

CUPID'S BOW.

Down in the gloaming, where the river
makes a bend
There in the lane so narrow,
Cupid is wandering, his bow to mend.
And sharpening the point of his arrow.
Sing heigho! when he lets it go,
Be sure that the mark it will not pass by,
For deep in each heart will be found the
dart
Which Cupid sent when his bow let fly.

Down in the gloaming, when the stars were
shining bright,
Banishing gloom and sorrow,
Cupid strayed in a sad and dismal plight,
And longed for the coming mornow.
Sing heigho! for his bow he has let go.
It has fallen in the grass at his feet,
And his thoughts have flown to a love of his
own,
Whom tomorrow he hopes to meet.

Down in the gloaming tripped a merry little
lass,
Picked up the bow and arrow,
Pointed it straight and stood in the grass,
In a patch of moonlight narrow.
Sing heigho! when she lets it go,
Be sure that the mark it will not pass by;
For deep in his heart she will send that
dart.
"Go straight," she said, as the bow let fly.

Ah, little Cupid, methinks the tale is told,
You are in for a time of sorrow:
He who lays a trap, like the folks of old,
Will be caught himself tomorrow.
Sing heigho! as your arrows go,
But be sure that your heart is safe, you
elf.
Or the story of old by you will be told,
And your bow will be used to shoot your-
self.

—Ida Rowe, in Madams.

IN A TUNNEL

"Miss Alice! Miss Alice! will ye be
affur comin' upstairs? An' sure
she's dead intirely this time!" cried
the frightened servant girl, rushing
out on the piazza, where Alice Austin
stood looking anxiously down the
road.

Alice hurried upstairs and found
her sister-in-law lying still and white
on the floor.

"Bring me some water and the salts
from the bureau, Betty; she has only
fainted," said Alice, kneeling beside
the prostrate form.

In a few minutes Mrs. Austin opened
her eyes and said feebly:
"Has Edward come home yet? I
feel so strangely sick!"

"We will send for the doctor pres-
ently, Margaret, when we get you to
bed. Ned will be home soon, I hope,"
and with Betty's assistance Alice
lifted the slight form on the bed.

Three weeks before Eddie Austin,
the two-year-old idol of the house-
hold, had disappeared, and all search
for him had proved fruitless. As the
days passed on hope gave way to
despair, and the heart-broken mother,
weighed down by anxiety and the
cruel torture caused by false reports
of the discovery of her boy, sank into
a state of apathy bordering on insani-
ty. Daily was the cry heard through
the streets of the little village of Fair-
field: "Child lost! Child lost! Large
rewards offered!" till all hearts sick-
ened at the sound.

Mothers kept their little ones within
doors, dreading far less the entrance
of the Dark Angel than that fiend in
human form should steal their house-
hold treasure to gratify a merciless
passion of avarice.

"Betty, you will have to take one
of the girls and go for the doctor,"
whispered Alice, in alarm, as she no-
ticed a gray pallor, creeping over the
wan face on the pillow.

"An' shure, miss, none of 'em be
home but meself. And oh, Miss Alice,
I niver can walk alone to Fairfield
this dark, dark night."

The girl looked so frightened at the
bare prospect of going that Alice said,
after a pause:
"Well, Betty, then I shall have to
go, and you must stay with Mrs. Aus-
tin. If Mr. Austin returns before I
do, tell him I have gone by way of the
tunnel," she added, putting on her
hat and walking jacket.

"The saints deliver us! For Hiven's
sake, don't ye be goin' to the tunnel,
Miss Alice!" exclaimed Betty, implor-
ingly.

"Don't be frightened," replied
Alice, smiling. "No train will pass
for an hour, and it shortens my walk
nearly a mile. It is just 6 o'clock
now, and I shall be home a little after
7," and, giving the girl some parting
injunctions about her sister, Alice ran
downstairs. Opening her brother's
escripote in the library, she took
from a private drawer a small pocket
revolver and, opening the front door,
stepped out into the darkness.

It was a damp, cold night in No-
vember. The wind moaned drearily
through the leafless trees, and heavy
clouds chased each other across the
heavens, obscuring the moon. Cross-
ing the road, Alice walked a short dis-
tance and, clambering over a stone
wall, found herself in the narrow strip
of wood which bordered the railroad
cut. Following the narrow, beaten
path through the trees, she soon
reached the edge of the ravine, 15 or
20 feet above the track. The path
continued its windings down the side
of the cut, but the way was stony and
in many places dangerous. The dark-
ness, too, prevented anything like
rapid progress.

She finally reached the bottom of
the ravine and had crossed to the
right-hand track, when a low sound
from the bushes above her caused
her to spring out on her feet. She
almost stopped her feet, but she
quickly crunched
the soft ground
under her feet
and the faint
light of the
moon
showed her
the form of
a man
crouching
in the
bushes
above her.
She
started
back,
but
she
was
so
close
to
the
edge
of
the
cut
that
she
could
not
do
so.
She
was
so
close
to
the
edge
of
the
cut
that
she
could
not
do
so.
She
was
so
close
to
the
edge
of
the
cut
that
she
could
not
do
so.

nothing but marchin' and counter-
marchin' this whole cursed day," said
a low, coarse voice among the bushes.
"Why did yer enter into the bargain
if yer goin' to back out so soon?"
muttered another man, with an oath.
"Well, I'd be satisfied with half the
ten thousand, for I'm nigh done up
with these three weeks' work," said
the first one.

"An' I tell ye I'll niver give him up
till I git the whole twinty thousand.
The father's rich, and its twinty thou-
sand dollars or the mother'll niver
see her swate darlin' agin."

A brutal laugh grated upon the
girl's ears; then the first speaker
whispered:

"I reckon she'll niver know her
boy in this little bag of bones, though
me arms is wore out wid carryin' him
the last three hours."

Alice could scarcely believe what
her ears had heard. Her brain reeled,
and she nearly fell from the rocky
ledge on which she sat as the truth
dawned upon her. Her brother's child,
her golden-haired little pet, was just
within her grasp, but two brutal men
kept watch over him. As she began
to realize the danger of her position,
her mind became clearer, and she re-
solved, at all hazards, to rescue him.
She heard the men step back some
distance from the bushes, and then all
was still. She waited a few minutes,
and then, with the pistol grasped
tightly in her hand, she crept stealthily
out of her hiding place and struck a
narrow path which led to the top of the
bluff. She knew the way, and the
darkness favored her ascent. Reaching
the summit, she looked cautiously
around. The clouds had parted, and
the faint shimmer of moonlight
through the trees enabled her to ob-
serve her surroundings distinctly. A
few feet beyond were the two men
stretched out on the ground, their
figures partially concealed by the
trunks of two large trees and a clump
of bushes. Between them Alice saw
a little baby form with its golden head
pillowed on the cold, damp grass.

Creeping along behind the bushes
she reached one of the trees, and,
standing behind it, she waited for
some minutes, hesitating what to do.
The stertorous breathings of the men
convinced her that fatigue had steeped
their senses and that they would not
readily awaken. If she should be
successful in seizing the child, she
could not return by the way she came.
With Eddie in her arms she never
could scale the precipitous side of the
cut, followed, as she probably would
be, by two relentless pursuers.

Again, if she should seek the shel-
ter of the tunnel, the down express
train would soon pass through, and an
up train would follow but 10 or 15
minutes later. She resolved, never-
theless, to take the latter course, and,
with this decision made she prepared
to carry out her plans. Passing
swiftly round the bushes, she stood
before the sleeping group. The
moon at that instant shone out bright-
ly and fell upon the white, pinched face
of the child. Not a moment was to be
lost. Grasping the pistol more firmly,
she glided between the men, and seiz-
ing Eddie, she sprang past them, but
in so doing struck the foot of one of
the ruffians. Darting up, he saw the
slight figure running swiftly down the
path. He sprang forward, awakening
his companion, and, with muttered
curses, they followed in hot pursuit.
With the child clasped closely to her
heart, Alice sped down the rocky
pathway. She heard the men close
behind her; stones were hurled at her,
and one struck her shoulder. Terror
lent wings to her feet, and she soon
reached the track, along which she
flew and entered the tunnel. On—on
she sped; but her breath came quick
and short, for her strength was fail-
ing. She heard the heavy pantings of
one close behind her. She almost
felt his hot breath. Hugging the lit-
tle form more tightly to her breast
and with a despairing prayer for help,
she ran on. A rude hand clutched
her shoulder, and, with a shriek that
ran through the tunnel, she turned
and faced her pursuer like a wounded
animal at bay, raised her pistol and
fired. With a yell of rage and pain,
the man leaped into the air and then
fell with a heavy thud on the track
beside her. Alice breathed more freely
and ran on, though with feebler
steps, through the darkness. Sudden-
ly a low, rumbling sound smote upon
her ear, and toward the opening of the

tunnel she saw a faint light glimmer
in the distance. Nearer and nearer it
came, and then the horrible truth
flashed upon her. It was the head-
light of a locomotive, and she knew
that the 7 o'clock express train was
thundering down the track.
Faint and bewildered, the horror-
stricken girl had lost her reckoning.
She knew not on which track she was
and stood staring with terror-strained
eyes at the thundering mass came
tearing down the rail. Its great red
eye lit up the black walls of the tunnel
with a fearful glare. Still the girl
moved not; fright had chained her to
the spot. The monster was close
upon her; she heard its horrible breath-
ings. Was she on the right track?
The roar of a Niagara deafened her,
and, with a shriek of despair, she fell
senseless to the ground.

Mrs. Austin fell asleep soon after
Alice's departure. Seven o'clock
came, and Betty began to be alarmed.
At that instant the bell rang. Rush-
ing down stairs she opened the door,
and Mr. Austin stepped into the hall,
accompanied by a stranger.

"How is Mrs. Austin?" asked the
former, anxiously.

"An' shure she's asleep, sir. But,
oh, Miss Alice—hiv ye seen Miss
Alice?"

"No; where is she?"

"An' oh, she went aftur the doc-
tor, sir, and she went to the tunnel;
an' I'm shure she's kilt, for the thrain's
jest aftur goin' by!" cried Betty, ex-
citedly.

"Good heavens! the tunnel!" ex-
claimed Austin, turning white.

"Yes, sir. She said it was shorter
that way," sobbed the girl.

"Hush! Get my lantern, Betty,
while I run upstairs. I'll be down
directly Dana," turning to the fire-
looking man he had brought with
him.

He hurried to his wife's room, pressed
a kiss upon her white brow and re-
turning to the hall took the lantern
from Betty, saying:

"Don't leave Mrs. Austin an instant.
We may be absent some time, but you
need not be alarmed."

The two gentlemen did not utter a
word as they left the house, but fol-
lowing the path through the woods
clambered down the cut and entered
the tunnel, swinging the lantern right
and left as they walked on. Suddenly
Dana stopped. Directly in his path
lay a dark heap. Throwing the light
of the lantern upon it, the gentlemen
stooped and then started back with an
exclamation of horror, for before them
lay a bleeding, mangled, shapeless
mass of human flesh and bones.

"Some poor fellow has gone to his
doom," muttered Dana, striding away
from the sickening spectacle.

They had walked some distance fur-
ther when a deep groan broke the
ghastly silence of the tunnel. Flash-
ing the lantern on the other side of
the track, Dana discerned another
man's form close to the dripping wall.
As he was about to raise him, Austin
uttered a hoarse cry, and, springing
forward, the two men stood over the
prostrate form of a woman between
the tracks. A pistol lay on the ground
beside her, which Austin instantly
recognized as his own. He trembled
so violently that Dana pushed him
one side and raised the slight form.
As he did so, his companion bounded
past him and in a voice in which joy,
pain and incredulity were blended
cried out:

"Oh, my boy, my precious boy!
She has found my Eddie!" and he
caught the little form to his heart
and fairly sobbed aloud.

"Oh, heaven, he is dead! Gerald,
look at him!" and the father's eyes
burned with anguish as he looked on
the white baby face pillowed upon his
breast.

Dana laid Alice on the ground and
looked earnestly at the child.
"Cheer up, Ned. The little fellow
has been drugged. Listen; his heart
beats!" and, putting his ear down, he
heard the faint flutterings which told
of the spark of life still remaining in
the wasted form.

"And Alice, is she—"

"She is in a swoon, and the sooner
we get her to the doctor's the better.
It is quite evident that she was pur-
sued by those scoundrels while rescu-
ing your child, and that fellow yonder
has somewhere in his body a ball from
his pistol," picking it up as he
spoke.

Lifting the insensible girl in his
strong arms, Dana strode down the
track, followed closely by Austin, who
held his boy wrapped warmly under
his coat. After some minutes' walk
they were out of the tunnel and
reached the depot, where they drove
directly to a doctor's. For an hour
Alice lay insensible in the doctor's
office, and when she opened her eyes
Austin whispered in alarm:

"Why does she look so strangely,
doctor?"

"There has been such a terrible
strain on her nervous system that I
fear she may have an attack of brain
fever unless a reaction takes place,"
he replied with some anxiety. "A
good hearty cry would do her more
good than any of my remedies."

"Let her see the child. That baby's
face ought to be enough to melt a
heart of adamant," said Dana, com-
passionately.
Austin laid Eddie beside her. She

looked at the little, white, emaciated
face with a troubled, sorrowful ex-
pression for an instant and then,
clasping her arms tightly around the
child, burst into a passionate, uncon-
trollable flood of tears.

By this time the news of the child's
rescue had spread like wildfire through
the town. Bells were rung, bonfires
lighted, and men, women and children
rushed to the doctor's house, crowding
the street and sidewalks. The entire
village had turned out, and yards,
doorways and stoops were alive with
an excited populace. The crowd was
clamoring to see the little hero of
the hour, and cries for "Eddie Aus-
tin" filled the air.

"Ned, you will have to take him on
the stoop to satisfy them," said Dana,
as the shouts and cries were re-
doubled.

Austin took the child out on the
stoop, and as the bright light of the
torches fell upon them, cheer after
cheer rent the air. When the father
raised the little inanimate form so
that all could see it, the excitement
and enthusiasm knew no bounds.
Women cried aloud for joy, boys
shrieked and hurrahed, and many a
tear coursed down the hard, weather-
beaten cheeks of stalwart men in the
crowd. Alice stood beside her
brother, leaning on Dana's arm, but,
overcome with agitation, was led back
fainting to the sofa.

Roused to indignation by the sight,
some one shouted out: "Death to the
child-stealer!" In an instant the
cry was caught up by the excited
throng, who rushed in frantic haste
toward the railroad. Dragging the
wounded man from the tunnel, they
would have lynched him on the spot
had not Dana, with the sheriff and one
or two others, arrived to prevent them.
The wretch was groveling on the
ground in an agony of pain and ter-
ror. With haggard face and blood-
shot eyes he looked up and cried
aloud for mercy, but he saw no pity
in the white, inexorable faces sur-
rounding him. A rope was around
his neck, he was dragged to a tree,
when Dana hurried to the spot.

"Untie that rope!" he demanded,
sternly.

"We'll string him up to high heav-
en first!" answered an angry voice
near him.

"However deserving the fellow may
be of death, it is not for you to take
the law into your own hands," replied
Dana.

"The deuce take the law and you,
too! What right have you to inter-
fere between that man and justice?"
said the man, clinching his fists threat-
eningly.

The excitement had now reached a
fever heat. The crowd had quickly
gathered around Dana, who stood be-
side the wounded man; threats and
curses were freely hurled against
both, and the state of affairs began
to look alarming.

"If the man is guilty he has a right
to be tried, and I'll shoot the first one
of you who dares to touch him!" said
Dana, coolly.

His quiet, commanding tone, and
still more the menacing gleam of the
pistol he made no effort to conceal,
quelled the tumult, and the miserable
man was carried to the village jail,
followed by an angry, hooting crowd,
clamorous for his death.

An hour later Eddie Austin was in
his mother's arms. For days death
hovered over the darkened home,
threatening to carry away first one
and then the other. But when over
the little village of Fairfield the sun
shone brightly, it smiled, too, upon
the happiest home in all the land.
For a golden-haired boy, with rosy
cheeks, was playing near his mother's
chair, and Margaret looked up with a
pride, happy smile to her husband's
face as the little fellow laughed in
baby glee and rolled and tumbled
over the good-natured hound who lay
stretched on the rug before the blaz-
ing wood fire.—New York News.

To Watch Plants Grow.

To observe plants growing under
the microscope, the American Monthly
Microscopical Journal says: "Procure
a little collomia seed. Take one of
the seeds and with a razor cut off a very
thin slice, place it on a slide, cover
with a cover glass and place under the
microscope. The instrument must be
in a vertical position. When it is well
focused and lighted, moisten it with a
drop of water. The seed will absorb
the moisture and throw out a very
large number of spiral fibers, giving
the appearance of veritable germina-
tion. Beginners will find it easier if
one applies the moisture while the
other looks through the instrument."

Match Ends That Won't Burn Fingers.

Inventive genius has come to the
aid of the millions of people who have
been burning their fingers by holding
on too long to blazing matches. Upon
the market has been placed a brand of
matches with the reverse end satur-
ated for a distance of half an inch with
a chemical compound, pink in color,
and impervious to fire. When the
blaze reaches the chemically treated
wood it goes out in a jiffy, leaving the
fingers unscorched. A Swedish in-
ventor is the originator of the im-
provement.

The average walking pace of a
healthy man or woman is said to be
seventy-five steps a minute.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

All the flowers of the Arctic region
are said to be either white or yellow,
and there are 762 varieties.

There are three times as many mus-
cles in the tail of the cat as there are
in the human hands and wrists.

If the surface of the earth were per-
fectly level, the waters of the ocean
would cover it to the depth of six
hundred feet.

The age of whales is ascertained
by size and number of laminae of the
whalebone, which increases yearly.
Ages of three hundred and four hun-
dred years have been assigned to
whales from these indications.

A new island has recently sprung up
near the northwest coast of Borneo,
opposite the town of Labuan. Its for-
mation is connected with the earth-
quake which was observed on Septem-
ber 21, last year, near Hudat (British
North Borneo).

In consequence of a telephone wire
falling upon the overhead wires of the
street tramways at Zurich, Switzer-
land, the central station of the tele-
phone service, which has 5000 sub-
scribers, caught fire and was com-
pletely destroyed.

Dental caries, Professor Winkler
affirms, may be reduced one-half by
medicines taken internally, croceote
being an effective preventive. Much
decay may be avoided by cleanliness
of mouth and teeth and the use of
magnesia—especially at night—when
acidity prevails.

The disagreeable odor often ac-
quired by water in open reservoirs has
been lately shown to be due in many
cases to vegetable growths, and not
always, as has been supposed, to de-
composing organic matter. Various
minute plants are now known to im-
part both unpleasant odor and taste to
such water.

At a recent meeting of the Paris
Academy of Sciences a paper was read
on the movements of the sensitive
plant when grown in water, by M.
Gaston Bonnier. The author had suc-
ceeded in cultivating Mimosa pudica
completely immersed in water, and has
studied in detail the alterations in
structure and movement brought about
by the new conditions of life.

Patriotism in Germany.

In Germany they teach patriotism in
the popular schools; in England we
do not—at any rate, not officially. In
Germany the Kaiser's birthday, the
anniversary of Sedan, and other na-
tional landmarks are celebrated in the
national schools. They have feasts and
music and excursions; but the child-
ren have kept clearly before their
eyes the reason for their rejoicings.
Indeed, the law impresses upon pa-
rents and children that all voluntary
absence from these school feasts is an
offense. There were parents who kept
their children back, especially from the
Sedan commemoration, and this on
conscientious grounds. But now no
longer; "for," says the magistrate,
"any unexcused absence from patriotic
festivals established by the school
shall be considered as voluntary non-
attendance, and inspectors, teachers,
and the authorities concerned are
hereby instructed to this effect."

Patriotism is a pedagogue, perhaps,
but patriotism none the less; and the
children of a great empire might per-
haps do well to take a leaf out of a
book made in Germany. Let us im-
agine the astonishment of the English
child if he were told that he was to
have a holiday and a fete for the sake
of some great event in our own his-
tory. But Germany has these patri-
otic school-feasts, and France the em-
blem of the republic in every school-
room, because they actually imagine
the patriot is made as well as born.—
Fall Mall Gazette.

Earnings of Canadian Indians.

There are some astonishing figures
in recent returns presented to the Do-
minion parliament showing the amount
of Indian earnings for the last year.
According to these statistics the In-
dians of Canada received as proceeds
of the fisheries \$450,270.85, and as
earned by hunting \$408,318.83. The
statement "earned by hunting," as
our long-time Quebec correspondent,
Mr. J. U. Gregory, tells us, is to be
understood as including all furs,
wherever sold, to the Hudson's Bay
company or others. In these days,
when we are all talking about the ob-
literation of wild creatures, this an-
nual fur catch of more than \$400,000
for Canada is significant of an enor-
mous native supply, all the more re-
markable since the fur industry has
been carried on for so many decades.
—Forest and Stream.

A Little Cyclist's Queer Letter.

An eight-year-old Philadelphia cy-
clist wrote to his uncle, "I can ride
know handed without any feet, and I
can put my feet through the bars and
stand up on the seat on my feet and
knees. I guess you have seen me ride
with one hand and know feet, and I
can pull lots of hills mamma can't."

Criticism.

She—I've just been at the picture
gallery. Jack had a picture there—a
landscape after Corot.
He—I saw it. If Corot could see it
I think he might be after Jack.

THE CITY THAT WAS.

I've been away, for a week and a day,
Far from the winter, the cold and the
snow;
Walking where gardens with roses are gay,
In the city that was, in the long ago—

Through the Gateway of Dreams, the wide
roadway gleams,
No shadows on that blessed highway are
cast,
And all the glories of Heaven it seems
Are hid in that city that stands in the
past.

Though weary and sad, such visions make
glad
The soul that is heartstuck for voices of
yore,
In sleep we may rove through pathways we
love—
In the beautiful city we frequent no more.

HUMOROUS.

"How is everything?" "All's well!"
answered the doctor, sadly.

Cleverly handled, a bluff is a great
thing; but there are so many bung-
lers.

The good die young. Every man
heaves a great sigh of relief when he
reaches his thirtieth year.

New Boy—May I come over and
play with you? Bad Boy—Naw!
gwan. Take me for a bloomin' toy.

Slater—Is Bob's typewriter as ugly
as they say she is? Stevens—Ugly?
Well, she's on his wife's visiting list.

Hatterson—What are you going to
give your wife for an anniversary pre-
sent, old man? Tatterson—She hasn't
decided yet.

The Nurse—Oh, talk is cheap. The
Policeman—Oh, I don't know. I know
a cop who was fined three days' pay
for spending ten minutes talking to a
girl here.

A—I have a joint account in the
bank with my wife now. B—Good!
You make an even thing of it, eh. A
—Yes. I put the money in and she
draws it out.

"Does it pay to try reform a man?"
asked Miss Lovely. "It all depends,"
returned Van Wither, "on whether
you are an inebriate institute or the girl
he's engaged to."

A sound of singing was percolating
through the house. "Isn't that a
carol?" asked the visitor. "No," said
Tommy, entreating the guest for the
nonce; "her name ain't Carroll at all:
it's Flynn."

Two dimples in her cheeks do lie
Like cloudlets in a rosy sky;
Two dimples round her mouth do show
Like fairy footsteps in the snow;
But oh, the dimple in her chin—
'Tis like a flower a bee sits in.

Paterfamilias—But have you any
idea of the expense of married life?
Have you made many provisions for
the future? Daughter's Lover—
Y-yes, sir. I—aw—voted for dollar
gas, you know.

"Tommy, what's an encore?" asked
Benny Bloobumper of Tommy Tad-
della. "It's a piece a great singer
sings after the audience calls him back
to see whether he knows anything
worth listening to," replied Tommy.

Old Lady—You said the train that
I should take leaves at 10.30, didn't
you? Booking Clerk—Yes, madam;
and I think I've told you that about
ten times already. Old Lady—Yes, I
know you have; but my little nephew
says he likes to hear you talk.

Little Clarence (a youthful Solo-
mon)—Pa, nobody can ever tell what
a woman will do next, can they? Mr.
Calipers—No, my son; and if you
could tell it would not be advisable
for you to do so, for if you did she
would be sure to do something else.

Gaswell—How is your new office
boy getting along? Dukane—I've
been able to get a little work out of
him since I broke him of the stamp-
collecting habit, of smoking cigarettes
and of whistling. I am now trying
to persuade him not to go out to look
at the score offener than once in two
minutes.

Bookkeeper (of telephone company)
—Customers are ordering their tele-
phones out all over the city. They
say they don't pay. Superintendent
—Humph! Something must be done.
Write an item for the newspapers say-
ing that by attaching telephone wires
to the water pipes it is possible to
hear what is being said in the next
house.

Education of Children.

Mothers should not force their
children to adopt professions for which
they have not the slightest talent, says
a mother who has had experience. A
mother should ascertain the bent of
child's genius and develop it. This
must not be his only education, though,
as he himself will incline to and fol-
low up that which is congenial. Child-
ren should be taught along the other
lines and and branches. They may
have no talent for music or singing,
yet they should take lessons because
it will open up avenues to the soul
which otherwise would be closed to
art and heart.

"No one can refute this," says a
great musical authority, "because
singing not only makes one broad-
souled, but broad-chested, and gives
a certain dignity and softness to the
voice, and is altogether healthful. All
branches of education should be taken
up in concert with the favorite one,
and thus would be equalized the power
of body and soul. Weakness at any
point tends to shiftlessness and shift-
lessness to wrong."—New York Trib-
une.