ONLY A LITTLE FELLOW.

Only a little fellow,
Pattering here and there,
A streak of dirt on his sun browned cheek,
And gold in his tousled hair.

Only a little fellow,
With laugh like a silvered song!
A small white soul in the crowded hives—
A mite in the striving throng.

Only a little fellow,
But lost to a mother's breast—
And the night wind breathes a lullaby
Out where he's laid at rest.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Wooing of Sadie Calkins.

As the shiny, rubber-tire buggy drawn by the showy little Morgan mare, skidded through the thick dust in front of the store, Marvin Parsons pushed a jocular elbow into Washington Hancock's ribs. "How does that there outfit strike you, Wash?" he asked.

"I don't erprove of it," replied Hancock, severely, leaning forward to reach for a splintered shingle that looked like good whittling material. "Fust place," he continued, pressing the spring of his jack-knife and shaking out the blade, "fust place, the gal's too good lookin' for him; second place, the seat o' that buggy is a durn sight too narrer, an', thirdly, he's havin' too doggone easy a time, anyway. Abe Wilson ought to have booted him over the fence the fust evenin' he come around to set up with the gal."

"I don't see why," observed Sol Baker. "Sam's a tol'able likely young feller an' he's got a good farm of his own, 'sides what he'll git when the ol' man passes in his checks."

"I'd do it on gin'ral principles if I had a gal an' some feller come sparkin' around," said Wash. "I wouldn't let him think he was goin' to git her too easy. I'd be more like Isrul Calkins

"TOOK IT PRETTY WELL, DIDN'T HE?"

an' Mis' Calkins was with Lafayette Cook when he took a notion o' beauin' Sadie Calkins. I look to see Carrie Wilson comin' inter town ridin' on the bounds of a lumber wagon an' totin' her own wood for the cook stove inside of a year or two. I like to see a feller sweat afore he gits the gal he wants, b'gosh."

"Most of 'em do, an' then they find out it wus some other kind they wanted," said the storekeeper feelingly.

"If Isrul Calkins booted Lafe Cook he's got more spunk 'n I give him credit fer," said Parsons. "Isrul ain't knee high to a pint er cider an' Lafe's right smart of a man."

"I didn't say he booted him," said Hancock. "I wouldn't undertake ter boot Lafe m'self—not unless I got mad enough. When I git mad enough I'll do most anythin'. No, Isrul didn't make no breaks o' that sort. Him an' Mis' Calkins was both as pleasant as a basket o' chips. It was, 'Come right in, Lafe. Set down an' make y'self to home. Sadie, take a dish an' go down cellar an' bring up some o' them eatin' apples.'

"'How's your maw a-gittin' along with her termatter kethcup, Lafe?' Mis' Calkins 'ud ask him.

"Then Sadie'd come up with the apples an' the ol' folks 'ud gas about 'Lonzo Walker's corn an' the Hereford bull Cal Ripley had shipped in from the Smithers stock farm an' the new schoolma'am at deestrick 2 an' the county bridge over Little Tarkio an' all the news there was a-goin' an' Lafe'd set there an' say 'Yes'm,' an' 'No'm,' an' 'low mabbe it wus so or mabbe it wusn't an' couldn't skarsly git a look at Sadie, let be a word with her, an' she wus one o' the quiet, shy kind same's Lafe was an' hadn't got nothin' ter say neither.

"Long erbout 9 o'clock o' Isrul'd stretch out his arms an' say, 'Ho-yo-o, hum, ha! Gosh, but the nights is gittin' short! You, Sadie, you'd better be climbin' fer bed. You won't be so pesky sukshus ter git out of it in the mornin'. Hayuh him!'

"Sadie'd climb, an' after a while Lafe'd git up and reckon he'd have to be goin'.

"It went on that way for the best part of a year. Lafe wasn't well enough acquainted with the gal so's he could say anythin' much more'n howdy when he did git a chance to see her by accident, she bein' shy an' him bein' shy. When they started up the lyceyerm in the winter he did get up spunk enough ter say he'd like ter take Sadie.

"'That's real clever of you, Lafe,' says the ol' woman. 'She'll be real tickled to go—won't you, Sadie?'

"'Yes'm,' says Sadie, hangin' her head.

"'I would, too,' says the ol' lady. 'Isrul never did hanker after such doin's, but there hain't nothin' ter prevent him stayin' to home. Bring the surrey, Lafe, if you'd jest as soon.'

"So there wasn't no way out of it that Lafe could see but ter take the ol' lady along, too. That sorter discouraged him an' although it came on good sleighing later he didn't dare to ask Sadie ter go out with him in his cutter fer fear Mrs. Calkins 'ud want to come too, an' he'd hafter set on her lap an' drive. Fin'ly him an' Sadie come to an understandin'. That wus the nex' summer, after he'd walked the ol' woman all about the grounds at the county fair tryin' to tire her out. She hung on as long as she could an' then she seen Sadie wus plum dead on her feet an' she 'lowed she'd set with the gal till she got rested up. Just the same that wus all the good it done him."

"How'd they come to an understandin', then?" asked Parsons.

Hancock stopped with his knife halfway through a shaving of the shingle and eyed his interrogator with supreme contempt. "Well," he went on, "the nex' time he got a chance to say a word to her he says: 'Hain't I never goin' ter git ter see you, Sadie?'

"'Why, you see me all the time,' she says.

"'But I want to see you alone,' says Lafe.

"'Why?' she says. An' I guess she wasn't jokin' him, either.

"Just then the ol' lady got through countin' out her aigs an' waddled up an' j'ined 'em, an' Lafe went away feelin' there wa'n't no show fer him—ever. He studied and studied an' couldn't see no way until fin'ly he got desprit. He called around at the house that same evenin' an' the ol' folks set up an' talked same's ushal outil at last Isrul stretched himself an' told Sadie to climb.

"'You stay awhile, Sadie,' says Lafe. 'I've got somethin' ter say ter you.'

"'What have you got ter say to her?' asks the ol' man, a-prickin' up his ears.

"'I'll tell her after you folks has gone ter bed,' says Lafe.

"'Well, I'm sure, Lafayette Cook,' says Mis' Calkins, 'is there anythin' you've got ter say ter my gal that it ain't fitten her mother should hear?'

"'I calculate there's a right smart,' says Lafe. 'I'm a-goin' to marry Sadie if I kin find out fer shore if she's willin', an' I want a chance to find out. I've been a-comin' here fer two years now an' having ter lissen ter you two folks gab 'thout gittin' in a word aidgeways to the gal. I've stood it as long's I can. If folks hain't got no sense they've got to be told, an' I'm tellin' you now.'

"'For the land's sake!' says the ol' man. 'Why didn't you give us a hint o' the way you wus feelin'?'

"Took it pretty well, didn't he?" remarked the storekeeper.

"Ya-as," drawled Hancock. "But when they was a-goin' ter Sedalia fer a weddin' trip Mis' Calkins wanted ter go along. She said she'd never seen Sedalia right well an' she'd be willin' to pay her own expenses. Sadie seemed willin' to have the old lady go, too."

"Wus Lafe?" asked the storekeeper.

Hancock got up, brushed the shavings from his knees and walked away without replying.

"There, you've got him mad now," said Parsons.—Chicago Daily News.

HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE CHILEAN EARTHQUAKE.

RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF LA MERCED.

The earthquake which visited South America on the 16th of August did enormous damage in the district round Valparaiso from the Andes to the sea. Valparaiso was for the time a second San Francisco. All the terrors of the earthquake in the California city were there—earth, tremors, fire, looting. It is estimated that some 2,500 people were killed in Valparaiso alone and $150,000,000 of property destroyed. There were several violent shocks, the first two causing most of the damage. Many of the finest public buildings were wrecked, among them the Victoria Theater, the Naval Club, La Merced Church and many others. Great suffering has prevailed in the country since the disaster. It will take many years to rebuild the city unless foreign capital becomes interested.

QUEEN OF SPAIN IN A MANTILLA.

When the new Queen of Spain made her first public appearance after her marriage she wore the mantilla, the national headdress. It was at the bullfight, which was a leading feature of the festivity, and when she entered the royal box in the amphitheater wearing this graceful head covering the vast throng burst into wild enthusiasm.

The Land of Old Age.

This is one of the bitterest things we mothers have to bear when we get old. We have learned then that we can't help our children to lead their lives one bit better. There is not one single stone we can clear from before their feet be our old fingers ever so willing. With yearning hearts we see them making the mistakes we could teach them to avoid if only they would listen. We see them going through one experience after another, stumbling here, again hurting themselves against the same corner you hurt yourself so long ago, repeating all the world-worn mistakes, while we elders watch anxiously and may not even cry out "Take care." Our sons repeat the follies of their fathers; our daughters make over again all the mistakes of their mothers. It is very hard to sit in silence when you see them doing all the things that you did and then so painfully learned better. We feel that we could so easily point to the fair open road if our children would let us, but we are as useless to them as guide-posts to the blind. We must watch our children lose themselves in the tangle whose miseries we know so well and see them at last after long years of wandering find their way back home heart sore and worn—and all the time we can't help thinking it all needn't have been. That to us older mothers is the heartrending part of it.—Harper's Bazaar.

Applied Mechanics.

The examination in the principles of mechanics was taken by Abel Dunning with a due regard to what he had learned "by main strength," as he proudly stated; but he also used in answering the questions what he was pleased to call his "horse sense."

"A pin will not stand on its point," he said in answer to one question, "for three reasons:

"In the first place, a point, according to Euclid, is that which hath no parts and no magnitude; in the second place, a pin will not stand on its head, much less therefore on its point; in the third place, it will if you stick it in hard enough."

The surest way to tame a man is to take his money away from him; when a man has no money, even a woman can run over him.

"I GAVE MY LIFE—ALL I HAD TO GIVE."

It is no new thing to say that woman has more potentiality for powerful emotion than man, but the world is just beginning to awaken to the deep, relentless and implacable hatred that animates the women of Russia's dreaded "flying section" and impels them to deeds of almost inconceivable daring.

The last victim of her own revolutionary enthusiasm is Sofia Konoplunikova, hanged for the murder of Gen. Min, commander of one of those Moscow regiments which slaughtered hundreds during a recent uprising. Waiting quietly on the railway station platform at Peterhof at close range, she deliberately fired five shots into the body of the hated commander, and then submitted to arrest.

There was no opportunity for escape, nor did she seek one. Long before the pistol was lifted she had steeled her heart to the inevitable.

"I gave my life," she said quietly, as she ascended the steps to the gallows—"all I had to give."

Unhappy Russia! What must a people suffer when their women go serenely to their death as to their bridal feast?

WEST POINT CLOTHES.

Cadets Have Trouble Taking Off Stiff Duck Trousers.

In changing apparel and "dressing up" the West Point cadet far outshines many a fashionable girl at a summer hotel, says the New Tribune. Many times a day stern military fashion compels him to appear in certain prescribed uniforms at the various exercises. Among his most particular articles of dress are the snow white duck trousers. Not a break must be seen in the long crease from top to bottom. These cost $4 a pair. Each cadet has from twelve to fifteen pairs. Demerits are imposed for a bad wrinkle or a break in the crease during dress parade. A short walk along "flirtation path" and a few sittings for spooning with a fair camp visitor play havoc with a fresh pair of duck trousers, and they must be discarded for official wear until relaundered. Probably Uncle Sam's young wards at West Point are the only soldiers that cannot pull off their own trousers. One of the amusing scenes caught by a Tribune photographer recently was one cadet giving another a "drag." This is, however, only an ordinary courtesy between cadets. At an angle of 75 degrees one reclines on the floor or bed, while his partner, with hands grasping the inner edges of the boardlike trousers, by a swift pull and twist slips them off without ruffling the precious things.

"Hello, Jones, come give me a 'drag,'" is one of the most familiar and often heard calls just after parade or other formal ceremony.

While in camp the cadets had the opportunity to carry out numerous class customs and jokes of a mild nature, the oldtime hazing having been entirely done away with. One of the most exciting and spectacular of these diversions is that of "giving a cadet the hydrant." When a man qualifies in swimming or gets a "make"—that is, if he is made a cadet company officer—at the first opportunity he is suddenly seized by half a dozen or more of his fellows, who carry him bodily to the nearest hydrant, and, notwithstanding vigorous kicking and struggling, a great volume of water is poured over the helpless victim. A pair of white trousers is reduced to a rag-like condition by the operation in short order.

Two of the most interesting foreigners at West Point are the young Chinese cadets, Chen and Wen, now in the third class. These two Asiatics are both bright and popular and have made a good record so far as students. Their expenses at the academy are paid by the Chinese government, and they are being educated as a special act of courtesy by Uncle Sam to that nation. They hail from different provinces and come from high aristocratic families. Both expect to become generals some day in the Chinese army, where they will put into practice their West Point training.

Not the One Who Played.

"It's my daughter," said Mrs. Nexadore, "who plays the piano. You've heard her?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Newcombe with great self-restraint, "I've heard the piano."

"Yes, my daughter Mary is very musical."

"Ah! You have two daughters, then?"—Catholic Standard.

Roaring Lion of St. Mark.

"I suppose you saw the Lion of St. Mark when you were in Venice?"

"I did. Got there just as they were feeding him."—Boston Transcript.

Children's Corner

HOW NELSON TOOK GRANDMA ROWING.

When Nelson as 7 years old his biggest present was a boat. Not a toy but a real rowboat with seats and oars. Nelson was a strong-limbed, wiry little fellow, and he soon learned to manage his boat very well indeed. Of course he was anxious to take everybody out rowing, until nearly all the people in the cottages around his home had had at least one ride with him out in the cove.

Grandma alone had not accepted his numerous invitations. To tell the truth, Grandma was a little afraid. She did not like the water, and besides she dared not risk herself with only a small boy like Nelson. But one beautiful October morning his persuasions were too much for her tender heart, and she yielded.

Once in the boat, her fears returned, and she grasped a rope that was stretched overhead from the shore far out into the water.

"Wait a minute," she said to Nelson, trying to establish herself more firmly on the seat.

But at the same instant the boy had seized the oars, and being anxious to show Grandma how well he could row he did not hear her words, but pulled out at once.

There was a frightened scream, and Nelson, turning, saw that he had left his passenger behind—right in the water! The boat slipped away, leaving Grandma still holding to the rope.

Although there was not much danger, the water being shallow, she had fallen in such a way that she could not rise without help, and Nelson was badly scared. He hurried to her assistance, holding her head out of water until somebody else came, which was very soon; then with much laughter on Grandma's part she was rescued from her uncomfortable position.

There was no more rowing that morning, and Nelson was a very grieved and penitent little boy when he realized that but for his heedlessness the accident would not have occurred.

The next week Grandma did have, a row with him, for to his great joy she said she was not going to give it up that way. And a very pleasant row it was, for nothing happened to mar the hour, Nelson paying the utmost attention to every wish of his beloved passenger.—New York News.

A FUNNY BRIDGE.

Right in the middle of a city in Ohio one river empties into another and so the city is divided into three parts. It is really three towns sitting "catacornered" to each other, with the waters between them. One river is the murmuring Muskingum, hurrying along between its big echoing hills, and the other is the lazy Licking, flowing quietly between green garden banks and osier fields and overhanging trees. Both of them have mills to turn. The blue Muskingum spreads out in the sun and shines like a mirror above its mill dam, and then it tumbles down with a roar as it turns the mill and hurries away over the rocks as if it were angry at being caught and put at such a task. But the Licking spills itself smoothly into the Muskingum and sings happily at its work. So you see even the lazy Licking does not get past here without doing some work, for the inhabitants are very industrious. Then the rivers unite their waters and make a stream deep enough to float barges full of crockery, and steamboats laden with all the things they make here, down to the Ohio and thence to the Mississippi and away to the Gulf of Mexico.

Now when it came to building a bridge to join that city together the wise men of the place saw that it would have to be a bridge with three ends. A queer bridge that would be, indeed, for who ever heard of a bridge with more than two ends to it? There was not such a thing in the United States. But they had to have it, and so they made it. And it was the only bridge of the kind in the world, except one in Switzerland that it somewhat resembled. To look at it, one would think that each town had started to build a bridge out to the others and all three bridges had met in the middle of the river. Each part of the bridge had four hallways, two big ones for horses and two little ones for people walking. It had a shingled roof over all the length of it, and windows in the sides, so that it was a sort of housebridge. When it rained you could go out on the river and be out of the wet. Where the bridges came together there was a big room out in the middle of the river, with the twelve hallways opening into it. Can you imagine what a roomful of horses and wagons and people of three town all was with the people of the town crossing from hall to hall as they came and went in different directions? Everybody in the three parts of the city had to come out here whenever they went to any of the others. And so they all met in the room out in the middle of the river no matter where they were coming from or where they were going to.—St. Nicholas.

DOCTOR NED.

Ned's uncle was a young physician and Ned admired him beyond measure. Hadn't he cured people whom it was thought would die. That was worth being proud of.

Once when Ned was sick his uncle had ordered for him a very hot bath. He fell in love with it at once, and afterward wanted to take one on the least pretext.

Ned often stayed in the office while his uncle was away, and he was there when a little girl called.

"My mother said he'd cure my headache," the child told him, "So I've come."

"O he can cure anybody!" Ned declared, and he invited the girl to wait.

She wore a pretty dress, but it looked soiled and limpsy. Ned wondered if it would wash.

Talk was not brisk, and after a pause Ned asked:

"Did you ever take an awful hot bath?"

"I guess not," the girl answered.

"I did," Ned went on—"once when I was sick, and it cured me. I just love 'em now! I make 'em real soapsudsy you know, and it's lots of fun. Maybe they'd cure you."

"My head aches hard—dreadful hard! Did yours?"

"Yes, I ached all over! I was sick!"

"I suppose I might try it," the girl drawled. "Don't it hurt a mite?"

"Course not! it's jolly!"

When the doctor returned his patient had gone, and he was told of the prescription that had been given. He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Good for you!" he exclaimed. "I know who she is, and I've longed to give the whole family that same advice, only I haven't dared."

"She looked so dirty," said Ned.

"They all do," laughed Uncle Edward. "They are nice people but they aren't educated up to the bathtub, and they don't realize how much handsomer and healthier they'd be for a daily plunge. I hope you have started them on the right track."—New York News.

THE SEA URCHIN.

The Sea Urchin is a strange animal. It has four thousand spines, two thousand sukers and five hundred plates arranged in radiating zones so that every alternate plate is perforated for the passage of the suckers. It moves easily over the rocks, the stones acting like creepers on a wall.

The Sea Urchin has only five teeth supported by thirty-five muscles. When worn off they fall out, but grow rapidly again.

The mouth of this urchin is called Aristotle's Lantern.

The Sea Urchin lives in the sea near the rocky banks.

Once upon a time a large Sea Urchin got stuck on one of the ledges projecting from the rock shore.

For many days the poor Urchin worked and struggled to dislodge himself, but without success. One day when almost exhausted he heard a strange noise, a scratching and rattling of plates, and he saw the Key Hole Urchin.

It was only a few moments before the poor prisoner was released from his perilous position.

The Key Hole Urchin had unlocked the spines that had become attached to the rocks. The monstrous Sea Urchin ever afterward remained devotedly united with his deliverer.

THE MOLE.

He is extremely retiring.

He always lives underground.

He constructs avenues under the sod.

His nest is about six inches under the surface.

He appears above ground only after darkness has fallen.

He has been altogether wrongfully blamed by the farmer.

He lives chiefly upon insects and earthworms.

He was one of the original tunnel excavators, undoubtedly.

His fur has become very fashionable in the last few years.

He is a splendid swimmer and is not phased by a freshet.

He is very industrious, having tunneled as much as 100 yards in a single night.

He varies in color, a deep brownish hue being natural, but he has been seen in orange and in white.

His eyes are remarkably small, as he has very little need for such luxuries while his nose and claws (he digs with them) are highly developed.—Philadelphia Record.

AN INDIAN HUT.

Boys, do you know how the Indians built their huts? They selected trees abounding in sap—usually the linn. The trees, being cut down, were stripped of their bark from top to butt by the use of the tomahawk and its handle. The bark for hut building was cut into six or eight-foot lengths and pieces dried and flattened by laying heavy stones upon them.

Now, to build the frame of the hut, poles were driven into the ground six or eight feet apart, according to the length of the bark pieces, and these poles were strengthened by cross-beams. This framework was then covered inside and outside with the pieces of bark bound together with leatherwood bark or hickory withes. The roof ran upon a ridge, and was covered in the same manner as the frame. A hole was left in the roof for the smoke to escape, and one on the side of the frame for the door.—Philadelphia Record.

A BIRD'S EGG A FOOT LONG.

There is being exhibited in Liverpool a prodigious egg, that of a tall, flightless bird—the Aepyornis maximus—which formerly inhabited the island of Madagascar. The eggs of this immense creature are nearly a yard in circumference and a foot in length, and their cubical contents, roughly speaking, are equal to six ostrich eggs or 150 hens' eggs or 60,000 hummings birds' eggs, or two gallons of water. The market price ranges from 35 to 60 pounds, only twenty known specimens being in existence.

Saving England.

Prof. W. B. Hodgkinson suggests a means of preventing the eating away of our coast, especially on the eastern side, by the sea. Prof Hodgkinson would build structures of sheet iron, length about 6 feet, height 4 feet 5 inches and breadth about 4 feet or a little less. Strength of sheet iron two millimetres; iron to be hot pitched when new. A series of these structures to be moored by means of a wire or chain cable in a position at low water, so that they form a slight arc with the concave side to the set of tide and current; when one set has become logged with sand and gravel another series could be placed in front of the gaps in the first series. The distances apart would be about the width of the structure itself. Made of common rolled iron they would be very cheap. Construction would be a mere trifle, the main cost being really in the pinning down of the holding cable. Iron does not rust very rapidly in sea water after the first few weeks. If made of metal 2-3 millimetre thick they would last for years, even exposed to wind and water. When completely covered with sand and water they would last an indefinite time—London Times.

Original Turk.

The old Turk had returned from his American tour and was busy unpacking his souvenirs.

"Those Yankees are great people," he chuckled, with an Oriental wink, "They have 'Turkish corners' filled up with all kinds of Turkish rubbish. I shall have an 'American corner' filled up with all kinds of American rubbish."

And then he proceeded to shock the harem by filling one corner with 59-cent alarm clocks, wooden bootjacks, Yankee-made coffee mills, and Connecticut nutmegs strung like beads.—Chicago Daily News.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TO MAKE SAFE THE MONEY IN BANKS.

By W. W. Newberry.

Do you ever worry about the safety of the money you have deposited in the bank? Do you realize that such a small sum as 43 cents per annum would insure against loss $1,000 deposited in a national bank?

We approach so closely to making absolutely safe money deposited in banks and there is so much to be gained at such a comparatively small cost it seems reasonable to suppose that at no distant day the final steps will be taken and the safety of deposits made certain.

The moral effect of a bank failure, which reaches far beyond the financial sufferer, is to be dreaded more than the actual financial loss. The commercial disasters, which usually follow in its wake, are caused more by delay in the depositors receiving what is due them than by ultimate loss, which, as a matter of fact, is extremely small. In order to counteract the moral effect of a bank failure it sometimes becomes advisable for the clearing house association of a city to go to the assistance of a crippled bank or take over the assets and pay depositors of a failing one. In view of the facts would it not be good business to extend the above principle and the American Bankers' Association include all its members? This association now has a membership of over 8,000, including the largest financial institutions in the country, all banks and trust companies in the United States being eligible to membership.

The American Bankers' Association should act for its members and by assessment create a guaranty fund with which to meet losses through failures. Certain requirements and restrictions unquestionably would be necessary for members. The association should have its own corps of examiners, etc. Ways and means could be devised readily for the organization of a guaranty department, which would be upon the mutual plan.

DO YOUR CHRISTIAN DUTY.

By Juliet V. Strauss.

MRS. STRAUSS.

I put in a good deal of time pitying people who go to church seeking the consolation of religion, and do not find it. They can't go to the fine churches, the elegance of it all scares them away; besides they are imbued with the American idea (fallacious indeed) that there is in some way an equality between man and man, so they flock to some poorer sanctuary, where, a pitiful company of God's great family, they indulge in invective against the rich and proud, and seek to ease their sore hearts in uncouth song and strange, incoherent prayer.

Every now and then one runs up against a person who has religion, and it is just fine when one does. I went, one day, to the home of an old woman to ask her to take care of a poor erring girl who was sick in my care. She didn't want to do it very much, but finally she said, with a look of genuine religious fervor on her old face: "Well, I will do it, for somebody must, and we live in a Christian land."

How often I have wished that everybody realized as she did his responsibility as a citizen of a "Christian land." But the trouble is, we mistake the duties of that responsibility. The most important ones are so small that we overlook them. We continually forget that our duty to God is through his children. Remember "Abou Ben Adhem," who had never thought about loving God. He hadn't time to think about it; he was busy loving his fellow men.

Did you ever notice in a family of children there is sure to be one who will hustle around and keep trying to attract attention? He will tell on the others and persistently show off, and boast about what he has done. But the parent holds in her heart of hearts the child who goes steadily on doing little helpful things as a matter of course, scarcely thinking it worth while to mention them.

It is puerile and silly to strive for a good standing with God, for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust. Better, much better, to seek to please ourselves, to follow our own highest ideal to do the things that make us feel easy with our consciences, no matter what others may say, for as Elbert Hubbard somewhat irreverently puts it, "Let God shift for Himself."

ATHLETICS IN HIGH SCHOOL LIFE.

By Prof. Fassett A. Cotton.

The tendency on the part of the high schools to ape college life is to be discouraged always, for the reason that most frequently the least desirable phases are copied. Secret societies have no place in the high school and should not be tolerated. Class yells and class colors and excessive class spirits are very frequently breeders of rowdyism.

It is not the intention at all to convey the impression that there is to be no fun or joy in the high school. On the contrary, every day should be full of joy and cheer that come with doing good work and living for something that is worth while. Class "scraps," hazing and rowdyism are neither humorous nor conducive to real manhood and womanhood.

Athletic work has assumed a place in the school world that is simply out of all proportion to its merits. It has taken possession of our colleges and universities to such an extent that in the student world an institution is judged by its athletics. But there is a tendency just at present on the part of some colleges and universities to throw off the yoke. This intense athletic spirit has taken hold of some of our high schools and in some instances seems to be the dominant force.

However, every high school should be equipped with a good gymnasium and the boys and girls should have constant systematic training in physical culture. This training should be supplemented with play. Interclass games can be made healthful and helpful sport and can be kept secondary to the real purpose of school life.

CURSE OF TOADYING TO WEALTH.

By Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman.

There is a natural tendency among men of great wealth to ossify. They regard themselves as apart from the people, as great and afar off, and hold themselves as immune not only from their fellows, but from the operations of the laws that have been formulated for the protection of all. That is the result with all men who toady to money or who belong to the aristocracy that depends not upon birth, culture or attainment, but upon the possession of vast sums of money. One of the greatest curses with which we have to contend arises from the adulation of any particular class that leads us to forget equality.

The true American would as soon read the history of a goodly washerwoman as that of the greatest society leader that ever lived. Franklin never asserted equality. He took it as his own natural life and said nothing about it. It was the average man from whom Franklin came. He couldn't rise, for he never had fallen, and he couldn't sink because that quality wasn't in him.

MOBBED BY BEES.

Bees abound in certain parts of Abyssinia, and, as the land is almost waterless in the dry season, the insects suffer much from thirst. In "The Source of the Blue Nile" is an interesting account of the manner in which, on his journey, the author was mobbed by bees, which were after his drinking water.

Every drinking vessel was crowded with them. Our boys drank from calabashes, and when they were put upon the ground, bees clustered on the edges and crawled toward the liquor. Impatient successors thronged upon the first comers and pushed them into the water, so that in a few minutes the surface was a mass of "struggle-for-lifers." In spite of the heat we had to keep moving; for when we settled, so did the bees—all over us.

We halted for luncheon in a small ravine, and the bees did not find us till we had nearly finished the meal. We smoked them with cigarettes, cigars, and a bonfire, to no purpose. Then we shifted our quarters, but they followed. All of us were stung, and we were not quit of them till we mounted our camels and outdistanced the swarm.

They get their honey from the flowers of the mimosa-tree. We camped that night among the mimosas, thinking that we had been delivered from the plague of insects, but we were mistaken. A host of the honey-seekers thronged and crawled on one's candle, one's book, one's face and one's hands, adding insult to injury by stinging us. It was more than twenty-four hours before we were free from them.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Death of the Wife of the Confederacy's President.

In the plot in beautiful Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va., long since set aside as her last resting place, the remains of Mrs. Jefferson Davis have been laid beside those of her distinguished husband. When the South, as a final tribute to the leader of its lost cause, prepared a burial place for him at Richmond, in 1893, it did not forget the wife who had been his loyal and inspiring helpmate through many years of vicissitudes as she had been the proud companion of his years of achievement. Space was also set aside for the children and beside them the woman who had the affection of the Southland in quite as marked degree as her famous husband now reposes.

Varina Howell was born in Natchez, Miss., May 7, 1826, daughter of a soldier of the war of 1812 and granddaughter of Gov. Richard Howell of New Jersey. She was educated by private teachers and at Philadelphia, and Feb. 25, 1845, married Jefferson Davis, then a widower, whose first wife was a daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor. Soon thereafter Davis began his congressional career and from that time his wife was a notable figure in official society at the national capital. Her husband was successively Representative, Senator, Secretary of State and Senator, but above all he was leader of southern sentiment and the ideal of southern statesmanship. As politics went in those days he was almost as big a figure as the President of the United States and his wife shared his popularity.

When Jefferson Davis took up his residence at the Confederate capital at Montgomery, Ala., and later at Richmond his wife accompanied him as first lady of the Confederacy. After the surrender of Lee Mr. Davis started for the trans-Mississippi region, but learning that his wife was in danger he changed his course and was captured at Irwinville, Ga. During his first year's imprisonment at Fortress Monroe his wife was not allowed to be with him, but the second year she joined him and upon his release they went to England. Upon their return they located at Memphis, living there eight years, and then removed to Beaufort, Miss., where Mrs. Davis acted as her husband's amanuensis for his history of the Confederacy. Mr. Davis died in 1889. The widow was left with little

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

property and from time to time offers were made to her by southern societies, but she declined all these and remained independent, writing for magazines and publishing a history of her husband's life. She had of late years lived in New York and Canada. Of her four children the only one to survive is Mrs. J. Addison Hayes of Colorado Springs, Colo. The other daughter, Winnie Davis, died a few years ago.

Was a Vegetable Anyhow.

An irate mother went to one of the public schools several days ago and asked to see the principal. "See here," said the parent, "what kind of questions does the teacher of music ask My little girl told me that the music teacher asked the class yesterday how many turnips there are in a peck. Why, no one could answer a question like that."

The principal of the school summoned the teacher.

"This lady says you asked her girl how many turnips there are in a peck." The teacher seemed puzzled. Then a light burst upon her and she smiled.

"I remember now," she said, "I asked them how many beats there are in a measure."

The Way with Many.

"He always says he's too busy to do anything."

"I guess that's right."

"But what is it he's so busy at?"

"Doing nothing."—Philadelphia Press.

A TYPICAL CALCUTTA BEGGAR.

One of the most picturesque characters in Calcutta is the typical city beggar when he is pursuing his daily vocation. He narrowly escapes being a "beggar on horseback," and doubtless would be one in reality were it not for the fact that his low, primitive cart drawn by a steer is much more comfortable than the back of a horse. Since 1773, when Calcutta became the seat of British government for the whole of India, the city has been favored with an almost unbroken record of progress and prosperity in which the numerous beggars of the place have shared.

MINGLING OF THE RACES.

Human Life Much Like Plant Organization, It Is Asserted.

In the course of many years of investigation into the plant life of the world, creating new forms, modifying old ones, adapting others to new conditions and blending still others, I have constantly been impressed with the similarity between the organization and development of plant and human life, says Luther Burbank in the Century.

While I have never lost sight of the principle of the survival of the fittest and all that it implies as an explanation of the development and progress of plant life, I have come to find in the crossing of species and in selection, wisely directed, a great and powerful instrument for the transformation of the vegetable kingdom along lines that lead constantly upward. The crossing of species is to me paramount. Upon it, wisely directed and accompanied by a rigid selection of the best and as rigid an exclusion of the poorest, rests the hope of all progress. The mere crossing of species, unaccompanied by selection, wise supervision, intelligent care and the utmost patience, is not likely to result in marked good, and may result in vast harm. Unorganized effort is often most vicious in its tenderness.

Minerva of the Kettles.

A happy solution of the servant girl question may evolve itself from the manual training school connected with the New York Juvenile Asylum, the majority of whose charges are the children of immigrants. In the dining room some of the older girls wait on the table, and young hands do the work in the kitchen below. A description of the institution in the Metropolitan Magazine contains the following illustration of the wisdom of the young pupils:

Each pupil is put through an exact training in preparing the food and serving it. Lists of food classified according to diet value are memorized from neat copy books in which have been entered tried receipts. The little maids are greatly in demand, and are often more proficient in culinary science than their older mistresses.

One girl who was sent into the home of a family in the country was requested to prepare a certain dish for tea.

"I am afraid it would not be appropriate," the youthful Minerva of the pots and kettles ventured. "It is more proper for breakfast, it requires such awfully long digestion."

When an engagement is announced if you don't wonder what he can see in her, then you are wondering what she can see in him.

In every neighborhood, the people complain of some annoying family. Do the neighbors complain of YOU?