How well I remember those words long ago,
When running to father, with shilling in hand,
How he patted my head in his fatherly way,
And gave me a smile that was sunny and bland;
How he put down the paper just fresh from the press,
And looked into my eyes with his own blue and clear
And said, in a voice that was earnest and true,
"Have something to show for that shilling my deep." Have something to show for that shilling, my dear."

I treasured the words of my father that day,
And straightway I went then and bought me a book,
And often that summer I culled its bright thoughts,
While seated for hours in some shady nook. And the good that I got from its pages was great;
Although but a child, yet my memory was clear,
And I always remembered my own father's words,
"Have something to show for that shilling, my dear,"

If you have a dollar to spare, then, young man, Why fritter that dollar so easy away? Why not sow the good seed as you journey along, And invest that same dollar to do good to-day? What though 'tis but little you have of your own, That little spent rightly wilk happiness give, But one handred same do not sounder it now But one hundred cents, do not squander it now, Have something to show for that dollar you have.

Said old Farmer Brown to his neighbor Sinclair, How is it, my friend, that your son prospers so? by, he owns a nice farm and a home of his own, And he is but twenty; yes, that much I know."

Then replied his old neighbor, with bright, gleaming eye,
"You know his aunt left him some money last fall;
So, instead of spending it foolishly then.
He got something to show for his money, that's all."

Have "something to show for it" all through this life,
How well it applies to the youth of the land.
As they get their hard carnings each Saturday night,
Be they workingmen's sons or the sons of the grand.
Have something to show for that hour you have,
For an hour once gone it can never return;
And would the dear laddies and lassies so bright
Have something to show from each lesson they learn.
—Mand Muller in New You -Maud Muller, in New York Weekly.

Legs and a Tongue.

By FRANCES J. DELANO.

At first all he wanted was legs. | whatever about this, and, as he sat He didn't know anything about a on the edge of the dust shaft, winktongue. You see he was a stone ing and blinking and thinking, he boy, a legless, armless, tongueless suddenly spied some autumn leaves stone boy, and he had been on the whisking about in the road, and he no longer an air boy, but a real boy wall for years and years. Grown-up immediately wished he could whisk people thought he was a stone, but about with them. The wish was no the children knew he was a boy, sooner thought than, lo! he was He had an eye and an ear, a long down among them, and, then, such nase, and a funny mouth that turned fun as there was! such hurrying and up at the corners. The children were scurrying! such chasing and racing! very fond of him.

But the stone boy was getting dis- It was glorious, and the air boy contented. He was tired of staying | thought there was nothing more to on a stone wall, he wanted to run wish for in this world, but, dear me! with the other boys; you could tell he had no sooner got well into the this by the way he fell off the wall spirit of the fun than the wind went every time the boys jumped over it. away and left the leaves scattered Unfortunately for the stone boy, all about everywhere. They could there is a law in the universe which neither stir nor move, no more could says that once you get inside of a the air boy. thing (the real you, you know) you've got to stay until something happens, and nothing had happened dred years, one day's frolic in the co the stone boy for ages.

One day, however, something did Being too ignorant to know that the happen. Some men came with a wind was sure to come back if he each one of these literary geniuses horse and a cart and began to pick up the stones on the wall. The stone boy watched them and would have shuckled with delight if he'd had anything to chuckle with. Was it possible that the stones were going to have a ride in the cart? Where were they going? How long would they be gone? The stone boy asked these questions eagerly; but, before he had a chance to find out anything, the children came running out of "Don't take our stone they cried, "don't take our stone boy." Of course the stone boy was very much put out with the children, and he declared then and there that, if he ever got to be a real boy with lest, he would take care and not be a selfish one.

Well, fortunately for the stone boy, the men were Portuguese and didn't understand a word the children said. So, when they came to enough to go any way he could.

When the horse started, the stone boy could bardly believe he was himself. Joltili jolt went the cart, and it. Of course, the cart made a dreadful noise, and the stone boy couldn't on along the road; but by and by he heard a noise that was a great deal insides the same as people do when and laughing about him. something is going to happen. All at once the cart stopped with a had everything heart could wish. He bump, and the stone boy was rolled | had two legs all his own, a fine place over on his buck. The first thing to stay, and every morning and every his one eye lighted upon was a great night he could look forward to seeblack hole right in front of him. It ing the children on their way to was a bad-looking place, and the school, and he knew they were fond but when this is done it is not bestone boy couldn't help wondering if of him. What more could he want? they were going to throw him into it. Would he have to stay there? Wouldn't he ever get back to the thing is sure to happen; and it's a |sed. It is because this criticism is wall again? While he was wondering about it, up tipped the cart and know, we might all have been munity, and any newspaper which down went the stone boy with all the pumpkin boys. One night (this was stones on top of him. He had just what happened next) Gustave Souza sonal grudge will soon go out of time to wish himself well back on the came along with a bag. He stopped business. The function of the pubwall again when something happened; he was taken between the after looking all around to be sure of the courts and in most cases the jaws of a big creature-it was really no one saw him, he seized him by his pleasant experience; but after all it scream; but, not having a tongue, of happened to the stone boy; for, with to kick; but his legs were just carthe dust from the crushed stone ris- rot legs and wouldn't kick at all, so ing up through the dust shaft, lo all he could do was to lie in the bag and behold! up came the stone boy, and wish he had legs and a tongue, took feeling as light as a mosquito and as free as air, and no wonder! as he could. "Mother, mother," he tunnel through the Alps. At this

w, when you are an air boy, you wish. Our air boy knew nothing laugh.

now, not a stone boy at all.

case with the pumpkin boy. In the morning Gustave's mother took him out of the bag, then she took him all apart and began to peel him. Never did the pumpkin boy long for a tongue as he did that moment! If he was alive, all would have been into the pot and the cover put on him. But, bless us! as soon as the steam began to lift the pot lid, up came the pumpkin boy as good as new and a great deal better; for he was not a pumpkin boy any more, but an air boy again, and a much older and wiser boy than when he sat on the edge of the stone crusher. He knew that he must be very careful about his wishes. He had a queer feeling that there was something he had wanted very much when he was a pumpkin boy, but he couldn't quite think what it was. So, instead of rushing ahead and wishing

best to think. By and by-it was one morning when Gustave had a new little remembered his wish; it was for legs that would go and a tongue that would scream. Wonderful to behold! he had no sooner wished than he was with legs and a tongue. And didn't he kick? and didn't he scream? and wasn't he the jolliest little roly-poly

for the first thing he saw, he very

wisely sat on the lid of the pot and

winked and blinked and tried his

"Some boys made him to make the

children laugh," Gustave explained.

'To-morrow we'll boil him for dinner." And with that Gustave dropped

The poor pumpkin boy was fright-

ened nearly to pieces. He didn't know what being boiled might mean,

but he had a feeling that it was some-

thing unpleasant, and of course it

was. But, as I have said before, un-

pleasant things are sure to be fol-

lowed by something good if one only

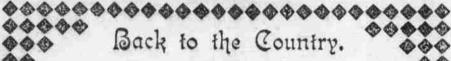
takes them right, and this was the

him in the bag.

that ever lived? Of course they put him to school after a while, but what did he care? Didn't he have legs, and couldn't he run? And didn't he have a tongue, and couldn't he shout louder than any boy in town? And didn't he know that, no matter what happened, he could never be a stone boy any more or a pumpkin boy or anything but a real boy? Indeed he knew .-From the Christian Register.

The Things to Print.

There is hardly a newspaper reader in any community who, in his own estimation, could not conduct a paper better than the local editors. And waited long enough, he began to look differs as to what a newspaper



The glory of the world in early spring, the mystic spell of the plowed furrow, now lures back to boyhood's country haunts many and many a farm-bred townsman whom the Great God Success has not blinded to life's purer joys. And happy indeed is the man who comes back often for such sweet communion with old Mother Nature and Spurgeon's beautiful paragraph:

He who forgets the humming of the bees among the heather, the cooing of the wood pigeons in the forest, the song of the birds in the woods, the rippling of rills among the rushes, and the sighing of the wind among the pines, need not wonder if his heart forgets to sing and his soul grows heavy. A day's breathing of fresh air upon the hills, or a few hours' ramble in the beech woods' umbrageous calm, would sweep the cobwebs out of the brains of scores of toiling men who are now but half alive."

the part of the wall where the stone about for a change, and the first | should be. Some demand that all the boy was, they picked him up and thing he saw was a funny little crea- sporting news shall be published threw him face downward on the ture standing against a fence. It down to the most minute details, cart. Now, if you hadn't had a ride had a yellow pumpkin for a head, for several hundred years, you might a fat sweet potato for a body, and the market report, both local and think it rather hard lines to have two carrots for legs. Its mouth foreign, should be printed, others to go face downward, but the stone stretched from one ear to the other. boy didn't think so; he had stayed The air boy thought he had never rel which happened late at night in on that wall so long he was glad seen anything so funny. He stared the lower end of the city was reat it half the night, and then he wished he could get inside it and the police, while a few would everhave some legs of his own. Presto change! he had no sooner wished cial in the city every day. the more it joited the better he liked than he found himself inside the pumpkin, not an air boy any longer, but a pumpkin boy with legs; and he get much idea of what was going thought he was the happiest boy in chances are that they never will be, town. There he stood against the fence and grinned, and in the morn- they are right that nobody by any louder than the rumble of the cart. ing, when the children went to It as such a dreadful noise the school, they stopped and stared, then store boy was thankful for once that they laughed, then they danced he had but one car. As the noise around him, and, by the end of the grew louder, he began to feel queer day, every child in town was talking

such huddling together in corners!

Of course, after the air boy had

kept still on a wall for several hun-

wind only made him want more.

**

The pumpkin boy now thought he Well, you know when we think we have everything to our liking, some- al grudge at the person thus criticgood thing, too, else, for aught we in the best interests of the comin front of the pumpkin boy, and, lic press is as sacred as the function stone crusher-and ground into sweet potato body and threw him into keep this fact in view all the time. little bits. Of course this was an un- his bag. The pumpkin boy tried to Fairness, justice and truth are the was the best thing that had ever course he couldn't. Then he tried strives for .- Peoria Herald Tran-

Gustave ran home with him as fast for hadn't his great stone body been shouted, "see what I've found-a all ground up? He was an air boy pumpkin and a potato and two car-

rots.' When Gustave's mother saw the wishes come to pass the moment pumpkin boy she commenced to

others hold that the full details of still wonder why some obscure quarported, although never reported to lastingly criticise every public offi-

> These different classes could be properly educated into the newspaper business in a few years, but the for the reason that they are so sure chance can set them right.

> The function of a newspaper is to print the news-all the news. A newspaper must print the most important happenings in all departments of news, and this makes it impossible to go into minute details in any particular department.

But above all things a newspaper must not be personal. It is neces sary sometimes to criticise the conduct of individuals and men in office, cause the newspaper, or some employe of the newspaper has a personthus criticises merely to satisfy a permanagers and editors of newspapers three things which the journalist script.

Making Them Into Cheese.

The Swiss are going to put a new rate they'll soon make those famous mountains look like a piece of their national cheese.—Chicago Post.

Paris possesses the largest public garden and the largest hospital.



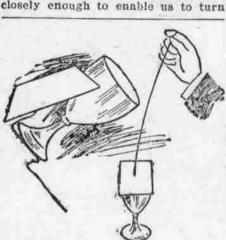
For the Younger Children.

Pet heard a cricket in the grass, Where she and grandpa chanced to pass, "O hark!" she and, and peered around; at is it makes that queer-shaped sound?" What is -D. H. S., in Youth's Companion.

A GOOD TRICK.

A WONDER.

We all know that when we cover a drinking glass quite full of water with a sheet of stout paper in such he could have told the woman that a manner that not a single bubble of air remains between the liquid well, but of course he couldn't, and and the sheet, the paper will cling in a few moments he was clapped to the rim of the tumbler, on account of the pressure of the atmosphere, closely enough to enable us to turn



Doing the Trick.

the glass upside down without the water being able to escape. The following is one application of this principle:

Attach a string to the centre of a square of cardboard covering a glass by means of a simple knot on the inside, and securely seal the aperture with wax so that no air may gain an entrance.

Now suspend the glass by means of this string to a hook fixed to the ceiling, and you will have a pendulum that you may safely swing without the danger of the glass falling, the whole day if desired.

The experimenter will do well to grease the rim of the glass, so that no air will get in. Another precaution is to try the experiment for the first time on some unbreakable bowl or drinking cup .- Magical Experiments.

UP A TREE.

lawn beneath the trees or in a par- looked over their heads into space. lor. Chairs should be placed in a seated. The odd one, boy or girl, the man. "Father," he whispered, the circle and wait his or her chance one of tthe players.

asks the question, "Where do palm |- Washington Star.

trees being named the answer should give the name of the State where they are most abundant .- Busy Bee,

SHADOW-TAG.

Shadow-tag is a good game for the early morning or late afternoon, when the shadows are long and clear. It may be played in any clear space where there are one or two trees, or a house, to afford shadows. For the shadows are the "goal," where the players are safe, and the child who is "it," instead of tagging the others, tries to step on their shadows as they run from one shade to another. It is great fun, for unless you are careful your shadow is apt to bob up unexpectedly and will be stepped on before you know it. We played "shadow-tag" very successfully on a roof garden, where two sheds gave us the necessary shade and an open space of sun in between made the shadows of the runners very distinct.

In cold weather, when you need to exercise, and don't know exactly what to play, it is a good idea to run races and let one of the children find prizes for the races. The prizes may be anything she finds at hand-the more ridiculous the better-but it makes the race more interesting to have them, particularly if they are presented with a speech. It is well to let all the players have prizes, though of course the winner receives the first prize.-Elizabeth Webb, in the Washington Star.

A wistful-faced little chap with a crutch boarded a Fourteenth street car the other day, accompanied by a man, evidently his father. Smouldering brown eyes illuminated the little face, made wizen by hours of pain, as he smiled up at the tall man at his side, who, broad of shoulder and strong of face, smiled back encouragingly. A troop of small boys noisily invaded the car. Reckless in their good spirits, one of their number was roughly pushed against a crutch, causing it to fall to the floor. The man's eyes blazed more with anguish than with anger as he exclaimed harshly, "Be careful!" The sturdy The game called "up a tree" is urchins, awed at what had occurred, great sport and may be played on a subsided in seats opposite. The man

The child looked first at the boys, is elected to stand in the centre of as he lightly touched his sleeve,

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

circle, all the players save one being then with questioning eyes back at "would you love me better if I was (which is found through quick wit like those boys?" The man gave a sprinkle with salt and dip into corn and tongue) to procure the seat of startled glance across the aisle at "those boys," insolent in their per-A "speaker" is chosen to conduct fect health and boyhood vigor, then pan covered while they are cooking, the game, which goes as follows: The tightly grasping the hand nearest to so they will be perfectly tender. These speaker is seated in the circle and, him said: "No, son, I love you better are very delicately flavored, and turning to the child on his right, than all the world-just as you are." much easier to fry than ripe toma-

CAN YOU GET TOUGH THE SHAMROCK MAZE?

Find Your Way to Each of the Three Centres in Turn Without Crossing Your Path.

trees wave?" (The name of the palm SQUIRREL ROBBED THE MAIL. trees is simply given here as an example, the speaker beginning with any tree he may wish to name.) The usual incident. player thus questioned must quickly rise and as quickly answer "Africa." In the case of the answer being among his mail to be delivered an adtardily given or incorrectly given the boy or girl in the centre of the circle has his or her opportunity to get a seat by answering promptly and rel, seeing the nut, jumped upon the thinly with a glass bottle, and put correctly. Thus the slow answering mail carrier's shoulder and, running one must take the centre of the circle and awalt his turn to "tree" some one. The boy or girl holding and then climbed a near-by tree, are.

answering the question that the

speaker has asked of one of the play-

ers who is either tardy in answering

or responds with the wrong answer. And so the game proceeds, each boy and girl in the circle being asked where some certain kind of tree waves. Just as long as the speaker does not run out of tree names the game can continue, but he must not ask for the location of a certain tree more than once during the game. If he does he has made an error and must take the centre of the circle, being then "up a tree." In this case the player at his right assumes the role of speaker, and the game con-

A few of the trees that are commonly named in the game are the willow, elm, oak, cedar, pine, hickory, rubber, olive, rosewood, date, palm, ng, orange, hemlock, walnut, chestnut and spruce.

In the case of the North American per cent. about anything."

The robbing of the United States mail by a squirrel was a most un-

One of the mail carriers in the city was on his regular rounds, and had vertising card to which was attached a large walnut, inside of which was the matter advertised. A little squirdown his arm with lightning speed, the centre of the circle is said to be where it investigated the contents of "up a tree" and only gets down upon | the nut.

Fortunately, upon discovering that the squirrel dropped it and the card time to prevent undue browning. without damaging either, and they address .- Primary Education.

HE WANTED TO TALK.

Little Tommy is very talkative, and, on going out to tea with his father and mother the other night, he was teld that he mustn't speak until somebody asked him a question. After he had sat silent for half an it will blow up soap bubbles at the hour he could not stand it any longer, and he said, "I, say, papa, when are you going to begin asking me questions?"-Christian Register.

A Calculation.

"I calculate," says Edison, "that we know one seven-billionth of ema



SOUTHERN COOKING.

All sections of the United States have certain vegetables to which they are especially partial. These receipts have been used in plantation kitchens for generations, and are both simple and palatable.

Baked Cashaw.—Cashaw is a vegetable resembling the Northern winter squash; it matures in the summer, and may be stored away for winter use, as are pumpkins. It is very delicate and finely flavored when properly cooked. Chop off the long neck, which may be sliced and fried, like potatoes; split open the hollow round part of the cashaw, and scrape out the seeds, wipe, and bake in a slow oven till tender; scrape the flesh out of the rinds, mash and mix with a tablespoon of butter, a little salt, a cup of sugar, an egg and a sprinkle of nutmeg; put this mixture back into the empty rinds and bake until brown on top. Serve as a vegetable, and eat with gravy or hot butter.

Sweet Potato Pone .- Pare and grate two large sweet potatoes, mix with a cup of molasses, with a pinch of soda dissolved in it, a little salt, two tablespoons of melted bacon grease, or butter, a tablespoon of flour, and a small quantity of ground spice. Pour the mixture into a hot greased pan and bake very slowly till well done and quite brown. Eat this hot or cold, with gravy and meat or with milk and sugar, just as you pre-

Peas and Rice .- Wash a cup of dried field-peas, commonly called "cow-peas," or, if green, two cups will be necessary. If dried peas be used pour into boiling water, but if green, into cold, add two or three slices of bacon, and boil in plenty of water till nearly tender; then add a cup of washed rice, a pod or two of red pepper and a little salt. Stew slowly till the peas and rice are very tender, shaking the pot to prevent scorching. This needs careful cooking for a long time, but is a very excellent stew.

Eggplant Fritters .- Pare and split open a large eggplant, boil until tender, remove all the seeds possible, and mix with two tablespoons of flour, an egg, salt, pepper and a small onion, finely chopped; drop in spoonfuls into boiling lard, and fry brown. Serve with tomato catsup.

Fried Green Tomatoes. - Cut into thin slices large green tomatoes, meal, fry slowly in a little butter, till well browned; keep the frying-They make an excellent break fast dish.

Fried Okra with Tomatoes .-Chop into thin slices a dozen pods of young okra, fry until brown in a little butter, and add a cup of stewed tomatoes; season with salt, pepper, and a little sugar, and simmer for a few minutes. Pour over slices of hot toast.

Stewed Okra.-Have a few slices of good bacon simmering in a saucepan, wash and cut the ends off a dozen pods of tender okra, add to the bacon and let it cook slowly till very tender; drain, remove bacon and serve with rice .- Good Housekeeping.



Clean oil cloth with skimmed milk or milk and water; soap will ruin it. A lump of sugar dropped into a

teapot not constantly in use prevents any mustiness. In baking potatoes put a small pan

of water in the oven and you will find they bake much quicker. If you are troubled with black

beetles in your rooms, make a paste of red lead, flour and water, roll out Try dipping your pork chops and pork tenderllons in flour before fry-

took the nut and card from his hand, ing them, and see how delicious they To freshen stale rolls dip quickly

in cold water and heat in the oven. If the rolls are large they should the nut was not the kind it wanted, be covered with a pan part of the

If shoes have been thoroughly wet were later delivered to the proper don't attempt to dry them near the stove. Rub in plenty of vaseline or plain lard and let stand in a cool place several days, and much of the original oil will be restored.

Never hunt for a leak in a gas pipe with a lighted match if you would avoid explosions. Instead, paint the pipe with thick soap suds, and where there is an escape of gas mouth of the leak.

Don't spend hours each week blacking your stove. Ten cents' worth of stove enamel, which can be applied in a few minutes, will last six months, and all it needs is a daily wiping off with a damp cloth. Besides it looks much better than blacking.