PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TRYING TO TEACH CHILDREN MUSIC.

By Axel Menin.

One of the best posted music masters in Chicago estimates that over $3,000,000 a year is absolutely wasted on music lessons for girls and boys who have neither liking nor aptitude for music. He figures that one in five girls in Chicago takes piano or voice lessons at some time in her career, and he declares that not one of 500 of these possess more than enough talent to drum out a popular air.

"The amount of money wasted in trying to teach music to children is something enormous," he says. "Naturally every parent wants his child to have some accomplishment, and when you speak of accomplishments for girls to nine out of ten fathers the only accomplishment they can think of is pounding a piano—and half of the fathers believe that any girl can play a piano if she takes lessons.

"There is a young woman who lives near me. She has no talent. Her father is a workingman on a salary. For eight years he has been spending from $300 to $800 a year on music lessons for her. She could not learn to play well in two lifetimes. Her idea is to make noise. She cannot even keep time. She attempts anything and butchers it wonderfully. She could have learned to play just as well at home—because she never could be a musician, anyhow. I have upbraided her teacher for taking the money and not informing the family of the impossibility. 'I tried,' he said. 'They were insulted, and told me she would one day be a greater musician than myself. Some one would have taken the money, anyhow—so I have been taking it until my conscience hurts.'

"The best way for a parent to do is to have some competent teacher—one recognized everywhere—to pass upon the child's possibilities. Then he should send the child only to the best teacher. There it will not only learn to play properly and develop its talents, but it will be money well expended. It will cost more per lesson, perhaps, but the limit of advancement will be reached sooner. And the parents will know when the education is as complete as the child's ability will permit."

OIL BURNER TO REPLACE STEAM ENGINE.

By Daniel McTavish.

The steam engine would not have lasted so long as it has but for the mechanical perfection of its design. The part it has played in the past in the development of our modern civilization was, of course, most important, but, if for two reasons only, it is doomed. It is clumsy; the energy it has made available for a thousand purposes is more than counterbalanced by the energy it has wasted. The problem appears a simple one. On the one hand we have the bottled sunlight which we call coal. On the other, we have a piece of machinery. In the furnace the coal and air are transformed into a mixture of hot gases, but the greater part of the heat of the gases and the whole of their volume goes up the chimney. The wastefulness of this proceeding is estimated at from 90 to 95 per cent.

We want a prime mover which will burn its fuel in the working cylinder. Its piston will be worked by the products of combustion as their volume increases and as they expand against a steadily decreasing resistance. Or we look for a combustion engine burning, continuously oil and compressed air, keeping up high pressure in a gas chest, and driving a turbine with the products of the combustion used expansively as is now done with steam. At the world's fair, St. Louis, three Diesel engines drove the generators for power and light. They used 226 gallons of oil, and the cost of the day's fuel was less than $8, working out at 1 cent for one horse power per four hours and forty minutes. They required three gallons of lubricating oil per day. Here we have efficiency much greater than in the ordinary steam engine. Time, no doubt, is required before we shall be within measurable reach of perfection. But it took 100 years to pass from a James Watt engine to a triple expansion Corliss.

PARTISANSHIP IN MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.

By Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia.

MAYOR WEAVER.

I have no panacea for municipal woes. On one point, however, I have reached a conclusion based upon recent experience, and that is that political partisanship is the enemy of good municipal government. All the sources of municipal degeneracy find shelter and breeding under the folds of the tents of partisanship. These camp followers of party are, in fact, not partisans at all—they are of no party and of all parties. They lay their eggs, cuckoo-like, in the nest of any triumphant party, but they follow surely in municipal government wherever partisanship rules therein.

Publicity, non-partisanship, vigilance—this is the trinity on which the gospel of municipal reform must be founded, and may God speed the day when they shall constitute the accepted faith of a free people.

DIVORCE NOT AN UNQUALIFIED EVIL.

By Rev. Minot J. Savage.

I have intimated that one of the distinguishing characteristics of modern times is the growth of divorce. A great many people are frightened and think that this is one of the "deplorable" fruits of the wider freedom granted to women. I believe on the whole that a larger number of divorces at the present time are altogether to be welcomed. They are almost always in the interests of oppressed women, giving them another opportunity for a free, sweet, wholesome life. There are cases where the divorce laws are abused, but not nearly as many as the frightened ministers of many of our churches seem to imagine.

Law does not make marriages. The church does not make marriages. Men and women, if they are ever married, marry themselves. All the law can do is to make a clumsy attempt to protect. All the church can do is to recognize and try to consecrate a fact which already exists.

But if there is no marriage then it is desecration to keep up the sham. If there are children, that complicates matters, but many times the woman is simply released from an intolerable, outrageous existence and given an opportunity once more to find something sweet and hopeful in the way of love and life.

THE MIRACLE OF CHANGE.

Morn after morn the woods unfold
Their tapestries of vivid gold;
How subtle and how strange
This miracle of change!

Day after day across the swamp
Encrimsoned banners toss their pomp;
How fair beyond belief
This pageant of the leaf!

Year after year on Youth's green page
Are limned the ripening tints of Age;
With what rich marvel rife
This mystery of life!
—New York Sun.

THE GOOD ONE DOES.

"FINE weather for hayin'," said Eliakim Fairhaven. To his material nature, God's sunshine and grand glitter of earth and sky were but the instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accessions to "a good crop."

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting.

"Yes," said she. "Who's that a-comin' up the path?"

"One of the new hands, I calc'late," said Eliakim, screwing his eyes. "I didn't agree to give him his supper and board into the bargain a night before the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"'Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the

"OH, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU."

steps to meet a slender child of 9 years, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child!" said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress, "what ails you, and what do you want here?"

"Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired, and—"

"No, I can't!" abruptly broke in Eliakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place."

Slowly and wearily the two poor travelers turned and plodded their way down the broad, dusty road—the languid footsteps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

They had walked what seemed to Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to "stop."

"It's me," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven.

"Eliakim—that's my brother—he's gone over to the class meetin' at Squire Dundas', and I cut down through the lots to overtake you. I tell you I can't somehow get your father's face out of my mind. You're sick, ain't you, mister?"

"I shall soon be quite well," he answered, calmly — and Comfort Fairhaven's more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never once suspected.

"Where you going?" said kind Miss Fairhaven.

"We are going to my grandpapa," said little Essie. "Grandpapa was vexed with my mamma for marrying my papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now! But I won't stay with him unless papa stays, too!"

"I suppose you want to get to Lousdade?" said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort; "but I'll tell you what—I'll make Jacob get out the wagon, and with a good buffalo robe over the seats, you'll ride easy enough. They'll be back after Eliakim gets through shoutin' and prayin'—I hain't no patience with that kind o' religion—and while you're waitin' I'll bring down a snack o' bread and meal and a bottle of my currant wine. 'Tain't good to travel on an empty stomach."

* * * * * * *

"I know I'm pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he had specklilated all away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So, if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, or general overseer, I don't care where—"

The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory eloquence.

"What wages do you ask?"

Poor Miss Comfort—the blank word wages called a rusty glow to her cheek.

"I ain't particular about that so long as it's a good home."

"Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponceau's, No. —— Fifth avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person of your appearance would suit."

Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the Queen of Sheba of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception room of the Fifth avenue mansion.

The door swung open on its silver-plated hinges, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered.

Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff little courtesy.

"I've called to see—" she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by a young lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she cried out, ecstatically. "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, nobody knew whither. If it had not been for your kindness papa never could have lived to reach his home. And you shall live with me always now and be my darling old friend!"

So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed, nominally a housekeeper—really the trusted and revered head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury.—Indianapolis Sun.

PLUCKY TEXAS GIRL.

Put Her Arms Around Wild Bear and Gave Him a Hug.

Bear hugging is an amusement which few people, especially young ladies, would care to indulge in, and it is seldom that one would have the chance to embrace a real live "bruin" in his native haunts even if he—or she—had the nerve and inclination to try it. The opportunity, however, came not long ago to Miss Bessie Wells, a pretty little Texas lass, who, according to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, startled W. D. Cameron, who happened to be with her at the time, by giving a full-grown cinnamon bear in Yellowstone Park a good squeeze around the neck. The bear, however, much to the relief of Miss Wells' companion, did not reciprocate the caress, although he seemed to enjoy it.

Miss Wells is the 15-year-old daughter of a wealthy cotton dealer of Austin, Tex. She is a beauty of the true Southern type, imbued with the daring spirit and nerve that so often are found in the Western plains girl, and is large for her age. Recently, with her father, her aunt and her grandfather, she started on a tour of the Northwest. The party visited Seattle a short time ago and from here went to Yellowstone Park. There they made the journey through the park in one of the wagons utilized for tourist travel.

A member of the party described Miss Wells' escapade as follows:

"Our party had stopped for the noon hour luncheon, and while the meal was being prepared Miss Wells and I started out to pick a few berries. We had gone but a short distance, when about 100 yards away we saw a large cinnamon bear browsing among the bushes. Knowing that all the animals in the park are more or less tame, we approached the bear. I held up my hand, and the bear, thinking that I had something for him to eat, stood on his hind feet and reached up, but, finding that he had been deceived, shook his head angrily and walked away. My young companion then ran back to the wagon and returned with a few cookies. Again we approached the bear and Miss Wells held one of the cookies out in her hand. The bear repeated the same performance he had gone through with me, but this time he found something. Miss Wells gradually drew back her hand while the bear was reaching for it until the animal's head was over her shoulder, and then, while he was eating the cookie, she reached around his neck with her other hand and hugged him tightly. My heart seemed to stop beating, but I dared not yell, for the animal would be startled and attack the girl. When he had finished eating the cookie, however, he merely dropped down on all fours again and sauntered off into the brush. In all my experiences I have never seen a more reckless or daring and even dangerous action by a young woman."

A Chance to Escape.

When the Senator was a younger man than he is now he was elected to the State Assembly from his district. The day before the sessions began he went to the State capital. He wore his best clothes, the Philadelphia Public Ledger says, and carried so much luggage that its possession should have established his respectability beyond question. He went to a good hotel and registered.

As he stood in the office, talking with the proprietor, a porter took up one of his boxes so roughly that the lid came open and the contents rolled out on the floor. There were shirts and shoes and other personal belongings, and in addition a queer contrivance of ropes, a block and tackle and a big steel hook, which immediately attracted the proprietor's attention.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"That," replied the young assemblyman, "is a newly invented fire-escape. I never travel without it. In case of fire I can let myself down from any hotel window, no matter how high it may be."

The landlord frowned.

"Our terms for guests with fire-escapes, sir, are invariably cash in advance," he said, coldly and firmly.

Afghan Justice.

In a native irregular force raised by an Afghan chieftain the following amusing incident took place: A man was brought before the chief for stealing a shirt, and this is how the case proceeded:

Chief (to prisoner)—You are charged with stealing a shirt.

First Witness—Your honor, it was my shirt.

Second Witness—I saw him steal the shirt, your honor.

Result—Prisoner ten days for stealing the shirt, first witness ten days for not looking after the shirt better and second witness ten days for not minding his own business.

Lots of people take offense when there is none in sight.

FIREMEN OF A CITY.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN ALARM COMES IN.

Alertness with Which the Several Companies of Fire Fighters Respond—Methods of Noting Alarms—A Peep Into the Department.

An alarm of fire! How much this suggests to the mind—the fright, the confusion, the destruction of property, the possible loss of life—the puffing engines and the shouting men! How the blood tingles as after the clang of the fire bell comes the sharp sound of the engine gong, its iron voice crying a jargon of warning! What excitement it causes! Truckmen hastily drive their wagons to the curb; street cars are brought to a halt and pedestrians leap nimbly aside. Then down the street, under clouds of rolling black smoke, comes the fire engine. The plunging horses are going like mad and the glistening body of the apparatus sways from side to side with the terrific speed. Leaning far out from his little iron seat, the daring driver urges the maddened horses to even greater speed. With a roar and a clang the engine flies by. Then comes the sharp, staccato sound of a single horse at a furious gallop, and the fire chief's gig flashes by. In the distance there is the wild ringing of the bell on the aerial truck. Three magnificent horses plunging along at top speed and behind them the monster hook and ladder careening along with its sides lined with men! Far down under the ladders, hunched up in his seat of iron, is the tillerman, who steers this monster apparatus. Upon him depends the safety of all his comrades. No use for the driver to handle his horses with the hands of a master if the steersman lose his head for a single instant. In the tillerman's seat must be a man with a calm head and nerves of iron. Amid the swaying and lurching, the crashing and yelling, his eyes never waver from the driver. A sharp turn to the right, he holds his tiller steady until the ladders have straightened out on the turn, and then he tugs with might and main to twist the rear wheels into their new path. Then the long dash—straight away, with his watching, waiting for the next turn, and above him the tireless bell, crashing out its warning.

It is an inspiring sight—this watching firemen answering an alarm, but how many realize the intricate agencies which start these great machines almost on the instant of the call? Let us step into a fire house and become acquainted. The first thing we notice after glancing at the shining apparatus and the great alarm gong, are the books in orderly array in a desk. The

PLAYING ON BURNING RUINS.

three more. another engine, the chemical, aerial truck and several hose wagons were at the fire, together with 25 or 30 men—a small fire department in itself.

Let us now return to a fire house and see how these alarms are received. Near the door of every house is located a small desk, and at this a fireman sits. Nearby, somewhere on the apparatus floor, another fireman may be found cleaning out the horses' stalls, or keeping bright the metal work on the swinging harness, but ready in an instant to assist in "hitching up," should a call or an alarm come ringing out from the array of instruments ranged along the wall near the desk. The man sitting at the desk is the "man-on-watch," who notes the alarms. Just before the alarm sounds on the great gong there is a sharp click which, to the ordinary listener, would not be noticed at all, but to the quick ear of the man on watch and the equally well-trained ears of the horses, there need be no second stroke to tell that an alarm will follow. This click is caused by the opening of the electric circuit in which the station is located.

Near the gong a clock registers, by the use of magnets, the time the alarm

HOOK AND LADDER APPARATUS RESPONDING TO A CALL.

most important book is the house journal, which contains a record of alarms of fire received, whether this particular company is called or not, and the exact moment they are received. The movements of the officers and men are also recorded here, the hour and min-

A LADDER FIRE ESCAPE.

ute of their leaving quarters each day for meals, and the time of their return and an entry is made of any event pertaining to the workings of the department which might have to be referred to later.

Tracing an Alarm.

Let us trace an alarm. This leads us into the mysteries of the fire alarm telegraph system, without which the science of fire-fighting to-day would be utterly inadequate. A barn is discovered on fire. The owner runs to the nearest box. He opens the door and pulls down the lever on the inside once. Then what does he hear? Only the buzzing of machinery at first, then "ting," on a little bell inside. A pause and then. "ting, ting, ting, ting, ting." Another pause, then "ting, ting,"—1-5-2, the number of the box. This is repeated several times in quick succession and then the buzzing stops. The alarm has been sent. It may seem an age to the owner of the burning premises as he stands there waiting for the firemen to appear, but it is a matter of only a few minutes. For within twenty seconds this box number is ringing in all the fire houses, and within one minute and a half after he releases the lever the companies are on their way to the box. He waits a couple of minutes, Soon there appear from all sides apparatus from the fire houses in the district. The man at the box indicates by pointing the location of the fire and the driver of the first engine to arrive, who knows the hydrants in his district as well as he knows the boxes, runs his horses to a hydrant nearly opposite the fire. The first company to arrive dashes into the barn with a hose. Then others come up and the fire is soon extinguished. In reviewing the events following the pulling of box 1-5-2 we find that within three minutes an engine and truck company were on the scene and that within

is received. On each side of the stalls for the horses there is a sliding bolt to which is fastened the halter-strap that keeps the horses in their stalls. These bolts are operated by switches located near the man on watch, which when worked releases the horses and opens the doors.

When an Alarm Comes.

A light is burning brightly beside the desk. Inside the railed inclosure a fireman is sitting. Maybe he is dozing. If he is, he is sleeping with one eye open. In the rear in one of the stalls another fireman, pitchfork in hand, is shaking up and arranging the straw that forms the bed for the horses. A few passersby stop for a moment and peer in through the doorway at the spick-and-span apparatus always in perfect order. Already some of the horses are down on their haunches nibbling the hay and preparing to go to sleep. Overhead in the "bunk-room" the men are preparing to "turn in," but a few in one corner linger to watch an interesting game of checkers.

Click—one stroke on the instrument, followed by a succession of others. The man at the desk springs to his feet and shouts "get up," at the same time throwing the switch; the lever flies up, the horses are released. They need no command, but are on their feet even before the fireman calls and rattle out of their stalls and under the swinging harness. Snap, snap go the collars about their necks, and then the bit snaps on each side are locked in an instant. Thud, thud! come the men sliding down the pole and striking the rubber pads placed below. Bounding to the apparatus they scramble into their various places. The driver has jumped to his seat on the engine and snaps the belt in place that holds him there, the engineer and fireman also spring on the engine in the rear. The former snatches up a long cube of carbonlike substance which the wind cannot blow out and as he clears the house lights it and throws it into the fire box which is piled with excelsior and wood. There is steam up on the engine constantly, as it is connected by pipes with a boiler in the basement from which the hot water is secured. As the engine pulls away from the floor pipes a valve in the latter is automatically closed and the water from the boiler below turned into a sewer. Almost instantly it seems everything is ready and the driver leaning forward and taking up the reins gives a slight pull toward him. This pull releases a catch in the iron framework that holds up the harness, and this frame flies up to the ceiling, letting the harness fall on the backs of the horses. The man on watch shouts the number of the box and its locality to the driver, who pulls a cord above him, the big doors slide open—and the engine dashes off to the fire.—Utica, N. Y., Globe.

A King's Punctuality.

All men agree in the abstract that "punctuality is the soul of business," but few act up to the maxim with the strictness of the King of the Belgians. Wherever or however he may travel, whether the visit be of business, pleasure or ceremony, he is punctual, not only to the hour, but to the minute—it might almost be said to the second. And yet His Majesty is never seen to consult a watch. But his familiars know that his habit of passing his hand along his flowing beard is only a device for glancing at a small watch which he wears fastened to his wrist.

Those Trading Stamps.

The Supreme Court of California, in deciding the trading stamp act of the Legislature of March 7 unconstitutional, holds the issuing of trading stamps is within the constitutional right of contract.

Dress some men up in feminine apparel and you couldn't tell them from women.

The women of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red.

WATER TOWER IN USE.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LITTLE FOLKS AND BIG ONES.

I knew a boy not long ago
(But now he's quite a man)
Who whimpered when the sun was low,
And when the day began.
He whimpered (for I heard him once)
With gloom beyond control,
Because his breakfast bread-and milk
Was brought him in a bowl.

He cried because his toast was burnt,
Because his tea was hot;
He cried because his brother's jam
Was more than he had got.
And morning bright, and noon and night,
Wherever I could go,
'Twas pain to hear his deep and drear
Unnecessary woe.

I'm thankful—oh, I'm very glad
Those dreadful days have passed,
And this extremely foolish lad
Has changed his plan at last.
But, on his brow I still can trace
That wrinkle of dismay;
For, once it settles on the face
It never goes away.

Now, Very Little Folks, my dears,
I'm very sure that you
Will never weep with peevish tears
As this sad boy would do.
And Bigger Folks, of course, I know.
Are far too brave for that,
And, since it's time for me to go,
I'll take my stick and hat.
—John Lea, in Cassell's Little Folks.

A PRESIDENT'S BOYHOOD.

As Abraham had been only seven years old when he left Kentucky, the little beginnings he learned in the schools kept by Riney and Hazel in that state must have been very slight, probably only his alphabet, or at most only three of four pages of Webster's "Elementary Spellingbook." The multiplication-table was still a mystery to him, and he could read or write only the words he spelled. His first two years in Indiana seem to have passed without schooling of any sort, and the school he attended shortly after coming under the care of his stepmother was of the simplest kind, for the Pigeon Creek settlement numbered only eight or ten poor families, and they lived deep in the forest, where, even if they had had the money for such luxuries, it would have been impossible to buy books, slates, pens, ink or paper. It is worthy of note, however, that in our Western country, even under such dicfiulties, a schoolhouse was one of the first buildings to rise in every frontier settlement. Abraham's second school in Indiana was held when he was fourteen years old, and the third in his seventeenth year.

By that time he had more books and better teachers, but he had to walk four or five miles to reach them. We know that he learned to write, and was provided with pen, ink and a copy-book—a very small supply of writing paper, for copies have been printed of several scraps on which he carefully wrote down tables of long measure, land measure, and dry measure, as well as examples in multiplication and compound division, from his arithmetic. He was never able to go to school again after this time, and though the instruction he received from his five teachers—two in Kentucky and three in Indiana—extended over a period of nine years, it must be remembered that it made up in all less than one twelvemonth; "that the aggregate of all his schooling did not amount to one year." The fact that he received this instruction, as he himself said, "by littles," was doubtless an advantage. A lazy or indifferent boy would, of course, have forgotten what was taught him at one time before he had opportunity at another; but Abraham was neither indifferent nor lazy, and these widely separated fragments of instruction were precious steps to self-help. He pursued his studies with very unusual purpose and determination not only to understand them at the moment, but to fix them firmly in his mind. His early companions all agree that he employed every spare moment in keeping on with some one of his studies. His stepmother tells us that when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would rewrite it, look at it, repeat it. He had a copy-book, a kind of scrap-book, in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them. He spent long evenings doing sums on the fire shovel. Iron fire shovels were a rarity among pioneers. Instead they used a broad, thin clapboard with one end narrowed to a handle, arranging with this the piles of coals upon the hearth, over which they set their "skillet" and "oven" to do their cooking. It was on such a wooden shovel that Abraham worked his sums by the flickering firelight, making his figures with a piece of charcoal, and, when the shovel was all covered, taking a drawing-knife and shaving it off clean again.

The hours that he was able to devote to his penmanship, his reading and his arithmetic were by no means many; for, save for the short time that he was actually in school, he was, during all these years, laboring hard on his father's farm, or hiring his youthful strength to neighbors who had need of help in the work of field or forest. In pursuit of his knowledge he was on an up-hill path; yet, in spite of all obstacles he worked his way to so much of an education as placed him far ahead of his schoolmates and quickly abreast of his various teachers. He borrowed every book in the neighborhood. The list is a short one: "Robinson Crusoe," "Aesop's Fables," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems's "Life of Washington," and a "History of the United States." When everything else had been read, he resolutely began on the "Revised Statutes of Indiana," which Dave Turnham, the constable, had in daily use, but permitted him to come to his house and read.—St. Nicholas.

VISITING OLD SOUTH.

An alert boy of twelve or thirteen years, visiting in Boston for the first time, was asked what historical building he would like to visit first, and he replied very promptly:

"The Old South Meeting-house. I like to see places in which there has been something doing in the past. They did things in the Old South Meeting-house, both before and during the Revolution, didn't they?"

Indeed they did! No building in America has been the scene of more thrilling events than has this ancient house of worship.

Had this boy, who was eager to see the Old South Meeting-house because of all that it stands for, been in Boston on the 29th day of last April, he might have gone into the time-honored old building in company with hundreds of other boys, and a great many girls, who came from all parts of the city to be present at the "Children's Hour" in the "Old South." This is a semi-yearly event in Boston and America into an intimate "Old South Work," which is a good work, having for its chief purpose the bringing of the young people of Boston and America into in intimate knowledge of early American history.

On this 29th day of April the Old South Meeting-house was packed with boys and girls from the public schools, to hear about William Blackstone, the first settler in the City of Boston. A large orchestra of boys and girls from one of the public schools played patriotic airs, and I remember that at one "Children's Hour" in the Old South two hundred school girls sang the ode which was composed and sung when President George Washington visited Boston in 1789. You see that they still "do things" of a patriotic nature in this old meeting-house—hallowed, as it is, by memories of Washington and Adam and Otis and Hancock and all the good men and true who helped to give our country its most valued possession—independence.. — St. Nicholas.

A HANDSOME APOLOGY.

Ned and his grandmother are the best of friends, but sometimes the little boy's tongue is too quick to please the old lady. Then Ned apologizes, after a fashion of his own, which his grandmother approves.

"I got tired lugging that wheelbarrow for grandmother when she was changing her plants," Ned said to his mother, recounting the day's events at bedtime, "and I said, 'Twish there wasn't another speck of this hateful dirt in all the world!' But then afterward I 'pologized."

"Em glad of that," said his mother. "Did you tell her you were sorry?"

"No, that's not the kind grandmother likes best," said Ned. "I got another wheelbarrowful, and I just said, 'Don't you want some more of this nice dirt, grandmother?' And then we were all right again."—Youth's Companion.

Drove a Dead Horse Nine Miles.

Major G. W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill) was showing a party of Easterners his fine herd of bison at Pawnee, Okla. The talk turned from bison to stage coaching, and many instances of wonderful driving, some realistic and some hyperbolical, were related. Pawnee Bill laughed.

"There is a story," he said, "of One-eyed Pete McCoy. If this story is true the four-in-hand drivers of the East—the Alfred Vanderbilts and James Hydes and Lorillard Ronaldses—are only practicing a decayed and degenerate form of coaching. Before the next horse show they had better come out West and learn to drive.

"One-eyed Pete drove a Dakota stage coach that made a circuit of Deadwood, Carbonate, Spearfish and Bear Gulch. He was notorious for his fast and daring yet skillful driving.

"They say that Pete tore into Carbonate one day on his usual dead run. Like an avalanche the cloach clattered up to the hotel door. There, suddenly, it stopped, and one of the horses fell—stone dead.

"'A very sudden death,' said a bystander.

"'Sudden? Not at all,' said One-eyed Pete. 'That there hoss died at the top of the hill, nine miles back, sir; but I wa'n't goin' to let him down till I got to the reglar stoppin' place.'"—Washington Post.

What They Think of Her.

Her Lover—I cannot wait to see her! Oh, the agony of separation!

Her Dressmaker—It seems a pity; she is so long-waisted. Otherwise she would have so much style.

Her Brother—Oh, how tired she makes me.

Her Father—I've spent $20,000 on that girl since she was born.

Her Maid—What a pity her clothes don't fit me.

Her Enemy—She never troubles me a bit. I never think of her.

Her Sunday-school Pupil—Oh, my, ain't she just beautiful!

Her Hair Dresser—It's a pity her scalp isn't better nourished.

Her Old Chum—She isn't what she used to be. I sometimes wonder—

Her Platonic Friend—I knew she would be spoiled by love some day.

Her New Acquaintance—What a bright girl!

The Cynic—She knows about as little as any of them.

Her Grandmother—To me she will never be anything more than a child.

A National Heirloom.

One of John Bull's greatest treasures is simply a four-volume book, worth over £300,000, even though many pages of it are missing. The "Codex Alexandrinus," the book in question, is in the British Museum, and consists of the Old and New Testaments in Greek manuscript, dating from the fifth century.—London Magazine.