

THE LITTLE SPARROW.

I am only a tiny sparrow. A bird of low degree; My life is of little value, But the dear Lord cares for me. I have no barn or storeroom, I neither store nor reap; God gives me a sparrow's portion, But never a seed to keep. If my meal is sometimes scanty, Close picking makes it sweet; I have always enough to feed me, And life is more than meat. I know there are many sparrows, All over the world they are found; But our heavenly Father knoweth When one of us falls to the ground. Though small, we are never forgotten; Though weak, we are never repaid; For we know the dear Lord keepeth The life of the creatures he made. I fly to the thickest forest, I light on many a spray; I have no chart nor compass, But I never lose my way. And I fold my wings at twilight, Wherever I happen to be; For the Father is always watching, And no harm will come to me. —Our Four-footed Friends.

Sunbeam Conquered A Giant

By JOHN S. REMY.

Agos ago there lived in a province in India the most powerful giant the world has ever known. Not only was he stronger than ten other giants together, but there was nothing in the world could not do. He wandered up and down the land, commanding people to give him tasks to perform, and he had never failed, no matter how difficult was the thing asked, to at once accomplish it. He was a harsh and cruel giant, for, as soon as he had done a person's bidding, he immediately carried that person off to his great palace in the mountains, where he held a prisoner.

At last the ruler of this province said he would give up his throne to anyone who could do this giant something he would fail to do. All the wise and great men of the kingdom racked their brains to think of some impossible task, and many curious things were asked of the giant. For instance, he was in the middle of the winter season, when no fruit, not even buds, were on the trees, and a great land-owner came to the giant, and said, "Make my hundreds of trees at once full of ripe and luscious fruits." Hardly had the words left his mouth when a flash of color ran over the trees, and buds and blossoms burst into beauty, and then the branches were bending under their load of fruit; and off went the wealthy land-owner to the giant's castle.

Then came a great physician. "I need," said he, "many herbs and drugs that India does not produce. Get them for me at once,—one of every herb that grows in every land in the world, or you shall drink a drug that will put an end to your wick power." "Ah! ha!" chuckled the giant. "You are just the man I need in my castle. There are too many slaves there, and you shall take your drugs with you, and make a deadly drink for the lazy ones."

At once the physician was almost buried beneath the herbs and drugs that he had ordered, and he, too, went off to the castle. The ruler of the kingdom now came to the giant. He was a kind and unselfish man, and a wise one also; and he thought to himself, "Well, this may be my last day in my kingdom, so I'll ask the giant something which, if he can do it, will at least leave my people comfortable, and happy after I am gone."

So he said to the giant, "For once you shall use this magic power of yours for good, or else leave this land forever. There are many poor, many sick people in my country. If you can make every one wealthy, healthy, and happy, I shall be quite content to go to your castle, and be your slave forever."

The giant hated to do a kindly deed, so he roared with rage, and said to the ruler: "For this you shall work in the mines of my rock-bound home. You shall never again see a ray of sunlight or know any other pleasure in life. Solitary work in the darkest corners of the gold mines shall be your portion."

"After you have made all my subjects wealthy and healthy," taunted the brave ruler, "of course the giant had to grant his wish in order to get him in his power. And, as the prince was taken from his palace by the giant, and fairly dragged along the streets, crowds of healthy, happy people thronged the way, and cried, 'We will come for you, Your Royal Highness; you shall not long remain in the giant's power.'"

The vast army of people went to the very edge of the giant's land with their ruler; but here a sheer wall of rock, thousands of feet high, stopped them, while the magic power of the giant waited him and his royal prisoner right over the wall and into the giant's castle. The giant only stayed long enough to set the ruler at work in the dark mines, and then he rushed off to the kingdom to secure more victims. The first person he saw was a gentle little maiden. She was seated before an open window, working on a wonderful piece of embroidery, in which, among soft tints of rainbow, gold and jewels gleamed gorgeous jewels and bands of gleaming gold.

"Ah! I need such a worker as this in my castle," thought the grim old giant; and he stopped before the open window. His great black shadow fell on the beautiful embroidery, darkened the radiant colors, and caused the young girl to look up. Now she was pretty well frightened when she saw this great giant before her; but she was both brave and quick-witted, and as she saw how dim her gold and jewels looked, now that the brilliant sunlight

was shut off from them, a thought popped right into her pretty head. "Oh, good morning, you big brute!" she cried. "I was just wishing for your help in this piece of embroidery I am doing for the royal palace. Now that you have made us all rich, I can buy all the gold and jewels that I wish. But I need one thing more. Will you get it for me?" "Yes, and take the embroidery and the pretty worker both to my castle," said the giant, in a tone he tried to make pleasant.

"Oh, you dear, kind giant!" said the maid, with a merry laugh. "I want to go, just as you are, in these beams, dancing on the grass behind you, to weave in my work. Then it will be perfect to you,—and she made the little pause, for she knew that the giant could never capture a sunbeam, and she went on mockingly, "well, you are a good natured fellow!" The giant was bent himself with rage, for he knew that the little maid had asked the one impossible thing. His punishment for his wicked life came so suddenly that he had not even time to answer her. At one and the same instant he was transported to an island in the middle of the sea, from which he could never return; while the rooky walls of his kingdom fell to the ground, and all the prisoners there came back to their homes to find their wealth and happiness.

"Here, Your Majesty, is the maid who has saved your kingdom!" they cried. The royal ruler took his jeweled crown from his head, and laid it on the head of the young girl, saying, "I greet thee, Queen of my kingdom!" "No, Your Majesty," answered the maid. "I should feel but sorrow if I had driven the giant from your kingdom only to force you from your throne."

"Then share my throne with me," said the ruler, who had fallen in love with her sweet face and pretty manners. "Come help me with your wisdom and kind heart to rule my kingdom." This the little embroiderer consented to do; and the wonderful embroidery, in which not only sunbeams, but moonbeams, and all the tints of sunset and sunrise, seemed to flash and mingle in rare beauty, became the wedding gown of the fairest and wisest queen that had ever been known in that land.—Christian Register.

MOTHER BEES, NOT QUEENS.

A Bee Master Says the Queen is the One Real Subject. "There are no queens, properly so called, in bee life," said the bee master of Pleasantville, N. J. "There are hundreds of hives in my garden, and there isn't a queen in any of them."

"If you keep a fairly close watch on the progress of any particular hive, it is very easy to see how the old false idea got into general use. At first glance a bee colony looks very much like a kingdom, and the single large bee that all the others pay court to and attend so carefully seems very like a queen.

"The mother bee seems, on the face of it, a miracle of intelligence and foresight. While as far as we know all other creatures, the queen brings forth her young of both sexes haphazard, this can lay male or female eggs apparently at will. You watch her going from comb to comb, and the eggs she drops in the small cells look out females, and those she puts in the larger cells are always males or drones.

"More than that, she seems always to know the exact condition of the hive and to be able to limit her egg laying according to its need or otherwise of population. For either you see her filling only a few cells each day in a little patch of comb that can be covered with the palm of your hand or she goes to work on a gigantic scale and in twenty-four hours produces eggs that weigh more than twice as much as her whole body.

"Then," he goes on in Van Norden's Magazine, "to cap all, as the honey season draws on to its height you are forced to think that the queen has received and is carrying through to scheme for the good of her subjects that would credit to the wisest ruler ever born in human purple.

"Every day of summer sunshine has brought thousands of young bees into the hive in getting overcrowded. Sooner or later one of two things must happen—either the increase of population must be checked or a great party must be formed to leave the old home and go out to establish another.

"The queen that the mother bee seems to prove beyond a doubt her wisdom and queenliness. She decides for the emigration, but as a leader must be found for the party and none is at hand she forms the resolve to lead it herself.

"At first it looks exactly like an accord cup in wax hanging from the under edge of the comb. Perhaps the next time you look the cup has grown to twice its original size and now you see it is half full of a glistening white jelly.

"The next time, maybe, you open the hive the accord has been added to the cup, the queen cell is sealed over and finished, and about a week later there comes out a full grown queen bee twice the size of the ordinary worker, and quite different in shape and often different in color. "If the mother bee really brought all this about queen would not be good enough name for her, but the truth is throughout all the wonder workings of the hive the queen is little more than an instrument, a kind of an automaton, merely doing what the workers compel her to do. "They are the real queens in the hive and the mother bee is the one and only subject. The birth of a queen is simply a question of where the eggs are laid. "Thousands and thousands of worker eggs are laid in a hive during the season, and each of those could be made into a queen if the workers chose; but the worker egg is laid in a small cell, and the larva is bred on a bare minimum of food at the least possible cost in time, trouble and space to the hive, while when a new queen is wanted a cell as big as your finger tip is built and the larva is stuffed like a prize pig through all its five days of active life

until, with unlimited food and time and room to grow in, it comes out at last a perfect mother bee."

MODERN DENTISTRY.

How Gold Inlays Are Made and Put Into the Teeth. The modern dentist now makes gold inlays as well as inlays of porcelain. In making an ordinary gold filling the cavity in the tooth is made larger within than at its opening, the walls thus contracting helping to hold the filling in. The cavity for a gold inlay must of course be at least as large at the opening as at any interior point, for the inlay is in a solid block.

There may be various reasons for putting into a tooth a gold inlay instead of a filling malleted in. For one reason it may be that the walls of the cavity are too frail to stand the malleting without danger of breaking, or it may be that the gold inlay is to go into a back, grinding tooth, where a malleted filling would not serve the purpose. An ordinary gold filling such as is malleted in is made of pure gold; if it were otherwise it could not be worked. A gold inlay can be alloyed to make it a degree of hardness sufficient to withstand use.

Porcelain inlays are commonly set in front teeth, where they do not show as a gold filling would. The porcelain powders of which such inlays are made are produced in a practically endless variety of shades, which can be further varied by combination.

It is possible to make a porcelain inlay that will match the surrounding tooth so perfectly that it is almost the closest inspection it is impossible to tell where the tooth leaves off and the inlay begins. Porcelain inlays, which are moulded into shape from the plastic material and then baked, may be set in grinding teeth, but this is not commonly done. A porcelain inlay that might not break if stepped on might break in a grinding tooth in use.

A perfect amalgam filling will wear as well and as long as the tooth in which it is set, but amalgam discolors in time, and there are persons who will not have an amalgam filling even in a back tooth, out of sight. For these people for a grinding tooth gold inlays are made.

In whatever sort of tooth the gold inlay is to be placed the cavity when drilled out is furrowed down its sides with little grooves, into which corresponding mouldings on the inlay will fit, this to hold the inlay more securely in place and the better to enable it to withstand pressure applied to it from various directions, and with the cavity finished a form or pattern is taken of it in wax. To one end of this little form or pattern in wax is thrust a delicate wire by which it can be handled without handling the form itself, and then this pattern is set in a tiny flask, and around it, as in a foundry the moulders pack sand around patterns in making moulds in bigger flasks, plaster is packed.

"When the tiny mould containing the wax pattern for the inlay has hardened the wire is drawn out of the pattern and the wax is melted out of the mould, and then there is the mould ready for the casting, which is done by the aid of various special appliances made for the purpose. Then you break the plaster and plaster mould and, there released, you have the gold inlay. It is set into place with cement, which after an hour or two in which to harden holds the inlay firmly and securely anchored. In due time later the dentist will grind it down around to make it perfectly flush with the surrounding tooth surface and polish it.—New York Sun.

Typewritten News.

The typewritten news sheet that has had to be issued in Stockholm because of the general strike to take the place of the regular printed newspaper suggests a quaint echo from the earliest days of English journalism. It was in 1696 that Richard Dawks, a "London correspondent" of the original sort, hit upon the idea of issuing his news letter printed in type to imitate writing, the first number being this announcement: "This letter will be done upon good writing paper, and the paper left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does undoubtedly exceed the best of the written news, contains double the quantity, is read with abundance more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand." Dawks proudly held in after years that "the Encouragements of the Day, and the Heads of the Foreign Mail, which he has in many times after the publication of the Printed Papers, so that they may have the chief news stirring."

A little white flag with a gold embroidered four-dials was presented by the duke of Marlborough at Windsor castle the other day. The bearer of the flag was ceremoniously escorted to the guardroom, where he placed the trophy over the effigy of the great duke of Marlborough. Like the duke of Wellington's horse, the Strathfieldsaye, Blenheim palace is held direct from the crown at the federal rent of one miniature flag a year. A grateful nation presented the first duke with £500,000 toward the building of Blenheim. The money was voted in an hour of excitement after the battle of Blenheim, and the duke afterward had such difficulty in getting the treasury to foot the bills that the palace was not completed during his life.—London Ion.

The Mazarin Bible. The first Bible printed from movable metal types was issued by Gutenberg at Mainz in 1452. It is sometimes called the "Mazarin Bible," because the copy that first attracted the attention of bibliographers was found some three hundred years later among the books of Cardinal Mazarin. It was discovered by Dupire a hundred years after the death of Mazarin, which occurred in 1661.

Steel Lifting Magnets. Lifting magnets have demonstrated their value in certain special lines of work and are now in daily use in many places. An aggregate weight of fifteen tons of rails is handled by magnets at the works of the United States steel plant at Gary, Ind. This comprises the "lock section" of a pile of rails which consists of a layer of track with alternate rails inverted so that the mass will hold together.

HOW CAN SHE DRESS ON \$15,000 A YEAR?

Giulia Morosini, Best Gowned New Yorker, Said to Be in Dilemma Over Estate Shrinkage.

SEE HAS NOW ONLY \$1,633,427

Society Fears She'll Have to Cut \$30,000 Wardrobe Allowance in Two to Keep Wolf Away.

"How on earth will New York's best dressed woman maintain her wardrobe on \$15,000 a year?" This was the question New York society asked when it heard that Miss Giulia Morosini would have to cut in two her annual allowance of \$30,000 for dress because her father's estate had been found to be only \$7,000,000, as supposed before the Surrogate court's records.

Miss Giulia was the favorite daughter of Giovanni P. Morosini, banker, who left her the greater part of his wealth. Her inheritance is placed at \$1,633,427, the interest on which at a 4 per cent rate would be only \$65,000 a year. To maintain the Morosini home in its accustomed style will cost it, it is said, \$50,000 a year, leaving only \$15,000 for the mistress's clothing account.

The young woman has been criticized for spending so much money on her wardrobe, but she always defends her course on the ground her expenditures poured the money into the hands of her father's employees.

"I believe in making myself as attractive through dress as I can. It is every woman's duty to her husband. I consider good taste in dress a matter of science. "Clothes draw on all of the works of nature for support. It is really wonderful to consider. From the depths of the earth we gather our jewels to adorn from the forest and field we get our fabric and color and from the very



MISS GIULIA MOROSINI.

WHY WOMEN REVOLT TO-DAY.

Well Known Writing Says "Weaker Sex Has Begun to Think. At present thoughtful women are going through a period of profound disheartenment; but disheartenment in their case is no check upon mental activity. A normal woman's faith in God is more largely based on respect for man than she suspects; when she loses respect for man her faith in God may not be lost, but it changes in character. God's decrees as they have been transmitted to her by man then become open to question, and she begins to substitute her own interpretations. Except in degenerate people there can be no such thing as "sex antagonism." Men have always frankly despised women without in the least disliking them. One woman here and there a man may respect, but toward women in general his attitude will remain for the most part kindly contemptuous.

Nowadays the attitude of woman toward men is very much the same, says Sarah Grant in the London Chronicle, and when they can do neither they suffer a disastrous change of nature. Men's ideals are unaffected by the profound conviction that woman is the inferior animal, but when women see only the inferior animal in man, it acts upon them as the loss of faith acts upon certain temperaments. It destroys

FIRST STEAMBOAT IN THE WORLD.



THE CLERMONT.

The first steamboat in the world, the Clermont, invented and made by Robert Fulton a hundred years ago, and then put into commission on the Hudson river, was reproduced to be used in the great Hudson-Fulton celebration recently held in New York. Little did the wondering, fun-loving people of that period dream of the honors that would be paid to Fulton a hundred years hence. They are now all forgotten, but the memory of Fulton still remains green. This celebration was the greatest in which the people of New York and the surrounding country have participated in since the days of Fulton. If Fulton could only come back to see what has transpired in Uncle Sam's vineyard, and on the world's waterways, since he went away he would be more astonished over other big things that have come to pass than he would be over the great steamboats that have followed the Clermont—for he told the people when they were laughing at him that the Clermont was only the beginning.

THE STREET-CORNER GIRL.

Her Unconsidered Acts Shut Her Out From Social Advancement.

Horace Wendall, the well-known banker, was on his way to the office of Dr. Richards, the even better-known physician. It was half past 2 in the afternoon—an utterly impossible hour as he had informed the physician; but Dr. Richards had quietly said it was the only hour at which he could give him treatment, and had added that the walk from the banker's office to his own residence was a matter of minutes. Mr. Wendall had yielded, as people always did with Dr. Richards.

He walked briskly, to lose as little time as possible, yet even so he smiled sympathetically at a group on the corner of Bellevue avenue—a pretty, bright-faced schoolgirl with two high braids. The girl made him think of Jessica, his own little niece and adopted daughter, who was the apple of his eye.

The next day, half-unconsciously, he looked up as he reached the corner. The pretty schoolgirl was there again, this time with three boys; they had the air of having lagged for some time; and this afternoon Mr. Wendall did not smile.

During the next three weeks there was scarcely a school-day that the girl was not standing upon the corner with one or more boys. Once she reached up and touched the ears of one of the boys, once, a man passing, glanced insolently at her. The banker, still thinking of his little Jessica, wondered gravely if the girl had missed before.

It was the next night that Jessica brought home a schoolmate to dinner. She had talked a great deal lately of Carolyn Edson,—her brightest, her popularity, her generosity,—and Uncle Horace always wanted to meet her friends. As for the girls, they were always delighted with him. But this evening Jessica seemed to go wrong. Carolyn Edson, once a man passing, glanced insolently at her. The banker, still thinking of his little Jessica, wondered gravely if the girl had missed before.

After Carolyn had gone, Uncle Horace called Jessica to him. "Little girl," he said, "have I always been nice to your friends?" "A dear," Jessica answered, promptly. "The girls all adore you so that I'm jealous most of the time." "Then will you trust a blundering old uncle when he asks you not to see very much of this particular one—because he happens to know that she isn't quite the kind of girl that he wants his little girl to know?" Jessica was silent a long while; then she said, quietly, "You have the right, Uncle Horace."

"That was the way it happened that Carolyn Edson, though herself somehow 'left out' at the wedding, was a harsh judgment, perhaps, but life has a fashion of exacting heavy payment.—Youth's Companion.

CHILDREN'S HEALTH INSURED.

When They Work for Wages Frequent Sickness Means Death.

The insurance has become in less than thirty years part of the warp of German life, Mudge Jennings says in Harper's Magazine. It affects the life of the masses like common school education with endless meaning and issue. Twelve million people have sickness insurance; 14,000,000 are insured against invalidism and old age; 19,000,000 against accident. When a boy begins his apprenticeship at 16 he begins his insurance. Even children under age who work for wages out of school hours are required to insure for invalidism and old age. The men in labor colonies must be insured, and prisoners hired out by the state. In every factory one meets it; in every tenement. It has been estimated that, of the insured their families, who are also protected by the insurance, one-half the population of the empire is reached by this vast imperial backing of peace.

Germany is developing very fast industrially. The average wage of a laborer is 30 cents a day twenty years ago; it is now 60 or 75 cents, and the cost of living has risen correspondingly—in reality far more. Sickness pensions are reckoned in general at one-half the wages of the class of labor under consideration, and the pension in the lowest class is thus set under the present law at 15 cents a day—an income upon which to live in any industrial town in modern Germany, however small, is only words, words, words. One could laugh sometimes at the involutions of this vast web of social legislation, but it is not so. The acts are promptly and surely executed when a pensioner's claim is established, but the official supposition in Germany is always that you are wrong; you must prove that you are right; innumerable precautions are taken to guard against the practice of fraud; a sick man may spend months completing the formalities of his claim.

Our idea of a sensible woman is one who doesn't consider it any sign of social distinction to have a trained nurse sitting on her front porch. When a barber cuts you, he usually says it was the result of your shaving yourself the day before with a safety razor. All men are brave until they are called upon to make good.



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Home for Children

MOTHER'S GUARDIAN. I'm not a-goin' to cry, so there! I haven't shed a tear. Since I was just a little boy— It must be most last year. I ain't afraid—I'm brave as brave! There's nothing in the dark! I'll go alone right up the stairs! Without a whimper. Hark! I thought I heard a funny noise! I can't see anything! It's awful dark for little boys— I think I'd better sleep.

"There is a happy land"—Oh, dear, I guess I'm selfish, quite— I'll just run back for dear mamma, For she might have a fright. —May Willow in the Washington Star.

HER PET SNAILS.

I have never seen a letter about snails, and so I thought I would write about them.

While in the country this summer I found a great many forest snails of all sizes in a pile of rocks, and I brought five of them home with me. Now they live in a large wooden box in which is a thick layer of dirt and moss. Two large flat stones, one on top of the other, help to make the "snailery." The snails, in their natural home, and a saucer of water sunk in one corner completes it. Unlike canaries and goldfish, snails require very little attention, as all they require is an apple or some leaves of lettuce for food each day. Even if neglected for a few days, they will not get sick.

Snails glide about more in damp than in dry weather, so I occasionally wet the stones and dirt in their box. I like to watch my pets, as they about horns stretched out to their greatest extent, they go in search of something to eat. A snail eats by scraping the food with his lip-like tongue. He accomplishes more than one would suppose in this way.

Many people do not like snails because of their sliminess, but I think that they are very interesting, as so much can be learned about them by close observation.—Emma Seipp, in the New York Tribune.

PROCESSION OF FAT ONES.

This is the time of year when many American cities are afflicted with a procession of fat in Marlborough. The procession is now on, and it flows steadily year after year. Women flock to the Marlborough springs from every country in Europe, but the American women, the majority of any nation, there are social leaders among us who are not as svelte as their pictures make them. In the photographing of society women in any event, is a fraud that harms nobody. There are many ways of tricking the camera. For instance, the American women when they have finished the Marlborough treatment, will lay in a stock of photographs sufficient to last over a year. These women go to Marlborough fat and come away thin and presentable. And no sooner have they left the springs than they begin again their hearty eating, careless drinking and fatiguing life of general indolence. A little exercise every day would make the Marlborough expedition unnecessary, but it is the comfort-loving spoiled pet of society doing that.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.

In an artist's opinion it is better not to employ hair ornaments at all than to use them without study. The woman who will put a glaring black bow-angular hair ornament on her face, which also may be a world of curves, is very foolish. She needs softly folded leaves, half concealed jewels to add grace to her coiffure. The "too much" is the rock with which most women find shipwreck in their coiffure. Not content with two knots of ribbon, they will add a third—one rose will not satisfy them, but they must pin in half a dozen. Nor are the majority of women able to decide of themselves where a hair ornament should be placed to add to their beauty.

IN THE COUNTRY.

You may like to read of my first stay in the country. We have a boys' guild in our church, and we all went camping recently. The first night I could not sleep. The noises were so strange to me, the singing of the whippoorwills and humming insects. The cows had bells on their necks, and the man in charge of us said the cows were ringing up their faces. We used to take long walks, and sometimes we would get a ride home to the camp on a coal wagon or on the back of a carriage. The farmers were very nice; they often let us ride with them. It was so interesting to climb trees with no one to chase you. I gained eight pounds. How nice it must be to live in the country all the time! I felt sorry to have to come back to the city.—James H. Campbell, in the New York Tribune.

STEPPED ON HER FOOT.

A little girl, just able to talk, went to the lake shore. The waves were gently rippling on the beach; and when her father was not looking, the child managed to get one foot wet. She ran to her father with tears in her eyes, and sobbed, "Papa, take step on baby's foot!"—Christian Register.

Military Piety.

During the Civil War the late Colonel Gabe "Buck" Wood used a regiment which he controlled as a dictator. "I am a humble servant of the Lord," said an itinerant evangelist who had wandered into camp one day, "endeavoring to save the souls of the misfortunate. I have just left the camp of the—Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into the paths of righteousness."

Adjustment.

"Adjustment," thundered Colonel "Buck" after a moment's pause, "dealt ten men for baptism. No 4—Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety."—Success Magazine.

Oh, it's you, is it?

I have been having a game with these fellows and they tried to cheat me. "Oh, it's you, is it? I have been having a game with these fellows and they tried to cheat me."