THE GRASS A-GREENING.

Aunt Celia lives with us, her room's the one above the hall.

And she has laughing baby pictures hanging on the wall.

And growing near the window are some pretty ferns and flowers:

I don't know why it is, but they seem prettier ones than ours.

Aunt Celia's legs are paralysed. Why, she can't even stand!

And rainy days the rheumatism's dreadful in her hand.

But she is always cheerful, and she tells us, sweet and low.

She flads the grass a greening when she digs away the snow.

My mama days Aunt Cella had a little boy
Hke me.

Except I'm nearly six years old, and he was
only three:
And one time when Aunt Cella was
a successful man back my hair.
She called me "Willle." My name's Fred,
but then, I didn't care.
For als looked like my mama when she
comes to way good-night.
And then she klessed me lots of times, and
hugged me to her tight.
And whispered—I could hardly hear, she
"I'll find the gram a greening if I dig away
the snow."

Away the snow.

Last week Aunt Cella was so very sick our
dector brought

Two other doctors with him, and I guess
they shook.

Their heads, rid every doctor had a melancholy look.

Their heads, rid every doctor had a melancholy look.

Their heads, rid every doctor had a melancholy look.

Their heads of they d'all gone—we'd felt too bad
to say good-by—
mine before I cry.

Cella was to go.

"Cella was to go.

"To Evan, to Youth's Companion.

-G. T. Evans, in Youth's Companion.

Many will wonder how I managed | Catching sight of me in the door to keep order in the schoolroom and way, the Italian stopped, but gesticutwo squirrels and a young cow about to comprehend. the place. My fellow teachers will be

In point of fact it made little differ- camp; but that was not easily accomence after my pupils became accus- plished. We tied him by the leg, but tomed to the sight and sound of these 'pets." Moreover, they were a source frayed off or came untied, and flew of endless pleasure and, I think, profit for I gave little talks upon the hubits and history of all these creatures, and sought to inculcate sentiments of compassion and love toward all liv-

This was my first school, however, and people wondered. The supervisor also wondered, and was skeptical. Several of the parents, who did not him that I kept a menagerie instead of There were some, even, who taught natural history, because they came home and asked questions. They did not like it and deemed it quite unnecessary. They desired to have their children attend strictly to their "school

It came about, therefore, that at the was given to another teacher, and for one whole term my occupation was

les bg, that I had spoiled

the hands of one of my larger boys, named Wiggan Brown, who was a little inclined to thoughtless cruelty. On the part of children, indeed, cruelty is usually thoughtless. They are rarely cruel after they have been taught

Wiggan and his older brother had taken Blackamoor from a nest in the top of a hemlock tree. By this time e reader will have guessed that Blackamoor was the young crow which

became one of our school house pets. At first we built a pen for him at the farther corner of the schoolyard, where we kept him until he could fly. After that he was released, to stay us or depart. He chose to stay, and during school hours usually sat At night he often accompanied me me, and lingered about the farmnext day. At the recesses he swaggered and hopped about with the children at play, often cawing uproarious

If a dog or cat approached during school hours, blackamoor would cry, "Har-r-r!" from the roof, and drive the intruder away. If it was a person he ferent key. If another crow or large bird flew past, he turned up an eye fact, he kept us posted on all that was on out of doors, for we soon ame to know most of his signal cries. The boys would glance up from their aks and smile when they heard

Blacksmoor had certain highly repensible traits. He was ' thievish on him, or he would steal #11 our leadcils, pocket-bandkerchiefs and othsmall objects. What he took he

n doing it. He fell finally into a difficulty with gang of Italian laborers who were excavating for a new railroad line that passed within a quarter of a mile of the schoolhouse. There were fiftynve of these Italians, and they had camp in a grove of pines within alain sight of us. My pupils were ered fiercely in an unknown tonand each one was armed with a

my boys should not go to their p. But Blackamoor went there, ere were probably tit-bits to be ne-red about their cooking-fires. For a

or at least was flying back and faide, and on going to the door, saw hatless Italian pursuing Blackamoor ross the pasture below the house. was a very active young man, and

ACKAMOOR."

give proper attention to the lessons lated eagerly, pointing to the crow; with three baby woodchucks, a turtle, and he said much that I failed utterly I conjectured that Blacksmoor had inclined to say that the children would purloined something, and felt that I have eyes and ears for nothing class must keep him from going to the

> he tugged at the string till it was away. But a crisis was at hand. The second morning afterward an alarming commotion began, as 4 was hearing a class in mental arithmetic. The house was surrounded by excited Italians.

shouts filled the air. It was a mob. The children were terrified, and I was sufficiently alarmed myself, for a pane understand very well, complained to of glass crashed and clubs banged against the sides of the house. Hastily locking the door, I peered did not wish to have their children out of the window. Certainly wild In-

clans could hardly have looked more savage than did those Italians, hurling, stones and clubs at the house. Yet through it all I had a suspicion

that the demonstration was directed at Blackamoor rather than against us; for I fancied that I had heard our end of the second term the position bird say, "Haw!" a moment before the hubbub burst forth. Still it was decidedly alarming

while it lasted, and continued for a Yet my former pupils lamented so much longer time than was pleasant more prudent to keep the ked in to so forth to 7'

who who the outcries and racket subsided, and Finally, after a great bombardment, with a vast sense of relief, I saw the Italians retiring across the pasture to the school for any one else. She was their camp. As a matter of course the a very worthy young lady, but one of those who scream at the right of a of whit had occurred, and our small community waved indiwas deemed an outrage by lawless for

The suspicion, however, remained with me that Blackamoor was at the bottom of all the trouble. I had the boys catch him and make him fast again, this time with a small dogchain, which he could not bite off. He cawed vigorously, but we kept him at anchor for a week or more. And meanwhile the Italian camp was moved to a point six miles farther along the line of the new railway.

At a school house in the country it is often difficult to get small repairs made. Early that season the boys had broken a pane of glass in the lowattic window at the front end of the house. I had been trying to get it epaired for two months; and now we had two panes broken. At last I bought new glass and a bit of putty and with the aid of Wissgan and another boy, set the panes myself one night after school.

But while setting the attic pane we made a singular discovery. In the low. dark loft, just inside the hole of the broken pane, lay a heap of queer things which caused us first to stare then to laugh. The like, I am sure, England schoolhouse before. I made a list. There were:

The much-soiled photograph of a bambino. Three photographs of pretty Italian

Four very villainous old pipes Many straws of macaroni. An old felt hat. A dirty stick of candy. Five small silver coins. An odd sort of flute.

The bonnet of a cambino. Four soiled red bandannas. ollar in silver. Two tin cups. Two pictures of contadine.

Two plugs of tobacco. These are but samples. All told, there were at least ninety articles. It was Blackamoor's hoard; and all the while we were overhauling it he cawed and hawed in great glee!

decided that restoration was our only proper course. The long-suffering Italans were now six miles away; but on horses and a wagon with three seats for our journey of reparation. The purioined articles were put in a large basket, and we set up a perch in the wagon, to which Blackamoor was chained in token of punishment. Af-

after another, they caught sight of our wagon, with sisckamoor alop, exclamations, not of a complimentar nature, burst forth all along the line But I beckoned to their Irish bons.

what belonged to him,
"Ah, sure!" replied the

get your trinkets what the crow

Wonderingly, the gang gathered round the wagon. But when they saw the basket and what was in it, the liveliest expressions of satisfaction arose. Each seized his own.

very sorry we were that our bad bird had given them so much trouble. Then followed, in response, as pretty a bit

The Italians took off their hats and lowed all round. One of them ther made a little speech, which the Irish boss translated after his own fashion, somewhat like this:

"It's all right, they say. You are most good. They thank you with all their hearts. They are sorry you have had to come so far. You are a very, very kind signorina."

The foreman grinned apologetically. "They want to sing you a song," he

I said that we should be delighted Immediately four of them stepped forth together and sang. It was an Italian song, concerning a Countess of Naples whose lover was killed in Abvestnia and had a refrain so plaintive that I often catch myself trying

"Now, then, get back to your work, men!" shouted the boss, and so this old little episode ended.

Yet it was not wholly ended, either, for in October, as the gang tramped back along the road-bed of the railway, going home with all their packs and bundles, one of those who had sung came up to the schoolhouse and laid a little bouquet of frost flowers and red autumn leaves on the door-step.

Catching sight of me through the window, he nodded brightly, pointed to the bouquet, nodded again, then hurried on after his fellows. I went to the door, and when they saw me there, half a hundred old hats were raised and hands were waved in to-

I thought of our previous fears and of the hard things that had been said, Stones rattled on the roof. Augry and was ashamed. Again the truth of that humane old proverb came home to me:

"Almost everybody is a good fellow if you treat him right."

And Blackamoor? A few days later Blackamoor deserted us. A large flock of his wild kindred was mustering in the vicinity for the autumn migration. We concluded that he nad joined his tribe-and were not inconsolable.-Youth's Companion.

STORY OF THE PIANO.

What the Great Masters Have Played

on in the Past, The planoforte today forms part of the furnishings of nearly all our It is a necessary feature of use music

all grades of men in of each continent. It adapts i

but not less to the jingle of the dance

From time to time we hear of "time wasted." of "better learn to cook than to play the piano," nevertheless the and somehow or other time is found both for the plane and for the cooking school. Does it often occur to us that it has taken civilized men just 500

years to produce the modern plano? Each generation, in turn, has kept alive the history of the instrument up to its date. It is rather a laborious than a difficult matter, therefore to mark the many stages of its develop-

Even to this day one may see and try the clavichord and harpsichord on which Handel played the "well-tempered klavier" for which Father Bach composed his preludes and fugues; the spinet used by Marie Antoinette and her maids of honor in old Versailles, the harpsichord made for Frederick the Great the first examples of the "pian e forte" user by Mozart and

Nothing is more impressive to the musician than the contrast between the admirable and often intricate music of those great masters and the poor and to us rudimentary instruments on which their fuges and gigues, pastorals, suits and sonatas were per formed-genius triumphant over ob-

stacles It may be possible to set out in simple language some idea of the stages today. The first stringed instrument played by the striking on keys of which record remains is the clavichord of 1494. It was a light box in which the strings of equal length, 39 in number, covering three octaves in all, were strained over a bridge obliquely set, which controlled the pitch of the note. The keys moved levers upward, in which pegs or quills were fixed, to strike or grate against the strings. In the original form there was provided a means of "fretting" or scratching the string, as the strings of the violin are et in action by the bow. But about the year 1700 the fretting was discard ed and independent pairs of strings substituted, and for this "well-tem-

fuges of Johann Sabastian Bach were was the spinet. This resembled the clavichord in form and in its three-octave compass. The upward movement set in the "jack" to strike the stretched string in passing. The spinet belongs to the literature of the 16th century. In the England of Queen Elizabeth one finds frequent al-lusions to the "verginals," another wealth, notes in his diary that on July 13, 1869, he hought his "Espinette" from Charles Haward and paid £5 for



Potato blight, or the dying of the eaves and vines before the crop is mature, is commonly thought to be entirely due to diseases which attack the top of the potato plant. We have novice. Used the preserved eggs at home or sell them for cooking purnot found it so in Colorado. Spraying experiments with Bordeaux mixture did not materially lessen the blight, and the microscopic plants which cause these leaf diseases are not commonly found associated with this trouble. We conclude, therefore that the premature dying of the potato vines is usually an evidence that the underground parts have been severely injured by the fungus in ques

Vitality in Seeds.

The period during which seeds will retain their vitality varies greatly. It has often been given, but is of so much importance that it will bear repetition. The onion is one of the poorest. It is not to be trusted after the second year. Parsnip is no better. Corn, dandelion, chervil and salslfy are good for two years. Anise, caraway, leek, parsley, peas, rhubarb, sage and summer savory may be safe ly kept till the third spring. A long list of plants show a favorable test after five years, among them being asparagus, kail, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, cress, kohl rabl, lavender, lettuce, melon, nasturtium, okra, radish, spinach, squash and turnip. Bean, beet and egg plant keep well for six years. Even eight years is not too long for keeping celery seed. Cucumber and endive seed ten years old retains its vitality. Tomato, pepper, mustard and corn salad should be good for four years at least.-National Fruit Grow-

Can You Grow Good Grain?

It may not be generally known that nearly all seedsmen are obliged to have a portion of their seeds grown for them just as many breeders of fancy poultry engage farmers to care for their young stock. A progressive farmer in New York was an expert grower of potatoes, and for many years grew nearly a hundred acres of potatoes for seed on contracts for one of the lareg seedsmen in another state. This man is now in business for himself, making a specialty of

seed potatoes. expert in growing some it will pay to corre

the performance of the concert artist, for him. Generally a can be made which wil be much more and to the familiar melody of the profitable than growing the same crop hymn tune, which draws together the for the open market. Do not, howevare prepared to grow the best and deliver it as pure as possible.-Indianapolis News.

> Using the Milk Test. The Babcock test should be used on every farm where cows are kept. The

milk of each cow should be weighed and recorded morning and night. At least one composite sample milk should be taken and tested every month the cow is in milk. Skimmilk and buttermilk should be tested frequently.

The Babcock test and scales for weighing milk enables the farmer to place the management of his herd on business basis. It reduces the business to a system. Lack of system drives the boys from the farm.

The station will gladly co-operate with any diary farmer who desires further information regarding the test and whenever six or more farmers in any locality in the state so desire the station stands ready to send a man to further discuss its merits, and demonstrate, in a practical way, the benefits which will follow the introduction of the test system in the managemen of the dairy herd.-I. C. Weld, Experiment Station, Durham, N. H.

Muslin in Place of Glass. Considerable interest is being take in the use of oiled muslin in place

of glass in the poultry house. There is no doubt but what this can be sub stituted to advantage where a hous has too much glass, as many of them have. For example, all of us are fam fliar with the poultry house front buil on a slant and consisting entirely of glass and the necessary framework to hold it. In such cases we think every other section of muslin would be an advantage. The house would still be light enough and at night would be much warmer with a smalle

area of glass. In the small house, where one wi dow of moderate size furnishes the light, it would not be advisable to substitute muslin for glass. After all the best use for the muslin is to place it on poles and hang over the opening in the scratching shed. It keeps out the wind and cold and, with the help lets in enough light to make the fowls contented and happy as they scratch climate and the poultry house is light-ed only by a small window, it is an excellent plan to cut in a second window and cover the frame with a de manner additional light is obtained without exposing the house to more cold.—Indianapolis News.

dicate of soda) at the drug high is cheep and which or

work off eggs preserved by any meth-od as strictly fresh eggs. No meth-od of preservation has yet been discovered wh'oh will preserve the rich fresh flavor which the new egg has, and you won't be able to fool even the

poses after telling your customers just what they are. The method of preservation by the use of water-glash is as follows: Add ten parts of boiled water to one part of the water-glass and pour in a crock As the eggs are gathered, see that they are perfectly fresh, drop them into the solution until the crock is sufficiently full. The main thing to observe is to see that the eggs are covered with the liquid at all times. Try this plan of preserving summer laid

Apple Trees in Dynamite Holes.

winter.—Indianapolis News.

eggs for the higher prices of fall and

We have been setting out on apple orchard of about eight acres, using Baldwins and Greenings, 40 feet apart, and Wagner, Wealthy and Duchess as

fillers, 20 feet apart. The ground was formerly mowing ground, but the old man from whom we bought the farm had so much land that it rather ran away from him, and there were quite a good many alders, birches and hard hacks on the piece. These we had cut and burned. We expect to cultivate close around the trees with plenty of fertilizer for two or three years; then follow the Hitchings plan. We wanted good holes, and three of us dug eighty holes in the first day, but the roots and stubble made slow work and the holes were not satisfactory, so we tried digging by power, and found it satisfactory, as it dug a much better hole and did it cheaper. Dynamite was the power, and it made digging sport, rather than hard, tiresome labor, as it was before. We experimented with varying quantity and degrees, and found that onefourth of a stick of 50 or 60 percentthat is, B or C grade, gave best results. The cartridges weigh one-half o three-fourths pound, and it costs 20 to 22 cents per pound, so that covering cost of cap and fuse the

inserted the crowbar a and into this hole fourth cartridge wit inches of fuse. 20 ho wide, but with the ground in nd making the setting a much easier job than the hole dug in the ordinary way. Some people are afraid of the stuff, but we have used it for several years for blowing rocks. We are careful in handling it, and believe anyone who is not naturally careless can soon learn to handle it with comparatively perfect safety. If you are afraid of it there is usually some one in the neigh-

not cost over five cents

good work ourselves, and save lots of ovnamite.-Rural New Yorker. "I've got to shampoo my hair, and, oh

use it, but such men are prodigal in

how I dread the cold that is certain to follow!" sighed the delicate girl. "Do you dry it carefully?" "Always, but it makes no difference

never wash my hair without suffer-"Well, then, why don't you try a dry shampoo?"

"No water?" "Not a drop. Have several clean brushes, an old silk handkerchief and some good ay rum. Part the hair through the middle and again across behind the ears. Brush gently in long even strokes, but firmly enough to reach the scalp and remove all dust and dandruff; then separate the hair in small strands, shaking each well to dislodge any remaining particles of dust. Brush again, using anothe clean brush, and finish by wiping each strand with a clean, soft handkerchief You will be delighted to see how the scalp with a small sponge and rub it in well with the finger tips. Bay rum is a valuable tonic as well as an A better preparation even than bay rum is the prepared bay rum and

"It sounds awfully comfortable, said the delicate girl. "I'll give it a mid the delicate girl. "I'llgivejt atrail anyhow."—Massachusetts

An Armenian woman who runs that are the talk of the hour among men who dine in restaurants every night and who prowl around Thanksgiving, when she introduced her Armenian pies as an experiment, she

or veal, awest peppers, string beans onions, chill peppers and tomatoes. The ple is baked in a deep earthen pot, pu

THE PULPIT.

IN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY DEAN F. K. SANDERS, OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

Brooklyn, N. Y .- In the absence of Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the absence of Dr. A. J. Lyman, the pastor, the pulpit of South Congregational Church was occupied Sunday by Dean F. K. Sauders, D. D., the head of the Divinity School of Yale University. He took for his subject "The Most Beautiful Book in the World," and said:

edge, Renan, who is deservedly famous as a student of literature and of the Bible. He declared that the gospel of Luke was the most beautiful book in the world. No one can, of course, test this statement who is not familiar with the gospel. To the superficial reader it is only one of the stories of the life of Jesus. The skill, the power, the pathos and the sympathy of the writer become clearer with every re-reading of the book. An early tradi-tion spoke of Luke the painter, and said he had painted a portrait of the Virgin. That tradition, whether true or not, was not very far from right. It may be said that he gave us, in a fashion, the most beautiful picture of Mary of Nazareth; it stands out before us with lively distinctness. Everything goes to show that Luke was a Greek, familiar with the best literature of his day, a keen observer and careful investigator. He seems to have had unu-sual opportunity for observing and describing the life and personality of the Lord. Among other things he gives evidence of possessing the true historic spirit. You will notice how he is inter-ested in tracing the Lord's active ministry from place to place. The story is told in an orderly fashion that helps us to arrange the facts far better than the other gospels could. You will no-tice also that Luke is fond of following up the physical and moral growth of our Lord. He is also careful to connect his story with the history of the time—with Roman and Syrian history.

upon him. This was natural to a cultured Greek, and it was necessary if his purpose was to influence his cultured countrymen.
What is it, we may ask, that constitutes a beautiful book, and does this third gospel possess those attributes in a supreme degree? It would seem to me that a beautiful book ought to have in the first place a noble conception, which in some way awakens and dommates the soul, and it ought to have a skillful, but simple plan of develop ment rightly grasped and There must be good taste and right judgment in the choice of the material bles us to grasp details and

He is careful to place the life of Jesus

in its larger environment and to show what Jesus was in relation to the world

about him, and we shall see why it was

that that point of view laid such hold

The then, the active life of Jesus, and it is far more than that; it is the nd fire The the broad life which He lived with others. Luke loses no chance to show how outfar wide, but with the ground in fair condition you will loosen the earth contact with Jesus and always evoked for from three to five feet in diameter | a response. We see His parents, disci- the way, when he leaves it at your and one to two feet in depth, making ples, friends and casual acquaintances not Jesus the man that Luke tells forgets that those to whom he refers tles of the church. A famous critic said: "Luke ever spares the twelve, especially Peter." He omits many little details even regarding our Lord, such as the agony in the garden, and many about the apostles, especially Peter. which are given in Matthew and Mark Why? Apparently because he did not borhood who understands it and will think it was worth while. studying the work of the Lord in revusing it, and we find we can do as erent fashion. It was not his purpos those facts which would bring out the explanation of the fact that Jesus wa the risen Lord of humanity, and that the twelve were the "glorious company that, but to show Jesus in all His pow er, and greatness, and holiness, and grace, the friend of all who were in

> man kind, the one power to whom the whole world ought to bow. That seems omething like the thought that was in the mind of Luke. But to go to the plan of developmen It is extremely simple. Mark's gospe consists of a series of scenes which bring out the life of Jesus with start not like that. Luke seeks to give the historical association, a plain and sim ple view of the development of the life and it is unique in its simplicity. He has two chapters devoted to the infancy and boyhood of Jesus, and in years of growth of Jesus. Then two chapters serve to bring us to the point when, in full maturity, and with absolute command over Himself and His purposes, He was ready for the work which opened before Him. So three or four chapters give us the preparation for this public ministry, tell us of John the Baptist, how Jesus came to him, the details of the baptism and temptation; then follows the genealogy, and we are prepared for the actual story of the active work of Jesus. Then comes the story of His ministry, from Galilee to Jerusalem, and then the last week in Jerusaiem, and then the last week in Jerusaiem, the Passion, and lastly the resurrection and ascension, easy to follow and comprehensive. Luke adds six out of twenty miracles and eighteen out of twenty-three para-bles and a great deal of choice mate-

any kind of need, the Saviour of hu

In the third place is the exquisite taste and sympathy. Luke's gospel is a universal gospel. He emphasizes the fact that the ministry of Christ was for all. Dante called Luke the writer of the story of the gentleness of Christ. He alone tells the stories of the good Samaritan, the prodigal son, the great supper, the Pharisee and the publican, the dinner in the house of Shnon, and, lastly, the story of the repentant robber. All is a part of his great thems. Nor was it accidental that Luke shows us so many types of women and gives them honor, a strange thing in his day His remarkable delineation of Mary

sions. The stories of Mary and Martha and of Zacheus of that walk to Emmaus—how impossible to read it without having our hearts burn within

was the founder of Christian art Now the last and finest test of perfection is unity. Passages in the book of Luke are like gems in a royal crown, The book is a tribute of a reverent disciple to the Lord Christ, showing His relationship to man and striving to convey the impression of His personal As if Luke should say: you see that He embodied the universal ideal of a perfectly God-like life; that He over-passed numan possibility and gave in His life the evidence of be-My theme rests on the authority of one renowned for his literary knowling divine?" To be appreciated the book must be constantly and reverently read until it is fixed in the memory. Then it will do its constructive work in our souls. It will encourage us, that have its right of way in our lives, and It will suggest the way in which the Bible can become, in our hearts, the

> SAGE DROVE BARGAIN IN LOAD OF HAY

> > The Economical Millionaire hade Neighbor Pay For Ride in Work of Hired Man.

source of genuine and constant up-

Russell Sage has not squandered very n.uch on clothes and personal luxuries during his long life, still he has spent some pretty large sums on horses, his love of which has amounted almost to a passion. Some time ago he paid \$10.-000 for a team of trotters for use at his country place on Long Island, and the first time he was to drive them he asked Frank Tilford, who was a neighbor of his, to go with him. How Uncle Russell made the rotund Tilford pay for his outing is still told with great

glee throughout the countryside. After driving a little way a team was seen approaching drawing a load of salt hay out from the meadows along the shore. Immediately said Sage: "I am paying too much money for bedding for my horses. Now we'll see what this man wants for his load of

So the stranger was stopped and the aged financier began negotiations. "What do you want for that load of

"Five dollars," was the reply. "Five dollars?" said Sage, "why it is not worth a cent more than three. It does not cost you anything; all you

have to do is to cut it." "Well," replied the farmer, "It takes good half a day's work and the use of my horses and wagon." But Sage would not pay \$5, 80 a com-

promise was made on \$4 for the load ere shall I !cave it?" said the farmer.

"At Frank Tilford's," said Uncle But sell, and turning to Tilford, as they Dew." Mrs. J.-Why not? Jorkinsdrove on, he said: "You see, Frank, if he knew that hay was for Russell Sage he would not let it go for less than \$7. And by

place, just let your man bring it over to my barn."

WISE WORDS. Joy is not in things, it is in us. Rev. Charles Wagner.

nan's spiritu" 'gnorance. able to the fullness of salety

The intellectual culture which ster-Ilizes the heart is a crime against nature. Industrious wisdom often prevents

what lazy folks think inevitable .-Simmons. Bar the lobby-the bane of every legislative body!-Governor Mickey, of

Our civic progress depends largely n the provisions of education.-Mayor McClellan, of New York.

Nature has decreed that nothing fraught with life shall escape the bitterness of nature's strife. Many a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the

same street.—Elbert Hubbard. I prefer a less great name in military annals to having 30,000 lives on my conscience.-General Stoessel. Fate never wounds more deeply the generous heart than when a block-

head's insult points the dart.-John

To make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom.

world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of crit icism is the most tormenting.-Sterne The liar generally passes his time poasting of his hatred of liars, thinking thereby to cover his own defects; but he neither hoodwinks others or himself.—Lavator.

Test of Friendship. There is no truer test of friendship than one which will understand the silences which often fall between people. You are sitting with a friend, conversation lags, stops altogether, and the two of you sit silent, possibly for half an hour, without a word being spoken. And yet neither misses anything, the calm content and serenity of spirit which pervade all the which exists that makes under ing complete. That is the real friend-ship which respects moods a d de-mands nothing which it is not willing to bestow in return.

"Well-pshawl-thehouse is packed!" mid an Arkansas swais, who had

'Don't you recton which there somewhere by the door?'
"I reckon you could," replied good old brother who was official

THE BEA-CROW.

A noted ornithologist, upon an ocean trip, Was keenly interested in the crow's nest of the ship; So great his curiosity to view the sea-crow's ways, He summoned up his converse us also! Luke was truly a portrait painter. An ancient legend said Luke summoned up his courage and, he shin-nied up the stays.

"Now blarst my bloomin' tarry wig!"—the lookout there spoke free—
"And shiver all my tubers, but I sin't no crow!" says he:
"And I'm the only thing up here, so far as I have heard, But bung my helly deadeyes!—I sin't no dicky-bird!"

The ornithologist clum down and sought the captain's ear!
The captain said: "The sea-crow's ways I know too well. I fear—know to melentiously it lays an egg there every day.
But rats run up the ratiloes, str, and bear 'em all away."

"Alas, but that is sad indeed!" the learned man did cry.
"Oh, yes, 'tis sad, yet not so sad," the captain made reply;
"For though the rats do bear 'em off, as I to you do state,
They take 'em to the hatchway, sir, and there they incubate."

"Ah, that is very good indeed!" the learned man did say.
"Yee, yee, 'tls good—yet not so good;" the captain turned away,
And held a dainty handkerchief for tears that naught could check.
And ordered up a deck-hand for to swab 'em on the deck.

"The cat o' nine talls dread," he said,
"patrols these decks at night;
Also the dog watch lies in wait, with fearful bark and bits;
These dreadful two"—he wept anew—'est
up the pretty dears'—
He choked with sobs—his hearer wept—
the scuppers ran with tears.
Watson Reading, Hearner's Magazing. -Watson Bradley, in Harper's Magazine.

JUST FOR FUN



"But, pa, what is an "dle jest'?" There are no idle jests, my son; they are all working all the time."-Brook-

Mrs. Upmore (in search of a girl)—Can you do housework? Girl—I dunno, mem, I've always wurruked in flats.-Chicago Tribune. "Our stock is A1. Nothing better in

remargined so often that he had better buy you outright."-Life. She (at the play's rehearsal)-Do you think my husband will object to your making love to me? He-Oh, no. He knows I wouldn't if I didn't have to.-Life.

Burke's." "Yes, father said he had

She-Why. Belle used to be hand-inglove with you. He-Say, rather, hand-in-mitten.' She gave me the latter and withdrew the hand .- Philadelphia Press. Cholly-Let's be two souls with but

a single thought. Maude-I don't want to knock, Cholly, but I fear you couldn't furnish half of the thought .-Indianapolis Star. Jorkins-My dear, I wish you ouldn't sing that song about "Falling

It reminds me too much of the house rent.-Cleveland Leader. Harry-What an imporamus Charley is! He speaks of the woman he is going to marry as his "finance." Dick-That's all right. She's got lots of money and Charley has none.—Boston

Transcript.

Black-You take great interest in that young nephew of yours, don't you? Stone-Only about 6 percent. That's the rate I'm charging him for the money he has borrowed."—Detroit Free Press.

"And I suppose," said Miss Gushington, "that while in London you were at court?" "Only once," admitted Mr. Lushington with a blush. "But I wasn't guilty, and I got off with a reprimand." -Cleveland Leader.

"Just one kiss, darling," he pleads

"then Ill go." "For goodness' sake give it to him, Maud," exclaimed a hoarse voice from the head of the stairs, "or he'll stay to breakfast."-Chicago Daily News. "I have not hitherto taken a prominent part in politics," said a speaker at a meeting in Glasgow last night. 'An' ye never wull," continued one of

the irrepressibles in a back seat .-Glasgow Evening Times. "Jack, you see, was getting on so finely as an amateur chauffeur that father promised him a much larger ma chine-" "Oh, how splendid!" -And put him in charge last Monday morning of one of the firm's big auto-

trucks."-Puck.

"I wish you was a good deal smaller Mr. Slowleigh." "Why so, Johnnie?" 'Cause then I could put you in my corn popper an' hold you over a hot fire. Sis says she's been waiting for you to pop for most a year."-Cleveand Plain-Dealer. "What do you think of Mr. Bragg, anyway?" exclaimed Tess. "What's the

matter?" asked Jess. "He told me he could marry any girl he pleased. "That's about correct, for I d lieve there's a girl living that he coplease."—Philadelphia Press. resign from the foorce? Officer Coogan-Sure, he couldn't shtand the new beat they gave him. There was sivin

gurs, two Garmans, and the only Irish cook on the hull beat was Kesgan's own mother-in-law!-Puck. Broker—We see some very strang cases in "the street." That seedy-look ing chap over there used to be worth a million dollars. Friend—Gad! And now he is "busted" I suppose? Broker —Oh, no. Now he is worth two million

dollars. It wouldn't be a strange at all if he was "busted."—Judge. "Say, Doc," insinuated the man was trying to get a little free med "suppose you had a case of c dyspepsia, now; what'd you er the best course to pursue?" atr. If I had such a case