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JACKY

VISIT

POLLY JANUARY BRINGS. THE SNOW. OUR PEET AND FINGERS GLOW

TEGGY

P.S. EAING ONLY THE DOLL YOU LOVE BEST CAUSE MY LYBRE HOLDS JUST SIX

THAT P. S. was what caused all the trouble.

Now, what mother could be expected to decide which child she loved best? Especially if, like Polly, she had a large and flourishing family of twenty. afternoon Polly thought and

hought.

Whom should she take?
There was Arabella Chlorinda, just resh from Paris, with a whole trunk full of beautiful dresses and hats, and a wonderful pink silk ball gown, all ready to put on. Of course, she was the one to go, without a doubt, and Polly dressed her at once.

Then came the awful thought, was Arabella Chlorinda her favorite child? She was the handsomest, certainly, and would do her little mother the most credit, but did Polly love her bestest of all? of all?

Was she dearer than slant-eyed Ah soo San, with her jet black hair and say flowered kimono? Or than faithful black Chice, with her brilliant bankanna? Or than Nicholas, her only son, who had come all the way from Russia with Uncle Bert, and was named for the Zar?

The Dolls Around the Dinner Table

A JOCKEY RACE

Besides, there was rag Betsy, who could stand so much hard treatment could stand so much hard treatment without getting hurt or cross.

And the five tiny China sisters, Janet, Florabella, Mary Jane, Prudy Parlin and Flaxy Frizzle. They were very dear to their mother, because she could make such lovely dresses for them, by just cutting three holes in a pretty patch of silk, tie it with a bright sash/and not have to bother with any nasty sewing, which, I'm afraid, Polly was not very fond of.

The China sisters also just loved to be bathed, which delighted their mother, who liked nothing better than to scrub her children—and was much distressed that water seemed injurious to the health of so many of her family.

Then, too, there was wax Lady Claribel, who had belonged to Polly's own dear mother when she was a little girl, and was very precious to Polly accordingly.

Whom should she take? Whom should

ingly.
Whom should she take? Whom should Whom should she take? Whom should she?
Polly really grew quite distracted trying to make a choice.
First she dressed one child in its best party clothes, then another.
When bedtime came she still had not made up her mind.
In the morning it was no easier.
Finally Polly got her whole family ready and put them side by side on the bed.
"I'll get dressed myself" said Polly.

bed.
"I'll get dressed myself," said Polly.
"Then I'll just shut my eyes and take
the first one I touch; that can't make
any of my precious children think I
don't love them bestest."

LOVES ROSE BEST

The little mother was really pleased when she touched Arabella Chlorinda. "She's my most stylish child, and now the others can't feel bad."
Polly started for the party with her handsome daughter, but she got no further than the front step, when she turned, ran quickly upstairs, put down Arabella Chlorinda and hastily snatched up the most disreputable looking child of all. of all.

"I don't care, you may not be very nice looking, my precious darling Rosebut I do love you best, and I can't leave you at home just because you are ugly. You shall go to the party even if the other girls do laugh!"

Now which child do you think Polly chose? Why, just a home-made rag dolly, that had lost both an arm and a leg, and who had not so much as a nose to her face? But she had slept with Polly every night since she was a wee tiny girl.

girl.

After all, the girls did not laugh.
They could not.
For at Peggy's there was not one whole, fine, well-dressed dolly to be seen. Every one was battered, bruised, cripled and very homely.
But, then, each was the child her little mother loved best, so, of course, she had to go to the party.



place, the village of the famous Nik-ko Buddhist temples. We have nothing at home to compare with this avenue of cryptomerias. It is one of the many "magnificent" things in Nik-ko.

Brrl How we shivered with the unlooked-for cold of this altitude (2000 feet), as in our two-man jinrikishas we sped from the station through the early darkness of evening to our hotel. And how glad we both were to sit down in the charming dining room to a piping-hot, though late, dinner, served us by a soft-footed, lovely maid of Nippon! GRANT'S VISIT TO JAJAN

"Nik-ko wo minai uchi wa,
"Kek-ko" to in na!"

"Do not use the word magnificent till
you have seen Nik-ko."

Starting one morning from Neno Station in Tokio, we traveled first through
low-lying rice fields, then more slowly
up through thickly wooded foothills, full
of wayside shrines and temples, till we
reached a junction. Here we had to
change trains, and as we had at least
a couple of hours to wait, we concluded
to bargain with some jinrikisha men to
take us on a brief excursion through
the silk manufacturing village nearby.

The conferring, or "So-down" ing, as
the Japanese call it, over the price to
be paid was tedious, for these ricksha
men did as many of their Tokio brethren do—asked an exorbitant price at
first, expecting us to argue it down to
a moderate figure. We succeeded at last
in settling on a satisfactory charge, and
were soon whirling down the street toward our destination.

In this particular region most of the
silk is woven on handlooms in the various homes, just as in Germany toys are
made by the peasants in their homes,
instead of in factories.

Here and there we halted and watched
the women and girls at work, just inside their open doors or latticed entrance gates. Some of them were so
curious that they stopped their work
to gaze at us, but most of them kept
right on with it, contenting themselves
with an occasional look at us.

THE JAP MOTHER-IN-LAW

To get their sleeves out of the way, they tied them up with a cord. The

mother-in-law takes precedence over the wife.

Very soon we found it was time to return to the station. All the way back we rode between green fields of tall mulberry plants, which showed how carefully they are tended by the men. For, indeed, if anything went wrong with the mulberry plants there would be no silk for the women to weave, and that would mean starvation for all.

From the junction on we toiled up a steep grade for twenty-five miles or so, till we came to the beginning of the Nik-ko region. Here we saw the first of that world-famed avenue of noble old cryptomeria trees, along which the Japanese Emperors used to travel on their way to worship at the Nik-ko temples.

Tall and stately they stood, and allowed the station of the state of the

'My!" sighed Jacky at last, "isn't this

chair between us. as a substitute for a stove.

Next morning we walked down the steep hill and across a deep-gullied mountain torrent by a bridge which is open to common people. Side by side with it is the red bridge sacred to the Emperor's use. Over this bridge, when General Grant visited Japan, the Emperor, as a special honor to his distinguished American guest, ordered that he should be conducted. But when General Grant heard that it was a sacred bridge, forbidden to common people, he de-Grant heard that it was a sacred bridge, forbidden to common people, he declined the honor and crossed by the common bridge instead, This was one of his acts that have made the Japanese people love and admire our great Civil War hero to this hour.

From the bridge we followed the great cryptomeria avenue up a winding course to the entrance to the temples. Here we purchased tickets of admission for 40 cents apiece, our Japanese boy attendant, who carried our books and wraps, going in free of charge,

THE GREAT TEMPLES

It would take a small-sized book to describe all of the numerous and magnificent temples that we saw.

"Who ever would dream that there were so many of them nuden among the pines!" exclaimed Jacky as, after having gone through the one hundredth (so it seemed to us) we suddenly came upon another temple!

In Japan temples are of either the Shinto or the Buddhist type. The former are always very simple—unadorned; but the latter (especially those in Nik-ko) are richly decorated over every square inch of their surface, inside and out!

square inch of their surface, inside and out!

The Nik-ko temples were built many centuries ago, in an era when woodcarring was in its perfection, so that was what we found to be the most prominent thing throughout all of the temples—wonderful carvings of lions, monkeys, elephants, unicorns, men, imaginary images of every possible description.

imaginary images of every possible description.

Jacky was particularly interested in the monkeys, especially when we came to the three famous ones carved over a gateway, the first known as Mi-zaru, with his hands clasped tightly on his eyes; the second, as kika-zaru, with his hands held tightly over his ears; the third, as Iwa-zaru, with his hands over his mouth.

"And what do they mean, auntie?" asked Jacky.

NO CAMERAS ALLOWED

"That Mi-razu will not see any evil, Kika-zaru will not hear any evil, and Iwa-zaru will not speak any evil, and Iwa-zaru will not speak any evil, and every Japanese reveres the teaching of these monkeys—never see, never hear, never speak any evil."

At the next turning we came upon a beautiful pony, occupying a beautiful and scrupulously clean temple apartment all to himself.

"Ah, the sacred pony for the use of the gods," explained Polly Evans, remembering what she had read in her books.

When he saw us, the pony immediately began to paw the floor in the most enticing way imaginable, and finally it dawned upon our minds that he wanted to be fed with some of the sweet bean cakes which were to be seen in a glass case, presided over by his keeeps. So for a fee of half a cent Jacky got a couple of the cakes and fed them to the sacred pony, while Polly Evans patted his sacred neck.

"Oh, for a photograph of him to send to the boys and girls at home," sighed Jacky. But we could not take one, for the very good reason that cameras were forbidden within the temple grounds.

ARTISTS' GREAT WORK

ARTISTS' GREAT WORK

Through one noble gateway after another we slowly made our way, lingering to admire such of their wonderful carvings as especially struck our notice. On either hand of one of them were two Korean Ilons—queer, grinning fellows, but splendidly done.

"Oh, Jacky," cried his auntie, "look straight up over your head at the almost invisible places between carvings and see how even there the artists have filled every square inch with some sort of decoration. They wanted these temples to be perfect wherever the human eye could possibly, even for one moment, rest and observe."

But if the outside of the temple was magnificent, how much more so the gold-decorated beautifully carved in-

other Misery

she would sell it to the neighbors, for she was so old that any other work was impossible.

Mother Misery had a daily grief: the naughty scamps of the village would climb her tree and steal the fruit. Each day they became more numerous, even coming from neighboring villages, attracted by the reputation of the apples, which were specially delicious. They came the more because they knew Mother Misery had no one to protect her, so they were not afraid of making her trouble.

The poor woman was very kind, and notwithstanding her poverty still found means to give to charity. Every beggar that came to her hut was sure in advance to share her scanty meals.

One day, just as night was falling, a poor old man, who had been driven away by every one in the village, decided to knock at her door.

The good woman had only some black bread and apples for supper, but she shared them willingly with her visitor and offered him shelter for the night.

tor and offered him shelter for the night.

In the morning, when he was about to depart, he said: "Have you no wish that I can grant, for I have the power to give you anything you ask?"

Mother Misery did not believe him, and, not dreaming what she was losing, replied at once:

"Good man, you see that tree. It is my only fortune, but, alas! I am not



mistress of it; each day I am robbed of my apples. If you can find a way to stop that stealing I will bless you for-

"Your wish shall be granted," he re-plied. "Every one who touches one of your apples will immediately be lifted into the tree and cannot come down without your permission."

Then he disappeared, leaving the old woman stupefied.

The next morning, when she looked at her tree, there was a small boy fastened to the limbs. Notwithstanding desperate struggles, he could not descend.

Mother Misery gave the boy a severe lecture, and then set him free. It was a good lesson to the boys of the viriage. Ever after the apple tree was safe, and Mother Misery was happy because she could give so much more to charity. Each evening she prayed for her kind benefactor.

Mother Misery was very old, and one day Death knocked at her door. But the poor woman clung to life, and she asked Death to give her a little longer time.

Death refused her request, sayings "Your time has come!"
Then, pointing to her apple tree, the old woman said to her visitor:

"Taste some of my nice fruit."

"Thank you," said Death, "I will."



one began to cry for Death, but he was prisoner on the apple tree and could not come.

People begged Mother Misery to let Death free, but, as she wanted to live forever, she refused.

At last, one evening, Death called her under the tree, and said:

"Let me down, and I will let you live always. I will not knock at your door again until you call me!"

This bargain concluded, Death began his work once more.

Mother Misery has not yet called, which is the reason sorrow and trouble are always to be found on earth.

The Holey Stockings. Little Katie started to dress herself one morning in a great hurry.

"Katie," called her mother, "why are you putting your stocking on wrong side out?"

"Oh, mother, it takes too long to hunt a new pair, and there is a hole on the other side."

"From this bottle of ink I shall take a drink." So in went his bill; Not one drop did he spill. But, alas! as you see, That ink, black as he, Disagreed with the crow-Very thin did he grow. "Caw, caw! Caw, caw! This black fluid raw," Growled the thirsty crow, "I'll in future forego."

But 'twas really too late

P. S.—Children, dear, You may quite like to hear That a crow-quill's a pen, Used by women and men, With a point extra fine, To draw a neat line; 'Tis of crow feathers made, Or of steel of high grade.



Puzzles and Problems

A. Riddle.

pavements are not icy, is a jockey race on canes.

Put each player astride a long cane tied with a gay ribbon bridle to match a paper jockey cap. The bridle must be held in the left hand, while a whip is used in the right.

The starter, with a flag, stands to the side of a given line, while the riders are lined up back of it.

"One, two, three, off!" cries the starter, and away go all the jockeys at a full gallop around the course which has been decided on beforehand.

The rider crossing the line first is the

Queer Arithmetic. How can you subtract 100 from 90? Write 1000 in one figure. Take 1 from 19 and leave 20.



A Picked Proverb.

Little Sammy is told by his teacher to rrite one hundred on the board, using no gures but nines. figures but nines.

As you can see. Sammy is stumped.

Can any of you boys and girls help him
put?



The Postman's Bag. Clang! clang! clang! The postman rang. And a wonderful lot Of letters we got.

"Since a letter I've brought
To your daughter, Sue,"
Said the postman, "plum pudding
Without her can't do. There is now in my care
A letter that makes him
A jewel rare.

"For Miss Clare is also A letter fine That will change her at once To a ruddy wine.

"For Mr. Rush
I have letters two
That will turn him to a bird
Of a soft-brown hue.

"While for little Ed Are two letters small That will make him of use When the snow does fail."

Last Week's Answers

Beheadings. 1, Scamp-camp; 2, Drum-rum; 3, Scold-cold; 4, Scat-cat; 5, Goats-cats; 6, Shoe-hoe. Where is She? Tokyo, Japan. (Toque-key-O, Jap-pan.)

Fractions. fanuary—Ja (James); N (Nero); U (Ulyses); A (Andre); Ry (Mary). An Hour Glass. New Year-Neither, Eliza, Woe, I, Wee Erica, Nicator or Nicanor?

The Christmas Tree.
Saint Nicholas—Stocking, ark, Indian, needle case, tinsel, net, inkstand, cornucopia, hat, opera-glass, looket, angel, Saata Claus.

MISS ELEPHANT'S DEBUT.

Miss Elephant's coming-out ball, In her palm-tree-bedecked dancing hall Was as curious a sight, On a midsummer night, As e'er on your vision might fall.

cent) apiece we got a wooden dipperful to drink.

Again we paused before a Shinto temple, where service was going on. Priests in rich purple-colored robes came up the stone steps, acknowledged our respectful bow, slipped their gata off their feet, approached the altar, and each priest in his turn officiated for, say, five minutes, then taking his departure and being succeeded by another priest. The service consisted in bowing low before the altar, clapping the hands, repeating this operation three times, then chanting a long prayer; all of the worshipers in the meantime crouching on the floor behind the priest and bowing their forcheads to the floor at regular intervals. Then a Japanese warden, clad all in white-robe, high gauzelike headdress and tobi-danced a slow sacred dance to the tune solemnly beat by a priest on a deep-toned drum.

Presently we found our way to a

SOME QUEER SINGING

Her friends of all animal land, She had asked to be surely on hand; But so early they came, To their very great shame, They got there ahead of the band.

But striving politely to please, Miss Elephant set them at ease, "If some one can play, We will waits right away, Though our hand organ has a wheese,"

Then did Mr. Orang-outang cry, "Now, really, you all are too shy; I can grind but one tune,

For I'm but a baboon, But I'll play, since no others will try."

The Hippopotamus' tread was not light,
The Rhinoceros' stop was a sight;
While the Elephant's time
Was almost a crime;
But in dancing they all took delight.

As the Ostriches hopped left and right, "What a blessing we have a fine night, For damp, rainy weather Would uncurl each feather," Cried Miss Ostrich, "and make me a fright."

The Giraffes held their heads very higher As they glided majestically by;
While Sir Antelope flew
With his kin, Miss Koodoo,
Round and round, till their horns went awry. "Let's begin! There is no time to lose!"
Then a relative each one did choose.
"Twas really most strange
How they did it arrange,
But no lady to dance did refuse.

"Such a beautiful ball we ne'er knew!"
Cried the guests as they made their
adieu.
"With music so grand,
We did not miss the band;
Now, Miss Elephant, really, that's
true!"

The Orang-outang sniffed, "Well you may
Think this ball was delightfully gay;
But please understand
That I've lamed my hand,
And have learned that good nature den't
pay!"

