

### A FRIEND.

As one who, looking from a dusk-whimpered  
height—  
Himself alone, unseen—  
Sees on some distant slope a twinkling  
light  
Across the vale between.  
And, gazing on that small terrestrial  
star,  
Sends through the deepening night  
A kindly thought to those, whoever they  
are,  
That gather round the light,  
So I, a friend unknown and far away,  
Across the world's wide sea  
A thought—a hand-clasp—as a brother  
may,  
To you, in thought my friend.

### How

### Nita Was Punished

"Mamma, please tell me a good-night story." So begged little Gracie Adams of her mother. The clock had struck eight and it was the hour for Gracie to go to bed.

"Very well, dearie," promised Mrs. Adams. "What sort of a story do you want?"

"I like fairy stories best, mamma," replied Gracie.

Then, as soon as Gracie was in her little white nightgown, she snuggled close beside her mamma in a big sleepy-hollow, prepared to give close attention to the good-night story.

"Well," began Mrs. Adams, "this story I am about to tell is of a little girl called Nita, and of her punishment for being very naughty one time during her mamma's absence. She was left in the company of her aged great-grandmother, who was almost blind. Before her mamma departed from home she told Nita to be very kind to old granny, and to perform any little errands for the old lady that she might wish to have done. Nita promised to obey; but the very first thing that granny asked her to do, she pouted and acted very naughtily. And all granny had asked for was a cold drink of water to be brought from the spring, which was near to the kitchen door. But Nita was playing with her dolls and did not want to take the time to go to the spring, so she got a dipper of water from the big wooden pail which stood on a bench in the kitchen, thus saving herself five minutes' exertion going to and from the spring for fresh water. Granny put the water to her lips, but, finding it warm, said she could not drink it. 'Why, it's from the spring,' declared Nita, thinking that she was telling the whole truth, for, of course the water had originally come from the spring but it had been in the pail for some time. But she knew she was deceiving her old grandmother. Therefore her deception was as wicked as an outright lie would have been.

"Well, it cannot be direct from the spring, child," said the poor old lady. "And I cannot drink it, thirsty as I am. But I shall try to get to the spring if you will give me my walking cane. I think it is in the corner."

"Although Nita felt ashamed of having tried to deceive old granny, she nevertheless got the old lady's stick for her, for she was too anxious to get back to her dolls to run to the spring and get the water.

"After her aged grandmother had hobbled to the spring for a drink, Nita sat down on the big back porch to play with her dolls. She sat busily sewing on a little frock out of one of her dollies, a pretty pink silk (a remnant her mamma had bought for the purpose) to be trimmed in white lace. After a few minutes had passed away she heard her grandmother's voice calling to her: 'Nita! Nita, dear! Please come at once to granny!'

"The old lady's voice being somewhat excited and imperative, Nita threw down her work impatiently and went slowly into the house to ascertain her grandmother's wants. 'She's such a bother,' she said to herself. 'Oh, why must an old lady want so much waiting on?' Then, entering her grandmother's room she asked in rather an impatient voice: 'Well, what is it now, granny?'

"I feel so faint, child, that I want you to fetch me the camphor bottle. You'll find it on the top shelf in the closet of my room. Will you fetch it quickly, dearie? I am so faint."

"Nita went upstairs, but not as quickly as she might have done. Took her time for getting the camphor bottle, returned leisurely to her grandmother, put the bottle on the table beside her and started to go to her play again. 'Please dearie,' said granny feebly, 'pour a little camphor in that glass of water there on the table and hand it to me. It was the exertion of going down the steps to the spring and up them again that caused this sudden weakness. Oh, dear child, it is so hard to become as feeble as I am, and to be obliged to ask other folks to wait on me.' And the poor old lady wiped a teardrop from her almost sightless eye.

"Nita dropped some camphor into the glass, roughly handed it to her grandmother without a single word of sympathy and returned immediately to her playthings. But to her surprise the pink silk frock she had been sewing on a few minutes before had changed in material and color. There lay a common cotton thing—fashioned exactly like the silk one, with the needle stuck into one of the seams just as she had left it on going into the house to her grandmother—and of an ugly brownish color.

"Why, what does this mean?" asked Nita of herself. And to her surprise a voice answered her:

"I am responsible for the change in

the doll's frock. A cotton one will do you as well as a silk one."

"But who is speaking to me?" asked Nita, turning and looking all about her, but seeing no one.

"I am a fairy," replied the voice. "And I saw you give your old grandmother warm, stale water instead of cold fresh water from the spring. So I said to myself that you could not complain if I give you a cotton frock for your doll instead of a silk one. Old granny can feel and suffer; a doll cannot know what it wears."

"Nita sat with bowed face, for she felt very guilty indeed. And she knew she deserved just such punishment as the fairy was inflicting on her. But while she sat there, head bent so that her curls hid her face, a sudden paroxysm of pain in her stomach doubled her up. 'Oh, oh, oh!' she cried, holding her sides.

"Shall I fetch you some camphor?" asked the fairy voice ironically.

"Oh, please do!" begged Nita. Then she remembered how she had behaved when her old grandmother had begged for the camphor bottle; how impatient she had become, and how slowly she had gone to fetch the bottle. Oh, I know why I have this pain!" wailed Nita. "It's because I behaved so badly toward poor old granny! Then she began to cry aloud from the severe cramps in her stomach. Old granny overheard her wails and came limping to the porch to inquire into the cause. She was leaning heavily on her stick, and seemed quite too feeble to be on her feet; but her anxiety for Nita caused her to forget her own suffering and to come to minister to the child's wants. 'Oh, dearie, what is the matter?' asked the old lady.

"Suddenly the fairy caused a terrible thirst to come to Nita, and looking up into her grandmother's face, she wailed: 'Oh, granny, I am ill and dying for a drink of cold water.'

"Well, dear child, you shall have it," declared granny, getting the dipper from the kitchen and going down the long stone steps to the spring. Twice she almost fell in making the descent, and once in returning with the dipper of water she stumbled and would have fallen had not the good fairy supported and strengthened her. Then with all possible haste she put the dipper of water to Nita's lips, saying: 'Drink, darling child; I shall get the camphor for you if you do not feel better after having drunk the water.'

"Nita touched her lips to the water, but it was as bitter as gall. She did not say a word to her granny about this, for she understood that the fairy had changed the taste of the water from sweet and pure to a horrid bitter. All she could do was to declare she did not feel like drinking more water. 'Oh, the camphor,' said granny, and limped off to get it. This was too much for Nita, whose conscience was torturing her more than was the pain. Oh, granny,' she said, 'come back; I have something to confess to you!'

"Ah, now you are doing the right thing," said the fairy. 'And if you are a good little girl in future I will come to bring you good luck instead of punishment. But the wicked must suffer for their misdeeds, you know. Now I shall go to return at some near future day. If in the meantime you have behaved nicely, been kind and considerate toward your old grandmother, your doll's frock will become silk again.'

"Just as the fairy ceased speaking old granny returned to the porch, fetching the camphor to Nita. But as the little girl was now feeling much better, old granny dropped wearily on a porch bench, saying: 'Oh, it is so hard for such old legs as mine to climb the steps from the spring. And it is difficult for me to see my way about. Otherwise, dearie, I would have been more sprightly, while waiting on you.'

"Oh, granny, you are too good to me, for I have been such a naughty, naughty girl. But I shall make a clean breast of it all. Here, let me sit at your knee and ask your forgiveness."

"An hour later Nita's mamma found them on the porch together, the old grandmother's arm about the little girl's shoulders and the feeble old voice talking ever so sweetly and forgivingly to the little one, who had held back nothing of her own naughtiness. And from that day Nita never again needed punishment, for the fairy had taught her a lesson she never forgot. And from that day she became the happiest and most helpful little girl in all the world.—Washington Star.

### Cingalese Fond of Travel.

The Cingalese have a notorious propensity for travel on our lines. I am reminded of a true story of a native shopboy who stole forty rupees and then disappeared for several days. All search proving fruitless in the ordinary walks of life—the railway was thought of, and there the young rascal was found spending his pelf in traveling backward and forward between Colombo and Kandy.

I must not forget also that during the early days of the seaside line the villagers traveled so much, using up all spare cash, that certain small taxes payable by them were only with some difficulty collected.—Britannia.

### Too Many Controversies.

"Human nature is very perverse." "That's right. A man may be with you in politics and against you on this Arctic question. Few men are on the same side in all the current controversies"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Prince Edward of Wales, future king of England, until a few weeks ago received 24 cents pocket money each week while in residence at Osborne naval college.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

### The Silver Spoon.

I'm happier to be thy spoon  
Than anything I know,  
I'll carry goodies to thy lips  
And help to make thee grow.

The very moment I approach  
Those cherry doors will spring,  
And I shall nestle on thy tongue  
As happy as a king!

And I shall peer all round about,  
Above and then beneath,  
In hopes to be the first to tell  
When thou dost cut thy teeth.

It may take time to win thy love,  
For I must first begin  
By feeding thee the plainest food—  
And sometimes medicine!

But then will come the happy days  
When thou shalt learn of me  
How good baked apples are with cream,  
And prunes, and honey!

Ah, how thou'lt love me when I come  
With ruddy berries plied!  
And I will give thee orange-juice,  
And jam, my darling child!

Then let me be thy willing slave,  
And always wait on thee,  
And by and by thy little slip  
Real coffee out of me!

—Wilfred E. Knollys, in Youth's Companion.

### Still Made by Hand.

We seem to think that machinery can do anything, but there are numerous important trades which are carried on in much the same way as they were ages ago, trades in which machinery has not ousted man.

Gold leaf is an example. Today it is made in probably the identical manner it has been made ever since man first made a piece of gold leaf. Strips of gold are beaten entirely by hand, for the reason that no machine can think before each blow is given. The gold leaf becomes so delicate that a single wrong blow would entirely spoil it.

### Gratitude.

A party of a ship's crew being sent ashore on a part of the coast of India, for the purpose of cutting wood for the ship, one of them having strayed from the rest was greatly frightened by the appearance of a large lioness, who made toward him; but on her coming up she lay down at his feet and looked very earnestly first at him and then at a tree a short distance off. After repeating her looks several times, she arose and proceeded onward to the tree, looking back several times, as if wishing the man to follow her. At length he ventured, and coming to the tree he perceived a huge baboon with two young cubs in her arms, which he supposed were those of the lioness, as she crouched down like a cat, and seemed to eye them very steadfastly. The man being afraid to ascend the tree, decided on cutting it down, and having his axe with him, he set actively to work, when the lioness seemed most attentive to what he was doing. When the tree fell she sprang upon the baboon, and, after tearing him in pieces, she turned round and licked the cubs for some time. She then turned to the man and fawned round him, rubbing her head against him in great fondness and in token of her gratitude for the service he had done.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Primitive Time-Keeping.

In Madagascar, before the people had clocks and watches, the passing of the night and day was marked by various observations of nature and of domestic duties.

Frog-croaking was the earliest intimation of coming day. This was at about two o'clock, and was followed in an hour by cock-crowing. Crow-croaking came at five o'clock, and half an hour later, the colors of cattle were to be made out. At that time diligent people would awake.

Within the tropics, sunrise would vary little from six o'clock, and fifteen minutes later was the time for cattle to go to pasture. The drying of the dew marked another period at about half past six.

As the houses were built with their length running north and south, these furnished a sort of dial. The door was always on the west side. Day was said to be taking hold of the threshold at about half past twelve. At one o'clock was the peeping-in of the day. An hour later the sun had reached the rice-pounding place. At three o'clock it was at the place of tying the calf.

In the course of another hour it had reached the poultry pen. At half past five the cattle came home, and at six the sun was dead. From seven to eight people were cooking and eating their rice, and at nine they went to sleep.

### When Papoose Dies.

The Indian mother, when her baby dies, does not believe that swift angels bear it into the sunshine of the spirit-land; but she has a beautiful dream to solace her bereavement. The cruel empty places which everywhere meet the white mother's eye are unknown to her, for to her tender fancy a little spirit-child fills them.

It is not uncommon, says the author of "Little Folks of Many Lands," to see in Mexico, or in Canada, a pair of elaborate tiny moccasins above a little Indian grave. A mother's fingers have made them. A mother's hand has hung them there, to help a baby's feet over the long, rough road that stretches between his father's wigwam and the Great Chief's happy hunting-grounds.

Indians believe that a baby's spirit cannot reach the spirit-land until the child, if living, would have been old enough and strong enough to walk. Until that time the little spirit hovers about its mother. And often it grows tired—oh, so very tired!—so the ten-

der mother carries a papoose's cradle on her back that the baby spirit may ride and rest when it will.

The cradle is filled with the softest feathers—for spirits rest more comfortably upon feathers, hard things bruise them—and all papoose's old toys dangle from its hood, for dead papoose may like to play even as living papoose did.

### The Last Day of Vacation.

Through all the sunny morning any one familiar with their habits would have noticed that a sort of gentle melancholy seemed to brood over the pool of the alligators. There had been five or six wrestling bouts, but they had been conducted in a half-hearted way as if simply indulged in to assist digestion. There was no go and dash about the performance.

Finally even these hollow attempts at play were given up, and a rippleless silence took possession of the pool. All the alligators, big and little, arranged themselves in a row, and shutting their eyes, just rested the points of their long noses on the bank. They might have been so many pieces of green bronze.

Some people think that alligators can't count; but even the smallest alligator knew the day of the month, and that was the last day in that dear outdoor pool. To-morrow they would be pushed and shoved and prodded and poked into winter quarters. For the little alligators that spelled s-c-h-o-o-l, horrid word! For the older alligators it meant a long stretch of days with no nice hot sun, no nice big pool, nothing to do but sleep and eat! And for the oldest alligator of all it meant teaching!

Was it any wonder they were all greatly depressed? But it is absurd to spend the last day of vacation in vain regrets. So when the oldest and largest gator crawled slowly out of the pool to the center of the pen, all the rest opened their eyes at once, just as if he had said, "One, two, three, wake up!" When he had stretched himself at full length, he opened his mouth and made an sound like escaping steam. "Come on, all of you," he said. "Let's have one more game of pyramid."

Did you ever see alligators play pyramid? It is the oldest game in the world, invented by the first alligator that ever lived. He taught it to his children long ago in the land of Egypt, and they in turn taught it to their children. Only the alligators and crocodiles, their cousins, know how to play it properly.

When the oldest and largest alligator had stretched himself at full length, the next largest in the crowd crawled on top of him, with his head turned toward the big one's tail. Then both together gave the same steam-hissing sound, and then the next largest crawled up, and the next and the next, until on the top of the pyramid sat quite a little gator, with eight larger fellows underneath, all head to tail. Then they all let off steam together to attract the attention of the other pyramids, none of which was larger than seven gators high.

Then began the really difficult part of the game. Old Samson Alligator started to crawl slowly round the pen. If there were any hillocks in his path, or stones or uneven places in the ground, he did not avoid them, as one might suppose, but even went out of his way to go over them. As he felt the load slipping to one side or the other, he would let off a steam, which is the way alligators laugh to themselves. At the fourth hump, alligator number eight, who was next to the top, fell off. But little gator number nine just managed to keep his seat.

That pleased him very much, for it is the rule of the game that the top ones should fall first, and as number eight had fallen before him, he could stay on his back and ride round until all the rest were shaken off. This, naturally, took some time, and as all the rest fell off in regular order, number eight was in bad humor at his mishap.

"Oh, you're terrible smart, I know!" he said, ill-naturedly, to little number nine. "Just you wait till to-morrow, when you begin school! Perhaps you'll find you don't know so much, after all!" But at the very mention of school his ill-humor vanished. After all, misfortune makes one kinder. He, too, had to go to school. When the keeper brought supper he had entirely recovered, and good-naturedly made a place for the smallest gator next to himself, and did not gobble more than four-sixths of the food that came their way.

"To-morrow's full of trouble," said the keeper to a friend. "We've got to move all these alligators. It's a job! There are so many now that we will have to separate 'em. Take out some of the big ones and put 'em in a separate corner."

At this all the little alligators nearly died of excitement. Suppose the teacher would be taken? They scarcely slept all night, and those that did dreamed of a tank where there wasn't a teacher and it was always vacation.—Henry Dick, in Youth's Companion.

### An Embryo Statesman.

"Harold!"  
"Yes, papa."  
"What's this I hear? You say you won't go to bed?"  
"Papa," replied the statesman's little boy, "if you heard anything like that, I have been misquoted."—Kansas City Journal.



### A Night Robe in Court.

A case tried in the local courts hinged on the fit of a woman's night robe, alleged to have been stolen from Mrs. James Wallace's clothes line, with other apparel, by Mrs. James Gorion. The garment was produced in court and a demand made by Attorney Robert W. Irvin that Mrs. Wallace prove her claim to the property by showing that it fit her. Mrs. Wallace is tall.

At the order of the court she stood up and measured the garment over her form, the fit proving a good one.

"It's a little short," remarked Mr. Irvin, "and might give you cold feet."

Amanda Hardy, a washerwoman, testified she was positive the night robe belonged to Mrs. Wallace, for she had washed it two years ago, and it then had a button missing as at present.—Washington (Pa.) Letter to the New York World.

### Flatiron Turban Again.

The new-shaped toque, known as the "flat-iron"—a name suggested by its close resemblance to this homely domestic implement—is among the latest innovations in the realm of Parisian millinery.

It is frequently carried out in a combination of blue and green velvet trimmed with velvet fruit. These hats are, besides, to be had in fur, in which case the trimming usually takes the form of a little cluster of camellias or shaded velvet roses.

Numbers of the new picture models have no other trimming than a scarf of fine gold tissue, heavily fringed at the ends and falling over the brim of the hat almost to the shoulder. This, although not a little startling, is sufficiently becoming to tempt many women to adopt it, the effect, when the whole toilette is carried out in black, being particularly successful.

### Woman Scientist Honored.

Mrs. W. E. Ayerton, who has just been awarded the Hughes Medal by the Royal Society for experimental investigations on the electric arc, and also upon sand ripples, has had a remarkable career. When she left school at the age of 16 she began to earn her living by teaching at Girton College, Cambridge. Here she took honors in mathematics and physics. The first result of the course of study was the invention of the sphygmograph, for recording the beats of the pulse; then she took out a patent for a line divider, an instrument for immediately dividing up a line into any number of equal parts. Subsequently she turned her attention to electricity.

In 1884 she married Professor Ayerton. She has read a series of papers before the British Association, and has written a large number of scientific works.

Mrs. Ayerton, who has a beautiful home in the West End of London, is the mother of Israel Zangwill's wife.

### New Way To Be Wedded.

Quite the latest way of getting married comes from Paris. Two young people presented themselves before the cure of a church in Montmartre, "Good day," they said, "M. le Cure; is it not splendid weather?" "Magnificent!" replied the genial priest. "A little to warm, but in the shade, you know—" His sentence was never finished, for the two young people interrupted him by saying in one voice, "We mutually consent to be married."

The priest was thoroughly taken aback, and protested; but at this very moment two witnesses who were in hiding came forward and stated they had heard the declaration, too. Hence there was nothing for it. According to the Council of Trent and the law that governs the church the couple are indissolubly married. Imagine the sensation in Montmartre.

Now, when a young man, accompanied by a young woman, "passes the time of day" with the cure, the latter replies, "Oh, that is very well, but it does not count, with me; I'm deaf."

### Girl Specialists.

The girl that has the most enjoyable time in these days when people must be amused can really be best described as a "specialist," for she must be "up" in some kind of sport to have the invitations that her flitting about denotes. The tennis girl is in demand all summer, from earliest spring until November; the golf girl comes second, and a girl who can do either game and play good bridge besides outclasses both with ease and has what might be termed an "open season" all the year round. To know how to sail a boat, drive a motor or play billiards or pool is useful, but these are merely incidental accomplishments and count for little, but a girl who rides or drives well is in demand among the married women, for she surely attracts the best men in every community to the house where she stays. Girls do not get their invitations solely on their own merits, but most frequently for the amount of use their hostesses can make of them as social attractions.—New York Tribune.

### Complexions Undergo Changes.

It is not so many years ago that it was the chief ambition of every girl and woman to have a complexion that would be said to resemble the "roses and cream" of the heroine of an English novel. Nowadays, to judge by the complexion on view in the high places of the Diamond Horseshoe, that sort of thing will not do at all, for the

face of the average woman to be seen there on subscription nights looks as if she had just come in from a day spent either in a biting wind following the hounds or as one might look who had been on a yacht for a fortnight or so under the torrid suns of summer days. Two striking illustrations were afforded on Monday night at the opera by Mrs. Edmund Baylies, who was in the conspicuous Goelet box, and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who was holding an impromptu reception all through the opera in the Gerry box. Mrs. Baylies's face was a rich red that showed off brilliantly over her costume of greenish blue, and Mrs. Fish looked as if she had spent all the time in her voyage across from Europe out on the deck of the liner, so vivid was the hue of her complexion. In both instances this effect of out-of-doors life was all the more striking from the contrast afforded by the elegance of their frocks.—New York Press.

### Hotel Like a Home.

It is no new thing for a woman or women to manage a large hotel, but it is a new experience for a traveler to receive such courtesy and attention at a large and popular hotel that he feels as if he were a member of a house party and must give expression to his appreciation and employment when paying his bill much in the manner he would thank a personal host for a pleasant stay. Yes, there is such a hotel in the world managed by such people. Way out in the northwest, in the province of Alberta, in a region of snow-capped mountains, lakes and rivers, ideal in every way. In this region there is an ideal hotel. And—to follow out the house that Jack built form—in this ideal hotel there are four ideal Scotch women, whose voices like Annie Laurie's, are "low and sweet."

They work in twos, a day and a night shift or relay, and though the same questions are asked over and over again, day in and day out, the answers are always made in an interested gracious manner; none of the snippy, know-it-all, such-a-fore manner, which is characteristic of the American hotel employe—or for that matter, American employe of any kind.

Consciously or unconsciously the traveler lowers his voice and "mends his manners" to accord with those of the women who manage a great hotel in a great-gentle-way. And what is the result. It is that more than the bodily wants, the "creature comforts" of the traveler are ministered unto. The finer senses are satisfied here. No welcome sign is needed; the traveler feels the cordial, cherry atmosphere the moment he enters the place. An evening here when chairs are pulled up in front of the huge blazing logs in the fireplaces, by reading lamps or by card tables, suggests a private house party. The "home touch," or as some call it, the "woman's touch" is felt throughout the place. Americans spend much time, effort and money in cultivating this, that and another talent. Our hearts are in the right place, no doubt, but our voices and our manners are not always captivating, and they are worse when we go abroad, for then we seem to forget the Golden Rule. Why, no one knows. But there is hope for us, and especially for any who may come under the influence of such women as one finds in the big hotel in the northwest.—New Haven Register.

### Fashion Notes.

Some turbans shows the brim turned up at the left.

Often the brim of the turban is covered by the crown.

A bunch of feathers is often at the left back of a turban.

Velvet is favored for turbans and so are felts and beavers.

Most French frocks of the late are short enough to show the ankles.

The Japanese parasol of from 12 to 16 ribs is apparently the favorite.

The newest shoes have a medium vamp and are arched to make them look shorter.

Softened metal touches are introduced in a number of attractive ways, on the turban.

Jewelled buttons are a distinctly new ornament for the hair. They are used to hold in place the pretty hair bands of the moment.

The latest hats from Paris are very wide brimmed, but there are very positive predictions, that there is to be a decrease in size of head gear this season.

One of the new hat trimmings is a spray of camellia. The blossoms are huge, and the spray usually consists of a single blossom, a large bud, and several leaves.

While vanity bags are to be had in every known leather, the light and dark colored suedes are most popular. The bags are a bit smaller than those of a year ago.

Very dainty and becoming are the hats which are trimmed only with a large bow of white or cream lace, tied with many loops and wired invisibly so that the folds of the lace may not become limp.

Embroidery on stockings is more popular this season than it has been in many years. This is accounted for by the vogue of the embroidered glove, which is supposed to match the hose-ry in color and design.