

VOLUME XX.

Stubby's First Panther.

By CLARENCE HAWKES.

The fitful gleam of two score lanterns, following at regular intervals, a few rods apart, was trailing down a country road.

By the light of each lantern one could see revolving wheels, and the massive outlines of circus vans. Here and there a light stronger than the rest revealed the outline of the driver sitting wrapped in his greasy oilskin coat, guiding the team through the dense darkness.

Even had it not been for the lanterns one would have guessed that a large caravan was passing, from the snapping and creaking of the axles, and a score of other small sounds that always attend the moving of heavy freight.

Most of the drivers were alert, watching the bushes by the roadside that they might guide their teams as near between the two dark outlines as possible. Others, in the middle of the procession dazed, feeling quite sure that the horses, so long accustomed to the life, would trail after the lantern in front of them, and keep the road. Two or three of the drivers neither watched the teams which they were supposed to drive nor the road, but were wholly engrossed with black bottles on the seat beside them.

Such was the condition of Big Ireland, as he was called by the hands, the driver of the great van containing the panther and the jaguar.

Presently the teams in the distance began rumbling over a short iron bridge. One could have guessed this, for the sounds of the heavy wheels on the plank came nearer and nearer, giving the impression that the bridge was traveling towards one, for there was nothing in this dense darkness to gauge the movements of the team by.

When the van carrying the big cats struck the bridge, which was narrow, the team had hauled over to the left, and the shutters of the cage barely cleared the strong iron pillar that stood guard at the corner of the bridge.

Although his faculties were numbed by drink, Big Ireland felt that something was wrong, and instinctively pulled upon the right rein, or what would have been the right rein had they not been crossed. At the same time he spoke sharply to the horses. Then there was a grating, grinding sound, and the drunken driver reached for his whip. Twice it fell upon the frightened horses, and the grating and grinding gave place to cracking and breaking. Then there was a hissing, in which the

found one horse down, his legs through the lattice work of the side of the bridge. The two left wheels of the wagon had gone through an opening between the railing and floor of the bridge, and were wedged in clear to the hub, while the forward side of the van had been literally gutted.

The first thought was of Chieftain, the great circus cat, but the flash of their lanterns into the cage showed that he was gone.

When the van driven by Big Ireland struck the bridge, Chieftain, the panther, was lying curled up in one corner of the cage asleep. His first instinct on being so rudely awakened was to sink away into the furthest corner from the commotion. But when he heard the tearing of the bars that had so long stifled him, he raised his head and sniffed the air eagerly. He could not see that the side of the cage had been ripped open, but something told him that it was so. For a breath of freedom blew through the open bars, that only a wild creature, for years held captive, could have discerned. Then he stretched his great paw forward and felt the opening. Then cautiously he slipped through the opening to the railing of the bridge where one great spring carried him in to the darkness, and night folded her arms about him as though to protect this wild creature from pursuit, while the fields and the meadows cried, "Come, you are ours! We will feed and water you."

At first the panther, so long cramped in his cage, stumbled blindly through the darkness. His limbs would not respond to the mind that subtly before they should, and his eyes, so long used to artificial light, winked and blinked strangely. But by degrees the pupils dilated to their utmost and drank in whatever light the gloom contained, and with catlike stealth he crept along the pasture.

Now and then the great cat would stop to roll his eyes, or stretch his limbs. Once it gave two or three great bounds, just to feel those sturdy limbs spurn the green earth.

After about two hours of stumbling through the darkness, a gray streak appeared in the east, and birds began to twitter in the tree tops. Then the panther entered a wood. As it had been captured when a kitten, it had never seen anything like this before, but it was fresh and cool, and besides it was dark and there were plenty of places to hide, so the great cat was well pleased with his new discovery, and thereafter kept to the woods.

It was about a week after the accident on the bridge and the escape of Chieftain from the van, that Stubby Daggett was going for the cows, just as he had done for the last six or seven years. There would seem to be little relation between Stubby and the cows, and the great circus cat. For that dread animal had escaped some twenty-five miles from the village where Stubby lived. Though the woods had been scoured for days, nothing could be found of him. So every one had concluded that the panther by some inborn instinct was working his way northward toward the wilderness that his kind had frequented ever since the days of the red man.

Stubby was not handsome. You will guess this when I tell you that his other nickname was "Freckles," but he had an honest countenance, and any boy in the village would tell you he was clear grit from the top of his brown head to the bottom of his bare foot.

The cows gave him considerable trouble this night, for he had to go to the farther end of the pasture into a maple grove for them. They acted rather strangely, too, he thought; for they started unusually every time he struck at the weeds by the side of the path with his birch rod. Just at the edge of the woods was a spreading maple that overhung the path; here they jammed up in a bunch, refusing to go under the tree.

"Why, there! what are you doing?" cried Stubby, switching the hind cows with his birch.

These pressed forward and the cows ahead broke into a trot, going under the maple at a good pace.

Then a long, lithe figure dropped from the tree like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, and with a snarl that drove the blood in Stubby's veins, dug his claws in the sides of the foremost cow, with its teeth were forced in her neck. With a frenzied bellow of pain and fright, the old cow broke into a keen gallop, and almost before Stubby knew what had happened the herd was ten rods away, going for the barn like stampeded steers. Stubby's first thought was of the escaped panther.

Then Stubby thought of his own safety, and he started for the barn as though the panther had been upon his trail instead of the old cow's back. He was taking a short cut home, parallel to the path the cows were following, so he could still hear their wild bellow and the snarling of the panther. All of which lent energy to his sturdy legs; over knolls and stones he bounded, as though running the race for life.

Half way to the barn he mounted a stone wall, and gave one frightened glance backward, to see if the panther had left the cows for his own trail. Then he saw a very strange thing that both amazed and delighted him. The cows, in their headlong rush for the barn, had reached the same stone wall that he stood upon, and were about to pass through an opening from which all but the top bar had been left down, the remaining bar caught the great cat under the chin, and brushed him off the old cow's back as though he had been a fly, while the herd galloped on with new energy.

Stubby waited to see no more, but jumping from the way, made the sprint of his life to the house. A moment later he burst into the dining room, and said to his mother: "Wal, the panther's dead, said Stubby's father, and I don't see but that it did it."

STUDIES OF THE COYOTE. AN ESPECIAL ENEMY OF THE SHEEP RAISER OF THE WEST.

The Animal's Economic Relations a Subject of Importance Enough to be Handled by the Agricultural Department—Beneficial and Injurious Habits.

A wonderful example of the debt and credit account which man must keep with any wild animal is afforded by the Agricultural Department's study of the economic relations of the coyote, an animal whose activities help to regulate the price of mutton in the cities of the Eastern seaboard, even though his face is unfamiliar and perhaps in some quarters his name.

The various species of jack rabbit are included in the coyote's fare, and the smaller rabbits are also habitually eaten. He usually catches the rabbits by lying in wait behind bushes and bunches of grass near their paths, and pouncing upon them as they pass. While a single coyote would not be able to run down a jack rabbit, by hunting together, taking turns in the drive, and by taking advantage of the coyote's habit of running in circles, several coyotes can capture it. The abundance of rabbits in some sections of the West has been attributed to a local decrease in the number of coyotes, caused by an unusual activity against them, stimulated by high bounties.

Prairie dogs are also a staple coyote food. He captures them by hiding behind clumps of weeds or bunches of grass at some distance from the burrow, and when the unsuspecting rodents, in feeding, approach near enough, a few leaps enable the coyote to secure them. The grass in a prairie dog town is usually cropped short, and all tall-growing weeds are cut down to prevent the unseen approach of an enemy. When the cultivated crop is some rapid-growing or dense one, which they cannot clear away, they abandon the land rather than stay to be devoured. But clearing the prairie dog town of weeds is not sufficient to baffie the coyote.

Rice rats, kangaroo rats, wood rats, ground squirrels, woodchucks, moles, pocket gophers, chipmunks, and pocket mice are also coyote delicacies. These are generally harmful, and the coyote performs an important service in preying upon them. When the number of animals taking part in the work is considered, the enormous importance of his bearing in maintaining the "balance of nature" becomes apparent.

Coyotes have been known to capture some of the wild animals that assist man in his warfare against insects and rodents. Skunks also are captured and eaten by the coyote. He destroys considerable game. Birds that roost and nest on the ground are frequent victims. Quail, grouse, and wild ducks are caught on the ground, and when the ducks and geese are in the water, they may be found along the banks of streams which the coyotes regularly patrol in search of them. Like the larger wolves, coyotes kill deer and antelope. In hunting these they always go in packs of two or more, and take turns in the chase. They know that their prey runs in the circles, and at intervals individuals drop out of the pursuit, in crossing a chord of the circle, in wait until the quarry passes near them again. In this way they keep fresh until the pursued animal is exhausted, but all of them are "in at the death." The present scarcity of the large game animals gives few opportunities for such chases, but on the plains they were formerly of frequent occurrence.

The coyote is widely and unfavorably known as a destroyer of domestic animals. Its depredations upon these include a marked change of habit since the first settlement of the West. The destruction of the larger game by man may partly account for the change to farm animals as a diet. The coyote kills hens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Its usual method of capturing them in daytime is to lurk behind rocks or bushes until the fowls come within range. Turkeys, geese and other insects are frequent victims. At night the coyote captures poultry from the roost, provided the door of the henhouse is left open. Few of the mammals of the farm are exempt from coyote raids. Even house pets, roaming far from home, become victims. The coyote has been known to kill the young of most farm animals—calves, colts, lambs and pigs. Colts are seldom killed, because the dam can usually protect them. Calves are taken only when the mother cow is feeding at a distance.

Coyotes are especially notorious as enemies of sheep. This industry has greatly languished because of their depredations. They are present throughout the year, and prove a steady drain on the resources of the stock owner. In parts of the Southwest sheep growers have estimated their losses from wild animals as equal to 20 percent. The average loss reported from several states is 5 percent. In nearly all the states west of the Mississippi the industry has declined in the last two years. At present it thrives only in sections where the local conditions permit the herding of sheep in large flocks—a system highly injurious to the pasturage.

Various methods of dealing with the pest have been in vogue since coyotes first began to like mutton. Poison has probably killed the greatest number of adult animals, and in some parts of Mexico has almost destroyed some species, but no such success has attended its use in the United States.

Stychnine has always been a favorite weapon of hunters for wolf pelts and bounties. As an illustration of the shrewdness in availing himself of this, a farmer in Oklahoma gave the writer the following experience: After butchering some hogs he poisoned a hogskin and left it for a coyote that nightly prowled about his premises. In the morning everything but the poisoned skin had been cleared away. He left it two more nights, but it remained untouched. Thinking that the animal would not eat the poisoned bait, he buried it. That night the coyote dug up the hogskin and ate it, falling a victim to its deadly contents. Since then the farmer says he has never failed to poison coyotes when he buries the bait.

Coyotes are not easily trapped. They travel in rather well-defined paths and usually hunt against the wind. Having a keen sense of smell, they easily detect the tracks of man, and if they have had previous experience of traps or guns they are suspicious. The chances for successful trapping decrease with their familiarity with man, so that there is little probability that the process will ever have much effect on their numbers.

In the open country, where there are few fences, hunting coyote with horse and dogs is an exciting sport. The ordinary greyhound can easily overtake a coyote, but is usually unable to kill it alone. Coyote drives, in Valley, are an entire community engagement, which have become a popular feature of rural sport in Kansas, Colorado, Idaho, Oklahoma, and Texas; but the methods employed depend largely on the local topography.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS. A dog with hoots like a cow is owned by Daniel Brown of Logansport, Ind.

A process has been invented by an Englishman for giving artificial age for wood. He replaces the sap of trees by beet sugar or saccharine.

There died on a farm near La Suer, Minn., recently the oldest swan that ever lived, as its owner, Peter Valley, firmly believes. It was hatched in France in the year 1795.

A N. Y. Centurionarian who died the other day at the age of 104, was accustomed to take a "light breakfast, always coffee and crullers," and smoked his pipe in peace and enjoyment for 90 years.

Brookline, Mass., is still the richest town in the world. The annual statement of finances shows that the debt is \$1,367,949 under limit. There are no unpaid taxes prior to November 1, 1904. Balance on hand foots up to \$95,312.88; assessed polls, 6411; tax levy, \$39,707; real estate valuation, \$61,842,600.

A Spanish contemporary says, according to The Indianapolis News, that in 1904 nearly twelve thousand bulls were killed in the north of Spain. The bulls killed about ten thousand horses. The best and most valuable bulls for the arena are raised on the vast estates of the Duke of Veragua, in Andalusia, who has made a fortune out of the business.

Preparations are being made in York, Penn., for the manufacture of an improvement in flypaper, which, it is thought, will fill a long-felt want. In this the corners of the sheet are scored so that they may be interlocked, and in this manner a pan is formed which will prevent much of the mischief which the old form of flypaper is largely famous for. For instance, if the paper blows from its place on the table or window ledge and falls on the floor the sticky side cannot come in contact with the carpet or furniture on which it may fall.

The oldest lawsuit in North Carolina is now being finally settled. It is that of the Eastern band of Cherokee Indians against W. H. Thomas and others, involving a great many thousand acres of land and also other interests. Thomas was for some years before the civil war the chief of the Eastern band, and raised a legion of troops from among his Cherokees, which was in the Confederate service, being one of the North Carolina regiments. The case began in 1867, in the Federal court of the Western North Carolina district, and since that date more than 90 attorneys have been employed.

Photographing an Owl. The Great Horned Owl may also be fascinated by a dog. After the photographing of the Great Horned Owl under these conditions is not difficult. Wait until the owl seizes the fowl and stops to rest on the return of the fowl, then let the dog be led to within 20 or 30 feet of the owl, and the bird will be all attention for the dog and take no apparent notice of the person leading it. The behavior of the owl at such times is very amusing. It stands motionless, gazing intently at the dog; but after a few minutes, if the dog remains quiet, the bird seems to become nervous, and steps first to one side and then to the other, hissing, snapping his beak and ruffling its feathers. After this the owl usually tries to make out with its prey; but if and her hand is made the bird's actions show even more nervousness. While the owl's attention is thus attracted it is the time to approach within "photo-distance" to get the snapshots.—Silas A. Lott, Edge in St. Nicholas.

A Rare Specimen. The South Kensington Museum, London, is rejoicing in the arrival of a specimen of a Dipodocus, a plant from Andrew Carnegie to King Edward. It came from Pittsburg in 36 cases, having been found in Wyoming. It is the first Dipodocus to visit Europe, and it is an interesting comparison in its structure of reptile and bird.

THE PULPIT. AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ROBERT COLLIER.

Subject: Teaching Children Softly.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Robert Collier, the oldest-Unitarian pastor in Greater New York, preached in the Second Unitarian Church, Clinton and Congress streets, Sunday morning. His last appearance in that church was last fall, when he delivered an address on the late Rev. Dr. John White Chadwick, the former pastor, who had just died. The eloquent preacher took for his text: Genesis xxxiii:13-14. "The children are tender; I will lead on softly," and said:

It was one of the secrets of my craft, in the old days when I wanted to weld iron or work steel to a firm purpose, to begin gently. If I began as an ironworker, to strike my heaviest blows at the start, the iron would crumble out from under my hammer, so that, when it came to be tempered it would "fly," as we used to say, and rob the thing I had made of its finest quality. In the same way, the first condition of a job to begin gently, later I could strike with a firmer hand, and in the end pour out all my might in a storm of sturdy blows; but if I began so it ended, as a rule, with a wreck. The perfection of the Nasmith hammer lies in the blending of its gentleness and its ponderous might, so that it can come down as gently as a June shower or smite like a rain with a wreck. The perfection of the modern steam engine, a locomotive, a steam engine or even a sewing machine, gently. It is the first condition of its success, that the machine shall not tear away at first at high pressure. I noticed the same in the building up of a grand organ. The builder began gently in bringing out the tones, and then, as the chords, made those true and went on to the end. Again an animal trainer who smites the tiger with an iron bar, if he is wise talks to a horse, he lures him, courts him and makes him his friend. We do not speak of "breaking" a horse, so much now; we "train" him.

So I love to note such things as these as I watch the perpetual advent of little children into this life of ours, and wonder how we shall deal with them in the one wise way which will lead them, shall I say, to whatsoever ends are true and lovely and of good report, start them to the surest purpose and train them so as to bring out the whole power for good which God has put in them. There must be some right way, and I think this father found it when he said: "The children are tender; I will lead them on softly." They may seem crude, mere machines or inert matter, there are some men who seem by their actions to have such notions of a child's nature, to their eternal shame. Here is the principle. They are tender; we must lead them on gently. Solomon may be right with his cruel maxim of "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He has no business about any place while my children are tender. I can no more be hard on them than Jesus could. If I hurt them in this evil way I hurt those who are of the kingdom of Heaven. My white hairs have brought me this to be hard on them. I do not wonder that the gentle with will not be broken.

Life is a matter of very small account to any one in comparison with duty-doing, whether a man realizes this or not. Whatever is worth living for is worth dying for. If dying be an incident of its pursuing. When the Roman General, Pompey, was warned against the danger of his returning from Egypt to Italy, to meet a new trouble in his own land, he died. It is too great a matter that I should take one step backward and live. Life is never well lived when hard upon them, no matter what pranks they played, than your May sun can be hard upon your May blossoms. It was the return of the heart to the heart, the sweet submission to the better plan, the victory of the infinite worth of gentle ways to tender folk, the endeavor, unknown to herself, to ease her dear old heart of the burden of this world, to ease the old days, the feeling that perhaps she might have gone more softly once.

These children are not things at all that we can turn out to pattern, but human beings, each one living to himself, and to himself, holding a secret we cannot fathom, possessing powers perhaps we cannot even guess at—our children after the flesh; God's children after the spirit, that come out of Heaven with hints of the angels in them, they may go back when their time comes as sealed saints. The boy may be the image of one father, but the girl may be the image of another. We vainly try in our children, sometimes, to see our image, we detect a faculty or temper we never had. The Holy Spirit, which watches forever, selects his eyes by a law we do not half understand, and we do not understand these tender natures until we know what these powers are which are waking out of their sleep. My boy may be a faculty which in a few years may be a benediction to the human family, but to-day it may look like a vice to me, and may grow to be a vice if I did not say, "The child is not as he is not, but as he is, and he is born with an overplus of imagination and things that have no existence may seem realities to him; I imagine he is lying right and left, and then instead of a gentle guidance, through which he can find the line between things and thoughts, I give first a stern warning and then a sound whipping. Here is a case where a father and son are alike, but with a difference. The father, a minister, has been drawing on his imagination, time out of mind, for matter for his sermons; the son has come honestly by the faculty, which he has never, by a law we do not know how far he can go without being found out. The father prays for him at the family altar, as if he were a son of perdition, and helps to make him a man through such prayers. "Gently," I would say, "pray for insight and foresight; this may be a rare gift you that ever sang may be but a vaster life by your criticism."

Children are tender we must remember as we try to educate them. We could hardly light on a wiser or better woman than Mrs. Barbauld; but she was so eager to make a very remarkable man out of her little nephew, Charles Aiken, that she educated him out of his mind into idleness. So good parents, who would shrink from laying heavy burdens on their children's backs, do not hesitate to lay burdens on the nerve and brain. They urge them on at their books, or permit the teachers to do this, until the poor young things fall on the platform, and stand by his bruised and swollen, and cut by the bootlaces as the boys in the London T.H.H.

will leave them learned but invalids, hold them back; a true education is not a long fever. Here and there a child may need to be urged on a little, but I frankly confess that under the high pressure of our public schools I would take the children's side in their little plots to stay away a day from school when they have been hard at work for many days. I like to plot with them; their success pleases me more than their failure.

In the culture of the heart, also, we must lead on softly. I can no more believe that hard and cruel thoughts of God will be good for my children than I can believe in hard and cruel words and blows, and I have no doubt there are more so-called infidels made, and confounded to that end, by fathers who thought they were doing God's service than there are of any other type. Such thoughts may be but theology to the father, but they are very often grim, hard, and biting torments to the tender child. It shuts out Heaven and opens hell to him; it is cruel as the hissing and biting of serpents to some delicate small souls. I suffered more agony at one time in my childhood when a revivalist got hold of me and made me believe I might wake up in hell when I laid my poor little head on the pillow than from any other thing that ever struck me. There lies the way to do a fatal mischief, the way the seeds of infidelity are sown in many a noble nature. It is simply the revolt at, the resistance to, and the rejection of, a God whose nature is too large and sweet and tender to tolerate. If in these early days there is no day star of a lovelier light, no dawning for the small, bright soul of a better day, then there may be no chance for that soul to pass into the kingdom until it has passed out of the world.

When we quote the Scripture: "Train up a child in the way he should go," we must still take heed to our ways lest we think more of the Scripture than we think of the child—fix our mind and purpose on the other rather than the latter end of the way and train him for what he should be at forty rather than what he must be in childhood and youth. We must answer for what is written in the book of the life of our children. I must lay the patriarch's gentle purpose to my heart: "The children are tender," will lead on softly," for these in my care, who also have the long hard journey before them.

If it is true of the shadow, how true it must be of the light. If ours is a hard and poor lot, no man or woman, father or mother, need ever fear the children will fall to seek backward to the early years with a tender love, if by all the means in our power we make good for them the Scripture's purpose. I think, indeed, our love for the old home is very often deepest and purest in those who have had to face the hardest times; we have fought through them in this bright, good way, and led the children on softly. They were homes in this country fifty, sixty, seventy years ago bare of all things save the things that are the dearest prizes on the earth. In memory of men and women who have everything now the heart can desire. And when we have done this, what better can we do than put the whole weight of our endeavor in trust into the hands of God.

Life is a matter of very small account to any one in comparison with duty-doing, whether a man realizes this or not. Whatever is worth living for is worth dying for. If dying be an incident of its pursuing. When the Roman General, Pompey, was warned against the danger of his returning from Egypt to Italy, to meet a new trouble in his own land, he died. It is too great a matter that I should take one step backward and live. Life is never well lived when hard upon them, no matter what pranks they played, than your May sun can be hard upon your May blossoms. It was the return of the heart to the heart, the sweet submission to the better plan, the victory of the infinite worth of gentle ways to tender folk, the endeavor, unknown to herself, to ease her dear old heart of the burden of this world, to ease the old days, the feeling that perhaps she might have gone more softly once.

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When we quote the Scripture: "Train up a child in the way he should go," we must still take heed to our ways lest we think more of the Scripture than we think of the child—fix our mind and purpose on the other rather than the latter end of the way and train him for what he should be at forty rather than what he must be in childhood and youth. We must answer for what is written in the book of the life of our children. I must lay the patriarch's gentle purpose to my heart: "The children are tender," will lead on softly," for these in my care, who also have the long hard journey before them.

If it is true of the shadow, how true it must be of the light. If ours is a hard and poor lot, no man or woman, father or mother, need ever fear the children will fall to seek backward to the early years with a tender love, if by all the means in our power we make good for them the Scripture's purpose. I think, indeed, our love for the old home is very often deepest and purest in those who have had to face the hardest times; we have fought through them in this bright, good way, and led the children on softly. They were homes in this country fifty, sixty, seventy years ago bare of all things save the things that are the dearest prizes on the earth. In memory of men and women who have everything now the heart can desire. And when we have done this, what better can we do than put the whole weight of our endeavor in trust into the hands of God.

Life is a matter of very small account to any one in comparison with duty-doing, whether a man realizes this or not. Whatever is worth living for is worth dying for. If dying be an incident of its pursuing. When the Roman General, Pompey, was warned against the danger of his returning from Egypt to Italy, to meet a new trouble in his own land, he died. It is too great a matter that I should take one step backward and live. Life is never well lived when hard upon them, no matter what pranks they played, than your May sun can be hard upon your May blossoms. It was the return of the heart to the heart, the sweet submission to the better plan, the victory of the infinite worth of gentle ways to tender folk, the endeavor, unknown to herself, to ease her dear old heart of the burden of this world, to ease the old days, the feeling that perhaps she might have gone more softly once.

These children are not things at all that we can turn out to pattern, but human beings, each one living to himself, and to himself, holding a secret we cannot fathom, possessing powers perhaps we cannot even guess at—our children after the flesh; God's children after the spirit, that come out of Heaven with hints of the angels in them, they may go back when their time comes as sealed saints. The boy may be the image of one father, but the girl may be the image of another. We vainly try in our children, sometimes, to see our image, we detect a faculty or temper we never had. The Holy Spirit, which watches forever, selects his eyes by a law we do not half understand, and we do not understand these tender natures until we know what these powers are which are waking out of their sleep. My boy may be a faculty which in a few years may be a benediction to the human family, but to-day it may look like a vice to me, and may grow to be a vice if I did not say, "The child is not as he is not, but as he is, and he is born with an overplus of imagination and things that have no existence may seem realities to him; I imagine he is lying right and left, and then instead of a gentle guidance, through which he can find the line between things and thoughts, I give first a stern warning and then a sound whipping. Here is a case where a father and son are alike, but with a difference. The father, a minister, has been drawing on his imagination, time out of mind, for matter for his sermons; the son has come honestly by the faculty, which he has never, by a law we do not know how far he can go without being found out. The father prays for him at the family altar, as if he were a son of perdition, and helps to make him a man through such prayers. "Gently," I would say, "pray for insight and foresight; this may be a rare gift you that ever sang may be but a vaster life by your criticism."

Children are tender we must remember as we try to educate them. We could hardly light on a wiser or better woman than Mrs. Barbauld; but she was so eager to make a very remarkable man out of her little nephew, Charles Aiken, that she educated him out of his mind into idleness. So good parents, who would shrink from laying heavy burdens on their children's backs, do not hesitate to lay burdens on the nerve and brain. They urge them on at their books, or permit the teachers to do this, until the poor young things fall on the platform, and stand by his bruised and swollen, and cut by the bootlaces as the boys in the London T.H.H.

will leave them learned but invalids, hold them back; a true education is not a long fever. Here and there a child may need to be urged on a little, but I frankly confess that under the high pressure of our public schools I would take the children's side in their little plots to stay away a day from school when they have been hard at work for many days. I like to plot with them; their success pleases me more than their failure.

MOTHER GOOSE REVISED.

There was a young woman who lived in a shoe. The shoe of aforesaid was known to be two; there was a young fellow who had up the lace. His hair was beating wildly and red in the face. There was an old Peter who lived in a shoe. In fact, to be truthful, resided in two. The young fellow called and departed in haste. The maiden was fearful and life was a waste. There was a young person, Dan Cupid by name. Who never was bootless, regardless of what came. Just how was accomplished will never be known. But soon, it is whispered, old shoes will be thrown. —New York Evening Mail.

"I hear the cashier of your bank is very unusual." "Try working off a false note on him and you'll think so." —Judge.

"No, I wouldn't join that club. It's too full of stupid idiots." "You're mistaken. There's always room for one more."—Philadelphia Press.

Cos Cob Con—Kind sir, I have no home. Cynical Citizen—You're lucky; I've got a home with four cozy corners and three mortgages.—Puck.

"Where did he get all his money? I thought he had some insignificant position." "Oh, my, no! He was a Pullman porter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I suppose those feasts given by Lucullus were the most expensive ever served." "Lucullus? What insurance company was he connected with?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ethel—Divorce! Well, I never! What grounds can she possibly have? Mac—The very best. A quarter-acre in North Dakota and a three-acre plot at Newport.—Puck.

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best? Tommy (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.—Pick-Me-Up.

Casey—D'ye think cigarette smoking do harm? Tom (after a moment's reflection)—Oh do that; a young dude blew some cigarette smoke in me face yesterday an' Ol' knocked out six av his teeth. —Puck.

Excited New Reporter—Say, there was a man named Smith killed a big sea down on Blank street? Cool City Editor—Well, don't get excited. There's plenty of Smiths left.—Baltimore American.

Askit—Your friend Lambly is quite well off, isn't he? Knowit—He was. Askit—He was? Knowit—Yes, but he didn't realize it until after he had taken a flyer in Wall street.—Chicago Transcript.

Mabel—Now, Paris, you know you were Paris, were you? You would you give the apple to? Mr. S. would you give a brilliant way out of a difficulty?—Well, you see—there is such a sameness about you all!—Punch.

"No man is a hero to his valet," said the quotationist. "Nonsense one wants to be," replied the paragon. "The average valet's idea of heroism is measured by the amount of money you are willing to part with in tips."—Washington Star.

An Excited Voice—Hello, hello, is this the city editor? Well, one of your men down here at this fire has been hurt. The elevator shaft and he is very badly hurt. Busy City Editor—Never