

brown plateaus and gorgeous bluffs, at the silver links of river appearing and re-appearing as it wound amongst its hills.

We chose a sheltered place, as, if the sky was sunny, the wind was chill. The ground in the coulee was golden with poplar leaves. We lit a bit of a fire. Around stood the trees in gorgeous tints, above was the tender blue sky. Red cranberries lingered on the bushes, and these were sought by pretty partridges, as tame and fearless as domestic hens.

The papers and books were brought out, and we arranged ourselves comfortably in our cosy grove and prepared for a peaceful, restful Sabbath. No church bell sounded within miles, but the tingle of the cow-bell in the valley was not discordant. To one whose mind would dwell on holy things, there was nothing of jar or discord in this natural cathedral, any more than in the grandest of man's making. Perhaps not as much. The sky was the most lofty dome of blue, the hills were sun-fired altars, the river, a very River of Life, the air, the sweetest incense. No distractions of dress, or caste, no beggar at the gate. The text would suggest itself—the greatness of the Creator, the littleness of man.

Fancy reading "A Girl of the Limberlost" in such a place as I have tried to describe!—surely a proper place for the perusal of such a nature loving book.

But presently my alternate meditations and reading were broken in upon by calls for luncheon, the kettle was boiled, our lunch eaten, and I washed my dishes in water from the spring, put them away, and we returned to our reading. Then a grand tramp over the hills before the trip home in the peaceful Sabbath evening.

Thus do we pass our days "far from the madding crowd's inglorious strife."

Marketing a New Product

Mrs. Dexter, from somewhere "down-state," was enjoying her first ride in a crowded street car in Chicago. It happened that a health officer, in the performance of his regular duties, was taking a sample of the air in the car. Mrs. Dexter saw his manipulations, but could not understand them, so she turned to a policeman who was sitting next to her.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me what that man is doing?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the officer. "He's bottling the atmosphere."

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter. "What won't they do next! Do they can the air and sell it nowadays?"

A Modern Torture—Music

I live in a flat, on the second storey of a large building in E—, and above and below and beside me every neighbor seems to own a piano or a harmonium, violin, or gramophone.

The small room which has been allotted to me for work—quiet, thinking work—is directly below one in which a piano and a child have painful struggles daily.

There is a simple little tune in "Hamilton's Instruction Book," called "Lilian's a Lady." It is perfectly harmless; a genteel little air—quite tuneful, but to me, alas, Lilian is all that is unladylike and intolerable, and she is responsible for the state of frenzy to which I am now reduced.

Just imagine a simple little tune with a "one, two, three" bass causing so much misery! But what about the performer of this "lady"-piece? Can it be a harmless, innocent little child? If a child, how unchildlike in its persistency—the same tune over and over again for three-quarters of an hour by my watch!

Now fast, with wrong bars—now slow, with both hands, one sounding after the other, now jerky with faulty bass, now all over again, and so on—but always "Lilian's a Lady!"

I start humming as I work, trying to stop the sounds from above. No use! When I pause for breath the torture is still proceeding. I put my fingers to my ears, and, oh, horrors, the tune is crawling through my brain! The church clock strikes, one, two, three, "Lilian's a Lady." I seize my hat and rush wildly

out of the flat, downstairs, and away anywhere!

With nerves quite shattered, I take the advice of my doctor and leave the city for a time, hoping in the peace of a country village to finish that brain work before alluded to.

Alas, the village is here, but not the peace! From a neighboring cottage come forth the strains of an unmusical box playing two tunes which bid fair to rival "Lilian's a Lady" in their cruel monotonous repetition—"Home, Sweet Home" and "Abide with Me." Lively and pathetic airs! Still, after several hours I find myself nervously handling the paper-knife and muttering, "Abide with you," indeed! There is no "home, no home, no home, sweet home," and other imbecilities!

Along the pretty country road a quavering old flute makes a running accompaniment, and I work on with hot head and clammy fingers, mixing tears and ink-blots in sheer desperation.

The days creep on, and now my torture is varied by a piano-organ—diabolical invention—mingling "The Maiden's Prayer," ruined with endless liquid runs.

From another quarter the bagpipes advance, and here I fling from me paper and pen, and rush to the woods for solitude. I throw myself down on a bed of damp leaves and sleep comes to my rescue.

Awakening to the light of a tender moon, I rise and wander back in search of bed and food. All is still! Oh, blessed silence! Music, where are thy charms!

M.M.

Comrades

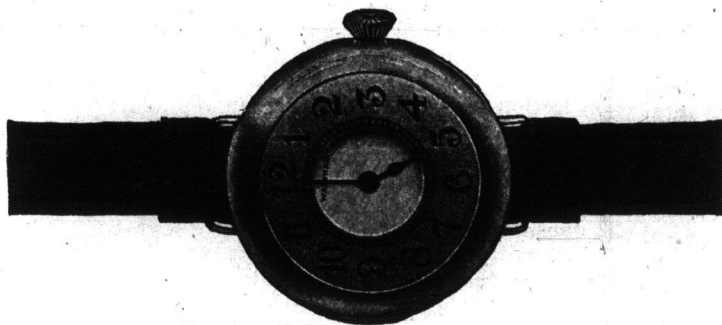
To complain is not a fault of age alone; it is a favorite pastime of youth also. A writer in the Argonaut tells the following story of an incident in a Western university. The dean of the institution was told by the students that the cook was turning out food not "fit to eat."

The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him on his shortcomings, and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the cook, "you oughtn't to place so much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals! They come to me in just the same way about your lectures."

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