

THE HILL.

I am homesick for a hill. For a barren hill and bare. I have dreamed of it through days...

Now I know the north winds come, Meet the winds from out the west, And upon its barren slope...

Story of an Awakened Soul.

By WILLIE LETTUCE.

"At 3 o'clock he is coming," said Helena. "And then—the last of these business matters! He has proved a good and trusty friend, and poor papa's high opinion of him has been verified."

him to speak when time had softened the first bitterness of her grief. But time had gone on until a whole year had now elapsed. Why had he not spoken? What was the reason of his continued silence—if he cared? And that he did care deeply Helena was sure.

"There was once a boy whose parents, who were poor, died early, and he grew up in the streets. He worked in the factories and lived as such waifs do, picking up little knowledge that is good, much that is bad. When he was a lad of sixteen hard times came, the factories shut down and he could get no work to do. Then he fell in with an evil comrade older than himself, and at last a plot was formed between them to rob the wealthy manufacturer's house. The boy was to do the work and share the plunder. He made the attempt, was caught in the act and thrown into prison. His comrade, unsuspected, escaped. The boy lay in prison for weeks, and then finally he was brought into the court-room—barefooted and in rags. He acknowledged his crime and told his miserable story from beginning to end, asking no pity and expecting none. And with the taint of the prison upon him there seemed nothing but its darkness before him forever."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party," said Betty (aged just four), "A little girl fell off her chair, Right down upon the floor; And all the other little girls Began to laugh, but me— I didn't laugh a single bit," Said Betty, seriously.

PETUS AND AN OGRE.

Once on a time there lived an old King who had one son, whose name was Petus. When the old King was about to die he called his son to him and told him that he wished him to marry the Princess Zobia of Sesto. Prince Petus said that he would, and his father died. After his father had died the prince married Zobia, princess of Sesto, and lived very happily for some time. He told his princess afterward that he wished that she would let him go out for adventures. She begged him not to go, because she thought that it was very dangerous. He did not go until that night, when every one was asleep. Then he stole out and went away.

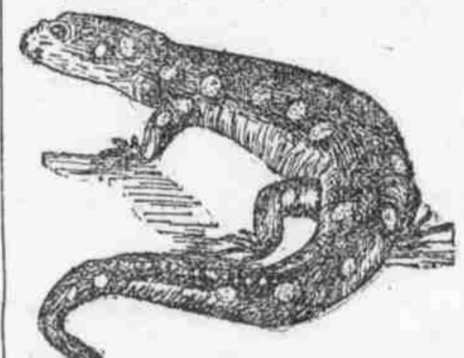
"O mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma; "put down ten." So Katie wrote: "1. It's gone and rained, so we can't go out to play. 2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday. 3. Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. 'That's all I can think of just this minute,' she said. 'Well,' said her mother, 'I'll just keep this paper a day or two.' That afternoon the rain cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it! Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: 'O mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first, but she's a lovely seatmate. I'm so glad, aren't you?' 'Oh!' was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper. 'I guess I'll tear up the paper now, mamma,' she said, laughing rather shyly. 'And next time,' said mamma, 'why not let the troubles come before you cry about them? There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you wait to see. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble of crying and worrying at all.'—Sunlight.

MUD PUPPIES.

Like many other puppies, these little fellows wear black coats dotted with yellow, but each coat seems to be something of a misfit, to judge by the wrinkles in it. However, this does not at all disturb the wearers. They are lazy chaps, and taking

Tesla's advice to sleep every moment that it is not absolutely necessary to be awake, spend three-quarters of the time curled up in the mud, beneath old logs and flat stones. When they feel hungry, out they crawl in search of a few angle worms. There goes one now! He has just caught a worm. See how he shakes it, as a terrier does a rat. Do you think he imagines the shaking improves the flavor? If you watch him you will see that he never swallows anything without first giving it a hearty shake.—New York Tribune.



ALMOST STOLE HIS SALMON. An unusual incident of particular interest to fly fishermen is narrated in a letter to the Daily Mail from W. Arthur Williams, of Bodmin. "A gentleman residing at Dunmere, near Bodmin, was fishing in the River Camel on Wednesday night," Mr. Williams writes. "He hooked a fine salmon on a fly, but immediately a large otter darted from under the bank and seized the fish. 'The fisherman thus had a fish and an otter on his line at the same time, and having stout tackle he was able to engage in a few minutes' exciting sport. The otter, however, caught sight of the fisherman and dashed up stream. When the fish had been landed by the angler the marks of the otter's teeth were plainly discernible on the shoulders of the fish.'—London Daily Mail.

BEE'S RACE PIGEONS. It is not generally known that bees are swifter in flight than pigeons—that is, for short distances. Some years ago a pigeon fancier of Hamme, Westphalia, laid a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hives would reach home in less time than a dozen pigeons. The competitors were given wing at Rybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached the hive a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The bees were also slightly handicapped, having been rolled in flour before starting for the purpose of identification.—The Reader.

DO IT SMILINGLY. Speaking to the Boys' Brigade at the Albert Hall, London, recently, Major-General Baden-Powell said: "Do your duty always, and above all things do it smilingly. When you meet with a difficulty tackle it laughingly, and then you're sure to get over it. I've tried it myself, and I ought to know."—Home Notes.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY. "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "us folks gits tired o' guessin' 'bout de honesty of candidates an' jes' turns in foah de one dat seems de bes' natured."—Washington Star.



TO COOL THE OVEN. If the oven becomes too hot while anything is baking, don't open the oven door to cool it, but place a pan of cold water inside. This will cool the oven and the steam which arises will keep the food from burning.

A NEW USE OF OLIVE OIL. Have you tried olive oil in baking? Those who dislike to use it in some ways will find it invaluable in pastry, biscuit, cake, etc. Those who cannot eat pastry made with lard can use oil with safety and will find a great improvement in the delicate and tasty results of its use. Use a tablespoonful to one cup of flour in pastry. Use a little salt when making cake and you will find the result as good as if butter was used and much cheaper.

TO GET RID OF MICE. I had been bothered with mice and I had tried almost everything to get rid of them. An idea came to me to have a piece of zinc to cover the holes up, so I had a tinsmith fix it. When I saw the neat appearance all around my floor underneath my sink I had one put upon the floor, also on my shelf where I keep my kettles, pans, so that now I am bothered with neither mice nor dirt. It is easy to keep clean and is well worth what it cost to have it done. It keeps forever and is as clean as my china closet.

PREVENT "TORN OUT" BUTTONS. Make buttonholes in both sides of garments. Make a narrow band of any firm white goods, or colored goods if preferred for dark clothes. Have the band or about five thicknesses, and a little wider than buttonholes. Sew the buttons on this band, as far apart as buttonholes are. Put band on inside of garment and put buttons through buttonholes on both sides. When the garment is soiled the band can be taken and used next day until it becomes soiled, when it can be washed and ready for use again. Two of the bands suffice.

MITTENS MADE FROM OLD STOCKINGS. Ribbed stockings are the best for the mitten, and cashmere or fleeced lined for the thumbs. I make them double, using the top of the stockings for the top of the mitten and just above the ankle for the lining; cut one side over a fold and stitch the lining and outside together; make a slit and insert thumb; stitch in and overcast; then stitch lining and outside together around wrist part. This is a fine way to use old stockings and have plenty of dry mittens for the youngsters on hand at all times. To get the different sizes, measure the child's hand and then measure the same length on the stocking, allowing enough for a seam.



Creole Salmi of Ducks—Melt in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, and stir into this a half tablespoonful each of chopped ham, onion, celery, sweet pepper and parsley, with a tablespoonful of salt and a half teaspoonful of paprika. Stir for three minutes, then add a cupful of consomme, two cloves and a blade of mace. Simmer for an hour; strain and add to it two cupfuls of cold duck cut into neat pieces an inch long. Boil one minute, heat the meat thoroughly and serve. Shredded Cabbage and Cheese—Cut a cabbage into shreds and boil in salted water until tender. Drain and stand in a heated colander at the side of the range. Cook together two teaspoonfuls of butter and two of flour, and pour upon them a pint of hot milk. Season with salt and pepper, and stir in three heaping tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Cook, stirring constantly, for half a minute. Turn the cabbage into a deep vegetable dish, and pour the cheese sauce over it. Potatoes a la Duchesse—Peel and boil enough to make a pint when washed. Mix with them the yolk of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the same quantity of cream. Turn this mixture upon a pastry board, and press it flat and smooth. With a sharp knife cut the potato paste into squares of uniform size. Slip a cake turner under each square and transfer it carefully to a greased baking pan. Set in a cold place to stiffen, then sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown. Carrots Sautes—Boil young carrots, not longer than your forefinger, for eight minutes in salted water. Rub and scrape off the skins, cover with boiling water and cook tender. Drain, lay for a minute in cold water until you can handle them, and cut each carrot in two, each half into strips. Heat a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan with a half-tablespoonful of white sugar, a little salt and pepper, and when it boils lay in the strips of carrot. Cook three minutes after the bubble recommences, sprinkle with chopped parsley, toss about for one minute, drain and serve hot.

Word Paintings From Brann.

Success? A Gould must give up his gold at the grave, a sovereign surrender his sceptre, the very gods are in time forgotten—are swallowed up in the voiceless, viewless past, hidden by the shadows of the centuries. Why should men strive for fame, that feather in the cap of fools, when nations and peoples perish like the flowers and are forgotten—when even continents fade from the great world's face and the ocean's bed becomes the mountain's brow? Why strive for power, that passes like the perfume of the dawn, and leaves prince and pauper peers in death? Why should man, made in the mortal image of immortal God, become the subservient slave of Greed and barter all of time for a handful of yellow dross to cast upon the threshold of eternity? "Poor and content is rich," and rich enough. With a roof to shelter those his heart holds dear, and table furnished forth with frugal fare; with manhood's dauntless courage and woman's deathless love, the peasant in his lowly cot may be richer far than the prince in his imperial hall. Heroes? Why unurn the ashes of the half-forgotten dead and pore o'er the musty pages of the past for names to glorify? If you would find heroes, grander, martyrs more noble and saints of more sanctity than a Rubens ever painted or immortal Homer sang; who, without Achilles' armor, have slain an hundred Hectors; without Samsonian locks have torn the lion; without the sword of Michael have thrown down the gage to all the embattled hosts of hell, seek not in the musty tomes of history, but in the hearts and homes of the self-sacrificing wives and mothers of this great world.

A Letter Seven Years in Transit.

Records are being established every day for the swiftness by which mail is delivered, yet there are occasions when the United States Post-office slips a cog and a letter gets tangled up somewhere, to be delivered at a later date. A most unusual instance of this kind recently came to light. On October 4, 1906, Frank Linden, of Brooklyn, then a student at Villanova College, sent a postal card to his father, Frank V. Linden, a jeweler in Brooklyn, ordering some class pins from him. The postal was delivered last Tuesday, having been on the road seven years. Only two dates were printed on the card, one in Villanova in 1900 and the other in Brooklyn in 1907. Where the postal has been all these years is a mystery.—Philadelphia Record.

Religious Instruction.

Sergeant (preparing squad for church parade)—"Recruits! 'Shun! Those as can read will follow the reglashuns. Those as can't read will go through the requisite motions, as follows: One! Extend, left 'and 'old'ing prayer book. Two! Raise right 'and to level of mouth. Three! Moisten thumb o' right 'and. Four! Turn louver page!"—Punch.

Send Postals to Dogs.

Picture post cards are being sent to pet dogs on the Continent. A young woman residing at one of the leading hotels in Ostend introduced the fashion. The post cards are inscribed with the dog's name and addressed care of the owner.

Canal Zone Fare.

Philadelphia capons are \$3.20 each in Panama, but until we ascertain just what diamond backs sell for, the gravity of the workingman's condition in the zone cannot be understood.—Louisville Courier-Journal.