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LITTLE TOM.

I know he's harum-scarum like,
An' makes a heap o' noise,
No matter whether here at home,
Or out among th' boys,
An yet, if little Tom wa'n't here
'Twould be almighty slow,
Becuz he thinks a pile o' me,
An' that's a heap, you know.

'Twould be so sort o' lonesome-like
Without him 'round th' place;
I know I'd miss th' smiles that play
About his roguish face;
I'd miss th' questions he kin ask,
That ofttimes puzzle so,
Besides, I love th' little chap,
An' that's a heap, you know.

He 'minds me of his mother, too,
Her picter, so folks say;
He's growin' more to look like her,
I see it ev'ry day;
What if he's kind o' boist'rous like
I laugh an' let it go;
He's such a cunnin' little chap,
An' that's a heap, you know.

He'll climb up in my lap, an' when
I stroke his curly head,
I git to wonderin' what I'd do
If little Tom was dead.
An' when his little dimpled han's
Creep soft-like 'round me—so,
I like to have him keep 'em there
It means a heap, you know.

The neighbors they complain o' him,
An' often I hev tried
To bring myself to punish him
Inatid o' jest to chide.
But when I'd see his sober face,
I couldn't strike a blow.
Her face is pictered there in his,
An' that's a heap, you know.

He aint' no bother, not a bit—
That is, I mean to me.
Becuz in ev'ry act an' word,
His mother's face I see.
Folks say he's jest a little scamp—
Well, that may all be so,
But I—I love th' little cuss,
An' that's enough, you know!

—E. A. Brininstool in Good Literature.

The Tribulation of Tommy.

By W. R. ROSE.

Aunt Sophronia Tuttle called to Tom Edson as he was passing her front gate.

"Thomas," she said in her shrill voice, "a word with you."

The young man paused and opened the gate.

"As many as you like, Aunt Sophronia."

"Which means you consider me one of them that's known for their much speakin'," said Aunt Sophronia with a little sniff.

"Does it?" said Tom Edson. "I wasn't aware of it."

He looked at her with a smile on his rather handsome face.

"Tom Edson," said Aunt Sophronia, "you are as big a tease as your father."

"Is that what you called me in here to tell me?"

"No, it isn't. But it's the truth."

"Then what you first meant to tell me isn't the truth?"

"See here, Tom Edson, you are a very saucy young man—and that's where you don't resemble your father."

"Aunt Sophronia," said the young man, "why don't you relieve me of my anxiety? Is the happy man to be the grocer or the postmaster?"

"Now you're treading on delicate ground," said Aunt Sophronia. "My matrimonial prospects are not to be lightly alluded to by presuming young men. I have something more serious to discuss with you."

"Is it as serious as that?"

"Yes, it is. It's about my niece, Minnie Gale."

"Minnie? Is Minnie the one with the snappy black eyes and the short curls?"

"Yes, that's the one. She's grown some since you saw her."

"So that's what you called me in to tell me? Minnie has grown some. Good for Minnie."

"Tom Edson," said Aunt Sophronia in her deepest voice, "this is no laughing matter. Minnie has run away."

"Run away?"

"Yes. An' her mother is awfully worried. I had a letter from her this morning. It's real pitiful."

"And hasn't she any idea where Minnie is?"

"She's in the city somewhere. Her mother had two letters from her, both saying she was well and happy. But they didn't give any address. And now, Tom Edson."

"Well, Aunt Sophronia?"

"I want you to go to the city and look for that girl."

"You want me to go?"

"Yes. I can trust you, and I'll pay all your expenses."

"But I'm a country boy, Aunt Sophronia. I don't know anything about the city."

"You're a pretty sharp youngster, Tom Edson. I don't believe you'd need any bell on you to keep you from getting lost. I feel awful sorry for sister Phoebe. She is just grievin' herself thin over this trouble."

"But hasn't she any clew?"

"Not much of any. Minnie has wanted to be an actress for a long time. Seems when she was away to school last year she took part in some plays, an' she says they said she did real well. Of course, her mother, a sister in the church, couldn't hear to any such arrangement. An' maybe that's just what made the girl run away."

"I guess some 'em will bear watchin' all right. Yes, her mother thinks the theatre is the place to look. Some of them may have hired her."

"And what am I do do?"

"You'll know her when you see her?"

"I think so. Same eyes and curls?"

"Yes. Well, you must get a chance to tell her how unhappy her mother is—and tell her it's her duty to come home—and that there won't be any questions asked. Tell her that."

The woman's voice faltered a little.

"I'll tell her," said Tom Edson. "When do you want me to start?"

"Right away, if you can."

"That means this afternoon.

"Good. Do you need any money?"

"It's going to depend on how long I stay. I'll write you when I want any."

"Very well, Tom. Folks may call me stingy 'cause I don't throw my money round, but you'll find I'm a square dealer."

"All right, Aunt Sophronia. I'll stop in on my way to the depot."

Tom Edson felt sorry for the lonely woman. He was glad to do something for her. Besides, he had been thinking of making a visit to the city. He could get away from the factory for a few days as well as not. It might be like looking for a needle in a haystack to find this wayward girl, and then again it might not. He remembered being in the city several years before and suddenly running against Ezra Crane whom he hadn't seen for a half dozen years—and yet here in the midst of this city of a half million people Ezra was one of the first men he met. He hoped it would be the same way with the girl Minnie.

When he stepped from the train he had his eyes wide open, but no Minnie met his gaze. Nor did any one else he might have recognized. No, the throngs on the sidewalks were made up of strangers who were quite oblivious to his existence.

He sought out the boarding house Judson Hunt had recommended to him, and engaged a room and put away his valise and started forth again.

And almost the second step he took he met Arnold Bailey. He knew Arnold at the first glance, and Arnold knew him.

"Arnold!"

"Tom!"

Their hands met in a firm grasp.

"You old Reuben," cried Arnold as he held Tom at a distance, "what are you doing here?"

"You old swindler," cried Tom, "who are you doing here?"

Then they shook hands again.

"It's good to see you, Tom, cried Arnold; "how are all the folks and the old town and the old maids?"

"The old maids are all asking after you," laughed Tom. "Still living by your wits?"

"Largely," Arnold responded.

"When are you coming back to Grinston, Arnold?"

"Never, my boy. At least not until I come back in my private car and have enough money to buy up the old Kenosha house and give the town a library or something else with my full name on it. But you haven't told me why you are here?"

"Been thinking about coming up for a long time," Tom replied. "Can't stay but a day or two. That's as long as the factory wants to spare me. You are pretty well dressed, Arnold. Still in the show business?"

"After a fashion," Arnold replied. "Clothes are all paid for, too. I suppose Grinston thinks I'm down in the gutter somewhere?"

"Guess not, Arnold. We all know you've got wits enough to keep your head above water."

"Light headed, eh?"

"Of course there are a few Grinston people who still think that you will come to no good end."

"Oh, I was told that a good many times."

"Yes, and that's why nobody was surprised when you ran away with the circus."

"Well, I didn't regret it, Tom. I'm doing pretty well for a good-for-nothing. I'm out of debt, I don't drink, I don't gamble, and I've got good prospects and a tidy sum in the bank. You tell them that when you go back to Grinston."

"That's what I'll do, Arnold. You can count on that. I've always stood up for you."

Arnold laughed.

"Do you remember the fight we had after the game with the Owego nine?"

"Sure. They left their umpire at home the next time they came."

"Wasn't he the robber? Say, and do you remember the day old Bagster treed us in his apple orchard?"

"Yes, yes."

"Of course you do. What a mouth that dog of his had! And Tom, I don't suppose you recall the afternoon you pushed me into the mill pond?"

"Yes, I do. And you chased me half a mile."

"And didn't catch you. But I swore I'd get even with you—and I mean to."

"You ought to belong to the Mafia, Arnold. You'd run a delightful vendetta. What are you going to do to me?"

"I haven't thought it out. The sight of your surprised me so. But it will be something dark and terrible."

"Well, don't hurry."

"I'll hurry fast enough when I get the inspiration. But here, I've got an important engagement." He pulled out his watch. "I've only three minutes in which to catch a man. Do you see that building across there? That's a postoffice sub-station. Meet me there at 7.30 this evening—if you are not afraid. Goodby." And with a sudden hand clasp he was swallowed up in the throng of spectators and disappeared around the nearest corner.

Tom Edson entertained himself as best he could during the remainder of the afternoon—and it was all entertaining, this big town—and at 7.30 he was waiting on the steps of the sub-station. Presently Arnold came swinging around the corner.

"Hullo, country!"

"Hullo, bunko!"

"Waiting for somebody?"

"Waiting for an expert confidence man."

"He's here. Come on. I'm going to take you to a good show."

They walked along, chaffing in a lively manner, and presently found themselves in front of a brilliantly lighted playhouse.

"Here we are," said Arnold, "will you walk into my stage parlor?" said the city spider to the countiry fly.

"Sure I will," replied Tom. "But I want you to understand that if anything happens to me my name and probable whereabouts are both in the hands of the police."

"Oh, the police all belong to our lodge," laughed Arnold. "Come on."

Tom noticed that Arnold had the free entree of the house and that he seemed to be known to the attaches of the place.

"It looks like another capacity crowd," the latter replied.

"Good. This way, Tom."

He took the latter up a gorgeous stairway and presently they entered a balcony box. It was the box nearest the stage on the right hand side of the house and it gave Tom a chance to survey the beautiful auditorium at his leisure. For a moment he felt altogether too conspicuous to be comfortable, but after a little while this feeling wore away. There was nothing about him to attract attention. Why should these finely dressed people be interested in him?

Arnold made him take the seat in the front of the box and he himself sat just behind him.

"Pretty scrumptious house, eh, Tom?"

"Exquisite, Arnold. It's like a white and gold fairyland."

Then the orchestra came in through the little doors under the stage, and the leader emerged last of all and took his high seat in the middle, an imposing personality in his evening dress and with his wildly tumbled hair.

Tom loved music and this music sounded very good. He was so absorbed in it that he failed to hear the whispered sallies that Arnold made from time to time. And when the curtain arose on the brilliant new musical extravaganza, "The Opal and the Onion."

It was a delightfully absurd concoction. The settings were exquisite, the music tuneful, the singing delightful and the dances wonderful blendings of agility and color. There were some very clever people in the cast, and some of them great favorites with the big audience. One in particular, a childish lisp and an infectious laugh, was quite overwhelmed with applause.

When the curtain dropped on the rollicking chorus of the first act Tom drew a long breath.

"That's fine, Arnold," he said. "I'm under obligations to you."

"Wait until you see the second act. It's much better than the first."

"I'm willing to wait any reasonable length of time," Tom laughingly answered. "This sort of thing just suits me."

The second act opened up in a lively manner and the fun waxed faster and warmer. Presently the pretty girl with the lisp came to the footlights and flanked by a score of chorus girls, began a song.

As she started in on the first line Tom felt Arnold draw his chair up close behind him.

"I'm sorry I jilted Tommy,
He took it so to 'eart;
I guess that I was too hasty—
He told me I was tart.
I fear that he may 'ave dronded
Hisself—he acted queer;
Oh, why did I act so 'eartless—
Come back, my Tommy dear."

These were the absurd words the pretty girl sang and the chorus took up the last four lines and repeated them and danced about in the liveliest sort of manner. And then the pretty girl suddenly looked up at the box in which Tom and Arnold sat and hysterically shrieked:

"Why, there's Tom now!" And she pointed an accusing finger directly at the astonished youth from Grinston. "Why, Tommy, how could you! I thought you'd drowned yourself."

For a moment Tom was too surprised to stir. Then when he fully comprehended the fact that she meant him, he made a sudden movement with the intention of drawing back his chair, but Arnold had closed up on him and held him firmly in the corner. "Gimme one of your old bright smiles, Tommy," the girl cried to him with her arms extended in a pleading fashion, and all the chorus girls looked up at him reproachfully.

He felt his face burn like fire, his ears were blazing coals. He heard the great audience laughing down below, he heard a low chuckle from the wicked youth behind him, and he wished himself in the wilds of Tartary.

Then the pretty girl sang another verse and the chorus repeated the chorus and danced again, and the pretty girl once more personally besought him to relent and "be his old self again," and the audience roared and Tom's face burned and Arnold softly chuckled.

They called the pretty girl back eight times and Tom went through the ordeal at every encore. But presently he braced up and took the dose like a man, and actually when the pretty girl called him "Tommy dear" the seventh time he nodded and waved his hand to her just a little, whereat the audience grew quite hysterical and insisted on a repetition.

When the curtain finally fell, and rose and fell again, Tom turned to Arnold.

"How did you like my revenge?" The latter asked with a sudden grin.

"It's a good song," Tom calmly replied.

"She usually sings it to me," Arnold explained. "But I thought the change would do you good. It's my song you know."

"That's all right," said Tom. "I'll see you in reference to it a little later. There's something else more important I want to talk to you about. Do you know that pretty girl with the nice voice, the one who acted as companion to the princess?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that Minnie Gale?"

Arnold laughed.

"It was."

"What do you mean."

"I mean that she is my wife now, Mrs. Arnold Bailey, and this is to be her last season on the stage. And I am going to take you round and let you renew your acquaintance, and then we'll go to our rooms and have a little supper."

"And you are really married?"

"Sure."

Tom put out his hand with a quick smile.

"Then that's all right," he said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sure Sign.

Tess—Have you seen May's fiance?

Jess—No, but I'm sure he's as homely as a mud fence.

Tess—Why, how do you know?

Jess—She's got into the habit lately of forever quoting: "Handsome is as handsome does."—Philadelphia Press

To Kill Cabbage Worms.

Common salt sprinkled on cabbage leaves will kill off worms, and destroy their eggs as well. The salt application will have to be renewed after every rain. This is a simple and effective remedy and it does not injure the plants either.

Bitter Turnips.

The early summer turnip is quite liable to be of poor quality and flavor. This vegetable thrives best in cool weather, either very early in spring or late in the fall; and it wants fairly good soil that is not deficient in phosphoric acid nor in organic matter. Grow the turnips quickly and free from worms, etc., and you will most likely have them brittle and free from bitterness.

Recipe for Grafting Wax.

One of the best grafting waxes is made by melting together four parts (by weight) of resin, one part beeswax, one part tallow. When thoroughly melted, pour into cold water; when cool enough, take out and work by molding and pulling until it becomes quite stiff. It is necessary to have the hands well greased with tallow while handling this wax.—From the Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture.

How Are the Teeth?

Many farmers make the mistake of feeding stock food or other similar mixtures to horses when they seem to have difficulty in eating, when what the animal needs is to have his teeth cared for by a competent veterinary.

A horse whose teeth are out of order, bolts much of his food because he cannot masticate it, hence the food taken does little or no good and the animal loses both flesh and energy. If the horse is trying to eat and is not keeping up its vigor better look to its teeth, for in nine cases out of ten here is where the trouble lies.

Chicks Thrive When Crops are Clean.

Whether the chicks are hatched in the incubator or by the mother hen, cleanliness of coop and surrounding ground is absolutely essential in order to raise them. The coops should be thoroughly clean before the chicks are placed in them at first, and during the period they are occupied they ought to be cleaned daily.

This can be done readily if there is no hen about, and if there is, arrange a little run into which she can be turned while the coop is being cleaned. Fine lime is a good thing to use, especially on the ground, and it can be raked in so that it will purify the soil for some considerable depth.

A little of it can be used in the coops, but the best way to use it is to clean the coop thoroughly, then mix a lot of dry sand or soil with the lime, about one-third lime, sprinkle a little insect powder through it, and spread it on the floor an inch or more thick. All drinking vessels must be cleaned daily, and the water in them should be changed several times daily.

How to Keep Your Lawns.

Rake the dead leaves from the lawn as soon as you can get onto it without leaving a footmark in the damp soil. Do this carefully, to avoid tearing the sward, which is easily injured at this season. Apply a good fertilizer. Use it liberally, in order to secure a rich, velvety sward. That is something you cannot have unless you use good food, and plenty of it.

I would advise a commercial fertilizer, as barnyard manure will bring in weeds, and they are the last things one cares into introduce to his lawn. There will be enough of these in spite of all your efforts to prevent them from coming to keep you busy in trying to get rid of them. Dandelions should be cut off below the crown with a thin-bladed knife of a pointed hoe. Simply clipping their tops will do no good whatever. Plantain, so far as my experience goes, cannot be eradicated from any lawn. It is there to stay. But it can be kept down by close mowing. A lawn without weeds calls for the services of a gardener who can devote his entire time to it. Most of us cannot afford this expense, but we can have pretty lawns, even though there are some weeds in them, if we keep the grass growing luxuriantly, and give them the regular attention they demand, in the way of mowing and raking.—Eben E. Rexford in Outing.

Working Horses.

Feeding the horses and care of the horses, like people, are fond of a variety of feeds and the kind and character of feed that will be all right for one animal will be a losing game with another. Oats and timothy have from time immemorial in this country been considered the ideal horse feed but because it is so believed is not positive evidence, that all others are by any means worthless, is it? It some of the corn-growing districts this cereal is the horse feed almost to the exclusion of all others, and yet the horses perform a great deal from a great deal of hard work. There is a general prejudice against the feeding of clover hay on account of leaves, but we must remember that it is not so much on account of the food elements in clover as the condition in which we too often find it, and other varieties of hay as well, which is more in the making and ripeness when cut. Dusty, mouldy, musty hay is poor feed for horses, working or idle. A little good hay is preferable to any amount of poor roughage. Horses are, as a rule, fed far too much hay every day. Farmers generally absolutely waste more hay than their horses eat and digest. We should never forget that it is not so much what the horse gets away with at the feed box and manger as what he digests and assimilates.—Indiana Farmer.

Ewes Fail to Give Milk.

"Why don't my ewes give milk?" is often asked. This may be due to any one of three or four reasons. A ewe that has once had a touch of garget is very likely to have her milk glands so injured that the milk-giving function is destroyed. This is often brought on at weaning if ewes are not properly milked when the lambs have been removed. All ewes do not give large flows of milk. They are like dairy cows in this respect. Some are good, persistent milkers, while others are dry most of the time. The good milker and mother is the one to stick to in sheep raising. They grow the good lambs, though they may be the ones to give trouble at weaning time. Ewes that fail to give milk just because they are not capable should be disposed of. They have little value.

Probably the greatest and most common reason why ewes do not milk is because they are not fed enough, or the ration is of a highly carbonaceous character, so that inflammation sets in and interferes with the free working of the milk glands. The necessity of feeding stimulative rations, as oats and bran previous to lambing is evident. The ewes must be properly nourished in order that they may milk well.

Young ewes that are giving birth to lambs for the first time are troubled more than old sheep. Nitrogeneous rations and plenty of them will usually relieve one from the inconvenience of having ewes that cannot furnish milk for their lambs.

The Farm Salesman.

Farmers who have observed closely know that people who live in towns and cities are prone to be more or less impressed by the appearance of the man who interviews them, no matter on what subject. Let a cleanly man [illegible] stop at a house to sell [illegible] farm, and the [illegible] wares by his [illegible] with a [illegible] personality good [illegible] tractively packed, and one has a ready way to good markets. If you don't believe this try it.

As an example, on a broader scale, the writer sells potatoes to the stewards of some of the largest hotels in a large city. These tubers are selected for this special trade and a good price is obtained for them. When the thought of this field first occurred to me, the question was how to get at the men I wanted.

I made several attempts dressed in my "second best" suit, going to the hotel and asking to see the steward. I rarely saw him. I then put on the best clothes I had, had some neat cards printed, giving my business as a grower of potatoes for hotel trade, and set out to ask for the manager.

In a small hand bag I carried a few specimens of potatoes wrapped singly in tissue paper. I had less difficulty in seeing managers than formerly I had in getting at the stewards. I generally saw one or the other, and though I did not always make a customer, I was treated with courtesy, which would not have been the case under other conditions.—Indianapolis News.

Farm Notes.

A cheap hotbed sash can be made by covering an old hotbed frame with cloth.

To make the strawberry crop later, keep the mulch on the rows until after the plants bloom.

The bottom of the wood box should contain a drawer to hold kindlings, and should have a slanting top with a hinged lid.

As no cure has yet been found for the peach "yellows" it is best to destroy the trees as soon as the disease is discovered.

Cherry trees, after the first few years and when the head is formed, need practicaly no pruning. Simply cut out dead or crossed limbs.

The advantages of raising pure-bred hogs are, it is a handsomer animal, matures earlier, requires less feed, sells for more money and is a real "mortgage lifter."

Let no one suppose that the process of poultry raising is over when he has brought the chicks safely through babyhood. They need not a little of special care to bring them to quick layers or for the market.

It is a waste of time to attempt to cross pure bred fowls, for there are enough varieties to fill the requirements of any poultry fancier, and the time can be more profitably spent trying to develop special character.

It is surprising how many people are not aware that loose bolts on plows may be kept tight by using an iron washer with a leather washer just beneath it. If there is room on the bolt another iron may be added, which will make the leather more secure.

New Penal Colony.

There is to be a new penal settlement in the far Pacific. It is to be established by France, and will replace that of Guiana. At first it was reported that Tahiti had been chosen, but this was promptly contradicted. Commissioners have been sent to Nuka-Hiva.

Dr. Paul G. Wooly, director of the serum laboratory of the bureau of science in the Philippines, has accepted the directorship of the pathological laboratory Siam proposes to start.

THE "WORSTED CHURCH"

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S UNIQUE EDIFICE DECORATED BY WOMAN PASTOR.

The Rev. Mrs. Monmouth Found the Church Bare of All Ornament and Without an Organ—Use She Made of Worsted and Paper—Mecca for Sightseers.

Probably the most unique church to be found anywhere in New Hampshire and probably in the New England states is the little union house of worship in East Canterbury, some six miles from Canterbury Centre and 10 miles from the nearest railroad, writes the Canterbury correspondent of the Boston Herald. The little church, which is known throughout New Hampshire as the "Worsted" church has been the home of the Congregational and Methodist societies since 1839, the year in which the building was erected.

The unique feature of this meetinghouse is its interior, which is decorated wholly with worsted and paper, but considerably more worsted than paper, and it was on this account that the edifice received its name, the "Worsted" church. While this place of worship is in a secluded part of the town, to which access is gained only by walking or driving over 10 miles of country roads from the Canterbury station of the Boston & Maine railroad, the church register shows that hundreds of visitors are shown through the church every year and especially during the summer season by Frank Brown of East Canterbury, who is custodian of the little edifice. The residents of the town frequently visit the place, and are regular attendants at every Sunday service which is held during the summer season, when it is possible to secure a clergyman to fill the pulpit. To the natives and more especially to those who are members of the church, Methodists or Congregationalists, the place is the pride of the town. The people of Canterbury swore by the decorator, who was also the preacher, and she was Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Monmouth.

To all Canterbury and the surrounding country Mrs. Monmouth was a redeemer. She was always sought in case of trouble and her advice was final. When any of the good Christian people were ill and feared they were going to die they had to see Mrs. Monmouth and a few comforting words from her had a better effect than much of the medicine prescribed by the village doctor or by his wife in his absence. The preacher held the esteem of every man, woman and child in the village and she respected thm.

Mrs. Monmouth, who was pastor of the church, died nearly 20 years ago, after administering to the spiritual [illegible] bury for [illegible] her death was due [illegible] work in striving to do what was almost impossible in the little church, where she preached, lived, slept, cooked and ate. While she had a comfortable little home in Canterbury Centre, sime six miles away, she was too anxious to be near her people, and on that account she made her home as near to them as possible, and found that the church was the best place she could be found day or night. Her principal services were on the Sabbath, when she held one in the morning and another in the evening, with Sunday school at the noon hour. During the week, too, she had prayer services, and although many of her congregation lived miles away, they never found it inconvenient to attend and listen to her advice to men and women.

Mrs. Monmouth was not an ordained preacher, nor did she have a license; but she took the place of the regular pastor one Sunday during his absence and made such an impression upon the congregation that a committee of the churchmen waited upon her and asked her to fill the pulpit regularly. She consented to do so, and in less than a month she was the regular preacher. When Mrs. Monmouth assumed charge the interior of the church was without decorations of any kind. There was not a picture on the walls, and, in fact there was nothing but the pulpit and pews. The Sunday services consisted of a sermon by the pastor, and occasionally the members would attempt to sing a psalm without the aid of an organ or piano. While the preacher was a good pastor, he had a small congregation and saw no prospects for enlarging it.

When the new preacher assumed charge she purchased an organ and installed it in the choir gallery, and in the choir loft she placed a little motto, "Give thanks and sing," which she worked out in worsted in brackenburg. This was the first of a series of worsted needlework, and from that day for nearly 10 years, or almost during the entire time of her pastorate, she worked daily upon something or other of worsted which she used to decorate the interior of the little meeting house. Several of the quotations which she worked out in worsted and framed in the same material before hanging on the walls were very appropriate, the members of the church say, and among them were, "Get wisdom. God loveth a cheerful giver," which was hung over the poor-box; "Enter betimes the open door," which was in a conspicuous place in the vestibule, and another, "Work while the day lasts. The night cometh wherein none can work," hangs on the wall, where no one can fail to see it. Over the pulpit is probably the most elaborate which she worked out in a frame. This reads: "Ye are come unto Mt. Zion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven and to God, the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the meditator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel."

The decorations include draperies, streamers of worsted and paper suspended from the walls and ceiling with festoons of the same material where the streamers meet. Window shades, table covers and a thousand and one other things about the interior of the little edifice are of worsted, and those who were very intimate with the preacher say that she used thousands of yards of the material to do the work, and what was more, she purchased it out of her salary, expending every cent in that direction.

The work throughout is artistic and the many colored shades of worsted are blended together with the greatest accuracy. The best of material was used, and much of the work is of such an excellent design that the pastor was acknowledged as an artist after she completed it. Worsted flowers, white calla lilies, roses, Mayflowers, and almost every flower in worsted adorn the pulpit and a circular arch which extends over it. While these decorations have been in the church for more than a quarter of a century they are in almost the same condition today as they were when they were first put up. While the pastor was alive, she personally took care of the decorations and kept them clean, and her example was followed by the members of the church after her death.

During the whole time Mrs. Monmouth was engaged in the decorating, and that was almost the whole time she was pastor, she made her home in the choir loft and she would give it up Sunday to the choir singers. Although she was recognized as a good preacher and a most attractive pastor, she was also considered very eccentric and the idea of decorating a church with worsted was one of her greatest eccentricities. As a preacher she followed the style of Henry Ward Beecher and very frequently memorized his sermons and delivered them to her congregation. While her regular congregation never numbered more than 50 she was always favored with a large audience of townspeople, and in the summer by vacationists. The seating capacity, which is 200, was very frequently taxed to its utmost capacity. After her death the Union Society of Methodists and Congregationalists was unable to secure a pastor, and only during the summer months services are held. At all times during the year the church is open to the public, and if there is anything that Sexton Brown likes it is to show visitors through the old edifice.

Another eccentricity the pastor possessed was her fad upon economy, and while she was worth thousands of dollars, she boasted that she lived on 10 cents a day and had all she wanted to eat for that money. She was so anxious to have her friends follow her example that she wrote a book upon the question and distributed them among her friends; but they took such little interest in that part of her preaching that there is not one of the books to be found today in Canterbury. She died January 16, 1887, at the age of 59, at the home of a relative in London.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Bombay is the most crowded city in the world.

In the Amazon there are known to exist at least 2000 species of fish.

Two-thirds of the hay and grain in Germany is still harvested by hand.

Carpets were in use in Nineveh and Babylon, as shown in paintings, in B. C. 1700.

A family not long ago gave a party in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the family clock.

The Russian state scepter is of solid gold, is 3 feet long, and contains among its ornaments 260 rubies and 15 emeralds.

France holds the record for the amount of coin in circulation—$40 a head. England has only half that amount, while Russia has but one dollar a head.

In Siam the number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, must be always be odd. Even numbers are considered unlucky.

One of the descendants of the Ridds of "Lorna Doone" fame, has just died in Somersetshire, England, at the age of 90. Like his ancestor, John, he was a man of great physical strength.

The goose that laid the golden egg was recently outdone by a duck purchased by Tom Jenkins, a mail carrier of Decker. When the fowl was prepared for the table a pearl which readily sold for $400, was found in its gizard.

Last year 2,000,000,000 small fishes of the herring family were packed away in sardine boxes at the Maine canneries. The value of the output was considerably over $2,000,000, more than twice as much as the importation of French sardines in to the United States.

Women in China have the privilege of fighting in the wars. In the rebellion of 1850 the women did as much fighting as the men. At Nankin, in 1853, 500,000 women from various parts of the country were formed into brigades of 13,000 each, under female officers. Of these soldiers 10,000 were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in the city.

Silk stockings originally came from Spain, and it is said that Henry VIII considered a pair of silk Spanish stockings a great luxury and wore them on state occasions. In 1570 Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of silk stockings by her tirewoman, and afterward never wore any other kind. The stocking-frame was invented by William Lee in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, about 1589.

Delegate Rodney of New Mexico tells of the amazement of a ranchman when he first saw a linotype machine at work. After staring at it for a while the ranchman said: "Great Scott! Ain't that the most intelligent machine you ever saw? Why, it's plumb human." Finally, overcome by his admiration, he took off his hat, made a low bow to the complicated mechanism and said: "I surely would admire, Mr. Machine, if you all would come out and take a drink with me."

RULING PASSION.

The father of the family was reading
Henry George,
While Henry James engrossed mama's attention;
Sweet Sister Ann read Bertha Clay, The Duchess, Laura Jean,
And other scribes too numerous to mention.
The junior cherub of the house sat o'er the paper bent,
And as he read some exclamations uttered.
Said pa, "My son, what masterpiece are you perusing there?"
And the youth held up the sporting page and muttered,

"Young Corbett is practically out of the running on account of his dome-shaped bread-basket. O'Hooligan wins the game by roping in a daisy-cutter and doubling at second. Mud Duck looks like the candy at 1 to 3."

The family looked astonishment and held their breath in awe;
They thought perhaps their son was feeling ill.
Mamma said he was crazy, and antiquated paw
Was for calling in the doctor with a pill.
And Sister Ann in wonderment lay down "The Earl's Revenge"
To hear what further Jimmy would expose.
But, rapt in ecstasy, the youth kept conning o'er the page
And handing on these ex-post-facto woes:

"Dooley lost the game by making a Svengali pass before Jones's lamps and cut three nicks in the weather. Jimmy Britt denies indignantly that it was a case of pedes frigidi with him at Colma. He went in to win, but an unlooked for wallop to the liver made him cough up the sponge. Truesdale let four wide ones go by and walked, filling the corners; and Bill Sorrell, at the bat, had a chance to get a strangle-hold on glory—but he didn't."

"It doesn't sound like James's later work, I'm sure," said ma.
"Nor the Single Tax," said father, "I'll be durned!"
Then Jimmy took the illustrated pink sheet in his hand,
And said in words that Ella Wheeler burned,
"You people keep yer classi a..." yer poetry an' such;
That kind o' dope I don't find in my line.
I don't go long on Waldo Emerson nor Shake—
But the sportin' editor's the man for mine."

"Gardner possesses what most fighters lack—a snap punch. The nifty little lightweight certainly scores a whippy crack. On dope Flip Flap, by Handspring—Alvaretta, looks like a winner for true. The first round was tame, and there was nothing doing in the tilly-shop, but Bradley pried open the second spasm with a swat forthright."—Judge.

Dignity of style is a device for making thomas-putrefaction out of tommy-rot.—Puck.

With the erring bank teller double entry compounds the double life.—New York World.

"How did you and your wife first meet?" "We didn't meet," replied the meek little man; "She overtook me."

Jack—How is it you lavish so much affection on those dumb brutes? Edna—For want of something better.—Judge.

"I say, kid, wake me when I'm thirsty." "When will you be thirsty, stupid?" "When you wake me!"—Sporting Times.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," remarked the guide, as he led Algernon and Percy into the Yosemite valley.—Lampoon.

"Miss Sylye, what do you think of this autombile scorching as sport?" "I think it is just perfectly killing."—Baltimore American.

"I notice you never wear a watch with your evening clothes." "No; I never have both out at the same time."—Cornell Widow.

"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold." "Stout girl, I hope."—New York Mail.

"Did you have a jolly time?" "Jolly? Say, my wife took the prize for the biggest fish and I got the prize for the biggest yarn."—Cincinnati Tribune.

"How dare you laugh at our investigation?" said the irate statesman. "Thought it was the proper thing to do," answered the financier. "Was told it would be a farce."—Washington Star.

"Rimer takes himself very seriously, doesn't he?" "Yes, indeed." "Most of his poetry is pathetic, isn't it?" "That's what he calls it, but the editors say it's pitiful."—Boston Advertiser.

Many a man who gets in on the ground floor of a new business scheme finds in the course of a few months that he has been dropped with a dull thud into the sub-basement.—Somerville Journal.

Across the Garden Fence—"No, Mr. Wilkes, I ain't goin' to keep fowls no more. Don't pay. Why, countin' the maize I give 'em this winter, the eggs—well, I don't git any, but if I did—they'd cost me 'arf a crown each!"—Punch.

Parson Bagster (solemnly)—Does you, Claud Kinsabby, take this yuh lady, Miss Gladys Poots, to be yo' lawful wedded wife, for bettah and for wuss— The Groom (uneasily and hazily)—Uncou'se I does, if I has to, sah; but an't dar some way of takin' her kindah on an av'rage?"—Puck.

Tess—It's really true, then, that Martha Strongmind is to be married to Mr. Timmid? Jess—Not exactly. Martha says he is to be married to her. Tess—Oh, yes, of course; she has asked you to be her bridesmaid, hasn't she? Jess—No; she asked me to be her "best woman."—Chicago Tribune.

Deacon Hardesty—I'm sorry to hear that you are dissatisfied with your preacher. He is a most earnest man. Brother McGinnis (of the congregation)—Oh, yes, and he's a good preacher, but he doesn't draw well. We have a chance now to get a man who has just been tried for heresy.—Chicago Tribune.

Sure!

"Do you think it's easier to preach than to practice?"

"That depends on what you are practicing. If it's something agreeable that you ought not to be doing, it's a good deal easier than preaching."—Detroit Free Press