BALLAD OF THE ALARM CLOCK.

I bought a clock not long ago,
To give me timely warning
That I must rise in time to go
To business in the morning.

Yet now I loathe its pallid face,
Set round with inky numbers,
And hate the gong upon its case,
That shatters my sweet slumbers.

A rounded horror, nickeled bright!
I'd sooner take a licking
Than waken in the dead of night,
And hear the thing a-ticking.

Now hushed to a low, scarce heard beat,
Now loud as drums in battle;
Now deathly slow and then so fleet
It makes the whole case rattle.

I wrap it in a coverlet
And in my closet stow it;
Then try my best to sleep—and yet
It's ticking, and I know it.

Worn out at length, my eyelids close;
Then, with a sudden clanging,
And jingle-jangle, off it goes,
A-gurgling and a-whanging.

—Chicago-Record.

Damages Wanted

By

FREDA BENNETT

"Haven't you forgotten something, dear?" With a half-injured, quizzical look Nora Merrill stood in mock despair awaiting the return of the man, who, half way down the stairs, turned at the sound of her voice and sheepishly clambered back.

"Forgive me, sweetheart," he said, after having somewhat more than made up for his omission. "That affair drove everything from my mind for a moment. But you know what it means to me, and consequently, I hope, to you."

"But I don't know what it means to you. All I know is that you were to take me to the theatre tonight and here it is five o'clock and you burst in on me all excited, and rush off again leaving me to be satisfied with the remark that something is in the wind, and goodness knows what it can be, that compels you to postpone our theatre trip. Something that may mean much to us both; something you don't wish to tell me until you make sure the news is good."

"Trust me, dear," replied the young man, watch in hand, palpably anxious to be off. "I'll be over tomorrow at 10 and tell you all about it. Just one more," and suiting the action to the word, he dashed down the stairs, again leaving behind him a tearful and perplexed girl.

Slowly she turned back, every nerve a-quiver with resentment over such cavalier treatment. Glancing to the floor the first object that met her eye was a slip of yellow paper protruding from beneath the chair her fiance had occupied for the few short moments he had been in the room. "A telegram," she murmured. "Phil must have dropped it accidentally." She held it, still folded, for a short while, waging a feeble struggle against her natural desire to read it. "I feel like an eavesdropper," she continued aloud, "but oh, I am so worried. I must know what it says." In feverish haste she unfolded the message and read the words that turned her to icy coldness:

"Mr. Philip Dacre, Hotel Bennison, Boston, Mass.:

"Play Fall River tonight; will expect you before the show.

"MAY."

Sick at heart she crushed the bit of paper in her hand and staggering across the room to a divan, fell limply upon it, sobbing to the verge of exhaustion. At length she arose, her pale face set with grim determination. Straightening out and folding the telegram, she placed it in her corsage; then, in a revulsion of feeling, hastily tore it from such too intimate association with her person, placed it in a desk, and with a mental "Until 10 to-morrow" bravely dabbed the few remaining tears from her eyes and left the room.

Philip Dacre was a clever young man, if somewhat impecunious as most young dramatists are apt to be. His undergraduate play, written not so long ago but that its pungent phrases and scintillating dialogue were still the talk of the faculty, decided his career. Except for the production of a few short sketches in vaudeville, nothing of moment from his pen had succeeded in breaking through the wall of managerial indifference, the wall that of late had seemed to become more and more impenetrable. Time and again had he confided his plans and hopes to the dear little woman whom he had just left, plans and hopes that had all come to naught. Tardily had come to him the wisdom of accomplishing first and talking afterward. "I might have told her at least that Deane wanted to see me, even if nothing came of it," he mused. "However, tonight will tell the tale and if everything goes through Nora won't mind having been left in the dark for a while." And he hurried on.

Precisely at 10 the next morning, his face glowing in pleased anticipation of his reception, young Dacre rang the bell at the home of Miss Merrill and a moment later, with a cheery "Good morning, dear," inclined his head for the expected kiss.

"One moment, please," she coldly remarked, avoiding him. "How did you find May?"

In bewildered astonishment came the reply. "May who?"

"Possibly you did not see a young lady on your trip?"

"Yes, I saw about five."

"Oh, the Turk," she mentally ejaculated. Then aloud, "And May was there, no doubt?"

"What in the world are you talking about, dearie?" For reply she moved swiftly to her escritoire and nervously fumbling among some papers in it presently drew forth the telegram, holding it behind her back. "Did you receive a telegram yesterday?" she asked, eyeing him intently.

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"Was it the cause of your breaking your engagement with me for last evening?"

"Yes, it was. And now," his face lighting up in amused expectation of her discomfiture, "would you like to see it?" And he took out his wallet to find the bit of paper. She let him search for a while and in reply to his "Why, I must have lost it," coolly remarked. "Yes, you lost it and chose a very good place to drop it. After you left I found this message under the chair you had been sitting upon."

With a queer look of anxiety at her he took the telegram and glanced at it. "Yes," he said, "this is the mes——" and suddenly shrieking with laughter he dropped into a chair, convulsed with merriment, unable to speak for a moment. Then assuming an injured air he started. "Nora, dear——"

"Don't you ever call me 'dear' again," she cried violently.

"Nora, dear," he repeated, with emphasis, "did you ever hear me speak of my friend Maxwell Deane, one of Frolasco's managers?"

"Yes," she replied, "he is travelling with the new play 'Forget-me-not,' I believe."

"Precisely. Having doubts of the success of the play, I submitted my new play to him. They have been trying out 'Forget-me-not' on the road before taking it to New York for a run, but the play is a frost and will be taken off. Mine goes on in two weeks; good old Max worked up a hearing for it and wired me yesterday to come on and see him."

"But the telegram?" she asked, still incredulous. "I fail to see who May is, and why she also should have sent for you."

Before replying he walked over to her side, placed an unresisted arm about her waist, and leaning over whispered with stage accents into her astonished ear, "Read M-A-X for M-A-Y. The stupid telegraph operator made a mistake. I did not notice it yesterday."

The tension relaxed, her limp form swayed against his and through tears of mingled joy and indignation she managed to say, "Oh, Phil, dear, don't you think we ought to sue them?" But his amused, happy reply did not take the form of words.—Boston Post.

THE MIDDLE AGED MAN.

Something Said to Him by the Dentist Sets Him Thinking.

"My dentist tells me," said the middle aged man, "that my teeth will last as long as I do; and when he said that to me I was at first pleased, because then it seemed to mean simply that I still had pretty good teeth, good for a long time yet, and I thought that some day I would say to him, sort of half jokingly:

"'Doctor, you tell me my teeth will last as long as I will—about how long do you think my teeth will last?'

"In that way, you see, by indirection I am going to get a line on how much longer he thought I was likely to live; and as I thought that over I smiled to myself, thinking that was a pretty bright idea, but do you know that when I came to think it over again I didn't ask him finally? I didn't.

"Because I think he knows. I have been going to him now for years and he knows my teeth through and through. He knows by them how old I am and he knows their rate of wear exactly and how much longer they will last, and he could tell me how much longer I will last. But I haven't asked him because I don't want to know, I don't want to know at all.

"As a matter of fact I think that when we come to my time of life we don't much fancy dwelling on that; though there are times when it seems to intrude itself when we realize that the years ahead of us are not so many as—well, as they were some years ago, when life seemed to us interminable. Any actuary could tell us what our expectation of life may be at the present moment.

"We expect, of course, that we are going to live longer, to be the exception, but even if we should so prove we can count the years still coming to us without using many figures. We are getting to where we can see the end if we look that way, and I can't say that I have any fear of it, but I certainly don't find any pleasure in contemplating it; I'd rather stay.

"So I haven't asked the dentist because I don't want to know. The thought of it does drift in on me once in a while, but when it does I shunt it off and get busy and keep plugging and take a cheerful view.

"I'm glad my teeth are good, anyhow."—New York Sun.

FAMOUS TEA DRINKERS.

Johnson Heads the List With a Capacity of 25 Cups at a Sitting.

Napoleon, like Johnson, was a hardened tea drinker, and so, a century later, was Mr. Gladstone, who confessed that "he drank more tea between midnight and 4 in the morning than any other member of the House of Commons, and that the strongest brew of it never interfered with his sleep."

The dish of tea was one of the most important factors in Johnson's life. Proficiency in the gentle art of tea brewing was regarded by him as an essential attribute of the perfect woman, and there can be no doubt that his female friends (and their name was legion) did their best to gratify his amiable weakness.

Richard Cumberland tells us, says the Gentlewoman, that his inordinate demands for his favorite beverage were occasionally difficult to comply with. On Sir Joshua Reynolds reminding him that he had already consumed eleven cups he replied: "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why should you number my cups of tea?" adding laughingly and in perfect good humor: "Sir, I should have released our hostess from any further trouble, but you have reminded me that I want one more cup to make up the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my score."

When he saw the complacency with which the lady of the house obeyed his behests he said cheerily: "Madam, I must tell you for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did a while ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have yours. She asked me for no other purpose than to make a zany of me and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of; so, madam, I had my revenge on her, for I swallowed five and twenty cups of her tea."

Cumberland declared that his wife would gladly have made ten for Johnson "as long as the New River could have supplied her with water," for it was then, and then only, he was seen at his happiest moments.

On his Scottish tour his inexorable demands for tea sorely tried the patience of Lady Macleod of Dunvegan, who after giving him his sixteenth cup suggested that further supplies in a small basin might be agreeable to him.

"I wonder, madam," he answered roughly, why all the ladies ask me such questions. It is to save yourself trouble, madam, and not me."

The lady was discreetly silent, and resumed her task.

FRENCH WRITERS EARN LESS.

Translation of Foreign Novels Have Spoiled the Market.

While the serial story is if anything more popular than ever as a newspaper feature in France, Robert Sherard writes in "My Friends the French" that the remuneration of the writers of this kind of fiction is not as good as it used to be.

That is because the editors find they can get very good fiction from foreign publishers. The payment for the translation rights of a good English, Russian, Italian or German novel would not amount to the twentieth part of the fee which would be demanded by one of the popular masters of the feuilleton.

Formerly these fees were very large. According to the Bookman, Jules Mary used to receive 30,000 francs for first serial use of one of his thrillers. That would represent about half of what the manuscript would produce, for after the tale had appeared in the paper the publishers who issue tales in ten centime parts would pay him another 25,000 francs for this use.

D'Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans," received a franc and a half a line. One of his novels, "An Angel's Remorse," brought him 70,000 francs. But free trade in fiction, says Mr. Sherard, has injured the home manufacturers. The French publishers can get good translations for low sums. Hachette whenever a large price is asked for an English novel produces a receipt signed by Charles Dickens. It is for a sum of twenty pounds and refers to a novel called "David Copperfield."

CARE OF OLD GLASS.

Sawdust as a Polisher—Potato Skins to Clean Decanters.

Antique glass which does not require mending but is dim and lustreless may be made to shine and sparkle once more if it is washed in water to which a little ammonia has been added.

Soapsuds spell ruination to crystal ware, while drying it with a duster only serves to dim it still more. After having rinsed and left it to soak in ammonia water, using a soft brush if the glass is cut into facets and the dirt has caught in the squares the article should be placed in a box and covered with sawdust. After an hour it will be found that the wood dust has dried the glass and given it a bright lustre.

The old fashioned cut crystal decanters which are so much used nowadays become almost hopelessly discolored when they have held old port or any wine which leaves a deposit. To clean them an old fashioned remedy is that of finely chopped potato skins with which the decanter should be filled, and a cork inserted in the mouth in place of the stopper. This should be left for three days for the skins to ferment, when it should be well shaken, emptied and rinsed with clear water. The decanter should either be reversed and left to drain for a day or two or may be dried more expeditiously at the side of the stove.—London Evening Standard.

THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

How the Zuni Indians Have Marked the Spot by a Crude Shrine.

Why all this fuss and controversy as to whether it was Cook or Peary, or either of them, or both, that discovered the north pole? Surely the centre of the earth is as important as either extremity; and the Zuni Indians have the centre safely corralled and appropriately marked upon their reservation. They feel quite sure of it, and that ought to be sufficient.

In the Zuni cosmogony, the earth is conceived of as flat, and shaped like a pancake. Being a chosen people of the gods, they were commanded early in their tribal career to go to the exact centre of the world, and there build their homes; and one of the most interesting legends of the people relates the story of their wanderings in search of the middle place, and tells how they knew it when they reached it. It is about 200 yards south of their village in western New Mexico, thirty-five miles south of Gallup, on the Santa Fe route. It is marked by a crude shrine, built like a bake oven, out of flat stones. Two large removable flagstones close the entrance, which faces the rising sun.

On the top are a number of concretionary formations, known to the Indians as thunder stones. In the interior are large numbers of feather tufted prayer sticks, and several earthenware vessels filled with sacred meal. Numerous ceremonial dances, in the nature of rainmaking rites, are performed around this holy place.—Kansas City Star.

One Louisiana Woman in Office.

"There is but one woman in Louisiana who holds a State office, and special legislation had to be enacted so she could be eligible," said Captain R. B. Milroy of New Orleans. "Under the terms of the Louisiana statute before any person can hold a public office of any description it is necessary for such person to be an elector, and as women can't vote in our State the prohibition is almost absolute. Because of the peculiar fitness and ability of Miss Jean Gordon it was desired that she be made factory inspector, and so her friends were instrumental in having an amendment to the law passed that authorized the employment of women in certain specified cases.

"Since then a Miss McCall was elected to be superintendent of schools of one of our parishes, but it is not considered at all probable that she will be deemed eligible to act, as her case is entirely different from that of Miss Gordon. The Attorney General has the question under advisement, and it is not a hard guess that he will have to decide against the lady."—Baltimore American.

The Value Word of Praise.

What more inspiring than a word of praise from those we love? It never breeds vanity; it just makes us want to be more worthy.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

BEWARE OF THE MAN WHO TELLS.

By Bart Kennedy.

If you have a brick handy, present it without ceremony to the man who is always telling you what other people say about you. You will injure him with the brick, and you will doubtless be locked up for assault; but you will gain in the end. For you will have rid yourself of a friend who is more dangerous than the most dangerous foe.

Gossip in itself is not a bad thing at all. And even scandal is shorn in a vast measure of its power to injure when the person about whom it is circulated knows nothing of it. If you don't know what people are saying about you, the thing largely is, in effect, not said. And, even if you do know what is said, absolutely the best way of dealing with it is to wear a bold, unconscious front. If you do this you will always find people to take your part. This is as true of human nature as it is true that it loves gossip and scandal.

It is the one who tells who really causes the trouble. This dealer in the truth that is necessarily in part a lie causes more mischief than any other kind of criminal. I say criminal advisedly, for the man or the woman who is in the habit of telling people what others say about them creates far more mischief and causes far more misery than the more honest and bolder type of criminal who is sent into penal servitude. The law is unable to touch them, I know; but their crimes are those that the law is unable to punish.

COMPETITION AND BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

By Prof. George B. Foster.

How does it come that weaker man has maintained his place upon the earth, while much stronger animals of the primeval world succumbed to their fate long ago? Only through social life, only through the bond of common, if so be, primitive order, the first traces of civilization! And the higher humanity has ascended the ladder of development, the clearer is it to be seen that the power which makes man strong to triumph in the battle of life, thus to fill the law of social progress, consists in increased capacity to serve the interests of other men, to understand the problems of other men, and to serve other men's lives.

In fair competition man sees all the foolish scheming and striving which goes on around him and makes him sorry for the people; he tries to be strong so that he may not be upset by the general confusion of moral ideas; he feels that he must be better, even if he stands alone, than all his so-called competitors. If he remains strong, he will become ever stronger, ever freer, a fountain of life, a stirring example for others, showing them new paths of life. It is ours, then, to seek the best, to excel all who lag behind in that which is truly human, good and great. The truest love, the finest sense for truth, open righteousness, magnanimity, and gentleness—in a word, brotherhood—all this secures a victory in which the vanquished share in the triumph!

POWER OF MORAL COURAGE IN WAR.

By Lieut. Gen. Reginald C. Hart.

It is instructive to study the moral forces that contributed so largely to the Japanese victories. It is sufficient to say that religion, call it any other name you like, enters into the daily private and public life of the whole nation. Boys and girls alike are brought up to treat their parents with honor, respect and unselfish devotion, and to revere past generations to whom all living men are so much indebted. In Japan the young men and women of the nobility and wealthy classes would think it dishonorable to devote the best years of their lives to idleness and the result of selfish pleasure, because they are taught that it is wrong not to work.

The causes of courage are mostly moral. There is some mysterious working in the minds of ordinary men that gives a force of character that determines them to ignore or control the strong natural instinct of self-preservation and to accept self-sacrifice more or less completely.

Religious feeling is a moral cause that produces an almost irresistible moral force. We need only recall the religions enthusiasm of the followers of Moses, Joshua, Mohammed, Cromwell and scores of others. Indeed, the greatest things have been done by armies of God-fearing men.

FATHER THE BEST ADVISER OF THE BOY.

By John A. Howland.

As a matter of stern, hard common sense truth, most of the advice which to-day is given to the young man in person, long before ought to have been impressed upon the father, in order that the growing boy and young man might have been made open to all else that may come to him in spoken advice and personal experience.

It isn't easy to train the normal boy, who is overfull of high spirits and lightness of heart and feet and hands. But when it is brought home to him that some of his heedless actions just a little later in life may "put him out of business"—the application is direct and indisputable.

Hold that boy to his accountabilities as you would hold the stranger boy. If you won't do this, don't ask that son to do anything. Open, irresponsible idleness is the better for him by far. He will have a better show, wholly without training, then if lazily and indifferently half trained.

THE SPEED OF THE PIGEON.

Racing pigeons are the fleetest of all creatures. They have maintained a speed of a mile and a half a minute for a hundred miles, according to a writer in Collier's, and they have flown seven hundred miles between the rising and the setting of the sun.

Pigeons have flown a thousand miles back to the home loft. In 1904 a bird covered that distance in five days, two hours and fifteen minutes, proving how unerring is the mysterious homing instinct that will drive them across the continent without swerving. But this test is not true sport. The birds simply hurl themselves against time and space till they are played out. They can never race again.

The racer rises into the air with heavy, slow wing pulsations, then, once poised over the starting point, there is a swifter, shorter beat, and the time is "hit up" to the third and permanent wing rhythm, rapid and steady as a pulse beat, which carries them home.

They fly three hundred feet high over land, but low over water. Their enemies as they fly are wind, rain, gunners and hawks. They do all their flying between sunrise and sunset. If caught out overnight, they fend for themselves till dawn.

The homing instinct is lifelong. During the Franco-Prussian War the Germans caught a homing pigeon which was on its way into beleaguered Paris. The bird was kept prisoner for ten years. It was then released. It immediately returned to its old home.

GREAT NORWEGIAN POET.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, who has been seriously ill in Paris, may be called the Grand Old Man of Norwegian literature and drama. He was born in 1832, and in 1857 became director of the theater at Bergen. From 1860 to 1862 he lived in Denmark, Italy and Germany, and from the latter year to 1872 was director of the Christiania Theater and editor of the Norske Folkeblad. In 1874 he bought a farm in the heart of Norway, where he has since generally spent the summer, at other seasons living much in Paris, Rome and the Tyrol. Among his works that have been translated into English are two novels of Norwegian peasant life, "A Happy Boy" and "The Fisher Lass," and among others "The Heritage of the Kurts," "Paul Lange" and "Laboremus." He is the author of numerous plays, his latest having only recently been in rehearsal at Dresden.

Not Qualified.

Two men were getting warm over a simple difference of opinion.

They turned to the third man.

"Isn't a home-made strawberry shortcake better than a cherry pie?" demanded one of them.

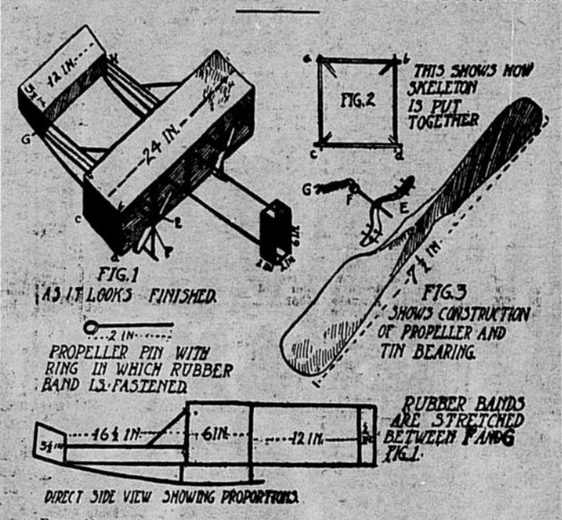
"Isn't a home-made cherry pie better than any shortcake?" inquired the other.

The third man shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I board."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dead men tell no tales, but some of them leave a lot of unprinted manuscript.

ANY BRIGHT BOY WITH TOOLS CAN NOW MAKE AN UP-TO-DATE AEROPLANE ALL BY HIMSELF.



Boys, if you follow these plans, you can make an aeroplane that will fly. First, buy a bamboo fishpole. Study the plan and cut pieces of the proper length. Split the pole to get pieces a quarter of an inch wide. This gives very stout and light rods.

Make three box forms, according to the scale in the plans. Don't drill holes in the bamboo, but bind the ends together with heavy linen thread, moistened with glue. Cover the tops and ends of these boxes with a light linen cloth, tightly stretched. Glue the cloth to the framework and then paint the cloth with a mixture which you obtain by shaving a paraffin candle into a pint of benzine, allowing the mixture to dissolve over night. Now you have three boxes. One is the forward rudder. It is 12 inches long and 3½ inches square. The largest box is the main biplane. It is 24 inches long and 6 inches square. The smaller box is the rear rudder, which stands upright. The larger box ought to be well braced with six uprights, three in front and three in the rear.

Any boy who will study the plans carefully can see how the boxes are fastened together in their proper relations. The forward box, which does the lifting, ought to be tilted upward.

Underneath the aeroplane fasten two runners, which will take up the shock when the flyer alights. The next thing is to carve two propellers. Fasten on the middle of these, with small tacks, a tin plate and solder strongly to the plate the wire propeller pin, which is shown in the drawing. A glass bead ought to be placed between the propeller and the frame at E to act as a washer.

Get two long, light rubber bands—they ought to be at least eighteen inches in length. Attach one end of the rubbers to the propeller pins and the other to the framework at G and H. Twist the rubbers about 150 times, being careful that both propellers are equally "wound." Release the aeroplane when holding it above your head, holding the propellers with your thumbs until you are ready to allow the plane to fly. By adjusting the fore and rear rudders you will finally be able to direct your aeroplane in the air as you please. By keeping the rubbers covered with talcum powder, they will last longer than otherwise.

FIRST PURE FOOD CRUSADE.

Napoleon Offered a Prize for a New Method of Preservation.

Napoleon Bonaparte instigated the first pure food "crusade." In so doing he brought about a revolution in natural canning processes. In improved form they are in use in the United States to-day. Records of the French Academy of Science, just lately unearthed in Paris, have laid bare the whole pure food history.

There was strong objection to the manner in which the "Little Corsican's" soldiers were compelled to carry food and eat it while on the march. So strenuously did the French nation voice its disgust at the methods then in vogue that Napoleon directed that the academy offer a prize of 12,000 francs to the man who could keep foods indefinitely in their natural preservatives, such as were then believed to be in use, and which included salt, sugar, vinegar and smoke.

Nicholas Appert won the 12,000 francs. He discovered what has since been perfected into the present-day method of canning, for he simply inclosed the food in airtight containers and subjected the whole to such a degree of heat that the contents received a thorough sterilization. The vessels which Appert used were clumsy. He was handicapped in his efforts by poor utensils. However, he originated the fundamental principle which is used in American canneries to-day, the Denver Times says. Now, however, in place of Appert's crude vessels, fruits, vegetables and the like are placed in bright, new, clean cans, which are made airtight. The second division of the process is the subjection of the cans to intense heat. Boiling water at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit is the natural sterilizer in which thousands upon thousands of cans are allowed to stand for a given length of time. If cooked by steam or in a retort at from 240 to 260 degrees or more, the product is not given as long a period of sterilization. Science, since Appert's day, has determined the length of time necessary. The operation is simple, yet the process is all-important. Absolutely nothing more than heat is necessary to keep the delicacies in a pure state for years. The sterilization process in the case of canned tomatoes requires only fifteen minutes at the highest temperature to forty minutes at the lowest. As a result there is no necessity to-day for the seventeenth century use of the chemicals or drugs which held sway before Napoleon presented Appert with the 12,000 francs for his discovery. An authority on food points out that even though a preservative be added the cans would be compelled to go through the same process, so there is no incentive for foreign substances.

Fast and Slow.

The Father—I learn with sorrow, my son, that you are getting to be what they term quite fast. The Son—You shouldn't believe all you hear, dad. I'll introduce you to a man who will tell you another story. The Father—And who is he? The Son—My tailor. He says I'm the slowest chap he's got on his books.

For the Little Folks

SOCIAL AMENITIES.

Mamma, as kitty here and I
Were through the garden prancing,
Mrs. Van Etten Brown came by
And stopped to watch us dancing.

And then she said: "Why howdye do?
You'll come and see me, maybe,
And bring the kitten with you, too
It would amuse my baby.

Then up I spoke, as speak I should,
And said it was a pity
She had not brought the child, as 'twould
Amuse my precious Kitty.

—Washington Star.

WHO CARVED THE TURKEY?

Grandma smiled over spectacles at the big supper-table full of uncles aunts, and cousins.

"Our two biggest turkeys are all stuffed and roasted," she said. "There's nothing to do to them to-morrow except to heat them in the oven"—

"And carve them," said little Cousin Emma.

"Oh, and eat 'em," said little Cousin Jimmie.

When supper was over, grandpa, grandma, uncles, aunts, and cousins all trooped out to the big kitchen to take a look at the turkeys. On the way, just coming into the dining-room, they met Taffy, the yellow kitten.

Taffy was so round and soft and purry, that Marjory, the littlest cousin of all, picked him up and carried him back to the kitchen.

There on the table, side by side, lay the two Thanksgiving turkeys. Such big, brown, crispy turkeys they were, just to see them and smell them made everybody's mouth water.

"Twins, like Billy and Dilly," cried little Cousin Edith.

"One's just a teeny weeny bit smaller than the other," said Cousin Maurice, getting as close as he could.

"You shall carve one, Dan," said grandpa, "and Tom or Joseph or Fred the other."

"Grandpa does so hate to carve a fowl," said grandma. "Most always, when we're alone, I have to."

One after another, the uncles shook their heads.

"I can't carve a turkey," said Uncle Tom. "Esther always helps me out."

"But not this time," laughed Aunt Esther.

"Em will," said Uncle Dan.

"Not I," said Aunt Emma.

Then one after another, all the aunts shook their heads.

Taffy had jumped from Marjory's arms. He stood, now, with his fore feet on Dilly's shoulder, and his hind feet on Billy's. Billy and Dilly were never far apart.

Taffy arched his furry yellow back. He looked at the turkeys. His eyes gleamed. "Mew!" he said in Dilly's ear. Then he began to purr.

"His purr sounds like a saw-mill," cried Billy.

Uncles, aunts, and cousins all trooped back to the parlor. Taffy rode on Billy's shoulder. He looked wondrous wise. But he said nothing.

Grandpa and grandma waited to put the twin turkeys away. The biggest one grandpa set on the top shelf in the pantry where the mince pies stood. The other one grandma set on a lower shelf with the pumpkin pies.

Next morning, bright and early, grandma came into the kitchen. Susy, the maid, was just coming out of the pantry. Her round, rosy face was pale.

"The turkey's gone," she gasped.

"Gone?" cried grandma from the kitchen doorway.

"Gone?" cried the uncles and aunts from the dining-room.

"Gone?" cried the cousins, here, there, and everywhere.

"Gone!" repeated Susy. She held up a large empty platter.

Uncle, aunts, and cousins—as many as could get in—followed grandma and Susy into the pantry.

One turkey was found, safe and sound, among the mince pies. On the lower shelf was the long row of golden pumpkin-pies, but no turkey. In one of the pies were some queer little footprints. By and by, in the furthest, darkest corner of the pantry, grandma found the remains of the turkey from the lower shelf. Not far away, stuffed till he couldn't wash his paws, lay Taffy sound asleep. A half-picked wish-bone was near him.

Such a chorus of "Ohs!" "ahs!" and "oh, dears!" filled the air. Taffy pricked up one yellow ear to listen. He tried to purr, but was too full even for that.

"What a bad, bad, bad cat!" cried grandma, the uncles, the aunts, and Susy.

"O grandma," said Dilly, "please please don't whip Taffy. He isn't bad. He heard you all—every single one of you—say you couldn't carve the turkey. He could. So he did." Everbody laughed.

"Get one of the turkeys we've saved for market," cried grandma to grandpa. "There's time left to roast it."

"And I'll carve this one, Taffy, do"—New York Sun.

"And I'll help, Taffy, you needn't," said Uncle Dan.

Taffy opened his eyes, saw the wish-bone, stretched himself, walked slowly toward it, sniffed it, tasted—then fell asleep close beside it, softly purring.—Alice E. Allen, in the Christian Register.

"JACK'S DOTADEAR."

"When I'm a big man, I mean to own an automobile," Jack announced gazing at a big red motor car across the street.

"Will you take me to ride in it?" asked Dot.

"Of course," replied Jack.

"Then I wish you were a big man now, for I do want to ride once in a—a—naut-o-mobile," sighed Dot.

That afternoon their mother went into town, expecting to return with their father.

"Let's make an automobile," Jack suggested when they were alone.

"Why, Jack, you know we couldn't make a really and truly one," Dot exclaimed.

"No, only a make-believe one," Jack replied. "It won't go, but we can put it near the front door, and surprise father and mother when they come home."

It did not take the children long to make their automobile. The bicycles, which were for wheels, were fastened with stout rope on either side of two chairs placed a short distance apart facing each other. A wide board connected the chairs, and on this two low stools were placed for seats. A big blue cotton umbrella made an ideal top, and the imagination of the children could easily supply machinery and other details.

When they saw their parents coming, the children scrambled to their seats, Jack, of course, in front as chauffeur, with his last Fourth-of-July horn tooting valiantly.

How their father and mother laughed!

Just then the big red automobile drew up in front of the house across the street. The big, jolly-looking man who owned it happened to glance in their direction.

"What have we here?" he cried jovially, jumping out, and coming across to them. "A rival automobile, I declare! What make is it, young man?"

Jack looked embarrassed.

"It's—it's"— he began, looking at his sister for help, then his face brightened. "It's a Dotadear," he finished.

How the big man laughed!

"My car hasn't such a sweet name as yours; but wouldn't you like to try it, and see if its speed equals yours?" he asked, after speaking apart with their parents.

In a moment they were seated in the tonneau of the big red car. Oh, what a wonderful ride that was! How the big man—or the big car rather—whizzed them up one street and down another, and finally home again. It seemed all too short.

"Thank you ever so much, sir," Jack said politely, as he jumped out. "The speed of your car beats mine all hollow."

"I just love your car, and you, too," said Dot, not to be outdone in politeness.

"Now that pays me," declared the big man, heartily. "We'll have to try the car again soon."

Dot and Jack drew a long, long breath of anticipation. Anyway they had had one ride, and it was because of the funny old "Dotadear" still standing where they had left it.—Effie Stevens, in the Sunday School Times.

JIMMY'S RECITATION.

Jimmy is one of the most enthusiastic members of his Sunday school. He is usually very quiet; but when, soon after he joined, a storm prevented many members of his class from coming to take their parts in a long-planned entertainment, Jimmie could not endure in silence the distress of his teacher.

"Hi can speak a piece," he said bashfully.

"Oh, can you? What is it about?"

"'Bout the beasts that went with Noah."

"Well, said the distracted teacher. "I haven't time to hear it now; but I think it ought to help fill up. Thank you, Jimmy."

When Jimmy's name was called, the small man mounted the platform, put his hands in his pockets, and proudly and loudly spouted the following:

The helk and the helephant hentered the Hark
When the helephants hopened the hall;
The helk hasked the helephant,
"What's to heat?"
Said the helephant, "'Ay is hall."
The helk hand the helephant hate the 'ay;
Said the helk with a heloquent sigh,
"Hi 'ope you are 'appy this 'orrible day?"
And the helephant hanswered,
"Have."

—Tit-Bits.

PICNIC IN ITALY.

I guess every American child has been to a picnic. A year or so ago I went to an Italian one. It was in Venice. My mother and I were living with an Italian family and they had planned a picnic for us at the Lido. The Lido is a beach not far from Venice. There are a lot of little one-room huts built along the beach, which are for rent by the season or by the day. They hired one of these, and about 5 o'clock we took the steamer that goes down the Grand Canal to the Lido. When we got there the servants had opened the house and were opening the baskets. While they were thus engaged we put on our bathing suits and jumped into the water. By the time we were out and dressed the table was set.

And oh, how good the supper tasted! The moon came up and it grew quite cold; so we were forced to go home earlier than we wished.—Winifred Perkins, in the New York Tribune.

THEY KNEW THE ANSWER.

"Well, there were only three boys in school today who could answer one question that the teacher asked us," said a proud boy of eight.

"And I hope my boy was one of the three," said the proud mother.

"Well, I was," answered Young Hopeful, "and Sam Harris and Harry Stone were the other two."

"I am very glad you proved yourself so good a scholar, my son; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask, Johnnie?"

"Who broke the glass in the back window?"—Chicago News.

NO RUBBERS.

When Florence was only a wee bit of a girl, she loved to trot around out of doors in the early morning, and mamma was very particular that she should always wear rubbers. One morning, standing at the kitchen door, she made an alarming discovery. "O mamma! mamma!" she called. "All vese little cunning chickens hasn't got on any rubbers! They will get a sneeze—O-oo dear!"—The Youth's Companion.

Little Known of Cliff-Dwellers.

The history and the habits of the cliff-dwellers is nearly lost in the obscurity of ages. The existent tribes know very little of these ancients, who possibly were co-existent with the children of Israel, and may have been living in stone houses and have enjoyed a real civilization when our ancestors were running about clad in the skins of wild beasts and with caves for habitations.

Swarming bees send out scouts to look for desirable locations.