PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

INFLUENCE OF GREAT WEALTH.

By President Eliot of Harvard.

PRESIDENT ELIOT.

Great capital at the disposal of a single individual confers on its possessor great power over the course of industrial development, over his fellow men and sometimes over the course of great public events, like peace or war between nations. It enables a man to do good or harm, to give joy or pain, and places him in a position to be feared or looked up to. There is pleasure in the satisfaction of directing such a power, and the greater the character the greater may be the satisfaction. In giving this direction the great capitalist may find an enjoyable and strenuous occupation.

The most serious disadvantage under which the very rich have labored is the bringing up of children. It is well nigh impossible for a very rich man to develop his children from habits of indifference and laziness. These children are so situated that they have no opportunity of doing productive labor and do nothing for themselves, parents, brothers or sisters, no one acquiring the habit of work. In striking contrast are the farmers' children, who co-operate at tender years in the work of the household.

DO NOT EXPECT SUCCESS TOO SOON.

By John A. Howland.

A rock upon which so many young men founder for life, or on which they stick more or less hopelessly for varying periods, is the expectation of immediate recognition of their best efforts.

At any time and under any circumstances in business the mark of appreciation for services of any one employe may be counted upon as coming grudgingly. It is so much easier for an employer to keep tab on inefficiency, and at the same time so much more profitable, that especially meritorious services lapse into a niche of quiet confidence.

In the light of level headedness who shall say that it is not the part of practical good sense that the young man should not have an immediate and expected reward? It is easy for an employer to figure that the young man who has done something could not have done so without first having the opportunity; that having done something under favorable circumstances, marked recognition of the results might unbalance and undo the otherwise potential future of the young man himself; that with all regard for the future of the young man and the future of the business, any sudden and marked recognition of a new man's service could work irreparable harm to the intangible system that had prevailed in the establishment for years.

Opportunity that shall lead to most lasting ends ordinarily is a condition resulting of growth. A too sudden success may be more destructive of men than three failures. A young man, suddenly promoted out of an establishment's existing order, may bring after him a train of petty animosities to his final undoing. Or such promotion of a man without perspective may ruin him through his own egotism.

AVOID THE DAILY DISPUTE.

By Helen Oldfield.

An English dean of the past generation was accustomed to present every couple whom he united in the bonds of matrimony with a card, upon which were printed four "golden precepts: "Avoid the first quarrel as a deadly danger." "Never both get angry at the same time." "Never dispute each other; it is both unprofitable and undignified." "Remember always that 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'" There was an old Athenian law which required that a newly married couple should, as soon as they were alone together, eat a quince in partnership, in token, this fruit being the symbol of good will, that their conversation should thereafter be mutually pleasant. If only this rule were stringently observed, how many sins of the tongue were left undone, how many bitter quarrels would be avoided!

It is often said that manners are out of date, that courtesy nowadays is considered old fashioned, and politeness to those of one's own household altogether unnecessary. Which is a pity, all round, both for men and women, since not only quarreling, "wrangling, and jangling," but neglect and indifference, as well, are impossible to true politeness. Love may be careless, but finished courtesy never!

IF YOU SWEAR.

By William Wesley.

"The greatest things are due to boys," wrote an old Roman poet and sage, and we in an age presumably more enlightened need to take the maxim to our hearts. Before a child there should be all carefulness of speech, lest some harm befall their youthful minds.

Nothing is more shocking than to hear a child swear. Few children do, fortunately; yet it is not the fault of their elders if they do not. Almost all American men use profanity in the senseless and heedless and useless manner of profane swearers. Our streets are loud with oaths, and to a person of sensitive ear the ribaldry and blasphemy are awful.

Few men who pretend to be gentlemen in any of the senses of that greatly abused word swear when there are women present, however. They have decency enough left for that. But they are not all particular when it comes to children. For my own part, it seems four times worse to let a child hear an oath. The harm that may be done is far greater in the former case than in the latter.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

The Flag Goes By.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

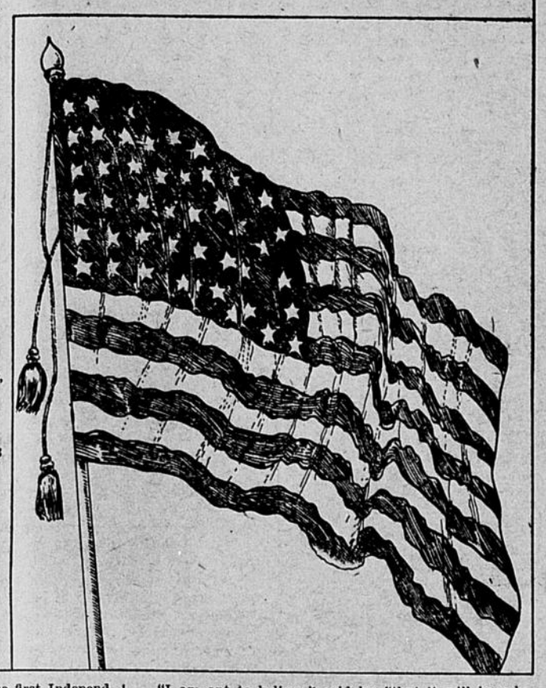
Blue and scarlet and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe.

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!



Scores of years have passed since the first Independence Day, and the scattered, impoverished, struggling, half-united colonies have grown to be one of the most powerful nations on earth.

The handful of men who sat in Independence Hall and listened to the grievances which they were called together to redress, far-seeing statesmen though some of them were, in their wildest moods of prophecy did not dream of an empire extending even beyond the Mississippi, much less one that should extend far into the Pacific and into the Gulf of Mexico.

The Commonwealths of that day, sparsely settled, straggled along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, having no outlet upon the Gulf and scarcely daring to peep over the Alleghany Mountains. Grinding necessity had brought them together for a common purpose, but the men of the hour had no thought of building up a nation that one day would astound the world.

They resolved that the United States were and of right ought to be free and independent, but what would come after independence was won they hardly dared to say.

But they easily saw that the day of the declaration would be a memorable epoch in American history, and sturdily John Adams gave expression to it.

"I am apt to believe," said he, "that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

And such have been our methods of celebration for a century and a quarter, only that we have bettered the instructions by the introduction of the Chinese firecracker. That noisy and mischievous device, with the toy cannon and the toy pistol, has caused our national fete to be a most fatal and expensive day.

It is high time, therefore, that more rational methods of rejoicing should be observed. Let us have the pomp and parade, the games and shows and sports, but diligently discard the bonfires, the firecrackers and the use of firearms by the unskillful. Celebrate we must, for patriotism demands it, but let it be done in a rational manner.

The exuberance of youth is past with us. We no longer need a loud noise to proclaim the glory of our ancestors and our love of country.—Chicago Journal.

THE HILL.

I am homesick for a hill,
For a barren hill and bare.
I have dreamed of it through days
Of the blinding city glare,
When my tired-lidded eyes
Ached for something far to see,
I have dreamed of how it stood,
And how cool its shade must be.

Now I know the north winds come,
Meet the winds from out the west,
And upon its barren slope
In gigantic battle wrest.
From the city let me go
On its heathered face to lie,
That the winds may sweep my soul
Clear as they have swept the sky.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

MARY ANNE.

There was a sense of impending calamity in the house.

The heavy day had arisen with weeping skies, and Mary Anne, finding her occupation on the front steps gone, retired indoors shaking her head.

She paused in the lower hall, near the bottom of the stairs, and listened with her small head on one side like a bird, for some sound from above.

Thus posed, one obtained an excellent view of her, a sort of portrait study that remained. She was well-made, the straight angular line of her faded cotton frock could not altogether destroy the shapely outline, and her feet, extremely neat and well shod, might have served as an object lesson to certain of her slipshod class. For she was only a general or household slavey, serving in a dull street in lower suburbia for the magnificent sum of twelve pounds per annum. Her apron, though coarse, was clean, also the small neat collar pinned with a shamrock brooch in front.

She had rather a long thin neck, and a small neat face with a tremulous womanly mouth, and a pair of lovely eyes. Mary Anne was unaware of her own assets; nor did she strive to make the most of them. She was clean and tidy because it was her nature to be so, and because she was paid to be a help not an eyesore in a stranger's house. Her code of ethics or morals was elementary, but bound her duty, which immediately lifted that code to the highest plane. Mary Anne was, in a word, that particular kind of household treasure which is growing extremely rare, an honest hearted girl who gave at once the service of love and duty to the household that employed her. Was it worthy such regard, such faithful coin? We shall see.

It was very early, quite two hours before Mary Anne's appointed time for rising, and the milkman had not yet passed upon his earliest round. But her kitchen fire was blazing cheerfully, and her kettle was on the boil, as she herself might have expressed it. And she had opened up the dining room and spread a lunch cloth on the end of the table. Someone was astir upstairs, and her instinct, the sort of sixth sense that never erred, had warned her that some recognition from her of that fact might be desirable, even if not absolutely necessary.

Presently she heard a stealthy step, and stood aside, though not out of sight, to wait until it should bring its possessor in sight. It was her master, carrying a portmanteau in one hand, and his boots in the other. At sight of Mary Anne, standing motionless, but not in the least stolid, in the narrow hall, he uttered a smothered exclamation of anger.

"Why are you up at this time; it isn't 5 o'clock? Why do you pry in this way upon me?" he enquired with a subdued savagery in his voice.

"I guessed last night you'd be leaving early this morning, sir, and that you'd be the better of a morsel of breakfast. The tray's ready. I'll bring it."

"I don't want your breakfast. I'll never eat another in this house," he answered, glaring upon her as he threw his portmanteau heavily down.

"Oh, yes, you will, sir," she said, with a sort of exasperating quiet cheerfulness. "Will you have an egg or a bit of that potted meat Misses makes so nieely? It's all ready."

"I won't have anything, I tell you," he answered rudely. "Get out of my way and take your meddling tongue downstairs."

Mary Anne closed the door and stood up against it, and folded her hands on her apron in front of her. Looking back upon it afterwards she could only suppose that God was quite near her, for in ordinary circumstances she was not a very brave nor even a strong girl. But that day she had been called to a deed of heroic duty.

"Sir," she said quietly, "I bin in this 'ouse three year. I loves everybody in it, from yer down to the biby with 'er pretty ways. If yer goes, an' I see by yer fice thet ye won't come back, there'll be five broken 'earts in number thirty-siving."

"Get out with your silly talk. Let me pass. I don't know why I don't knock you down for your confounded interference."

"Oh, yer wouldn't do that, sir. It's too low down a gime for you to strike a woman. I crep down to the missus' room larst nite, sir, 'earing sounds I didn't like, an' there she was a crying fit to break 'er 'eart. Carn't yer make

"GET OUT WITH YOUR SILLY TALK. LET ME PASS."

it hup, sir, for the chillen's sakes; my, ain't they beauties? There ain't their like in the Square."

"Hold you tongue, I say, and let me get out," he said, though his voice softened.

"In a minnit, sir. Missus she ain't been well this long while, she's bin fretin', but things'll come rite, they allus does, sir; do sit down and 'ave a bite of breakfut. It's hall ready."

Gainsford turned impatiently aside. His scheme to get away forever from the sordid unloveliness of his life, from monetary cares and domestic worry, brought on chiefly by an incompetent and somewhat selfish wife, had failed. And he knew it had failed, though Mary Anne was not yet sure.

"You've an infernal cheek," he muttered under his breath. "Get away down to your own quarters, can't you, and leave your betters alone."

"Yes, sir, presently sir," she said cheerfully, her spirits rising as his sank. "I'll bring it hup, and then you can 'ave a sleep on the sofer till 8 o'clock."

There was a little impatient rattle at the handle of the door.

Gainsford's color rose, Mary Anne started and stood back. And his wife came in. She looked extremely pretty with her fair hair straying in little disordered curls on her forehead, the blue of her dressing wrap showing up the delicate fairness of her skin. Her wide eyes staring round fully understood it.

"Oh, Harry," she said in a strange voice, "you were going to leave us!"

"Yes, I was, Lucy, for good, but I've been stopped by Mary Anne."

Mary Anne stood aside, but she did not go away. She did not know what kept her there, because she was not by nature a prying or ill-mannered person.

"I knew you felt bad last night, but I thought it would be all right this morning, like it was before," said his wife, in the same strange voice. "I am sorry if you feel like that. I had no idea."

"I've tried to be patient, Lucy, and I felt that I had come to the end of my resources," he said, dully. "Of course, I was wrong. It was the coward's way, but I did not think of all it might mean to you and the children."

"I should have died, and perhaps taken the children with me," she replied, quite quiet.

Then suddenly she took a swift step forward and knelt at his feet.

"Oh, Harry, forgive me and lift me to your heart again! I will be good. I will be good."

The strong man's features worked convulsively as the cry, so like a child's, fell on his ear.

"My poor girl! my poor girl," he said, and Mary Anne stole out and closed the door. Her heart sang in unison with the bubbling kettle as she descended the dark stairway to her own domain. She was not very high in the scale of intelligence, but she had done what she could. And it was a great thing. She had averted a sordid tragedy and made the opportunity for a home to be built up anew upon a solid foundation.—British Weekly.

OIL PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

Jefferson in a Kosciusco Coat and Other Relics in Fay Collection.

James Fay, an antiquarian among whose art objects collectors have been wont to delve and burrow, has placed his entire collection on exhibition in the former building of the Harmony Club in West Forty-second street, says the New York Herald.

Among the paintings the most conspicuous is a life-size portrait of Lincoln in oils. It is well known that Lincoln never sat for an oil portrait. But this is by William Mathews, who was the choirmaster of the church that Lincoln attended, and it is assumed that he had opportunities for making sketches from which the portrait was painted. For years it hung in the Corcoran gallery. A marble bust of Lincoln was his own commission to G. Lazzerenini, and was presented by Lincoln to his friend, Morris Ketchum. There is a portrait of Thomas Jefferson wearing the fur-lined coat given by Kosciusko.

From the Jumel mansion is a high, curious combination of secretary and sideboard of mahogany, with a falling shelf and drawers and cupboards of different sizes above and below. From the Tuckerman house, in Washington, is a colonial couch, which is vouched for as the couch the pleasant duty of which it was once to give casual repose to the father of his country. An unusual variant of the Empire chair, but called the "Washington chair," is seen here. Its mark is the gilded head of Washington, almost half life-size, which finishes each of the arms of the chair.

Large square Jacobean and Flemish clothes presses, oak chairs with the crest of Henry Clay and many similar objects of curious and historic interest complete the collection.

Slang of Other Days.

Slang has always been a fruitful source for the expansion of language, and instances may be multiplied of words now respectable which were once tabooed as vulgar.

But, on the other hand, there have been many slang phrases in use for centuries which have never become acceptable to the purists. As long ago as 1750, the celebrated letter writer, Horace Walpole, used to speak of "sitting guzzling" and getting "drunk as an owl."

Then again, in the diary of one of the most prominent woman writers of the eighteenth century, Frances Burney, are found good slang phrases of the American college girl of to-day, as for instance: "I sneaked out," "Did you ever know such a toad?" and "I had a vile cold."

A Poke at Her.

Miss Knox—I don't like her. She's forever talking about herself.

Miss Wise (pointedly)—Well, that's better than talking about some one else.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CELEBRATIN' THE FOURTH.

When the cats is still a-prowlin',
Round the corner of the fence,
While the dogs is still a-howlin'
Jes' fer lack of better sense,
While yer grand'pa's still a-sleepin',
An' you hear yer daddy snore,
Then's the time to go a-creepin'
Like a mouse across the floor,
Till you find yerself a-peepin'
At the clock to see 'f it's four.
When the baby's quit its cryin',
An' yer mammy's gone to sleep,
Then's the time to be a-tryin'
How a boy the Fourth can keep.

Jump into yer pants an' jacket,
Go out barefoot in the dark,
Fer it's time to raise a racket,
An' it's time to have a lark.
Take yer cannons, crackers, rockets,
Pistol, drum, an' other toys,
Put some matches in yer pockets,
Fer it's time to make a noise.
Then if no one's near to hinder,
Strike a light an' start the fun
Jes' beneath yer daddy's winder,
Keepin' ready fer to run.
Thund'rin blazes, what a buster!
Guess you'd better stop a while,
Such a giant cracker muster
Waked the people fer a mile.

Hush! somebody's speakin': "Sonny,
Did you hear the breakfast bell?
Seems to me it's very funny
That you like your bed so well."
Hang it all! I've been a-sleepin',
Ole folks up ahead of me,
While I dreamed I'd been a-keepin'
Fourth July since hap-pas' three.
—Norman H. Pitman, Lippincotts.

A SWISS CELEBRATION.

The Experiences of an American in Geneva on July 4.

"The last time I was in Geneva I arrived on the evening of July 3," says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. "The next morning I left my hotel—it was not one affected by American tourists—for a stroll through the city. From the upper window of one of the shops which looked on the narrow cobble paved street hung an American flag beside the flag of Switzerland. I was puzzled for a minute. Then it flashed over me that it was the glorious Fourth and that in my home in the States at that minute hundreds of thousands of flags were flying and millions of crackers exploding to celebrate the anniversary. It was odd to be reminded of the occasion by the people of another land so far from my own—a people speaking another language and alien to me in everything but their love of freedom.

"Turning into another street, I saw more decorations, and as I neared the business center of the city they grew still more profuse. The big hotels showed the blended colors from many windows, and from the flagstaff of the National hotel, which is the one most frequented by Americans, flew the Stars and Stripes.

"It was inspiring. I felt like throwing my hat into the air and crying 'Hurrah!' That is what a good many Americans whom I met were impelled to do. Moreover, some of them were setting off bombs unmolested. On every hand were the evidences of national sympathy. The exuberant American found encouragement and not reproof in his efforts to make an American Fourth of July in Geneva.

"In the evening, they told me, there would be the annual moonlight excursion down the lake in honor of Independence day. Think of it! A Fourth of July excursion 4,000 miles from home! I went, of course. The steamer was beautifully hung with Swiss and American flags and with bunting of red white and blue, and lanterns displaying our national colors were swung from the awning. About one-sixth of the passengers were American tourists, the remaining excursionists were Swiss.

"There was a band on board—a very bad band, I must admit, but its enthusiasm atoned in some measure for its lack of harmony. It began with 'The Star Spangled Banner' and wound up with 'Hail Columbia,' the American contingent singing words of the national hymn with more vigor than accuracy and concluding each verse with whoops and yells which highly entertained the more stolid natives."

"Hurrah for——!"

He was an old, old man.

His hair was white as snow, his back was bent, and he was almost blind and deaf. When the morning of Fourth of July came they noticed a look of longing on his face, and they placed him in his invalid chair and wheeled him out on his veranda. He nodded and a smile came to his wrinkled face.

He could scarcely see the moving throng or hear the popping around him, but he had been a boy once and he knew how things were going. He knew that flags were flying all around him, and that here and there drums were beating and some old veteran had brought out his fife and was showing the younger generation how marching was done in his day.

Then the old man's thoughts went back a hundred years and more—to the stamp act—to throwing the tea overboard—to the scores of acts that drove the American colonies into rebellion. His father was at Bunker Hill, and Saratoga and Yorktown, and as a boy he had listened to many stories of war. He had heard how the patriots starved and suffered at Valley Forge—he had heard and read of the treason at West Point—he had been told of Cowpens, King's Mountain and Lundy's Lane.

It seemed to that old man as he sat there that he could hear the ringing of the Bell of Liberty after the names had been signed to the Declaration of Independence. There was the popping of the farmers' rifles at Lexington—there was the roar of the musketry at Bunker Hill. His face lighted up, his dim eyes opened, and those who watched him whispered to each other:

"No man is ever too old to love liberty."

Then the old man remembered his own battles in Mexico and in the sunny South—how he marched with Scott and Taylor—how he fought under the banners of Grant and Sheridan, and all at once he lifted up a palsied arm, and from his wrinkled throat there came the cheer:

"Hurrah! Hurrah for ——!"

That was all. He fell back, and when they went over to him they found him dead. It was his last Fourth of July.

Real Independence Day.

On the 3d of July, 1776, says Paul Leland Haworth in Harper's Magazine, John Adams, then one of the Representatives of Massachusetts in the Continental Congress, wrote to his wife Abigail:

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men."

In a second letter, written the same day, he said:

"But the day is past. The 2d of July will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty; it ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other from this time forward forevermore."

When the resolution was taken up on the 2d, all the States except New York voted to accept it. Thus on the 2d day of July, 1776, the independence of the thirteen United Colonies from the throne of Great Britain was definitely decided upon. The 2d, and not the 4th, may be called the true date of the separation.

Remedies for Burns.

On the Fourth of July always have some remedies for burns at hand. When the skin is not broken by a burn scrape a raw potato, place on a piece of soft linen and use as a poultice. Bicarbonate of soda—the ordinary baking soda—is excellent for burns whether the skin is broken or not. If broken apply the dry soda, if unbroken dampen the soda with water to make a paste and apply to the spot. The pain will be instantly relieved.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Here it is, the Fourth ag'in!
Sakes alive, how time does spin!
Don't seem like it's sixty year
Since I first begun to hear
All the loud, tarnation noise
We stirred up when we was boys,
All of us a-wishin' powder
Was lots cheaper and lots louder!

Recollect with what delight
Used to be up half the night
Helpin' fire the anvil or
Makin' other sounds of war?
Used to wish the earth was drilled
Out inside and powder filled
And that I could somehow just
Touch her off and hear her bust!

Weren't no cannon crackers then,
Kind o' wish there had 'a' been—
Then they would 'a' sounded sweet;
Now they lift me off my feet.
I've begun to think that noise
Was invented just for boys.
Fourth o' July don't seem to me
T' all like what it used to be.

Just as patriotic, still
Somehow I don't catch the thrill
Of the loud, tumultuous joy
Like I used to when a boy.
Nothin' doin' then but I
Had a finger in the pie,
But that finger, as you see,
Got blowed off eventually.
—New York Tribune.

Don'ts for the Fourth.

Don't allow the firecrackers to go off in the grass unless you want the lawn ruined.

Don't wear a thin inflammable frock. Put on a cloth skirt if there are firecrackers about.

Don't attempt to set off complicated pyrotechnics without thoroughly comprehending the process.

Don't lay away left-over fireworks for another year. They are dangerous things to pack away where mice can get at them. Buy only so many as can be used on the day appointed.

Don't allow the children to bend over fireworks which will not "go off." They sometimes do it unexpectedly with unfortunate results to the little meddler.

Don't neglect to send for a physician at once in the case of a serious burn, to prevent a possible scar or worse still, blood poisoning, from ignorant or improper treatment of the wound.

The Firecracker and the Torpedo.

Said a jolly firecracker to a little plump torpedo,
"If you were patriotic, you would wear a suit of red
And stand up in the window just as straight as we do!"
And this is what the smart torpedo said:
"I am just as patriotic, though I wear no scarlet jacket,
For I'm no such blooming little firebrand as you.
To-morrow you'll be learning, when you hear the racket,
What a little plump torpedo then can do!"
—New York Herald.

How to Fire a Cannon Firecracker.

The most impressive way to discharge a cannon firecracker is to hold it tightly between the thumb and forefinger. The effect is heightened in an inverse ratio with the age of the holder. In the very young it is sometimes possible not only to lose the hand, but part of the arm.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 DOWN TO DATE.

(With apologies to the creator of a famous painting.) — Chicago News.

Children's Corner

MINX'S TRIAL.

If ever there was a spoiled dog it was Minx, and a proper name she had, too. Of course, she was very young when she did the dreadful thing which led to her trial and conviction, but youth is not always an excuse.

Minx was one of nine children, and came to the Hortons when she was small enough to be carried in Tom's pocket. She was a skye terrier, and she became so attached to Tom that I'm afraid Elsie held him responsible for the whole affair.

The little girls had been busy dressmaking for a month, for Emmelina Horton, the big wax doll and Elsie's oldest daughter was about to be married. There was to be a grand wedding at Elsie's house, and all Emmelina's friends, with their mammas, were to be invited. So every afternoon they met in the Horton's nursery and spent a busy, happy time making wonderful garments for this occasion.

One afternoon, unfortunately, Elsie left the nursery door open while she ran downstairs to say good-bye to some of her friends. Minx peeped in, saw something white lying on Elsie's little work-table, as well as some pretty scraps on the floor, and entered to investigate. The result was the "ruination," as Elsie remarked of Emmelina's wedding gown and the shutting up of Minx in the cellar to await her trial. Of course, the wedding was postponed.

The trial took place in the nursery the very next day. There was a jury of half a dozen little girls, a half dozen being considered quite enough for a dog. Elsie was the judge, and Tom, the policeman, brought in poor Minx on her hind legs, looking very much ashamed of herself.

She listened to the whole story, with her head on one side and her right ear cocked, and one or twice her soft, pathetic eyes filled with tears. Sometimes she wagged her stump of a tail quite piteously and when the torn up white dress was shown to her she looked guilty indeed.

When the judge pronounced sentence Minx immediately rolled over and played "dead," so deep was the disgrace. She had to wear clothes like a doll for a whole week, and Tom had to take her out each day in a doll carriage.

It was a good lesson to Minx, who had a terrible ordeal to go through every time she met her dog friends. Nowadays she never goes near the nursery, and if the faintest allusion is made to Emmelina's wedding dress the culprit will immediately put her tail between her legs and creep under the sofa.—Pittsburg News.

THE DEN OF WILD BEASTS.

I have been sitting by my window watching the boys and girls play. They seem to have such good times that I often wish I might join them, even though I am grown up. The game they appear to enjoy most, for they play it most is "The Den of the Wild Beasts."

Each player represents some ferocious wild animal, such as panther, wolf, lion or bear. Each chooses a tree or post or stone for his particular den. As a signal for the game to commence all make a terrible noise, imitating the animals they pretend to be.

The most venturesome then leaves his den and advances toward the middle of the playground, where he dances around, trying to entice the other animals from their lairs. Suppose the wolf come out first. Perhaps a lion and a tiger will immediately follow. Then the wolf calls out, "I'm after the lion!" The wolf starts in pursuit, and the lion tries to get home to his den before being caught. If the wolf catches him he takes him back to his own lair, and there the lion has to stay throughout the rest of the game, unless the wolf himself is caught.

No two are allowed to chase the same animal at the same time, and the chase belongs to the one who calls "I'm after so-and-so!" No animal can be taken while he is bringing a captive home.

It often happens that all the animals are in the field at the same time, each in pursuit of his prey. Then it is most exciting. Whenever the captor of an animal is himself captured the prisoner is free to leave the den and go back to his own lair. The game ends only when all the animals are caught and imprisoned in one den. —Washington Star.

A PLANT THAT COUGHS!

"I heard a cough and looked behind me nervously," said a huntsman, "for I was stalking gazelles in that lion-colored waste, the Sahara Desert and having gotten rather too for south, I expected at any moment to become a pinchushion for the poisoned darts of the dread Touaregs.

"But there was no one there. The flat desert quivered in the sunshine, and here and there a dusty plant stood wearily. But though I commanded the landscape for a radius of fifty miles, not a living creature was in sight.

"Another cough. I swung around quickly. The same plant, yellow with dust, drooped in the dry heat. That was all.

" 'Hack; Hack!'

"On my left this time. I swung around again. A like plant met my eyes. The thing was growing rather ghastly.

"As I regarded this last plant a cough came from it. Believe me, the plant coughed. It shook all over and then, tightening up as a man does when he is about to sneeze, it gave a violent cough, and a little cloud of dust arose.

"I found out afterward that the plant was the coughing bean, which is common in many tropical countries. In the long, dry heats this weird growth's pores become choked with dust, and it would die of suffocation were it not that a powerful gas accumulates inside it, which, when it gain sufficient pressure, explodes with a sound precisely like the human cough. The explosion shakes the plant pores free of their dust and the coughing bean is in good health again. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HOW TO GROW A NAME.

It is high time to get to work in your gardens, youngsters, if you have not already commenced. You can have flowers in a box in the window, or in the yard, or in the country garden—but, wherever you are, try to have some kind of a garden so you can watch it and tend it yourself. Get some one to advise you at first—mother or aunt or father or uncle. Here are some suggestions for seeds for you to get.

If you like a vine, morning glory is very satisfactory, and it will climb up strings on a window or fence or house. Some hardy flowers (meaning flowers that can stand cold) are phlox, candy-tuft, nasturtiums, portulaca, snap dragon, mignonette, marigold, cornflower, poppies and verbena.

If you prefer vegetables, try beans, lettuce, radishes, parsley and mint.

Don't worry if the beans poke right out of the ground after planting, for that is a way they have. Let them alone and they will manage themselves. If you do not live too far north, see if you can get peanuts from your florist. If you plant mustard or cress seed, not water cress) try in this way: Scratch your name or initials on the ground and plant the seeds in the scratches, and the little green plants will spring up and grow into your name in your garden.

Are you going to have a little garden somewhere this year?—Washington Star.

BOYS' MAY FESTIVAL IN JAPAN.

The famous boys' festival which occurs in Japan every May is an interesting affair.

Long before the arrival of the day shops are gay with all kinds of tempting toys and banners, while in every yard and in front of the houses long bamboo poles are set up. When the day arrives, writes Genjiro in The Circle, the boys tie their paper fishes, flags and streamers to the rope hanging from the top of the pole, and pull them up. These paper fishes are made hollow, so that the breeze may pass through the wide opening of the mouth and inflate the body, making it round like a real fish. The paper is painted either red or black to represent red or black carp. The fishes are of different sizes, ranging from a foot to three or four yards long.

Some of the bamboo poles have as many fishes on them as there are boys in the house; often each fish represents one of the boys of the family.

When there is a strong spring breeze the air entering through the mouth inflates the bodies of the fishes, swings them from side to side, and makes them flap their tails, so that they look as if they are in their own element—are swimming in a stream. It is a pretty sight to see from a housetop a great number of them floating in the air all over the city. To other bamboo poles flags are attached and these have pictures of warriors and heroes in Japanese history and legends painted on them.

PIGEON CITIES IN THE SWAMPS.

Each spring, in May, all the rosy gulls of a wide region somehow agree to resort to a particular one of various marshy lakes for the purpose of rearing their young. Just how they decide the important question is not for us humans to know. At any rate, what they do select is a great area of grass, reeds or rushes growing out of the water, and there, out of the abundance of dry stems, each pair builds a partly floating nest, side by side with others, thousands upon thousands of them. These great "cities" of the prairie pigeon present one of the most dramatic, spectacular sights in the bird life of this continent, comparable in a way to the former breeding "roosts" of the real wild pigeon.'—Outing Magazine.

HAWK KILLING OFF SPARROWS.

Charles Wall, who lives north of town, says that the English sparrows in this part of the country, which have been such a pest for a good many years, are no longer increasing in numbers and that they have almost entirely ceased to be the nuisance they formerly were.

The reason he gives is that the sparrow hawks are killing them off and that the sparrows can not multiply as fast as the hawks do away with them. The sparrows, he says, stay near the buildings for fear of the hawks and so do not get into the fields and yards to do the damage they used to. Mr. Wall thinks the time may come when the English sparrow will be so reduced in numbers that they will be no longer a menace.—Lawrence correspondence Topeka Capital.

TO ATTRACT HORNETS.

Last summer Ned went to the country to visit his cousin Will, and one day the two boys walked out into the woods. They were sitting on a log, poking around with a stick, when suddenly a crowd of yellow jackets swarmed out from a hole intent upon punishing the disturbers of their peace. Ned took to his heels and ran, waving his hat in all directions, while Will stood perfectly still. The bees pursued poor Ned and stung him frightfully, and paid absolutely no attention to Will.

This will invariably happen. If you keep perfectly quiet bees will seldom attack you, but if you run they will surely follow.—Washington Star.

Haggard Tells a Story.

In a letter to The London Times concerning a statement recently made that he was responsible for the land policy of the British Government, H. Rider Haggard, the well-known novelist, tells the following story:

"I am reminded of a story of a certain Daniel Lambert of a Boer who, being caught napping by savages, rushed to his horse exclaiming, 'O Lord, help me mount!' So abundant and vigorous was the heavenly aid vouchsafed that he not only reached the saddle, but flew right over it to the veldt beyond, and as the Zulus came up and speared him, was heard to declare reproachfully, 'O Lord, thou hast helped too much!' In like fashion I may say, 'O Government, thou has helped too much!' for I have always aimed, not at revolution, but reform."

Underground Ventilation.

The natural ventilation of underground railways is impracticable, because the air current may be reversed, owing to atmospheric conditions, becoming nil in spring and autumn, so that mechanical ventilation imposes itself, observed Prof. Couriot to the French engineers. The only solution of the problem compatible with safety is, in his opinion, to exhaust the vitiated air by fans erected midway between the stations, these latter serving as inlets.—Engineer.