

Good Morning.
Day dawns, and bids the blushing sky
"Good morning!"
The first-voiced birds take up the cry:
"Good morning!"
And nearer home, beneath the eaves,
The startled old magpie's tender leaves
That shivered in the midnight rain,
Now whisper at my window-pane:
"Good morning!"
The genial sun peeps o'er the hill
And laughs across my window sill.
Eyes quiver under sleepy lids—
This is the King himself who bids
"Good morning!"

I rise and open the window wide.
The sun-kissed breezes charge and ride
Straight through the breach in merriment
"Good morning!"
They make me captive to the King,
They pluck at me and bid me sing.
They peep at me the Golden Day,
Whose conquering slogan is their gay
"Good morning!"

They frolic here, they scamper there,
They clutch the singing birds in air.
On all the world their music beats
"Good morning!"
Heart the captive word repeats:
"Good morning!"
Hurry calls to him: The surly night,
Who scorned his neighbor yesterday,
With smiling visage stops to greet
That neighbor in the busy street:
"Good morning!"

O joyous day! O smile of God,
To hear him all who toll and pip,
We hail thee, Conqueror and King!
We hug our golden chains and sing:
"Good morning!"
—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Cat that Killed Care

BY CARROLL WATSON BARKIN.

The most characteristic feature of Mrs. Roswell's countenance was the deep, bow-shaped line that indented her forehead just above the bridge of her nose at all remarkable nose.

Her maiden sister, Georgiana Keith, bore the same distinguishing mark, and it was likewise reproduced, in slighter degree, on the youthful brows of Mrs. Roswell's two daughters, Elizabeth and Dorothea.

All four were what Mr. Roswell called "broom-worriers," and Mr. Roswell's name for the bow-shaped mark was "Mother Keith's anxious pucker," because his mother-in-law possessed the deepest "anxious pucker" of all, since here was the monument of seventy years of unmitigated worry.

Yet at the time of this tale Mrs. Roswell was certainly the most active worrier of the entire quintet. It was that little woman's habit to worry for three months about the spring house-cleaning, and actually to accomplish the dreaded task in less than three weeks.

Why a certain low, homely, neglected half-grown cat with a tremendous craving for human sympathy should have selected the Roswell cottage for a permanent home is one of the things that are past finding out. Mrs. Roswell, her mother, her sister, Georgiana and her two daughters had always felt that they had engaged to worry about not acquiring a cat.

There was last week, and he wastes all his best looks on us."
"He has nice eyes," said Aunt Georgiana. "His manners are certainly ingratiating and his craving for affection is almost human. Do poke him a little with your foot, John. He is so hungry for a little appreciation."
Mr. Roswell poked. Henry instantly responded with a deep, sonorous purr.

Mrs. Roswell, her mother, her sister and her two daughters worried considerably about the feeding of Henry. They even wrote to a woman's magazine to ask how many mice a middle-sized cat should be permitted to eat in one day, and if rats would injure the digestion of a pussy of tender age. But, above all, it was the problem of giving Henry a much-needed bath that brought the deepest wrinkles to all the Roswell brows.

Henry, in a dry state, was a peaceable, thoroughly good-tempered cat. Henry, when might prove a veritable demon. He certainly cried aloud for at least one bath, yet who of all the Roswells would undertake to bath a soiled, maple frappe, half-grown cat?

"Not I," said Grandma Keith. "Nor I," shuddered Elizabeth. "Nor I," echoed Dorothea. "It's a pity we can't send him to the steam laundry to be mingled with the sheets."
"But," argued Mrs. Roswell, "to the Chinaman to be starched with my shirts. Perhaps Bridget—"
"Sure, and I'll not!" declared Bridget, when approached. "You never can tell what mischief a wet cat will do."

"But," argued Mrs. Roswell, "somebody will have to wash him. Suppose we draw lots—"
"Will you do it?" queried Mr. Roswell. "If the lot falls to you?"
"No, ma'am," said Mrs. Roswell. "They're a nice lot, aren't they, Henry?" said Mr. Roswell, "to be so afraid to wash one small harmless yellow cat?"

"No, John! Will you?"
"No, ma'am! I washed a cat once—"
"What was it?" asked Mr. Roswell. "You sent to the hospital for a trained nurse?"
This suggestion was made in fun; but later in the day Mrs. Roswell was reminded of it. She had gone to visit a friend in the good-naturedness of her heart, had offered to take the patient long enough for Miss Ball, the nurse, to take a little run in the fresh air.

"Thank you very much!" said the girl, returning half an hour later with glowing cheeks. "I feel lots better for my walk. I'll do as much for you some day."
"Did you ever happen to wash a cat?" asked Mrs. Roswell, suddenly remembering Henry.
"Lots of times. We used to own a white one that had to be scrubbed twice a week because she would sleep in the coal-scuttle!"

"Would you—wouldn't you—would you?" began Mrs. Roswell, her anxious pucker deepening suddenly, "would you—"
"Would I wash a cat for you? Why, of course I would—if it isn't a very fierce cat!"
"Oh, wouldn't it fierce when he's dry," returned Mrs. Roswell. "He's remarkably sweet-tempered. But we're so afraid water will alter his disposition that we've worried for three weeks over the problem of washing him."
"I'll come over at ten tomorrow," promised Miss Ball, "to take a look at him. Have a foot-bath and some good common soap and plenty of hot water ready in a warm room. If he looks at all promising, I'll tub him."

The assembled Roswells, fairly shivering with excitement, stood in a circle in the kitchen the next morning while Miss Ball tested the water in the foot-bath with her thermometer. Then she gently disengaged Henry from Elizabeth's ankles, and lifted him into the tub.
Grandma Keith backed into the pantry, Aunt Georgiana fled hastily up the back stairs, and the others shrank against the wainscoting, to make ample room for the flying leap of a frantic, dripping, revengeful cat. But there was no leap. Instead, Henry deeply grateful for such an unusual amount of attention, sat up and purred while Miss Ball rubbed every inch of him with soap except his contented eyes. Then she rinsed him with gentle showers of clean warm water, and Henry, sitting knee-deep in the pleasant foam, purred louder than ever.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

HEAVY COST OF FUNERALS.

WELL-KNOWN physician of Chicago says it costs people more to die than it does to live and the poorer you are the more it costs you to die. Funerals are expensive in Chicago. If a man does and his widow has four or five hundred dollars the undertaker gets all of it and the woman then is turned adrift. Life insurance is a great thing because the widow has ready money. She can sustain herself until she gets her bearings and becomes confident of her own ability to make a living. But if a man dies, leaving his widow a thousand dollars, it is more likely that she will have to go to the undertaker for a hundred dollars of that money will go for the funeral. A coffin that costs \$25 to make is sold for \$125 and the embalming process entailing a cost of \$1 or \$2 is charged up at \$15 or \$20. The expenses for hearse and carriage are also doubled. People are sensitive about the dead and they feel that a protest to the undertaker is to show lack of respect for the piece of clay that is about to be put back in the ground.

DRYFUS.

IT IS THE SATISFACTION all honest men must feel that a shameful judicial wrong has been set right in the decision of the highest court in the matter of Captain Alfred Dreyfus is even more gratifying as showing the return to sanity of the French authorities and the French people. The Court of Cassation does not merely declare the innocence of the unfortunate officer and direct that amends be made; it declares that the crime of which he was accused never existed, a conclusion that was reached long ago by most disinterested foreign observers of the case.

WOMEN AS EMPLOYEES.

PHILADELPHIA corporation recently announced its purpose to dismiss all the women in its employ and engage no one of the sex in the future. Some employers interviewed declare that they understand and sympathize with the motives of this action, and one Eastern paper remarks that something of a "reaction" against the employment of women in industry is undoubtedly observable.

PROTECT IT IN TIME.

Law to Stop Alteration of "Star Spangled Banner" is introduced in the House. The continued carping at "The Star Spangled Banner," words and music, as a national hymn, has evidently impressed some minds with the idea that the text of the anthem is entitled to no better a fate than that of any other song which can be written in verse at liberty to garble it to suit himself.

COLD AIR ON TAP.

Natural System of Cooling Used by Montana. The town of Thompson Falls, in Montana county, has a strange system of cold storage, says the New York Sun. In the hottest days in summer it is possible to keep living rooms at a temperature of 55 degrees, and butter, eggs, and meat are kept cool and fresh without the least trouble. The best part of the cold-storage system is that it costs absolutely nothing after the plant has been installed.

THE REFORM HUSBAND.

"You don't mean your own, Evelyn?" said the groceryman reproachfully to the pretty cook, as he turned over a leaf in his order book.
"Well, maybe I don't," said the cook, "but I mean coconuts or bath sponges, but you'd better put it down 'young onions' on the chance that I know what I'm talking about."
"You mean the boss, then?" pleaded the groceryman. "You wouldn't think of ordering 'em because you liked 'em?"
"Don't tell me that."
"I won't tell you nothing, one way or another," said the cook. "If it's going to hurt your feelings I won't explain about what I'm going to do with the groceries I order. Peck of new potatoes, and see that they are bigger than marbles this time, because I'm going to peel 'em."
"Sutlin! a good half an hour!" barked the groceryman. "All right, I know the kind you mean. Not that I mind onions specially," he observed. "An onion is all right in its place. So's some other things you could mention. I'd just as soon you'd put onions as not on the days I don't call. Don't you mind what I say."
"If you say 'onion' to me again I'll show you the door, and I'll see to it that you don't come back," said the cook.

A Tall Tree Yarn.

Scott Cammins, the poet of Winchester, Woods County, was a cow-puncher in the Northwest many years ago. His outfit was on the Snake River one day with three thousand cattle. Cammins, with a poet's license, relates what happened:
"The river was too dangerous for swimming, but after following the bank a short distance the foreman found a giant redwood tree that had fallen across the river. Fortunately the tree was hollow, and, making a chute, they had no trouble in driving the cattle through the log to the other side."
"As the cattle had not been counted for several days, one of the cowboys was stationed to count them as they emerged from the log. The count fell short some three hundred head, but about that time a distant lowing was heard.
"Their surprise may be imagined when on looking about they found that the cattle had wandered off into a hollow limb."—Kansas City Star.

Equatorial Football.

The football mania is still upon us to the exclusion of almost all other games, with the exception of golf and tennis. In the football league contest there are nine teams playing.—Pennans correspondence of the Straits Budget.

MAN'S MANIA FOR SPEED.

PEED madness is a nothing new, but it shows novel developments. The automobile goes at a frightful rate in the hope of getting to some place where he does not particularly need to be in just a fragment of the time which he has abundance to spare. On his way he kills one, maims another and at the finish regards his own survival as a triumph.

DECREASE IN LYNCHINGS.

IT IS A HOPEFUL sign of the ultimate suppression of lynching in the South, or at least of its virtual suppression, that many of the Southern executives are manifesting extraordinary activity in the prosecution of lynchings in Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina. Lynching has been almost entirely suppressed, owing to the strenuous efforts of the Governors and law authorities, the absence of delays in the courts, the convening of special grand juries, speedy trials following indictments and speedy penalties following convictions.

FRUIT SHOULD BE COOKED.

Germs of Disease Introduced into System by Raw Product. In the course of his recent lectures in England on the "Hygiene of the Alimentary Canal," Prof. Ellis Metschnik, who expressed the opinion that the germs of many diseases are introduced into the circulation through wounds made in the intestines by intestinal worms and other entozoa introduced by eating uncooked fruit, says the Baltimore Sun.

POISON IVY.

Laws Should Be Passed for Exterminating the Noxious Vine. A correspondent at Greenville, Conn., who says that he "speaks feelingly" writes that we want a "lasting benefit on his part of the country, at least, by indicating a sure and speedy way of getting rid of poison ivy and at the same time advocating a law making it a misdemeanor to permit its growth. The work must be done with the knife, the grubbing hoe and fire, and these must be used energetically and persistently. Nevertheless, poison ivy is not a difficult one. The vines are easily cut, broken and torn up, and this may be done with impunity even by those who are susceptible to the poison, provided they take the precaution to wear leather gloves and to do the work in the fall, after the leaves of the vine have died. Rip it up by the roots, or if it is too big and stout for that, chop it off at or below the surface of the ground and let a dram or two of nitric acid soak into the stump. Then make a bonfire of the vine and its branches. Next spring watch for it and if any new shoots appear pull them up or cut them off and apply the acid. By the third year the land should be free from the pest.

SOME ANTIQUATED CUSTOMS.

There Are Many of Them, Foolish as Well as Out of Date. Time has not brought about a readjustment of many of the antiquated customs that surround royalty. When the King of Spain was 12 years of age he one day had a misfortune to slip and fall down a flight of the palace steps. The fall would very probably have been attended with fatal results had it not been for a servant who extended a kindly hand and saved his young master by breaking the fall, says the Philadelphia North American.

THE FIRST HUSBAND'S VENTURES.

"Let me see," said the man who affected a knowledge of literature, "wasn't it Shakespeare who said 'The good men do lives after them, the evil is oft interred with their bones?'"
"I don't know," replied the weary-looking man, "but the man who wrote that was never married to a widow."—Philadelphia Press.

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TEXTS FOR TELEPHONE USERS.

Passages from Scripture that may be held to Apply. The Company.—Their line is gone out to all the earth and their words to the end of the world. Ps. xix:4. Trunk Wires.—Thy land shall be divided by line. Amos xii:17. The Service.—Prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year. Rev. ix:15. They were employed in that work day and night. I Chron. ix:33. Monopoly.—We have no might against this great company. II Chron. xx:12. Now, shall this company look up all that are round about you? Num. xxii:4. Threatened Competition.—See! There come people down by the middle of the land, another company come along. Judges ix:27. "Information."—Is there any number? Job xxx:3. I know not the numbers thereof. Ps. lxxi:15. Search may be made in the book of the records. Ezra iv:16. He telleth the number. Ps. cxviii:4. His number is 666. Rev. xiii:18. I understood the number. Dan. ix:24. The Call.—When I call, answer me speedily. Ps. cii:2. I called him, but he gave me no answer. Cant. v:6. Then they waited according to their order. I Chron. vi:32. Call now, if there be any that will answer thee! Job vi:1. Where is the receiver? Isa. xxviii:18. Let every man be swift to hear and slow to speak. James i:19. Thou didst call me. I Sam. iii:6. The Conversation.—Call thou and I will answer, or let me speak, and answer thee not. Job xlii:22. They could not take heed of his words. Luke xx:26. You have heard my conversation in time past. Gal. i:23. Except ye utter words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye shall speak into the air. I Cor. xiv:9. We use great plainness of speech. II Cor. xii:12. Except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known? I Cor. xiv:7. I had rather speak five words with my understanding than ten thousand in an unknown tongue. I Cor. xiv:9.

HOW DO YOU KNOW.

There's a boy in the house? By the cap that is hanging downstairs in the hall; By the gun and the pistol, the bat and the ball; The Indian war dance, the toy cannon's roar, That are heard, now and then, through the nursery door; By the engine and drums and the tool chest and nails; The steam cars and tracks and the boats with trims sail; By the volumes of Cooper which from cover to cover Have been read and reread by an Indian lover.

HOW DO YOU KNOW—

There's a girl in the house? By the beautiful doll with the movable eyes; A French doll that sleeps, and that talks, walks and cries; By the toyhouse and trunk, and the stove and the chairs; By the doll hats and farbelows made every day; For Annie and Sallie and Bessie and the other girls; By the soft little laugh and the sweet little song, Which never to grown folks or boys could belong.

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Do you think it shocking To wear the low-necked stocking? I think it fun to run about With both my knees a-peeping out, In broad day-light, And in plain sight, For naught is there that's shocking About the low-necked stocking.

Stranger to say, the expression, "He's a brick," which is now used merely as a bit of slang, was first used by so distinguished a writer as Thackeray. He says that an ambassador from Ephesus came to Sparta, and when Lycurgus had shown him the city he saw much to praise and admire, but expressed his wonder that Sparta had no walls. Early the next morning he was conducted out to the field of exercise, near the city, where the Spartan army was drawn up. "There," said Lycurgus to the ambassador, "are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

It is said that steel needles were invented by the Spanish Moors. Before their introduction thorns and fish bones, the latter with a hole pierced for an eye, were in use. The first needles used in London were made by a Moor in the reign of Henry VIII, and in Queen Mary's day steel needles were sold in Cheapside, says Home Chat. After this time the manufacture increased rapidly, many Germans going to England and establishing needle works in various places.

When the Emperor or Empress of China appears in public no other person is allowed to occupy a higher place. Therefore, on such occasions the shutters of all buildings are drawn up above the upper parts of the houses past which the royal procession is expected to move are deserted, the inhabitants swarming to the ground floors in order to show due deference to their rulers.

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