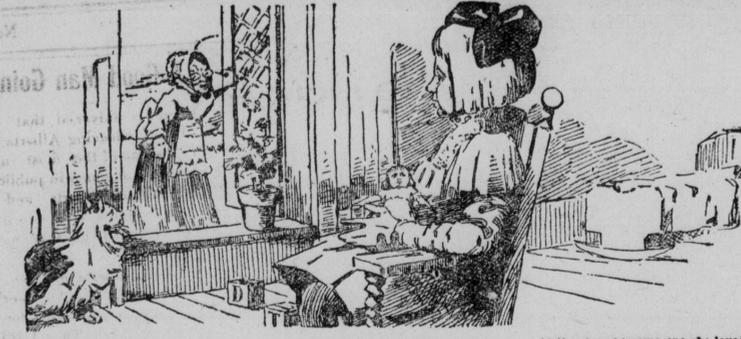


The Banshee's Warning



"Sure, the good old Ireland families have a banshee every one; and to hear the awful screechin', oh, indeed, it's a good fun. Cause a warnin' she's bringin' that a life is almost done." Whisp'ered Katy to wee Rose at even-song.

So Rose wondered and she pondered for a day—and still a day; And she wished a banshee witch might

happen soon around her way; Though just why I can't imagine, for 'tis needless quite to say; Colleen's know this wish is very, very wrong.

Now, one afternoon as Rosie rocked her dolly dear to sleep, From without the open casement rose a cry that made a creep; Steal along her back that instant, and a wail that made her weep

At the thought some one she loved must surely die. Then next morning dawned; a sob of woe there came from Rosie's bed; For her Irish doll had fallen out and smashed her pretty head; "And the banshee warnin'," sobbed Rose, "my noble doll would soon be dead— That's the very reason for the banshee's cry."

DESERTED HIS BRIDES

JAMES WALKER REMANDED AT HUDDERSFIELD.

Man Who Said He Was a Canadian, Wedded Five Women, Then Robbed Them.

No fewer than five allegations of bigamy as well as robbery of deserted brides (in one case after drugging) are made against James Walker, who has been remanded at Huddersfield (England) Police Court.

The following five marriages are imputed to the prisoner: Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 19, 1892, as Harry Archibald, Canadian farmer.

Lancaster, March 19, 1896, in the name of Lawrence.

Huddersfield, October 28, 1907, as James Walker, physician, of Ontario, Canada.

GloUCESTER, March 3, 1908, as Arthur John Ford, solicitor, of California.

Bristol, April 2, 1908, as James Johnson, confectioner.

Mr. James Sykes, on behalf of the Public Prosecutor, said that the prisoner, under the name of Harry Archibald, was married on December 19, 1892, to a lady he had known for two months at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The prisoner persuaded the lady to draw her money from the bank, and in the following June he drugged her with chloroform, and taking with him £80 in money and jewellery, absconded. The Newcastle police held a warrant for his arrest for this theft. The lady whom he then married was now residing in New Jersey, U. S. A.

DESERTED ON HONEYMOON.

On March 23, 1898, continued counsel, prisoner married under the name of S. Lawrence at Lancaster, a lady to whom he represented himself to be a doctor from America over a holiday, but he deserted her during the honeymoon, taking with him all her jewellery.

Prisoner was married at Wolverhampton on January 1, 1899, as Archibald James France, continued counsel.

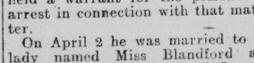
Then on October 25 of last year the prisoner, giving the name of James Walker, and stating that he was a bachelor and a physician, married Fanny Henderson Davis at Huddersfield, and during the honeymoon Miss Davis missed £95 in bank notes, and this formed the subject of the present larceny charge. The parties went to Edinburgh, but the prisoner deserted Miss Davis, who later found him in Hull, where they lived together for some time until they went across to Liverpool to take boat for New York, when prisoner again deserted her.

DECAMPED WITH HER MONEY.

On March 3 the prisoner turned up at Gloucester, and under the name of Arthur John Ford, a soli-

LAZIEST OF PLANTS

A SLEEPY old fellow this cactus is. During the day when most plants are wide awake he keeps himself tightly closed and slumbers deeply. But at midnight, when the daisies and other good, innocent flowers have long since gone to bed, he cautiously opens his



eyes and looks drowsily about him for a while. Then off he goes again to slumberland, not to awake until the next midnight. What a reprobate! He must have among respectable flowers! You wouldn't want to be a lazy cactus such as he, would you?

How Savages Create Fire

IT IS rather difficult for us to imagine people who know nothing about fire, and, as a matter of fact, there are no people now on the face of the earth, no matter how barbarous, who do not know how to make fire. We make it easily enough by striking a match, but years ago our ancestors were compelled to resort to flint, steel and tinder. The forest-dwelling people of the far East have an odd instrument for making fire. Near the coast every man carries a bit of crockery in the box of bamboo slung at his waist, a chip of a plate and a handful of dry fungus. Holding the tinder under his thumb upon the fragment of earthenware, he strikes the side of the box sharply and the tinder takes fire. But this method can only be used by tribes which have communication with the foreigner, who supplies them with European goods. The inland people use a more singular process. They carry a short cylinder of lead, hollowed roughly to cuplike form at one end, which fits a joint of bamboo. Placing this cylinder in the palm of the left hand, they fill the cup with tallow, she whisped, loud enough for all to hear:

"Muvver, what do you fink? A hair's in my soup."

"Hush, Grace," said mamma, frowning; "it's only a crack in the plate."

The little girl seemed satisfied for the moment, but an instant later, having moved the bowl of her spoon diligently back and forth over the supposed crack, she cried out, triumphantly:

"Muvver, de cracks muvver!"

Forgot Her Manners

GRACE wore her best "company" manners, for there was a number of her mother's friends present at dinner. But during the very first course, which consisted of the soup, she forgot herself. Learning across the table, she whisped, loud enough for all to hear:

"Muvver, what do you fink? A hair's in my soup."

"Hush, Grace," said mamma, frowning; "it's only a crack in the plate."

Got Even

THE other day a little fellow walked into a meat shop and asked the butcher for a sheep's head. "Sorry, my boy," said the man, "but the only head I have in the shop just now is this one of mine."

"No, that won't do," replied the boy, decidedly; "I want one with brains in."

Didn't Know Either

DURING a visit of Oscar II. king of Sweden and Norway, to a public school in his kingdom, he asked the pupils to name some of Sweden's greatest kings.

"Gustavus Adolphus," said one, confidently.

Another said, "Charles XII."

While a third, wishing to make a favorable impression upon the king, called out, "Oscar II."

"And what has King Oscar done of importance?" asked the king, smiling.

"The little girl thought for a moment and then hung her head in confusion. At last she stammered tearfully:

"I'm sorry, but I don't know."

"Don't cry, my dear," said the king, stroking her curls. Then he added, with a merry twinkle in his eyes:

"I can't think of anything myself."

Ingratitude

HARDLY had Mary recovered from the measles than her little brother John fell ill with the same malady. One day, when John was almost well again, his mother gave him a piece of cake. Naturally, Mary wished very much for a piece, and when John refused her, she reproached him indignantly, saying:

"If you aren't the greedy boy! Here I gave you the measles and now you can't give me even a crumb!"

Anatomy

WHEN a composition upon "anatomy" was called for, Freddy wrote the following:

"Anatomy is the human body, which has three parts, the head, the chest and the stomach. The head consists of the eyes, the ears and the brains, if any. The chest contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stomach is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, l, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

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SOUDAN GROWN COTTON

BY LONDON AND SOUTH AFRICAN CAPITALISTS.

Zeidab Estate Requires Much Water From Nile Syndicate — Works 13,000 Acres.

Some four years ago Mr. Leigh Hunt, an American, came into the Sudan with the ingenious project of taking up a concession of cotton-growing land from the Government, and importing American negroes from the southern States to work it, conceiving, I suppose, that it would be equally beneficial to the one country to acquire these colored gentlemen and for the other to get rid of them, writes Seth Low in London Standard. He took the great Zeidab estate, but the venture was not very successful, and Mr. Hunt made over his concession to an association called the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, which has a good deal of London and South African capital invested in it.

The original concession was for an area of no less than 30,000 feddans (or Egyptian acres), but the syndicate is for the present only dealing with about 13,000. They have to pay the land tax on all the land they are bringing into cultivation, and they do not see their way to do this until their water supply can be increased. Here, of course, we are in a rainless district; the grower is absolutely dependent upon the Nile irrigation.

FLOOD TIDE OF NILE.

The Nile rolls past the lands of Zeidab, turbidly rushing up the banks and over them in flood time, and flowing in ample volume during the remainder of the year. But that great store must be tapped sparingly and under due restriction by the riparian tenants. Egypt has the first claim upon the liquid treasure, and will not allow the supply to be attenuated before it reaches her own fields.

The flood there is more water than is wanted, and anybody is free to take as much as he requires. This open time lasts from the middle of July to the end of January, and in those months, technically of flood, though the flood has gone by well before they end, the Sudan as well as Egypt has unlimited access to the fertilizing fluid. Quite lately, in fact since my visit to Zeidab, the open time has been extended for one month. This is a very welcome indulgence and will be greatly appreciated by the cultivators of the dry lands of Upper Egypt, Nubia and the Sudan.

ESTATE HAS 40 PER CENT.

After the "flood" season is over at the end of January (or now February), the farmer is left to the "perennial" water of the Nile, which by this time has lost most of the rich mud brought down from the Abyssinian hills. This perennial water is carefully guarded lest the amount should run short before the next flood; and for the whole of the immense Sudan there is allotted no more than a bagatelle of 10,000 feddans. How little this is will be seen from the fact that the Zeidab estate alone takes 40 per cent. of the total, having 4,000 acres under cotton, for which its tenants need, or at least prefer to get, the perennial water. The remainder of their land they must require irrigation before the middle of July, and can therefore, be left to the flood water when it comes down.

SETTLED PROSPERITY.

Determining to visit Zeidab, as the largest concern of its kind in the Sudan, I found that the place had an air of settled and established prosperity; one might have supposed oneself in some old plantation in Madras, or even in Louisiana, rather than in a district which five years before that was a ravaged wilderness. The house in which the managing director lives is a substantially built, whitewashed brick building, rather reminding one, with its thick walls, two-storied verandahs, and lofty rooms, of those solid bungalows which the old-time merchants and officials used to build in a Madras compound of blossoming trees and flower gardens round it. Leading up to the mansion is a whole street of stables, store-houses, residences for the engineer, manager, doctor, surveyor, and other officials, a nice wide white street, with young trees planted along it. The fellahs and cultivating tenants live all over the estate and about it; some in mud-walled villages built by the syndicate itself, with as much attention to regularity and sanitation as the conditions allow; some in the half-deserted hamlets dotted over this country. Outside one of the thatched huts or tukuls were some full bags of the owner's cotton which I was assured were worth not less than £20 as they lay.

A CURE.

Little Joe, aged three, whose eyes were sore, was very much troubled on arising every day, to find them glued together. One morning, after waking up, he said, "Well, if my eyes have to stick up dis way, I'll dus do to sleep to-night wid 'em wide open."

Sponge-Gathering

UNCLE HENRY should be here shortly," observed Geoffrey; "you know he promised that we should see the sponge-fishing today." "Yes, but don't let's wait for him," replied Bob, as the lads retraced their steps along the quay. "Abe's over there, and he's just going to put out."

Abe readily agreed, with a huge grin on his shining black face, to take the boys out to the fishing grounds in his open boat. By his warning them to hurry, because the schooner that was to tow his boat was ready to start.

on these sponges at the bottom of the sea, and how, after a time, they loosened themselves, and with the aid of little come sponges on their own account, Geoffrey, who had been looking with some perplexity at the sponge, now exclaimed:

"But how in the world can any one use such a thing as this for a sponge?" "Geoffrey don't," replied Uncle Henry, smilingly; "at least not before all this gelatine-like matter is squeezed out and washed away."



SELDOM DIVE FOR SPONGES

"Can't you row out yourself?" asked Bob. Thereupon Abe explained—how much time was saved by permitting a larger vessel to tow him out, although some of the smaller craft did cover the distance to the grounds without assistance. Abe said he could have to give them a certain part of his day's catch.

"Uncle Henry told me the sponge fisheries here in the Bahamas are open all the year round, and that about 600 schooners and sloops and 200 open boats are used," remarked Geoffrey.

"And more than 600 men and boys—all colored—are employed, working from the time they are boys until they are too old and feeble to continue the fishing any longer," added Bob.

Once at the fishing grounds, Abe took from the boat a wooden cone, about eighteen inches in length, covered with glass at one end and open at the other. This cone he placed just beneath the surface of the water. By looking through it the boys could then see the bed of the ocean. Seizing a long staff with a hook on the end, Abe now proceeded to tear off the sponges he saw through the glass.

Bob turned to him in surprise. "Why, I thought you dived for them," said he. "Sometimes," replied Abe, with another grin, "when water's deep—but not often."

The sponges grew in abundance and the boats soon made a good haul. As soon as the lads returned to shore they ran quickly home with the sponge Abe had given them, so that they might examine it under a microscope.

At Uncle Henry's suggestion they placed the sponge in a tub containing salt water. Then, by means of a lens, they saw a jelly-like mass, from which grew small, hair-like whips that lashed the water, driving away impurities, as Uncle Henry explained, and bringing in food for the many pores to absorb. He also told the boys how yellow buds grew

"And it's a great industry, my boy," continued he. "Why, no less than 624,000 pounds are shipped from here yearly—and you know how little a sponge weighs!"

Geoffrey and Bob were much impressed. "We'll surely go out with Abe again to learn about this curious fishing," said they—and they did.

The Real Boss

THE insurance agent climbed the steps and rang the bell. "Whom do you wish to see?" asked the careworn person who came to the door.

"I want to see the boss of the house," replied the insurance agent. "Are you the boss?"

"No," meekly returned the man who came to the door; "I'm only the hand of the boss. Step in; I'll call the boss."

The insurance agent took a seat in the hall, and in a short time a tall, dignified woman appeared.

"So you want to see the boss?" repeated the woman. "Well, just step into the kitchen. This way, please. Bridget, this gentleman desires to see you."

"Me th' boss?" exclaimed Bridget, when the insurance man asked her the question. "Indeed O' my no! Sure, here comes th' boss now."

She pointed to a small boy of ten years who was coming toward the house.

"All me!" pleaded the insurance agent, when the lad came into the kitchen. "Are you the boss of the house?"

"Want to see the boss?" asked the boy. "Well, you just come with me. We'll see the insurance agent climb up the stairs. He was ushered into a room on the second floor and guided to the crib of a sleeping baby.

"There!" exclaimed the boy; "that's the real boss of this house!"

Kind Deeds Bring Their Reward.

Story of a Girl and a Goose

THOUGH it was yet early, Arabella's work was over for the morning. For there was not a great deal to do in the humble fisherman's cottage. A few small, hair-like whips that lashed the water, driving away impurities, as Uncle Henry explained, and bringing in food for the many pores to absorb. He also told the boys how yellow buds grew

crevices of the rock she found many of the mussels she sought.

So busy was she that she did not perceive that the tide had turned, until she found her retreat cut off from the beach. Water now lay all around the little island. She knew she could not reach the shore safely; she knew, too, that soon the waves would wash over the rock upon which she stood. No wonder she was frightened.

The simple chores were soon done and hours for play remained. Along the beach Arabella wandered, for the waves and the sand, and the wonders they contained, were the only playmates she had. They were great company, however; nor did the little girl feel the need of other companionship until Goose came. And Goose arrived in this way:

While skipping over the smoothly washed sands Arabella believed she saw something white and feathery struggling in the sand. It did not take her long to find a poor goose, helpless because a wing was broken.

"You poor, dear thing!" sobbed Arabella, in pity for the maimed bird. And the goose appealed to her with his eyes, just as though he knew he would have aid. He was not deceived, for the lass raised him tenderly in her arms and carried him all the way back to the cottage. Here she relieved his suffering, attending and nursing him until the wing was strong again and he was able to continue his flight.

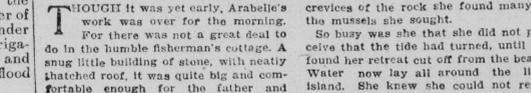
But Goose had become so fond of Arabella that he refused to leave her, although the little girl straightway gave him his freedom as soon as he was well. Every day he would come to her to be fed. Even when he flew great distances he would always return to the cottage. Arabella would have been ever so lonely without her pet.

One day when she was gathering mussels along the shore she ventured over the rocks until she stood upon a small island. Here, amid the pools and

TOWED TO SHORE

Almost in despair was she when there came a familiar flapping of wings at her ears, and Goose circled affectionately about her. The next moment Arabella seized the bird's legs and the strong goose towed her through the water to the shore in a jiffy.

Goose had not forgotten the kindness shown him, and to prove his gratitude he had saved his young mistress.



Wished Bigger Lunch

INASMUCH as Willie was going upon an all-day fishing excursion with several of his special chums, grandpa was asked to pack a nice lunch for him. This operation Willie found very interesting. Suddenly he asked:

"Grandpa, do you speculate magnificently?"

"Yes, Willie," replied grandpa.

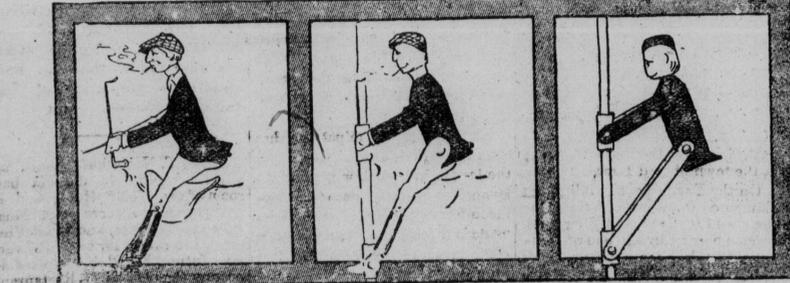
"Then," coaxed Willie, "we've to please take them off while you're packing my lunch!"

Little Joe, aged three, whose eyes were sore, was very much troubled on arising every day, to find them glued together. One morning, after waking up, he said, "Well, if my eyes have to stick up dis way, I'll dus do to sleep to-night wid 'em wide open."

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A SIMPLE CHANGE



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