The Way He Used To Do.

Sometimes when I come in at night
And take my shoes off at the stair,
I hear my pop turn on the light
And holler: "William, are you there?"
And then he says: "You go to bed—
I knew that stealthy step was you."
And I asked how and then he said:
"'Cause that's the way I used to do."

Sometimes when I come home at six
O'clock and hurry up my chores,
And get a big armful of sticks
Of wood and bring it all indoors,
My pop he comes and feels my head
And says: "You've been in swimmin'—you!"
When I asked how he knew, he said:
"'Cause that's the way I used to do."

Sometimes before a circus comes,
When I'm as willing as can be
To do my chores, and all my chums
They all take turns at helping me,
My pop, he pats 'em on the head
And says: "You like a circus, too?"
When I asked how he knew, he said:
"'Cause that's the way I used to do."

And lots of times when he gets mad
Enough to whip me and declares
He never saw another lad
Like I am—well, at last he spares
Me from a whipping and he lays
His rawhide down: "I can't whip you
For that, although I should," he says,
"'Cause that's the way I used to do."

J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

A SPEAKING SILENCE

Up from the eastern horizon, where midnight sea met starless January sky, a sharp, silent, fiery line leaped zenithward, until it ended in a burst of flaming blue balls. The portent caught the watchful eye of Boat-Keeper Silas Eames, busy over the halyard-coil in the spray-iced box abaft the mainmast of pilot schooner Number 1, which for four days and nights had been cruising between Bulwark Shoal and Half-Way Rock.

Thirty seconds passed. Again, as if traced on the black arch by an invisible pencil, the thin line burned; this time it burst in white. Thirty seconds more and the signal appeared in red. It was the familiar rocket code of the Allan line, and intimated the approach of the long-expected Saxon.

Eames dropped into the little cabin, where Pilot Somers was sleeping soundly.

"Turn out, Hen!" he shouted. "Boat's coming. I've just seen her signals."

Taking from a locker three rockets, papered respectively red, white and blue, he returned to the deck, leaned the blue against the V-shaped staples near the binnacles and lighted the fuse.

Whish! Skyward shot the projectile, drawing a long trail of sparks.

At thirty-second intervals Eames sent off the white and the red. Having thus replied to the approaching liner, he glanced at the compass to note the bearing of Western Head Light, and went below for hot coffee with the drowsy Somers, leaving the wheel still "chalked" and the schooner in charge of Lookout Zenas Horne.

Half an hour later, when the two came on deck, the steamer's lights five miles away sparkled red and green through the night-glass. A strong breeze from the north had rolled up a heavy sea, and whistling snow-flurries harbingered a winter storm.

Larger and brighter shone the lights, until beneath them loomed a ghostly prow, white-sheeted with ice. Then from the lee of the liner's bridge a blue flare told she had slowed down to await her pilot.

Eames had already placed a lighted lantern in cleats on a temporary afterthwart of the dory, which was now swung over the rail. He sprang aboard and held the boat for Somers. A stout pull with two pairs of oars through a choppy half-mile brought them to a windless haven under the lee bow of the Saxon.

"Below there!" yelled a red-faced, pea-jacketed officer behind the icicled barrier above, and into the bottom of the dory between the two rowers whisked a rope coil. Somers grabbed it, and paid the boat back, until she was under the ladder end amidships. He then took two or three turns with the line about the bowcleats, while his companion shipped an oar in the scull-hole astern.

Watching his chance, the pilot seized the man-ropes and scrambled up the icy side.

"Get back to the schooner as quick as you can!" he shouted to Eames. A sailor on the bow of the Saxon dropped the rope overboard, and the dory was free.

As the boat-keeper sheered away from the side of the steamer, a bull's-eye right above suddenly opened with a cheerful burst of talk and laughter. The occupants of some stateroom were celebrating their approach to port. Out whirled an empty pickle bottle, and dropped squarely on the lantern, smashing the globe to flinders and putting out the light.

The unconscious mischief-doer within closed the bull's-eye again and Eames jumped to his oars in the darkness. The breakage of his lantern, although annoying, caused him no serious alarm. It would probably mean a longer row, however, for he now had no means of attracting the notice of the pilot-boat. He had plenty of matches, but without a globe his lantern was useless.

As he passed out from the shelter of the stern he looked to leeward for the light of the schooner, which he knew had run down in that direction after dropping the dory. But a shrieking blast, thick with snow, blinded him; he could not see ten feet. Already the steamer had disappeared; he was alone on the stormy midnight sea.

It was no time for aimless drifting. Eames pulled sturdily to leeward, hoping that the squall would soon be over and that then he would find himself close to the pilot-boat.

Gradually the squall went by. As the flakes thinned; the oarsman, who was facing seaward on his thwart, looked from right to left for the cheering light. It was nowhere visible. He glanced over his shoulder. Fully two hundred yards straight behind him a faint greenish blur was travelling rapidly across the face of the wind. It was the port lantern of the schooner.

With all his strength the boat-keeper bent to the oars. But his efforts were futile. Wind, waves and tide, his former allies, were now united in a hostile coalition that he could not overcome. He fought gamely, although all the while conscious that he was losing ground. He knew that Zenas Horne was anxiously striving to pick up his lantern glimmer; but there was absolutely nothing the doryman could do to make his position known. He might split his throat with shouting, but against the gale his voice would not carry a hundred yards.

The flakes ceased, and the light from the schooner brightened. She was now some distance to the northwest. The green glint disappeared for a moment, and was then replaced by red; she was returning on the other tack. Swiftly the single eye shot across the wind.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Faintly a mile to leeward clanged the bell on Grindstone Ledge. The melancholy notes gave Eames an unpleasant thrill, for they told how rapidly he was drifting out into the Atlantic. Hitherto he had felt no real doubt about getting safe aboard at last. Now, as he saw how far to windward the pilot-boat persisted in searching, a chill not wholly from the January night stole over him. What if Horne, after vainly cruising back and forth, should abandon his quest!

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! A little nearer and louder. How fast he was drifting! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ever louder, ever nearer, pealed the melancholy bell. Horne had not given him up yet. Far in the northeast the pilot-boat had tacked again, and the green light still to windward!

Longingly following her course, Eames spied, almost due east, three glimmering points, like stars hung on the corners of an isosceles triangle, yellow above, red and green below. Familiar with the movements of coast craft, the doryman felt sure that this was the government buoy-tender, Petrel, returning to port from one of her trips of inspection. As nearly as he could judge, she was about three miles off; it would be twelve or thirteen minutes before she passed. There was not one chance in twenty that she would come near enough for him to hail her. How could he attract her attention?

On Eames's reply to this question his life probably hung. He reviewed all his sea-lore, gathered from twenty years of piloting, and hit upon a single feasible expedient, bold, novel, desperate.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The boat-keeper swung his dory straight toward Grindstone Ledge, a course exactly opposite to that he had so painfully striven to hold. Wind and tide reenforced his powerful strokes as he drove down on the clanging bell. Soon the buoy appeared, rocking white with ice-glaze. Beyond it the heavy surf boiled over the black rocks.

Soon only a few feet separated the nose of the dory from the pitching cylinder. Eames, now alert in the stern with his steering-oar, held her course true. Just as it seemed as if the prow were about to splinter on the steel, splitting his craft from stern to stern, he gave a skilful twist. The boat shot by. At the same instant he sprang forward, painter in hand; and as the gunwale rubbed the icy side, he leaped for one of the bell supports.

He caught it with one hand as the buoy rolled down. His fingers slipped. Clutching with his other hand, he grasped the support. Just then the dory painter twitched away, and the boat was swept off into the gloom.

Eames cared little that the loss of his craft fastened him on the rocking buoy for better or worse. If his plan succeeded, he would not need the boat. If it failed, nothing else could save him. Close to his ear swung the bell, almost deafening him with its clangor.

He looked northeast. The steamer was coming on rapidly. The rushing lights were due north. He could see the "bone" under her prow. The moment had come.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding—

The pilot had seized the ice-cold tongue, and only the breakers boomed on Grindstone Ledge.

Eames's sole hope was that to the watch on board the Petrel the silence of the bell would speak louder than its sound. It was her duty to care for all buoys. Grindstone Ledge lay right off the channel in the path of the big liners. It had a black record before the placing of the bell. Would not the men on the tender seek the cause of this sudden silence?

Sweat-beads formed and froze on the boat-keeper's face, as he watched the steamer passing. He groaned in despair.

Just then the boat slowed down and lay panting. Out shot the pale, tremulous beam of her search-light, until the dazzling electric eye fell squarely upon him. Soon a white boat came rowing down the path of light. Ten minutes later Eames was safe aboard the Petrel.—Youth's Companion.

LITTLE CARPENTERS.

Children of Five and Six Make Articles of Value to Themselves.

Boys and girls of five and six years of age busily working at diminutive carpenter's benches with such supposedly dangerous tools as real saws and planes is a sight in a New York school which rarely fails to draw expressions of surprise from visiting strangers. One of these visitors, a woman, said to an instructor: "Aren't you afraid to give such dangerous and complicated tools to little children? Why don't you give them something simple—like a knife?"

"A knife?" said the instructor. "Why, a knife is one of the most dangerous and complicated tools you can give a child. If the knife is sharp enough to work with the child is liable to cut himself accidentally. To cut himself with a saw he must place his fingers deliberately under the blade and saw for some time. And with a plane I don't believe he could cut himself."

This belief that saw and plane are proper tools for little children, girls as well as boys, is the result of long investigations by the manual training faculty of the Ethical Culture School, the first to try the experiment with such children. And the results of the use of "simple" tools have been so satisfactory that bench work has been made a regular feature of the curriculum. In fact, a portion of the large workshop has been devoted to the children, and for them A. W. Richards, the director, has designed and had built a diminutive work bench fully fitted up for the kind of work boys and girls of this age are allowed to do.

At this work bench, as part of their regular school course, these children saw and plane wood and by means of nails make all sorts of toys of real use to them in their games. The articles fashioned in this way are exceedingly simple in construction. To make them the child must plane or saw wood into a given length or width and then nail, without any effort at joinery, the several pieces together. A block of wood with a strip nailed to it becomes a chair; a handle and a flat piece make a shovel; three pieces similarly nailed make a sled; a handle, a cross piece and some nails for teeth give a rake; pieces saved from a curtain pole make wheels for a simple cart which really goes. The children of six and seven years of age in the first grade take an ordinary wooden box, cut windows in it and finally build on the top of it a simple, slanting roof, which makes of it a complete playhouse. All of these things are made without the use of a knife.

"The educational advantage of teaching such little children to use these tools," says an instructor, "lies in the fact that only simple broad muscular movements and adjustments are needed by the child and that tangible results can be obtained which are actually of value to the small worker. When the child's work is through he has something of value to himself to show for it, because the process always leads to some concrete object. The motions of sawing, planing and hammering do not require anything like the degree of skill that the simplest use of a knife makes necessary. The saw can cut only in one general direction, the plane cannot shave off more than a certain thickness. In each of these tools the child's hand grasps a large handle, the blade of which is fixed at a given angle. In the case of a knife the child would have to hold on to a small handle and then, in addition to directing the general stroke of the knife, pay minute attention to the angle of the blade to the wood. The slightest variation of angle of this blade varies the cut. The knife is made for all sorts of cutting, curved, at an angle or straight, depending entirely on the nicety of muscular adjustment of the user. Such attention and skill are not to be expected of tiny fingers, and to attempt to secure them is to lay a burden on the child, make impossible any enjoyable products of his work, and to substitute for exercise in broad, free movements and broad muscular control minutiae of advanced muscular action. The saw and the plane, with their simple action, do not require, for elementary results, the finely differentiated muscular adjustments."—New York Tribune.

DRESSING ON $6,500 A YEAR.

Expenses of an English Woman of Fashion—Minor Expenditures.

A very exclusive London dressmaker on being asked how much a lady should spend on dress replied: "She could dress fairly well on £1,300 a year." The analysis of a typical bill, however, shows that sum may be very easily exceeded.

Thus dresses cost £628 11s.; mantles, etc., £229 1s.; millinery and hats, £147 9s.; gloves, sunshades, etc., £201 4s. 6d.; lingerie, £341 14s. 6d.; boots, riding outfit, etc., £115 1s.; motor outfit, £42 0s. 6d.; sundries, including laundry and cleaning, £431 5s. 6d. The total expenditure on clothing alone in this particular case came to £2,136 and some odd shillings and pence. When to this is added the actual expense of the gratification of minor tastes it will be realized that the fashionable Englishwoman costs the community a very useful sum.

There are saddle horses to be hired, and proceeds our instructress. "Ladies nowadays generally belong to one or more clubs. They also smoke. The cigarette merchant is somewhat scornful as regards the lady smoker declaring that she is no connoisseur and seldom gives more than five shillings a hundred for her cigarettes. But—'there are others,' and these when they order the gold tipped variety are a joy to the merchant and a proportionate sorrow to those who deplore the smoking habit in women. There may be bridge debts, but there is no reason to suppose that our fashionable lady will gamble, and even if she does one could not get even an approximate idea of what such debts would be."—Pall Mall Magazine.

COPPER FOR GOLD.

Bank of England Branch Swindled in an Unusual Way.

A remarkable story of halfpennies being substituted for half sovereigns was told at the Manchester City police court yesterday, when Henry Douglas Anderson, who had been employed at the Manchester branch of the Bank of England and after absconding had been arrested in Canada, was charged with stealing £1,081.

In stating the case for the prosecution F. E. Smith, M. P., said that the prisoner's duty was that of separating lightweight gold coins from those of full weight, and he had to put the full weight coins into bags which he had to label and sign. On July 31 he absented himself, and on August 2 the bank issued twenty-five bags of half sovereigns to Messrs. Williams, Deacon's Bank, and fourteen of them, which had been made up by the prisoner, were found to have been tampered with, half sovereigns having been replaced by the necessary number of half-pennies to make up the correct weight. Two other bags in the bank's treasury which bore his signature were also found to have been tampered with in the same way, and the total sum missing was £1,081.

On September 13 the bank received a letter from the prisoner in Winnipeg, in which he practically admitted his guilt and made reference to the mad act he had committed.

Evidence was given by a number of bank clerks, including a retired detective inspector, named John Woolven, who, describing his search for Anderson, said he went down to Whitstable-on-Sea and found the prisoner's wife and family living there. In a drawer he found £647.—London Daily Mail.

"Only Once."

"The Scotch," said Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people. Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this and, finally, meeeting a weazened old man on the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?'

"'Only once,' the man replied, as he proceeded on his way."—Saturday Evening Post

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GRAVE DANGER OF CENTRALIZATION.

By James A. Tawney, M. C.

J. A. TAWNEY.

The true reason why the people are willing to let the national government perform and pay for so many things which properly fall within the obligations of the States is found in the fact that they do not realize that they are themselves paying for the things which the national government pays for.

The federal revenue is secured by indirect taxation, while the money in the treasuries of the several States is secured by direct taxation upon the people.

When any State increases its appropriations for any purpose, every legislator knows that that means an increase in the direct tax upon the people. Moreover, he knows that the people know this, and that they watch with zealous care the tax rate which they must pay in cash from their own pockets. Therefore, needed legislation is postponed because of the expense it involves, and the federal government is appealed to whenever possible through the President, through the people's representatives in Congress, and through the various departments and bureaus of the government.

When popular demands are strong enough, and it has become obvious that the States will not severally or jointly undertake obligations belonging to them, though seriously needed, the experience of the last ten years shows that the federal government, through its legislative and executive departments, is only too willing to undertake such responsibilities and relieve the States of the burdens they involve.

I do not plead for States' rights. I plead for the right and the duty of the federal government to protect itself and its treasury against encroachments of the States and private interests upon its powers, its duties, and its revenues. I lay no claim to prophetic powers, but I bring to you the thought of many of the ablest men in the public service to-day, when I say that we are unconsciously drifting toward a highly organized, bureaucratic form of federal government, such as has become the bane of most of the old-world governments of Europe.

SCIENCE WILL REDEEM TROPICS.

By Col. William C. Gorgas.

There is at present no yellow fever in Panama, and malaria is well under control. The men working on the canal and their families are as vigorous as they could be in this country.

It looked as if the canal could never be built unless yellow fever were exterminated. The fever could never spread now, even if it were introduced from outside, through our rigid quarantine.

I am inclined to think that the advances made in tropical sanitation will have a much wider and more far-reaching effect than freeing Havana and Panama from yellow fever or enabling us to build the Panama canal. I think that the sanitarian can now show that any population coming to the tropics can protect itself against yellow fever and malaria by measures simple and inexpensive.

With these diseases eliminated, life in the tropics for the Anglo-Saxon will be, I believe, more healthful than in the temperate zone, and gradually, in the next two centuries, tropical countries, which offer a greater return for man's labor than the temperate zones, will be settled by the white races and become again the centers of wealth, population and civilization, as they were at the dawn of history.

EMPHASIZE THE GLORIES OF PEACE.

By President Schaeffer.

The greatest problem of the twentieth century is the boy, with one exception—the girl. As soon as the girl takes up the study of history, gradually she reaches the conviction that everything great and heroic belongs to the other sex.

The boy is apt to form similar ideals from the text books on history and the methods of teaching the subject. The names of admirals and generals, the battles they fought and the victories they won, the causes and the effects of the wars in which they were engaged, constitute a very large part of the material of instruction. The boy loves power and admires every exhibition of personal and national strength.

It seems to me that our text books, our examinations, and our instruction should glorify the arts of peace above the arts of war. In other words, history should be taught from a more rational point of view. While it would be wrong to rob the soldier of a just share of glory, it will nevertheless be wise to emphasize the victories of peace above the victories of war.

HOW TO ABOLISH CONSUMPTION.

By Dr. F. C. Shattuck.

The only way to eradicate tuberculosis is to totally eradicate its seed. Cleanliness, good and sufficient food, plenty of air, ample water supplies, public parks, playgrounds and bathhouses—these are among the things needful. The hygiene of workshops must be looked after, and there must be all needed enactments in the interest of the public health. Nowhere will co-operation, enriched by public spirit, yield a richer harvest than in striving along broad lines to prevent tuberculosis.

Our work for the immediate future seems to lie in the direction of generalizing and systematizing. An immense service can be rendered by arousing the interest of private and incorporated employers of labor. Mill owners and managers, as a class, are intelligent and humane, and their attention should be called to this matter by their physicians. The result would be a saving, not a loss, to the employers, while the benefit to the individual workers would be great.

If the word in medicine is "work," the word in the tuberculosis fight is "education."

ONTARIO'S TIMBER SUPPLY.

Official Figures of Acreage and Output at the Present Time.

According to the report of the department of lands, forests and mines, just issued, the total area of land under timber license in Ontario was 20,063 square miles, says the Boston Transcript. The principal items of the year's output from territory under license were as follows: Sawlogs, pine, 674,800,465 feet, board measure; other than pine, 66,045,987 feet board measure; square timber, pine, 638,228; other than pine, 18,617 cubic feet; pile timber, 648,609 feet, board measure; cedar, 126,172 pieces; pulpwood, 84,061 cords. The pulpwood output of 84,061 cords was 12,285 cords in excess of 1905. The pulp mills at Sault Ste. Marie, Spanish River and Sturgeon Falls were running to their full capacity during the year.

In connection with the free grant districts, where the areas suitable for settlement have been pretty well taken and the lots remaining are largely unsuitable for agriculture the department has instituted a system of homestead inspection to enforce compliance with the condition of settlement. Owing to the increased value of woods other than pine a desire has sprung up to take up lots not suitable for agricultural purposes in order to dispose of the timber. Under the system now adopted lots applied for are inspected to ascertain if they comprise a sufficient proportion of good land to warrant the expectation that a living could be made by farming. If it is obvious that the lands are not capable of affording a living by agriculture and are applied for in order to get the timber location is refused.

FAKE CORPORATIONS.

Maine the Easiest State in the Union in Which to Launch Them.

Do you want a company to supply the people of Mars with steam shovels to dig their canals? Do you want to form a company to raise bananas in Alaska? Do you desire a concern to trade in spirits of the heroes of the past? Well, if you do go to Maine and file your papers. You can form a corporation with a capital limit only exceeded by the skyline, and it won't cost you enough to set you back very materially either.

For years Maine has been the mecca of those who wished to foist companies on the unsuspecting public. The fees for granting a charter are merely nominal. The taxes are still more so, something like an annual franchise tax of $5 on $50,000 capitalization. Almost no questions are asked, and it is as easy for a company with any object whatever, and a few dollars to pay the necessary fees and printing, to get a full-fledged charter as it is for a man to get a drink in the city of Bangor.

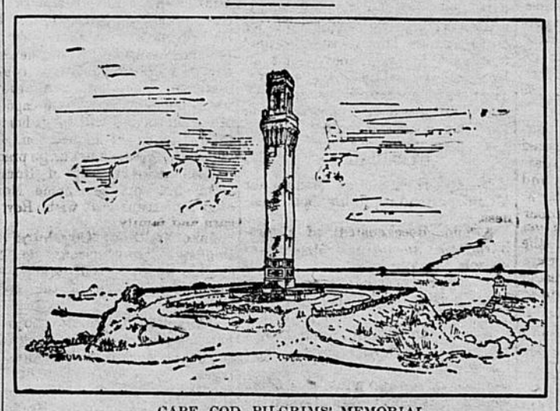
All sorts of fanciful corporations are filed at the office of the Secretary of State in Augusta, and gaudily printed shares of stock are offered to the public. You need not limit your capitalization—to be sure, the more capital you have the more tax you are supposed to pay, but after you have disposed of your shares you probably won't pay your tax anyway, and will let the charter of the company expire. It's only another of the get-rich-quick schemes.

Recently a list of delinquent corporations was published in one of the Bangor papers, corporations whose charters were to expire on account of unpaid taxes. It filled nearly two pages set in nonpareil type, with close spacing at that. And all of these were to lose their charters because their taxes, amounting in most cases to less than $25, had been unpaid. But hundreds of others are formed every month, so a few more or less aren't missed very much.

The most interesting of the companies are the freak ones. They abound from the propagation of cats to the savings of souls.

Wigg—As a painter do you think he will be able to make a name for himself? Wagg—He ought to. You see, he's a sign painter.—Philadelphia Record.

MONUMENT IN HONOR OF THE PILGRIMS.



CAPE COD PILGRIMS' MEMORIAL.

The drawing shows how the monument, the corner stone of which was laid at Provincetown, Mass., with impressive ceremony, will appear when completed. It will be a pure white shaft, rising 300 feet above the hill that overlooks the town.

ABOUT TOBACCO.

They Serve Out Cigars to the Soldiers in Italy.

Physicians, chemists and physiologists (many of them smokers themselves) agree that smoking before maturity is reached always leads to a waste of nerve power and brain force and thus squanders life by weakening the very center of strength.

In all Lord Wolseley's campaigns he made it a rule where possible to allow each soldier one pound of tobacco per month, which he considered a fair allowance. In Italy the military authorities recognize the weed as one of the comforts essential to the troops and cigars are served out to them with their daily rations.

In France there are 6,000,000 smokers, and of every fifteen there are eight who smoke a pipe, five who smoke cigars and only two who are cigaret smokers. Still the French consume more than 800,000,000 cigarets a year, or enough to go around the world 500 times if they were placed end to end in a line.

In the total quantity of tobacco grown the United States rivals Cuba and the Philippine Islands combined; British India is not very far behind the States. It takes 6,500,000 acres to grow the world's tobacco, Louisville is the largest tobacco market in the world.

The best cigars manufactured come from Cuba, the tobacco for which is cultivated in the famous Vuelta de Abajo district, west of Havana. This favored spot is located on the banks of a river, the nature of the soil being such that in no other part of the world can leaves of such excellence be produced. The most expensive cigars cost about $7.50 each. The largest cigars come from the Philippine Islands, some of them being eighteen inches in length. Italy has the reputation of manufacturing some of the strongest smokes in the world.

A good cigar will burn slowly and equally; the weed that smolders up one side is of inferior quality.

The Deadliest Poison.

Prussic acid is popularly known as the most deadly poison extant; but cyanide of cacodyl is far more deadly. A millionth part in the atmosphere of an air-tight cage caused the instant death of four dogs in succession. The vapor from a few grains diffused in the atmosphere of a roomful of people would cause the death of all present.

Contrast.

It doth perplex poor mortal man,
The weather's change to note.
One minute he requires a fan,
And next an overcoat.
—Washington Star.

Newrich—A man can get along without ancestors. Mack—True, but his children can't.—Town Topics.

WHAT'S IN A TITLE?

The Puritan needed a vent for the energy repressed by his rigidly ordered existence. Shorn of ornament in dress and decoration, he evidently worked off a portion of his sense of the ornate in some of the titles of the religious works of the time. Many of them are sensational and alliterative enough to satisfy the yellowist reporter of to-day. The contents of the bottles thus labeled must be of lurid and strenuous nature, or else it might be said of them, as the dramatist wrote of the cognomen of humankind:

The name is but a shadow which we find.
Too often larger than the man behind.

"The Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are added William Humin's Handful of Honeysuckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, Now newly augmented," is impressive, but a little cumbersome for ordinary conversation and advertising.

Another, inconviently long, is:

"A reaping hook well-tempered for the stubborn ears of the coming Crop of Biscuit baked in the Oven of Charity. Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

After these, titles such as the following sound tame and hardly worthy of notice:

"The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion"; "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary"; "Matches lighted at Divine Fire," and "Sixpenny-worth of Divine Spirit."

In a much milder and secular sort of a way the modern newspaper partakes of the spirit of its Puritan exemplar in the heading of the paragraph columns:

"Quirks and Quibbles"; "Nibbles for the Million"; "The Junk-Shop"; "Crumbs for all kinds of Chickens"; "Paragraphical Pudding"; "Spice Islands Passed in the Sea of Reading."

The Good-Natured Man.

Borem—You were so kind and sympathetic the last time I told you my troubles I want to thank you for that and now I've got another——

Kindart—Oh, pray don't mention it!—Philadelphia Press.

Corrected.

"That man who lives in your house is a nonentity, isn't he?"

"No, he's a methodist an' the meekest critter you ever saw when his wife's around."—Houston Post.

A woman with poor taste shouldn't be allowed to have any money.

DOROTHY'S GENEROSITY.

Dorothy sat on the top step of the veranda gazing out across the lawn. Her chin was sunk in her chubby hand and her elbows rested on her two fat knees. The doll, Gladys Isabelle, lay in a dismal heap on the bottom step.

Dorothy had just received a needed spanking from her nurse. Besides, an hour before, her brother Phillip had said crossly that she was a selfish little girl. And after it all Gladys Isabelle had failed to sympathize with her. Dorothy cried in vexation.

After a time, when more tears would not come, the little girl began to feel sorry for poor, neglected Gladys Isabelle. She picked her up from where she lay on the hard step. It occurred to Dorothy that there might be comfort at the stables, where workmen were building an addition.

There she found a man in overalls mixing mortar in a long box. Dorothy soon forgot her troubles.

"Hello, sis," said the man to Dorothy, as she stood gazing at the sea of lime and sand and water.

"Hello," she answered; "but my name is Dorothy."

'Ho, ho, it is, is it? Well, that's a pretty name for a little girl."

"I think so, too," said Dorothy, politely. She decided that the one in the mortar-bespattered overalls was a nice man. She watched him with new interest.

The man was smoking a black clay pipe. Dorothy wondered why he did not smoke a pipe like Phil's. She had almost decided to ask him, but she wanted to do it so as not to appear rude.

The man knocked the ashes from his black clay pipe, then refilled it from a soiled white bag.

"Do you like to smoke?" asked Dorothy.

"Indeed an' I do," said the man.

"Phil smokes; but you don't smoke a pipe like Phil's. Why don't you? Phil is my brother; he is home from College. His pipes turn down and curl up, and some have silver on them."

Dorothy suddenly took great pride in telling of Phil's possessions.

"Well, you see," the man said slowly. "I ain't a college chap and can't afford pipes that curl."

"Oh," said Dorothy solemnly. She felt very sorry for him, and thought him very brave to be satisfied with such a bad-smelling pipe.

She thought it over carefully. Then an idea came to her. She ran into the house.

In her brother's room she looked over the pipes on the table beside the funny brown tobacco jar. Then she looked over the pipes in the rack that hung on the wall above. At length she chose one from the table. It was brown and old. She was sure that Phil could not care much for it.

Among her own things was a creamy white box with a picture on the cover. In the box was Gladys Isabelle's best velvet hat. The hat was disposed of ruthlessly. The box held the pipe snugly.

Later, when there was no one looking, she laid the package on the bench where the man had left his coat and dinner pail. On a piece of paper slipped beneath she had written, with much labor: "For the mortar man."

"Two mornings later Phil came storming down the stairs. "I can't find my meerschaum pipe," he said, for all the house to hear.

Phil's mother searched his room again. Nearly all the family had joined in looking for the pipe when Dorothy appeared.

"Oh, Phil, I took it," stammered Dorothy.

"You!" gasped Phil.

"I gave it to the mortar man. He was so poor he had to smoke a black, smelly clay pipe. I took an old one, Phil, I——"

Her brother was gazing at her, open-eyed.

"There, there, Dorothy," he said, for her lips were quivering. "You're a generous little girl, after all. But remember, old pipes, like old friends, are best."—By Susan Louise Davis, in the Pittsburg Press.

HAT OF THE CANDY HORSE.

A number of years ago a little girl who was spending a summer at the seashore growing brown and merry and fat playing on the sand and bathing in the ocean, heard of the great heat in the cities and of how much suffering it was causing man and beast. A fair was held by the grown people at the largest hotel in the beach, and quite a sum of money was raised which was sent to relieve the suffering poor and to buy ice for those who helped were in need of it and who could not buy it for themselves.

Of all the people who helped with the fair, the little girl was the only one who remembered the suffering beasts. A plan to help them had entered her small head. It was nothing more nor less than the collecting of money to buy bathing hats for the horses in the cities. Not that she expected the horses would need them to go in bathing, but to protect their poor heads from the burning rays of the sun.

This little girl's idea is recalled this summer by the number of horses that are wearing hats made especially for them, and it may be that her thought brought about this wonderful improvement, for which the horses are surely grateful.

Horses are without doubt very intelligent, but let us hope that they are not jealous, or there must be many sore horse hearts in New York city today. One big chestnut horse belonging to a large candy manufacturer whose name is known east and west, is the one that would cause all this jealousy, for during these hot days he has worn a hat which is not only a little bigger, but decidedly more splendid than any other equine head covering in town.

The hat is made of yellow straw, with holes for the ears to stick through, but instead of the plain binding that others have the brim is carefully bound with black velvet. Around the crown is a black velvet band, while a little to the left of the front stands a big coquettish bow of velvet ribbon, with a large bunch of purple violets in the center.

Every one who sees him roars with laughter, but he holds his head high, and shakes his glossy mane and tail with pride. He doesn't seem to mind the fun poked at him—perhaps he does not understand, for he never even frowned when an old man called out, "That's a becoming bonnet you have on, old lady!"

But just think of the teasing he must have to stand from the other horses! Imagine what they say.

"Where did you get that hat? Oh, Jerry, you're quite a lady now!"

"Oh, look at the flower garden. Say, Whiskers, gimme a posy!"

But as far as I can see, Jerry only sniffs the chocolately smelling air, as he stands in front of the factory and doesn't answer back, except to call out to the ice horses: "How'd you like to be the candy horse?" I really believe the off ice horse winked at his mate and says he expects to see Jerry in bloomers next winter.—Washington Star.

A GUESSING GAME.

Every one should be in the secret but the guesser. A nice rainy day is selected, with a number of children and plenty of bubbling spirits. The guesser goes out of the room while the company consults. They arrange themselves on chairs in a circle and decide to think of some person, the person in this case being the right-hand neighbor of each player. The players are number 1, 2, 3, etc., by means of printed placards hung around each neck. Then the guesser is summoned and takes a stand within the circle. No. 1 acts as spokesman and announces:

"We are thinking of some person."

"Male or female?" asks the guesser of No. 1.

This is always the first question, then the guesser goes in regular sequence round and round the circle, becoming more and more puzzled, as can be seen by this example:

Take No. 1, whose right-hand neighbor is No. 2, and No. 2 has for a right-hand neighbor No. 3, No. 1 is a boy, No. 2 is a girl, No. 3 is a boy. You need not arrange them alternately, but this is a case in point.

No. 1 will, of course, be thinking of No. 2, the girl on his right, and the girl, No. 2, will be thinking of No. 3, the boy on her right; so the problem will grow very mystifying if the questions are asked rapidly and the answers are given without hesitation.

It is like a composite photograph of the whole company when he finds some familiar trait or characteristic. But often his next question leaves him once more at sea.

This is a game full of laughter and harmless joking, and if the guesser is really as ignorant as he seems that makes it all the merrier.—Washington Star.

BOTH BOYS AND ELEPHANT FOOLED.

Thirty years ago one of the famous elephants which traveled in this country was "Old Columbus." During one of his summer trips through Virginia, he stopped at a certain town. In a neighboring town a boy familiarly called "Dave," and notorious for leadership in all kinds of mischievous tricks, determined to show off before the other boys at "Old Columbus's" expense, and invited several of his companions to go with him.

Having come to the elephant's stable, Dave gave him first candy, then cake, and finally cried, "Now, boys," and slipped a piece of tobacco into his proboscis, intending to get out of danger and enjoy "Old Columbus's" disgust and anger.

But before he could move Columbus seized him and whirled him upward through the opening overhead against the roof of the stable.

Unhurt by his unexpected "rise," Dave dropped on the haymow. The other boys below, supposing this to be the "trick" promised them, cried out in admiration: "Dave, Dave, do that again!"

Dave, comfortably seated out of harm's way, earnestly answered: "No, boys! I do that trick only once a day!"—Richmond Dispatch.

CANARY HATCHES WILD BIRD'S EGGS.

Hilma Anderson, of Oliver street, Everett, a few days ago was wandering in the fields when she found a bird's nest on the ground with several pale blue eggs with brown speckles. Curious to know if her pet canary would sit on the eggs, she took the nest to her home and placed it in the corner of the bird's cage.

Gleefully chirped the little canary and soon realized that there was nothing in the network of hair and grass to hurt her. Upon examination the pet of the home soon became bold, and when she spied the eggs in the nest her motherly nature was aroused and in a moment she was peacefully nestled. She remained on the nest for the rest of the day, leaving it only to satisfy her hunger and thirst.

Day after day the canary sat on the eggs, and all were astonished yesterday morning as they entered the room to see the canary excitedly flying and hopping about her little home. Proudly she chirped as Hilma approached, and to her great delight the child found the eggs hatched and three tiny featherless birds nestled in the corner.—Boston Herald.

Fuel in Bolivia.

Every available kind of fuel is used in Potosi, in Bolivia, for the purpose of smelting and calcination. Of these the principal classes are charcoal, yareta, wood and ucha, and they are all insufficient. Yareta is a species of vegetable production which grows under the ground like moss, and has the consistency and heat-giving qualities of peat. Ucha is the dung of llamas.—Engineer.