commence and a second Stubby's First Panther.

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

things in its gray mantle. 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 great oilskin coat, guiding the team through the

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

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 dozed, 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 bot-

tles 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 from 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

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

Although his faculties were number by drink, Big Ireland felt that something was wrong, and instinctively pulled upon the right rein, or what vould 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 nd grinding gave place to cracking breaking. Then there was a hidin, in which the

behind hurried

they found one horse down his less

through the lattice-work in 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

Their first thought was of Chieftain,

the great circus cat, but the flash of

their lanterns into the cage showed

When the van driven by Big Ireland

struck the bridge, Chieftain, the pan-

ther, was lying curled up in one cor-

ner of the cage asleep. His first in-

stinct on being so rudely awakened

was to slink 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 easerly. 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 dis-

cerned. Then he stretched his great

paw forward and felt the opening.

Then cautiously he slipped through

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

At first the panther, so long cramped

the darkness. His limbs would not re-

spond to the mind that subtlety that

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

Now and then the great cat would

stop to roll like a kitten upon the

grass, or stretch its limbs. Once it gave

two or three great bounds, just to fee

those sturdy limbs spurn the green

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

well pleased with his new discovery,

It was about a week after the acci-

dent on the bridge and the escape of

Chieftain from the van, that Strbby

Daggitt was going for the cowa just

en years. There would seem to be

little relation between Stubby and the

had concluded that the panther

orn instinct was working his

and thereafter kept to the woods.

the opening to the railing of the bridge

the van had been literally gutted

that he was gone.

By CLARENCE HAWKES. de consesses con

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 were hidden by a soft-spring haze that any boy in the village would tell you that he was clear grit from the top enveloped the travelers, wrappping all of his tow-head to the bottom of his bare brown feet.

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 uneasily 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.

"Whey, there! what are you doing?" cried Stubby, switching the hind cows vith 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 froze the blood in Stubby's veins, dug its claws in the sides of the foremost cow, while its teeth were buried 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 afety, 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 bellows 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 sione 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 page 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 ent later he burst into the dir

There was great excitement in th

village that evening when Stubby's

centure was related at the count

Crinkelhorn

was only too tru

at his ribs as though it would break through them. For there, upon a large limb of the hemiock, with his hind legs well under him and resting against

His tail was switching horribly, his fangs were bared as though for a snarl, and his eyes seemed to be measuring the distance between him and the boy.

The moment his eyes met those of the panther, Stubby's gaze was held as though by some will stronger than his own. He could not move, he could not cry out. All he could do was to sit there and wait until the panther should spring. Cold sweat stood upon his brow, and he felt sick and faint. He thought of his mother's prophecy, that he would be eaten alive. It looked as though it would be ful filled. He felt that his only safety lay in looking directly at the panther. Perhaps someone would discover them be-

Seconds seemed like minutes, and the quarter of a minute that elapsed. an hour. Then Stubby thought of his little pocket rifle that lay upon the grass beside him, and felt for It with one hand, still keeping his evo-on the

But as his arm went down for the rifle, the panther bent lower on the limb. He was going to spring.

Then with a quick motion raised the rifle to the level of his eye One moment the sight glimmered along the panther's back, and the next it was dancing around in the tree. His arm eyes, and pressed the trigger. Then a fit of sheer desperation seized him and with a great effort, he drew the sight down until it stopped, as he thought between the great brute's eyes, and pressed the tripper. Then in a frenzy of fright he pitched the little rifle into the bush and sprang to his feet. His nimble legs had saved him the night before, and might now. He had barely sprung from a sitting position, when the body of the great cat shot like a black streak through he air and fell heavily at his feet.

Then Stubby's legs sank under his weight, and it grew very dark. The next thing he remembered, his ather was bending over him, fanning him with his palm-leaf hat, while someone else was sprinkling brookwater in his face from a wet handkerchief. He was not mortally wounded, as he at first thought, or even scratched, only his head was light and hings looked strange.

After a few moments he was able to sit up and tell his story. "You say you fired at him with the

popgun, did you?" asked Stubby's fath-"Yes." replied the boy, "I right between his eyes, just as I have

read about in books." "Made a mighty big sight of noise for a 22," remarked someone in the

"Wal, the panther's dead," said Stubsprint of his life to the house. A by's father, "and I don't see but the

this here wound," said an-ullet went in just behind the

store, and a hunt was planned for th next day that should rid the neighb ood of this furious beast. "I vum!" and slapped his side. Old shot-guns that had not been "I have it," he said. "I just saw ired for years were pressed into ser Ben myself, sorter skulking ice, heavily loaded with buckshot through the woods towards home, and if I ain't mightily mistaken 'Old Kentuck' was still a smoakin'. Anyhow 1 To his father's astonishment, Stubby declared his intention to go with saw Ben lift the hammer and throw away the cap, and' he wouldn't have the hunting party. "Gracious, boy!" exclaimed his fathdone that if it had been a good one."

. "Didn't you get panther enough last Here then was the secret of the mys-Ben had happened along just night to last you twenty-four hours?" but secretly he was pleased with his in time to see Stubby's plight, and had rescued him by a lucky shot with his son's pluck. "Don't go, Herbert," pleaded his famous hunting rifle that he called

"I guess there won't nothin' happen him if he sticks close to me." put in the boy's father. "I've got the old shotgun loaded with four slugs in each barrel and I guess there won't no panther eat us up. Befter let him go, nother." So Herbert's mother gave "Guess I'll take along my pocketifle," said Stubby. "I'll feel

"Might as well try to shoot a rhinoceros with a popgun, as a panther with that thing," said his father. But the boy slipped the little 22-rifle under his coat and went with the hunting party.

They had planned to beat the woods in his cage, stumbled blindly through where the panther had appeared the night before, just as they do in India for tigers. So the party was strung out they should, and his eyes, so long used in a long line, each man two or three way they swept the woods, from end to end. It was a new experience for most of them, and each man went with his gun cocked, and his heart in his mouth The timid hunters insister on making a great shouting, and the courageou said it was to frig. en the panther away, for fear that they would se

As for Stubby, his nerves tingled so that he doubted if he could even hit the tree containing the panther, let alone hitting the beast if he should

The forenoon was very hot and it was hard work beating through the inderbrush so by moon they were a tired and disgusted lot. A council was then held, and it was decided to divide the party into two parts and one beat the neighboring woods, while the replaces to hide, so the great cat was mainder worked the maple grove still nore. A hasty lunch was eaten, and they set to work again.

By the middle of the afternoon the maple grove had been beaten from end to end, and the panther certainly not there. So While others of the party went into a little swampy run nearby, Stubby sat under a big hemlock

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 They had barely gotten out of sight when the boy noticed a movement in the large hemiock near the one under which he sat. Then one of the green a heavy weight were upon it, openin a gap between it and the branch above

nother, "You'll be eaten alive." "Old Rentuck." To make sure that this was the case, committee was at once sent to interview Ben. But to their great astonshment that quiet old man would say nothing about it, either one way or vote of thanks and the skin." said the

> the panther?" "Can't say as I did," replied Ben. "I hain't seen no dead panther. 'Twould be mighty hard to say. There ain't nothin' sure in this world, 'ceptin' death and taxes. But you folks just go back an' ask Stubby about it. He got the panther's eye and I didn't. "Mebbe, he winked at him. You just

chairman. "Now tell us; did you kill

ask Stubby."-Outing. Senator Clay of Georgia had occasion recently to visit San Antonio Tex., where there is a Chinese colony, In one of the poorer sections of the

lief that Celestials have a fully dereloped sense of humor. A tramp wandered up to a weathe beaten shop and knocked gently. Immaculate in white sack blouse and clean apron, the Chinese cook opened the portal and gazed with disfavor up

city he was witness to an incident

which has impressed him with the be-

on the soiled specimen of humanity. "Wha's mattah?" "Say, Chink, give us a bite of food." "You hungly?"

"Yes, I sure am, Chink." "You likee fish?"

"You bet-anything." "You likum boiled-flied-baked?" "Yes, yes, any way; no matter." "All right, you come back Friday.

Gothic Type Again. the short-sightedness of recruits is betinning to cause grave anxiety to the German war office. "Bismarck him-self," comments The London Chroni-cle, "who had to take to glasses long before he was out of office, was strong-ly of this optnion, though, from motives of partiotism, he would not hear of the abolition of the Gothic type, and nvariably refused the gift of any book oman characters. But the anti-Gothic party is now rous adjentific works are printed from type, which the emperor-elf is said to favor,"

SHEEP RAISER OF THE WEST. The Animal's Economic Relations a Be Handled by the Agricultural De-

partment-Beneficial and Injurious Habits. A wonderful example of the debit 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 seabord, even though his face is unfamiliar and perhaps in some quarters his name. The coyote will eat anything. He would make an ideal summer boarder. Sheep meat is an acquired taste, but he has had no trouble in adjusting himself to Other animals are driven back by civilization, but he rather cottons to a certain degree of civilization, because he finds more to eat. Kansas alone paid bounties last year on 19,514

coyotes, and yet he lives and thrives

by devices for evading his enemies.

Some farmers do not know how they

would get along without the coyote;

they regard some of his favorite articles of diet as worse pests. The destruction of rabbits, both large and small, is of great advantage, especially on the plains and in the cultivated valleys, where their depredations are keenly felt by the settlers. This goes to the coyote's credit account. 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 covote would not be able to run down a jack rabbit, by hunting together, taking turns in th drive, and by taking advantage of the tendency of the hare to run in a circle, 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 coy-

otes, caused by an unusual activity

against 'them, stimulated by high bountles. 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 bur rows. When the unsuspecting rodents, in feeding, approach near enough, r few leaps enable the coyote to secure 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 When the cultivated crop is rapid-growing or dense one. which they cannot clear away they abandon the land rather than stay to be devoured. But clearing the prairie

baffle the coyote. Rice rats, kangaroo rats, wood rats, ground squirrels, woodchucks, moles, pocket gophers, culpmunks, and pocare through the heart, These are generally harmful, and the \$61,842,600. covote performs an important service in preying upon them. When the number of animals taking part in the work is considered, the enormous importance of its bearing in maintaining the "balance of nature" becomes ap-

dog town of weeds is not sufficient to

Coyotes have been known to capture some of the wild animals that assist man in his warfare against insects and rodent peta . roong them are the weesels. 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, wild ducks are caught on the both birds and eggs are sen. Wild ducks and geese, when wunded and unable to fly, 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 nacks of two or more, and take turns in the chase. They know that their prey runs in large circles, and at intervals individ uals drop out of the pursuit, and crossing a chord of the circle, lie in wait until the quarry passes near hem again. In this way they keep cresh until the pursued animal is exhaus'ed, 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 indicate 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 captur ing them in daytime is to lurk behind weeds or bushes until the fowls come within reach Turkeys, which range far afield in search of grasshopper and other insects, are frequent victims. At pight 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 vic tims. The coyote has been known to kill the young of most farm animalscolts, calves, pigs, lambs, and goats, Colts are seldom killed, because 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 flock 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 saveral states is 5 percent. In nearly a the states west of the Mississippi the has declined in the last two industry herding of sheep in large locks—a system highly injurious to

the pasterage.
Various methods of desling with the pest have been in vogue sigce coyotes ;

STUDIES OF THE COYOTE first began to like mutton. Poison has probably killed the greatest number of adult animals, and in some parts of ESPECIAL ENEMY OF THE Mexico has almost destroyed some spe cies, but no such success has attended its use in the United States.

Strychnine has always been a favor-Subject of Importance Enough to lite weapon of hunters for wolf pelts bounties. As an illustration of the shrewdness in avoiding poison baits, a farmer in Oklahoma gave the writer the following experience: After butchering some hogs he poisonel s 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 isually hunt agaist 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. Covote drives in which an entire community engage, 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 hoofs like a cow is owned by Daniel Brown of Logansport,

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

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

A N . York centenarian 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 ket mice are also coyote delicacies. levy, \$939,707; real satate valuation,

> A Spanish contemporary says, 0.00 cording to The Indianapolis News, that in 1904 nearly twelve thousand bulls were killed in ball fights in the country. The bulls killed about ten thousand horses. The best and most valuable bulls for the arens are raised on the vast estates of the Duke of Veragua, in Andulasia, who has made a fortune out of the business.

Preparations are being made in York, Pena, 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 o fthe 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 Castern 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 worth Carolina regibegan in 1867, in ments. The case the Western the federal court North Carolina district, and since that date more than 90 torneys have been

employed. an Owl. Photographing The Great Horned Owl may also be fascinated by a dog. And the photographing of the Great Horned Owt under these conditions is not diffi-cult. Wait until the cwl seizes the fowl and stops to rest on the return to the woods, then let a dog be led to within 20 or 30 feet of the owl, and ention for the the bird will be all att dog and take no apparent notice of the person leading ft. The behavior of tha owl at such times is very amusing It stands motionless, gassing intently at the dog; but after a few minutes, if ing intently the dog remains quiet, to the othfirst to one side and then er, hissing, snapping its beack and ruf-fling its feathers. After this the owi will usually try to make our with its prey; but if and her half is made the bird's actions show even is thus attracted is the tim proach within "photo-distance the snapshots.—Silas A. Lott

The South Kensington ndon, is rejoicing in the arrival of a skeleton of a diplodocus, a from Andrew Carnegie to Kin It is the first diplodocus to

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Subject: Leading Children Softly.

Brooklyn, N. Y .- The Rev. Robert Collyer, the oldest Unitarian pastor in Greater New York, preached in the Second Unitarian Church, Clinton and Congress streets, Sunday morning. His ast appearance in that church was last late Rev. Dr. John White wick, 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 soft-It was one of the secrets of my craft,

in the old days when I wanted to weld fron or work steel to a fine purpose, to begin gently. If I began as all learners do, to strike my heaviest blows at the start, the iron would crumble instead of welding, or the steel would suffer under my hammer, so that, when it came to be tempered it would as we used to say, and rob the thing I had made of its finest quality. It was the first condition of a good 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 Nasmyth 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 tornado, according to the need of the moment. So the skillful mechanic starts new machinery, a locomotive, a steam engine or even a sewing machine, gently. It is the first condition of keeping the balance true 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 its harmonies, with some fine-chords, made those true and went on to the end. Again an animal trainer while he smites the tiger with an iron bar, if he is wise talks to a horse, allures him, courts him and makes him We do not speak of ing" a horse, so much now; we "train"

as I watch the perpetual advent of little children into this life of ours, and wonder how we shall deal with them in them, shall I say, to whatsoever things 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 hidden in their nature. There must be one 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 little brutes; there are some men such notions of a child's nature, to their eternal shame. Here is the prin-ciple: They are tender; we must lead them on softly. Solomon may slip in with his cruel maxim of "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He has no business about my 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 wisdom: That the unparde is to be hard on a de gentle with WDY

tries to get measure. My g Spartan, with her chi her old age spreading her wi motherly wings over the the new day. She could no more hard upon them, no matter pranks they played, than your sun can be hard upon your May blos-It was the return of the heart to the soft answer, the sweet submission to the better plan, the vision of the infinite worth of gentle ways with tender folk, the endeavor, unknown to perself, to ease her dear old heart of what little pain there was from 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 him-self or to herself, 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,

but intrusted to our hands and homes

that can

the inextin

that, coming 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 the father, yet totally different within, 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 and saves, by a law we do not half understand, and we do not un-derstand these tender natures until we know what these powers are which are waking out of their sleep. My boy may have a faculty which in thirty 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 tender, I will lead on softly." He may be 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 ing on his imagination, time out of mind, for matter for his sermons; the son has come houestly by the faguity, but he is not shrewd enough to see how far he can go without b out. The father prays for him at the family altar, as if he were a son of perdition, and helps to make him one through such prayers. "Gently," I would say, "pray for lusight and foresight; this may be a rare gift you do not understand. The loftlest poet that ever sang may be but a vaster liar by

our criterion." Children are tender we must remem 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 idicey. So good parents, who would shrink from laying heavy burden on their children's backs, do not hesitate to lay burdens on the nerve and brain. They arge them on at their tooks, or permit the feachers to de this, until the poor young things loss more in wealth of life and life's worth than their duestion will ever pay for. Lead on softly in these paths of education. If your children want to rush ahead at a pace which

will leave them learned but invalids, hold them back; a true education is not a long fever. Here and there 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 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 lieve 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 thought they were doing God's service than there are of any other type. thoughts may be but theology to the father, but they are very often grim, hard, real biting torment to the tender bard, real biting torment to the child. It shuts out Heaven and opens hell to him; it is cruel as the bissing 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 mischlef, the way the seeds of in fidelity are sown in many a noble hature. It is simply the revolt at the retheir nature is too large and sweet and days there is no day star of a loveller 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 Serinture: "Train up a child in the way he should go," we must still take heed to our ways lest we think of the child-fix our mind and purpose on the other rather than the hither end of the way and train him for what he should be at forty rather than what he must be in childhood and written in the book of the life of our children. I must lay the patriarch's gentle purposa to my heart: children are tender, I will lead on softly," for these in my care, who also have the long hard journey before If this 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 eve fear the children will fail to look back ward to the early years with a tender love, if by all the we make good for them the patriarch'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 if we have fought through them in this bright, good way. and led the children on softly were homes in this country fifty, sixty, seventy years ago bare of all thing save this one secret—they are the dear-est places on the earth to-day in memthing now the heart can desire. when we have done this, what better can we do than put the whole wealth of our endeavor in trust into the hands

MOTHER GOOSE REVISED.

There was a young woman who lived in a The size of aforesaid was known to be two: There was a young fellow who tied up the His heart beating wildly and red in the There was an old Pater who lived in In fact, to be truthful, resided in two. The young fellow called and departed in The young fellow called and departed in haste.

The maiden was tearful and life was a

Waste, There was a young person, Dan Capid by Who name, never was bootless, regardless what came; Just how 'twas accomplished will never be But soon, it is whispered, old shoes will be thrown.

-New York Evening Matt.

JUST FOR FUN

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

"No. I wouldn't join that club. It's oo 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 cosy 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?"-

Edythe-Divorce! Well, I never! What grounds can she possible have? Mae-The very best. A quarter-section in North Deepta 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' yez think cigarette smokin' do be harmful t' the teeth? Corrigan-Oi do that; a young dude blew

some cigarette smoke in me face yisterda' an Oi knocked out six av his.was a man named Smith killed a bit ago down on Blank street! Cool City Editor- Well, don't get excited.

Askitt-Your friend Lambley is quite well off, isn't he? Knowitt-He was. Askitt-He was? Knowitt-Yes, but he didn't realize it until after he ad taken a flyer in Wall street.

There's plenty of Smiths left,-Balti-

Buty Above Life. Life is a matter of very small account to any one in comparison with duty-doing, whether a man realizes this truth or not. living for is worth dying for, if dying be an incident to its pursuing. When the Roman General, Pompey, was warned against the danger of his returning from Egypt to Italy, to meet new trouble in his own land, hi heroic answer was: "It is a small matter that I should move forward and die. It is too great a matter that I should take one step backward and Life is never well lived when it is held dearer than duty. would tell a lie in order to live is will ing to pay a great deal larger price for self-or to others.-H. C. Trumbull.

Short Meter Sermons Kindness makes kin. Faith gives fiber to life. Blessed are the buoyant lives. The selfish cannot be sanctified. It takes more than a syllogism to Hot air is always succeeded by a cold

Deeper science is the cure for scientific doubt. There are a lot of people who would rather gather to-morrow's thistles than

o-doe's figs. What Brings Hope. It is necessary to distinguish carefully between submission to the will of God and to an inevitable fate. The one brings hope, but the other despair. -Presbyterian Record.

SAVED BY NARROW MARGIN.

Railroad Official Owes Life to Pre ence of Mind. Mr. J. Floyd, the stations he Kent House station on the South Eastern and Chatham railway, had

the narrowest of escapes from a rible death quite recently. He was crossing the metals, when the Dover express came rushing through. Ther great presence of mind he dashed for the down platform and flung himself press all but the heels of his boots, which were struck by the engine and which were struck by the engine and ripped away, the boots themselves being torn in two and pulled off and carried some yards by the train, being eventually found at the metals. The stationmanter himself was practically unburt, though stunged by his

you were Paris, wh would you give the apple to? Mr. S. (thinking he sees 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, "No sensible one wants to be," replied the personage. The average valet's idea of heroism is measured by the amount of money you are willing to part with in tipe."-Washington Star

An Excited Voice-Hello, hello, in this the city editor? Well, one of your men down here at this fire has anen nown the elevator snaft and it. very badly hurt. Busy City Editor-Never mind. I'll send down another, -Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Do you think that a man's political influence depends on his ability as a public speaker?" "Not altogether." answered Senator Sorghum, "I have found that the speeches which some times counted for most were made in the strictest privacy."-Washington

Foozle-Come, now, do you really enjoy a game of golf? Niblickcourse not! what a question. But I do love to talk about a game when it is all over, just as a man likes to talk about a narrow escape from death or a long stege of rheumatism.—Bo

Miss Pyne-Did you notice, Mr. To ky, that up in Wisconsin they are in Mr. Tacky-Are they? Well, if the were trying any such law here I'd a way to evade it mighty quick, I'll b you! Miss Pyne-Oh, Mr. Tacky, this is so sudden.-Cleveland Plain Des

The Professor's Tact-Miss Gushleigh—I'm sure, professor, I'm in mensely flattered that you leave that learned crowd and cou over and talk to poor little me. Pro fessor Chumpleigh-Well, you see--the fact is, I'm tired of their talk and I thought I'd come and lister to you and rest my mind for a while -Cleveland Leader.

Manchester (England) m