

MR. AND MRS. WREN

How Home Was Saved for the Small Songsters.

Human Ingenuity Outwitted Sparrows Determined to Drive Them From Abode That Had Been Provided for Them.

Accepting the open invitation of a large cigar box, tacked on the wall, long way up and down, and perforated with a hole as large as a half dollar piece, Jenny Wren and her husband stopped with us this spring, and delighted us with their domestic felicity all summer long. We even made a little perch just beneath their doorway, to which they took kindly, and where they would perch and sing their masterpieces of heavenly joy.

Alas, fatal mistake! The saucy English sparrows fooled around the neighborhood two months before they discovered that perch. Then a pair of them found it, and learned they could get their heads in the hole. Forthwith war ensued, and the blood-thirsty intruders dragged out the babies and dropped them on the ground, after a pitched battle with Jenny Wren and her husband, and amid the anguished tears of two children.

The babies were returned by me, under the watchful eyes of their parents, who immediately came back to the nest. The tragedy was repeated, and then the perch was torn away. The wrens went through the hole without it and with perfect ease, and the sparrows were checkmated. It took them two days to learn that they could hang to that hole with their feet, just as the wrens did, and Jenny and her husband were again driven away.

In an almost human way the tiny pair seemed to appeal to me for protection. I then took a card and cut a hole in it about as large as a quarter, and this I tacked over the larger opening in the cigar box. Immediately as I came down from the ladder the waiting wrens reassumed possession of their domicile, and though the opening was rather small for them, they cheerfully put up with this inconvenience.

The sparrows returned, but gave up the job when they saw the new doorway. Thus was peace restored in the family of the dear little songsters, and the entire human family rejoiced with them. It was a battle of human wits against those plucky little "boot-blacks" of the bird race—the English sparrows. Never have we had such bewitching little friends as Mr. and Mrs. Wren, with their friendly chatter and joyous, full-throated song, morning, noon and evening; the insect diet for their precious youngsters often being gathered at our very feet. —J. P. Lowry in Our Dumb Animals.

Mental Telepathy.

A remarkable case of mental telepathy is connected with the death of a commercial traveler named Stenner, who was fatally injured by falling over the Clifton Rocks, at Cheltenham, England, not long since. At the time of the accident his wife was entertaining visitors. Suddenly she became greatly agitated, and declared that she heard screams. No one else heard them, and a search failed to reveal the cause of her alarm. Next morning she learnt of the accident to her husband. Stenner went for a walk on the cliffs. He sat down on a seat and fell asleep. A short time after, he awoke, feeling himself falling. He landed among bushes on a ledge of the cliff, but his back was broken by the fall and he was paralyzed from the waist downwards. Fearing that he might fall further, as there was a drop of two hundred feet to the bottom of the cliff, he pulled himself by his arms to a more secure position and lay there half the night calling for help. A policeman found him at five in the morning.

Waste of Natural Gas.

Were it possible to transport natural gas as coal, petroleum, or other fuels now in use are transported, it would be the leading fuel of the world and its value would probably exceed that of any other commodity. As it is, enormous quantities are wasted annually, quantities too great even to be estimated. The utilization of waste gas from the oil wells in different parts of the United States has been an important means of conserving this fuel, and the increasing number of plants erected and being erected for the extraction of gasoline from this "casing-head gas" was one of the most important features of the natural-gas industry in the year 1912.

Mother Would Be Interested.

A little Baltimore girl, aged seven, was not long ago visiting some cousins in Baltimore county. One afternoon a momentous announcement was made to these little cousins.

"Children," said the nurse, with becoming gravity, "you have a new brother—a new baby brother."

Whereupon the Baltimore child laughed and clapped her hands and extended her heartiest congratulations to her cousins.

"And now, children," she said, in her turn, "you must run and tell your mamma!"

Her Welcome.

Niece—Aunt, this is our new minister, who has called to see you.

The Old Lady—Indeed, I'm glad to see you sir, and I hope you will call as often as the last incumbence did. —Puck.

IN A LEISURELY WAY

CERTAINLY THIS "WOING WAS LONG A-DOING."

Dianthy and Joshua Thought They Liked Each Other, But It Took Them 25 Years to Be Certain.

The recent death in a New Hampshire village of a placid, pleasant old lady, afflicted with very few infirmities at ninety-seven, has recalled anew the story of her courtship, which the villagers delight to tell.

As a girl she was very pretty, and had several suitors. It gradually became evident that she especially favored a certain Joshua. The others, one after another, withdrew, and left him a clear field, and there seemed nothing to hinder the happy conclusion of his wooing. He was, however, like the fair Diantha—of a leisurely disposition.

It was two years before he proposed, and was accepted. Everybody expected the wedding to follow soon; all the relatives approved, there was plenty of money, and each owned a house and land. But it was five years later when a farm helper overheard Joshua, invited to appraise the apple crop of his bride-to-be, digress from business a moment at the orchard gate.

"Dianthy," he inquired, mildly, "when be ye goin' to marry me?"

"Land, Joshua," was the reply, "if I'd known you was goin' to spring up-settin' questions, I wouldn't have ast ye over. Don't ye know a girl can't be hurried? Let's talk apples."

"No hurry, no hurry, Dianthy; take your time," agreed Joshua, amiably. "We're both comf-table as we be. Only folks seem to be kind of expectin' us to hitch before the season's out, and I didn't know's we ought to disapp'int 'em."

It was another five years before Joshua—whether of his own motion or under pressure of public opinion—repeated his question. Then he was put off on the plea that Diantha must "get her things ready."

She was several years about that; then the deaths of various uncles and aunts deferred the wedding for several more. After all was ready, it took six years for the lovers to decide whether they should live in his house, or in hers; then three years were required to dispose of the house to be vacated. Altogether, it took them a quarter of a century to get married.

They were very happy, however, and Diantha, after she was left a widow, never wearied of eulogizing her departed consort.

"Joshua wa'n't what you'd call a driver," she would sigh, reminiscently, "but then, Providence had so fur provided for us that he had no call to be; and if he was slow-going, there never was a man more comf-table to go along with."—Youth's Companion.

Nitrogen From Air.

At Odda, on the west coast of Norway, is the largest plant in the world for making nitrogen out of atmospheric air. It liquifies 100 tons of air a day, out of which it extracts 77 tons of nitrogen. From this is made a fertilizer called cyanamide, of which 80,000 tons a year are produced. Cyanamide contains 20 per cent. of nitrogen, 12 per cent. free carbon, 60 per cent. of lime and 8 per cent. of inert substances.

It is used not only as a fertilizer, but also in the production of ammonium salts and nitric acid.

At Aura, also in Norway, another plant with 100,000 horse power, furnished by waterfalls, is being built with carbide and cyanamide furnaces to make 200,000 tons annually of cyanamide. This same company has bought water-power at other places that will supply it with 1,000,000 horse power more and has plans for factories that will produce nearly 2,000,000 tons of cyanamide a year. Ultimately it will furnish as great an output of nitrogen products as the whole natural supply of Chile.

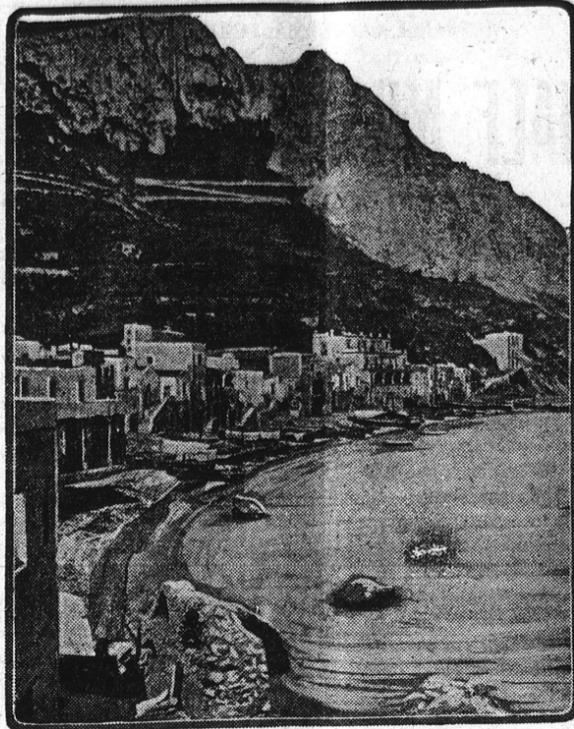
Met Death on Mountain.

A well known mountaineer, Dr. Preuss of Vienna, was found the other day in a terribly mutilated condition at the foot of a precipice a thousand feet high on the Mandkogelof, in the Dachstein group in Styria. Doctor Preuss, who was twenty-five years of age, had been missing since the beginning of last month. Doctor Preuss was climbing with two English visitors on the Aiguille Rouge de Pentre, near Courmayeur, France, when they met their tragic death more than a year ago. Doctor Preuss owed his life on that occasion to the fact that he was not roped. He was able to make his descent to Courmayeur and conduct a search party to the scene of the accident.

As the Country Sees It.

The city papers poke fun at the items in the country papers which tell of John Doe butchering a hog, or Jim Smith visiting at P. Jones' over Sunday, but here is the Kansas City Star printing columns of articles and editorials about the "Nullo Bid in Auction Bridge," as if it were one of the absorbing topics of national concern. It all depends on the point of view. The city people don't care a whoop about who butchers the hogs, as long as the farmers continue to produce them for their consumption, neither do the people outside of the cities care a whoop about the nullo bid, whatever that is, having a whole lot of more profitable and intellectual matters to worry about. —Cimarron Jacksonian.

Messina Still in Ruins



SCENE IN MESSINA.

MORE than four years have flown since I steamed up these classic straits on the morrow of the most appalling catastrophe in human history, writes Austin West, correspondent of the London Chronicle. In less than half a minute at that dull December dawn, what the world of today talks of as "the Messina earthquake" had shattered into dust no fewer than twenty-four towns along the Siculo-Calabrian seaboard. The devastation caused by shocks, by tidal wave and devouring flames extended over an area of 100 square miles. With just one swipe of his scythe Death had mowed down nigh upon a quarter of a million members of humanity.

Here, banked by mountains and lying snug between the fiery breasts of Etna and Vesuvius, slumbers the new twentieth century Pompeii.

On approaching its magnificent sickle shaped harbor—suggestive of Messina's ancient name of Zankle—one sees that the long, stately sweep of palatial facades along the Marine, which formerly seemed to be playing a hideous joke in belying the utter destruction hidden behind, has lately been in part demolished, exposing vividly to view that vast necropolis where almost every crumbled edifice is at once an altar and a tomb. The harbor works, which ought to have been among the very first concerns in reconstruction, are instead the most neglected. The government gave out \$100,000 of repair work nearly a year ago, but the contractors have not yet started on the job. I found the port much as I had left it. Yet, so lucky is Messina by virtue of its natural position that, despite all drawbacks, the world's ships prefer dropping anchor here in increasing numbers, and its port trade is greater than before the disaster.

Neptune Alone Remains.

Wavelets ripple over the sunken wharves, the quayside and adjacent streets remain rent asunder in mighty gaps; the Parade all uphove, smashed, and incumbered with rubbish as when the tidal wave, 150 feet in height, retired after its vent of herculean casigation. One object rivets attention. The giant form of Neptune, trident in hand, surveys the scene serenely from the summit of his superb fountain. The sea has respected its god. Pious folk pointed me to the survival of this and like pagan memories, in contrast with the annihilation of their own sacred shrines, as proof positive that the quake was the handiwork of demons.

Among the most artistic fanes of Old Messina was the fourteenth century church of San Niccolo. Several months before the calamity a commission of civil engineers reported the building to the authorities as being in an exceedingly dangerous condition, and an order was issued for its immediate closure to public worship. San Niccolo is the only solitary church which the great earthquake spared!

The grand old Norman cathedral which bravely withstood the upheavals of 800 years presents an unforgettable appearance. Cleared of its mountain of debris, the interior—305 feet long and 145 feet across—looks as though it had fallen prey to the iconoclasm of a barbarian horde. Sculptured fragments of its glorious baptistry, pulpit and royal tombs are piled in the nave. Twenty-two gigantic pillars of granite that upheld the clerestory lie smashed and tumbled about the pavement in impressive chaos.

What a wonderful history has been theirs! Centuries before Christ trod the earth these columns reared their heads aloft in the famous Temple of

Neptune alongside Charvylis at the northern extremity of the straits. From their niches in the massive outer walls which, to an unequal height, are all that is left standing of the holy place, mutilated statues of apostles stare around, some in amazement, some in unconcern, or as if pointing out in mute melancholy the havoc encompassing them. In a corner by the west entrance lies the great peal of quaintly inscribed bells, incrustured with verdigris. Several of the smaller ones are uncracked. Grass has grown thick on the ruined wall tops, over which it is proposed to extend a roof of light material, and so preserve the relics as a national monument.

Rich in Buried Treasure.

The art treasures in this cathedral were valued at \$10,000. The gem laden high altar—erected in 1628 for enshrining a letter said to have been sent by the Virgin Mary to the people of Messina through St. Paul, promising their city everlasting protection against all calamities—was perhaps the costliest in Christendom; for the bills recently recovered from the buried archives show that the price paid was 3,300,000 lire, or nearly \$1,000,000. The sanctuary, with its remnants of gorgeous mosaic, apse, has been stoutly built around. All photographing is forbidden, and I was informed that the authorities, for some unascertainable reason, had bought up or sequestered all existing pictures. The night watchman inside told me they always had to do duty in groups, and armed with revolvers, to repel the incursions of sacrilegious deprecators; and that, in spite of all, large quantities of precious mosaic marbles, statuary and so forth had been plundered.

ODD NAMES GIVEN TO DISHES

Fabulous Animals Appear Right Along at the Dinner and Supper Table.

When one comes to think of it, it is surprising how many fabulous animals come regularly to the dinner table or supper table. Among them, of course, the most familiar is the Welsh rabbit, which in its original form was merely toasted cheese. Some folk declare that the name is a corruption of "rarebit," but this has never been proved.

Scotch woodcock is two slices of hot buttered toast, with an anchovy on each slice, and a sauce made of a half-pint of milk and the yolks of three eggs poured over them.

The mock turtle is one of the most familiar of fabulous table animals, being served in the form of soup. In "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" will be found a striking picture of the remarkable reptile, represented with the body of a turtle and the head of a calf.

Mock turtle is a roll of chopped meat and bread crumbs baked. Mock crab is made by mixing equal parts of grated cheese and butter, seasoning with salt, pepper and vinegar, and adding a few drops on slices of dry toast or sometimes served in crab shells.

Made in Germany.

Jugend has heard of Miss Marie Lloyd's reception in New York, and now it publishes a picture of a woman and a man just landed and standing before a window in which a brutally official head appears. There is this dialogue:

Officer—Are you a singer? Are you married?
Singer—No; the gentleman accompanies me only on the piano.
Officer—Get out!

FIND GINGER A HELP

HOUSEWIVES WELCOME CONDIMENT AT THIS SEASON.

Nothing Better for Desserts During Between-Season Lulls—Preserved or Canded It Will Be Found Equally Acceptable.

There are several between-season hulls every year when fresh fruits are not at their best. In the late autumn there is a period when peaches, grapes, and pears have passed their prime, and nuts have not yet reached theirs. Then the housekeeper and cook must put their wits to work to give their menus flavor. Preserved ginger helps solve the problem, so far as desserts are concerned.

Ginger cream is one of the good things to make with this candied fruit. The ingredients needed for it are a cupful of milk and a cupful of cream, half an ounce of gelatine, the yolks of three eggs, two ounces of sugar, a little lemon jelly, two ounces of candied or preserved ginger, some diced candied fruits, and half a gill of ginger syrup.

If you use preserved ginger, drain off the liquid in which it is preserved. If you use candied ginger, soak it for half an hour in just enough water to cover it, and then simmer it gently for fifteen minutes. Drain and use this syrup and use the drained ginger where candied or preserved ginger is called for.

Melt the jelly and pour it, with the candied fruits, in the bottom of a mold. Tip the mold from side to side until the jelly hardens, so that the ginger will be held in place evenly over the bottom of the mold. Heat the milk in a double boiler and pour it slowly over the egg yolks, beaten.

Then thicken this custard in the double boiler. Remove it from the fire and add the sugar and the gelatine, dissolved in the ginger syrup. Cool it. Whip the cupful of cream, add the ginger, cut in small pieces, and stand it aside until it is almost set. Then pour it in the mold and let it harden. Serve chilled.

Baked Onions.

Peel as many good firm, medium-sized onions as the size of your family will require. Put them into a saucepan and parboil until tender, not done. Remove and drain water carefully off. Then place in a deep baking dish, close enough together so that they will just swell. Season with salt, pepper and a few tiny pieces of butter. Cover with a layer of finely rolled bread crumbs, drop two or three pieces of butter on these, pour over all one cup of cream or rich milk and bake until the crumbs are a rich golden brown. Bake in a moderate oven. Remove and serve in individual dishes, either plain or with a white sauce.

Breakfast Rolls.

Sift one-half pound of white flour into a basin, add a pinch of salt and mix it with four ounces of corn flour, then rub in one and one-half ounces of butter. Next add a heaped-up teaspoonful of baking powder and mix again, then stir in gradually one and a half gills of milk and work quickly into a smooth dough. When sufficiently kneaded, divide the dough into even sized portions, and shape them on a floured board into rolls. Place them on a greased and floured baking tin and bake in a well heated oven for about twenty minutes. Brush over the rolls with milk a few minutes before they are finished baking.

Favorite Salad.

Turn boiling water over firm ripe tomatoes for a moment, then drain, then pour cold water over them and drain again. Slice cold beets and also the tomatoes. Arrange lettuce leaves on a platter. Then place a slice of beet on each leaf, and sprinkle with a little salt and pepper. Now place a slice of tomato on the beet, then another slice of beet, then tomato, then beet, until there are five slices with beet at top and bottom, seasoning each one. Just before serving pour over the salad dressing.

Orange Cream Filling.

Put into a cup the rind of one-half and the juice of one orange, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and fill with hot water; strain and put on to boil; add one tablespoonful corn starch, wet with cold water and cook ten minutes, being careful not to scorch; beat yolk of one egg with two heaping tablespoonfuls sugar; add to the mixture with one teaspoonful butter; cook until butter is dissolved; let cool.

Chocolate Bars.

One cup granulated sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs beaten light, one-half cup flour (full measure), one and one-half teaspoons of milk, two squares chocolate melted, one-half cup walnuts chopped fine. Flavor with vanilla. Bake in dripping pan. Cut into bars when done.

Hard Sauce.

Cream one-third cup of butter until very soft, gradually add one cupful of sifted powdered sugar and continue beating until the sauce is light and creamy. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon juice. Pile on a fancy plate, chill and serve at table with hot puddings.

To Keep Parsley Fresh.

Instead of keeping parsley in water, which often turns it yellow, put it in an airtight jar in a cool place. This keeps it fresh for a much longer time.

SOON TO WED PRINCE

Youthful Grand Duchess of Luxembourg Engaged.

Ruler of European Toy Kingdom Said to Be of Independent Character, and Her Subjects Are Very Proud of Her.

Europe's youngest and probably prettiest ruler is to marry Prince Henry of Bavaria.

She is a girl of eighteen, and is grand duchess of Luxembourg, one of Europe's toy countries, which lies tucked away between France, Germany, Holland and Belgium. It is as independent as Britain, except that it has agreed to the powers' demand that it shall never take sides in a war.

Her subjects number fewer than one-quarter of a million, and her country has the easily remembered area of 999 square miles—about thirty long by thirty broad. It talks a weird language of its own—partly French, partly German and containing hundreds of words just like the English.

The grand duchess is a strong friend of France. The chief attraction for tourists about her capital, which is surrounded by cliffs and is nearly as strong as Gibraltar, is that all the church bells before striking the hour, play gay little snatches from opera and musical comedy, ending always in a local chorus:

"We mean to be just what we are. We never will be German!"

The youthful grand duchess has been a "surprise packet" for her country, and for the big countries round her, who naturally believed that so young a girl would be open to pressure. She has a will of her own. Just after succeeding to the throne, at the mature age of eighteen, she flatly refused her consent to a bill that had passed parliament and the council of state, and had even been approved and signed by her mother, who for some years had been ruling the country as regent.

She is very proud of her country and its independence, and runs it with a ceremonious state that would not disgrace a country ten times its size. She once said, at a time when Germany was hinting at the advantages of German friendship: "Our friend Wilhelm does not seem to realize that brains may be cultivated without mustaches." Or so the proud Luxembourg goes repeat.

She is the oldest of seven girls, and has been known to tell, with a smile, a story of her youngest sister's birth. A hundred and one guns were to be fired at the birth of a prince, twenty-three for a princess. All Luxembourg was anxiously hoping for a boy after the long run of girls. The cannon started firing. By some mistake the salutes stopped at twenty. A little boy holding his father's hand looked up at him in despair, with the sad remark: "Not even a girl this time, dad!"—Pearson's Weekly.

"Mules Is Mules," Too.

A "Pigs Is Pigs" sort of story comes from Maryville, the hero in this case also being a mule. The mule was shipped from Lincoln, Neb., to a man in York county over the Burlington, shipping charges collect, to a man who had bought it sight unseen. When he did see it he refused to either pay the charges or accept the mule.

Finally the railroad shipped the mule back to Lincoln, where its original owner refused to take it back. The purchaser has sued the Lincoln man, and it is said that however the case goes, it will be appealed to the supreme court, which is already two years behind in its docket. In the meantime the mule is being boarded in Omaha and the Burlington has had to guarantee the feed bill. The railroad is willing for the mule to die.—Maryville (Mo.) Tribune.

He Knew Better.

"Generally run down?" asked the man in the drug store. "Want a tonic? I've the very thing for you—Briscoe's Beatal. Three times a day, and in two days you'll feel like another man. Fifty cents a bottle."

"Oh, no, no," said the customer, energetically.

"But it is the very thing for you. All the doctors are recommending it. We can't get it fast enough for our customers."

"I believe you, but I would prefer something else."

"Nonsense! I tell you the Beatal will do more good in one day than anything else in a month. It cures everything. What's your objection?"

"Only that I'm Briscoe."—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Late Guess.

During a case of severe illness, the wife of the sick man asked a neighbor to go over to the next farm, and buy ten cents' worth of onions to make potlives.

When the caller asked for onions, the farmer looked perplexed, and declared that he had no onions, never did have any, and did not even know what an onion was! The neighbor remarked that he was almost certain that he had seen onions in the garden.

"No, you are mistaken, stranger," the farmer answered. "I got porters, tomatoes, redishes, green punkins, but no onions."

After the man had gone on his way, the farmer turned to his wife, and said: "Hettie, I wonder if that man didn't mean 'inyans'?"—Youth's Companion.