroill Donegal."

"You may, nothin' 'd be done in the house
 'till he get out, 'till he get out, 'till
 chile was drinkin' it all in, an' 'e
 the time, he was come to five years of
 age he was cute an' as oil fashioned
 'till he was twenty, an' 'e was
 twenty; an' droightly-lake, an' for all
 that he was still no size to spake of,
 weeshy, an' droightly-lake, an' no signs
 'till he was twenty, an' 'e got so much
 straitback as would fill a doughnut,
 not to mention lashin's an' alavin's
 of spuds an' butter milk. Ere he was
 twenty, he was agin his mother missed
 him from the chile, an' 'e was
 couldn't get him high or low down
 aroun' the house. When she raised
 the pillowcase on the neighbours, an' al-
 lowed 'em to see what 'e was doin',
 out of his cradle an' wasn't to be got
 nowhere or nohow. An' the neighbours

speeches well about him at the same time other children would be lapin' an' could, if he liked, talk enough for a number of Parliament, it was savin' the might of his talk he usually was; usin' the words of the Bible, an' the law more nor a chile should, instead. An' at five years, of age, with the wisdom of a hundred, he was the talk of sixty in his face. He was a bigger he was nor a good bouchallin' buldh. (Ben-weed.)

From he was first able to crawl he was a child of the most wonderful felicit in talsin' an' torturin' creepin' things—cuttings and delogues of the harmless smallest animals and birds. When he was a year old he would wait at a hole he'd sen a cockroach goin' in or wait with the patience of Job for himself, that poor thing would come out, then he would take it and point of a corker grin he called his danger-owar, an' then he'd over the top of his head, an' he'd wiggle, an' the grin he'd have on his face.

[illegible]

(Courtesy of O
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Kit Carson on
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Charles F. Lu
his right arm s
protruded, and
descent gave hi
down about th
around a cedar
by rock, set hi
and drew him
pinned; but the

Dr. Taylor will be 69 on September 24. He was born at Springfield, Ill., of ^{his wife} Only at times a herdsman, driving by

thirsty Shylock, a man who would
wade through misdeeds to obtain money.
But no man ever spent less on himself.
He valued money because he valued
power, and money was one of the most
obvious and effectual means of obtaining
power. When people who should
have known better were throwing every
sort of dirt at him as a low money-
grubber and a disgrace to the name of
Britain in South Africa, Rhodes said:
"All this."

The coast line of Papua, fringed with coral reefs, deeply indented with beautiful bays and thickly skirted with more beautiful islands, forms a picture such as might belong to some giant's palace in fairyland.

If the position the wound cannot in case of a gap be hard to plug without any lung tight indeed. done for a short preparing to lig

thus do more h
If a finger or
an axe, clap it

law to the end that such order shall prevail."

Mayor Schmitz was given to the expression of just such sentiments at the funeral of Schmitz, save for a few hopeful words just after the fire was always raked and delivered. It is evident that Mayor Taylor starts as his own man.

On headland's height the temple's ruins lie,
Where death his internixed bronze heroes slain.
With marble goddesses whose glory vain
The lonely grass enshrines with many a sigh.

The system of Papuan life is largely communal. Each village owns a certain district of planting and hunting land, and which is presided over by a chief, who may have a few private holdings, such as the right to possess a few heads of his enemies slain in battle and an extra number of wives. Their mode

There were two elephants at our disposal, and myself and the interpreter rode the first, each occupying half of the howdah. The howdah has a peculiar and objectionable habit of nearly succeeding in cutting your legs in two. If you hang your legs outside you may pad the edges as much as you like, but if you are new to the game you will wake in about half an hour from an uneasy dose with the painful conviction that the lower halves of your legs have dropped off. On squirming up into a position from which you can view the outside world you will see they are still dangling there, but with an irresponsibility which suggests that they have been

frayed through to the last shred. Abnormal efforts allow you to drag them safely inside and you think it will be better in future to keep them there.

The elephant is almost as fine a vehicle to see the surrounding country from as a London bus, and there is a considerable element of excitement in his progression. The elephant I rode had a fatal habit when it came to a river bank or bit of rough ground to look around and picking out what seemed the worst bit he could see.

Down one side of a river it seemed as if he was engaged in trying to stand on his head, and I could look out of the howdah, although I was lying there, and have the fishes darting over the stones in front of me just under my lord's noble forehead. More

than once on these journeys the beast would patiently slouch through the trees and bushes of the track in search of something edible, quite regardless of the fact that the branches threatened to sweep the howdah and everything else over the stern.

But quite one of the most peculiar sensations was when they took it into their heads to have a scratch against the telegraph poles. It would be a wonderful line which could withstand the solid work the elephant expects its posts to carry out, and when the numbness of the post leaned too hard against the elephant's head I could almost see the mild and somewhat indignant surprise reflected from one intelligent face to the other.—Singapore Free Press.