

# —Odds and Ends.—

## STEALING A POST-OFFICE.

The citizens of Mountain View, Oklahoma, who some time ago built their town in three days, and later bought out the rival town of Oakdale, have added to their exploits by stealing the post-office from a neighbouring village. The Mountain View post-office has been in a grocery store, and

was talking with one of the foremost contemporary Scotch writers, and I said to him: 'Is there not a great deal of poetry among the commonest and most uneducated people in Scotland?' 'Said he: 'They are saturated with it.' 'One day in the early spring he was walking along the side of a mountain in Skye, when he came to a hut in

"Well, not exactly that," said the old man; "but I tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world!"

"Where untrained farming folk go out and take off their hats to the beauty of the world, it is there that we may expect to find poets."

"Peasants do not use the language of poets unless they have the souls of poets in them."

But whence comes the peasants' sentiment and power of expression? "It is my belief," answers Mr Mabie,

with a keen imagination. So, I believe that it is largely because of this that a little people so far to the north, so out of the reach of balmy skies and tropical influences, are so rich in the greater elements of thought and knowledge, and art, and life."

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## THE MOST FAMOUS MAN.

I believe I have said what in naming Mr Kipling, who is at this moment, possibly, the most famous man in the world, and whose work, in some sort of measure, is known



LITTLE MISS MUFFETT, SHE SAT ON A TUFFETT, EATING OF CURDS AND WHEY.



THERE CAME A GREAT SPIDER, WHO SAT DOWN BESIDE HER,

the local paper of a town not far distant, which had a separate post-office building of its own, had been twitting Mountain View that it had no post-office building because of unimportance. On Sunday some of the more impetuous spirits of Mountain View secretly resolved to turn the tables on their tormentors by stealing their post-office. They hitched three teams of strong horses to a low wagon and started for the rival village late at night. Arriving at their destination, they lifted the post-office bodily on to the waggon, the operation being made easy as the post-office was but a small box-like building. Then, without arousing any of the townspeople, they started back for Mountain View. They were met by practically the entire population, who had been informed of the proceedings after the men had set out upon their errand. The post-office was placed in the centre of the town, gaily decorated with flags, while the jubilant victors were overwhelmed with congratulations. The people of the village bereft of its post-office are in a terrible rage over the trick that has been played upon them, and threaten to have everybody in Mountain View arrested for interfering with the mails.

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## SCOTCH GENIUS.

In a recent address, Mr Hamilton W. Mabie called attention to the fact that Scotland, a little country far to the north, under dolesome skies, and swept by depressing mists and chilling winds, has been very fertile in men of genius. Every one of its generations during the last five centuries has produced a Scotchman to give literary expression to the emotions and imaginations of English-speaking peoples.

Mr Mabie's explanation of this fertility is that there is something rich and grand in the race, something deep in its heart, which even the Scotch peasant has the insight to see and the power to express.

"Last summer," says Mr Mabie, "I

which lived an old man he had known a great many years. He saw the old man with his head bowed and his bonnet in his hand. My friend came up and said to him after a bit:

"I didn't speak, Sandy, because I thought you might be at prayers."

"that the Scotch people have derived their inspiration from their knowledge of the great poetry of the Old and New Testaments. Nobody can know the Psalms of David or the prophecies of Isaiah, or that sublime Book of Job, without being imbued

almost as widely as his name. All must own this, whatever any may think of his work; and it seems to me that the fact ought to dispose of the doubt whether this is a poetry-reading age. It is a mighty and a lusty note, full of faith and hope; and it is the note which makes Mr Kipling famous wherever an Anglo-Saxon word is spoken or an Anglo-Saxon shot is fired; it stirs the blood of both Briton and American; and it is not the poet's reproach if they forget the deeper meanings of his songs. He says what he came to say; he happened in the time which could hear his voice; he does not so much teach as tell; but no doubt the time will come when the warning in his message will be plain to senses now hidden. It may not be plain to our American senses, till we have trampled into the red mire of tropic morasses the faith in men which made us the hope of men; but that is not the blame of a poet who has read us and said us more keenly than any alien before.—W. D. Howells.

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## HOW TO LIVE TO ONE HUNDRED.

Are you anxious to live to be one hundred years of age? If your ambition lie in that direction, here, according to a physician, is the outfit you require:—The right parentage. You must have parents and grand-parents who lived long. A body of medium size, fairly plump. Good chest capacities more important than height. A quick, springy, elastic step. A bright eye and clear colour. A symmetrical head of medium size, set erect upon a firm neck. A regular even circulation of the blood. You shouldn't be troubled by cold hands or feet. Slow, haudible breathing, without nasal obstruction. Sound sleep without frequent dreams. A clear voice neither rough nor hoarse. A keen appetite, which is nevertheless satisfied with a moderate quantity of food. Perfect digestion, shown by freedom from headache, giddiness, heartburn or such troubles.



AND FRIGHTENED MISS MUFFETT AWAY. Photos. by Charles Hemus.