

Worthington Advance

H. HAWLEY, Publisher
WORTHINGTON, MINN.

DROPPING PEBBLES.

Drop a pebble in the water—see a splash an' it is gone.
But th' half a hundred ripples circelin' on an' on an' on.
Spreadin', spreadin' from the center, flowin' out to the sea.
An' ain't no way o' tellin' where the end is goin' to be.
Drop a pebble in the water—in a minute ye forget.
But th' little waves a' flowin' an' the ripples circelin' yet.
All th' ripples flowin', flowin' to a mighty wave has grown.
An' ye've disturbed a mighty river—jes' by droppin' in a stone.
Drop an unkind word or careless—in a minute it is gone.
But th' half a hundred ripples circelin' on an' on an' on.
Tn' keep spreadin', spreadin', spreadin' from the center as th' go.
An' the ain't no way to stop 'em, once ye've started 'em to flow.
Drop an unkind word or careless—in a minute ye forget.
But th' little waves a' flowin' an' the ripples circelin' yet.
An' perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears ye've stirred.
An' disturbed a life o' happy when ye dropped an unkind word.
Drop a word o' cheer an' kindness—jes' a flash and it is gone.
But th' half a hundred ripples circelin' on an' on an' on.
Bearn' hope an' joy an' comfort on each splashin', dashin' wave.
Till ye wouldn't believe th' volume o' th' one kind word ye gave.
Drop a word o' cheer an' kindness—in a minute ye forget.
But th' gladness still a' swellin' an' the joy a' circelin' yet.
An' ye've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music will be heard.
Over miles an' miles o' water—jes' by droppin' a kind word.
—Bismarck Tribune.

A Lesson in Art

"ADVICE—you'd like my advice, you say. Advice is the opinion of a friend which one asks when one has made up one's mind what course to pursue.
Mr. Fenton's smile broadened into a laugh as the pretty girl who stood before him flushed slightly, turning her head away with a little impatient movement.
"I thought that you were my friend," said Olive West, reproachfully, with her face still averted.
"And you were right there, my dear," said Mr. Fenton. "But you know perfectly well that you have made up your mind what course to pursue."
"How could I make up my mind without hearing what you have to say to me on the subject of my going to London?" said she. "My future is serious enough to me, Mr. Fenton, and I fancied that you might also."
"And so I should, my little friend, if I didn't know you as well as I do. Come, now, tell me all that troubles you. Is it art or Dick this time?"
"I like Dick," she said, "but—"
"Yes, I like him very much, but—"
"Quite so. You mean that you shrink from the commonplace aspects of a future to be spent in this neighborhood. You long for the larger life—the wider horizon in the higher realms of art? Isn't that what you 'but' means?"
"Exactly," she cried. "I feel inclined to ask what is the good of being born into the world if one cannot achieve something higher than is within one's reach here?"
"I have now and again asked myself the same question," said Mr. Fenton. "If we could suggest any adequate answer to that question, we should have solved one of the greatest problems of the universe. Have you never heard of the waste of nature?"
"To live in Hazelbury is not to live in the world, it seems to me," said the girl. "I feel that I was made to do something in the world—the world—that is not Hazelbury. Hazelbury is hopeless."
"And yet Hazelbury has a reading society, hasn't it? If you don't get through a volume of Carlyle in a month you are fined a dime; if you are lured into reading a novel you have to pay a quarter."
"The reading society is a piece of foolishness."
"Then there is the Church Choral union."
"Olive laughed.
"A rookery with a sore throat," she said. "Oh, I'm sick of Hazelbury. I want something larger—larger—I want life. I want to live."
"And so you won't marry Dick Overton?" suggested Mr. Fenton.
"I'm afraid not," said Olive, shaking her head. "Marrying Dick would mean dooming myself to a future in Hazelbury."
"I can't deny that. His father's bank is here, and he is in the business. He'll be a partner in three or four years. Of course, if you don't marry Dick someone else will."
"There was a considerable pause before she said with a little frown:
"I hope they will be happy."
"That's very kind of you, but I'd rather hear you express a wish to scratch her face. I suppose the girl will be Lottie Shepherd."
Olive's lips curled after her eyes had given a quick flash.
"I hope they will be happy," she said again, but in quite a different tone from that which marked her previous expression of the same hope.
"Ah, that sounds healthier; there's a promise of scratches in every word. Still, it might be Mary Marchmont."
"I hope not. If I cannot marry Dick myself—"
"But you can."
She shook her head in a way that suggested a certain chastened pride. She knew that Dick wished for nothing better than to marry her.
"I see it is hopeless looking to you for advice," she said, sadly. "Even you do not understand me, though I fancied you did. I will not trouble you any longer, Mr. Fenton."
"Sit down, again, and don't be a goose," said he. "I knew that you had made up your mind what to do, and yet you said you came to me for advice. Now it so happens that I quite agree with you in this particular matter. It would be ridiculous for a girl with such aspirations as you possess to marry the son of a banker at a place such

as this; you would both be miserable for the rest of your lives."
"That is what I feel. I do feel it very deeply."
"Of course you do. What is the name of the young woman who was staying with you in the summer—the artist young woman?"
"Angela Power."
"Of course, that's her name. You learned a good deal from her, did you not?"
"A good deal? Everything! I learned everything from her. She taught me what life is—what art is."
"Quite so. What art is, and what Dick is not. And now you have done me the honor to ask my advice in the matter. It is most gratifying to me to be able to tell you that I believe you to be quite right."
"You advise me to go to London?"
"Undoubtedly I do. Why should you remain in a place where it is impossible that any work of art could receive the appreciation of which it is deserving?"
"I'm so glad you think so. Oh, I feel that I have got it in me to succeed as an artist. I cannot expect to have a studio of my own all at once, of course, but I mean to share one with Angela and a couple of other girls."
"That will be a capital plan at first. Later on, no doubt, you will think of building something palatial. But let me advise you not to do so in a hurry. I hear that one can pick up a good many palatial studios nowadays for about a tenth part of the money spent in building them."
"I shall keep my eyes open, never fear."
"And open the eyes of other people, I'm sure—people in this neighborhood who have got as much idea of art and life as they have of the most suitable cuisine for the inhabitants of the planet Mars."
She gave a laugh. He knew from that laugh that he had rightly guessed what was in her heart. Life was not life so long as it did not make people open their eyes.
"I know I shall have to work hard," she said, "but what signifies working hard when it leads to appreciation?"
"What, indeed? Why, it becomes a dream of the night. And when do you mean to leave us?"
"I feel that the sooner I get into harness the better it will be for all of us. Time is flying. I have wasted too many years of my life already. I shall be an old woman before I have begun to live."
"I think you are on the shady side of 20 already."
"I am 23."
"Is it possible? Ah, yes, you'll have to make haste if you want to do anything before you are past work."
The girl smiled the confident smile of 23 in the presence of 50.
"I can go home now with a light heart," she said. "Of course, poor mother was opposed to my scheme."
"Oh, of course. Mothers sometimes have queer ideas. I shouldn't wonder if she questioned the possibility of your doing better for yourself than marrying Dick."
"That is exactly what she said," cried the girl. "Marriage is the best career for a girl," poor mother said, when I told her all I hoped to do."
"Ah! that is so like a mother—marriage a career! Well, well!"
"And I promised her to be guided by what you would say, so now I can go home with a light heart."
"And I trust that it will remain with you when you leave your home, my child."
Mr. Fenton gave her his hand.
She clasped it in both her own quite prettily while she thanked him again and again. But when she got to the door she turned as if she had some-

thing more to say. For some reason or other the words did not come at once. She kept her eyes fixed on the handle of the door, at which she worked. She seemed greatly interested in the mechanism. He waited patiently for her to say more.
"I—I like Dick very much, Mr. Fenton," she said at last. "I only feel that—that—that well, I'll be sorry to leave Dick."
"That's because you have a kind heart, my dear," he said. "But if I were you I wouldn't think too much about Dick's disappointment. I know what these young chaps are. They fancy for the time being that it would be impossible for them to think of any other girl than the one on whom they believe they have set their hearts, but, bless your soul, my child, they are over head and ears with another girl before the one that has treated them (as they suppose) unkindly has finished her afternoon tea. Don't worry yourself about Master Dick; he'll find ample consolation for your absence before you are gone 24 hours, the young rascal!"
There was another pause and some more twitching of the handle of the door before she said:
"I hope he may be happy."
And Dick was happy, for by the end of a year he had married the girl who had failed to find a career in London, and who has now concluded that mothers are sometimes right.—Chicago Herald.

Japanese Coming In.
In opening a Cuban orphan's fair in New York lately, the procession was headed by 80 Japanese. Including a woman and two girls in jirrikahas. The sudden increase in the Japanese population of this country is a notable circumstance.

BAN ON THE CREAM PUFF.

The Injurious Effect of Pastry Diet Supplemented with Soda Water.

Women rarely learn that a pastry diet is injurious without a costly experience. At a church social in Philadelphia the other night the members engaged in a spicy debate on the merits of the question: "Resolved, That a majority of the young women employed as clerks in Philadelphia are unfitted for positions of trust and responsibility because of their enervating diet."
After the debaters had presented their arguments the judges decided in favor of the affirmative side of the question, says an exchange of that city.
It is necessary to note that the successful debaters presented it as their chief argument the fact that, as a rule, the midday meals of the young women employed as clerks in the big department stores and as stenographers and typewriters are composed of cream puffs, candies and soda water, instead of solid and substantial food.
As a test of the statement a reporter made inquiries of the managers of the principal light lunch restaurants. The managers corroborated the statements made by the debaters.
From a cashier at one of the principal restaurants it was learned that more than one-half of the trade at the Ninth and Filbert street branch was derived from women customers, who bought nothing but sweet food.
"The things that they usually eat," said the cashier, "consists of such airy delicacies as cream puffs, pies, chocolate eclairs and ice cream. The young girls mostly stop off this repast with a glass of milk. Rarely, if ever, do the women order soup or meat."
A young man who draws soda water at one of the fountains in a large department store said:
"Why, there are scores and scores of young girls in this establishment who never think of eating anything sensible during the noon hour. Without looking at the clock I can always tell when it is time for lunch. At 12 o'clock sharp the girls come, and it is 'A straw berry soda' here and 'A cherry bounce' there. After quaffing these draughts, fit only for people with full stomachs, not poor girls who toil for their daily bread, the candy counter is visited."
Surely enough, when seen, a suave young woman in charge of the candy counters gave a merry laugh and whispered: "Oh, pshaw! Don't you know that sweets are as dear to a woman, a young one at least, as pie was to Tom Tucker or as watermelon is to a 'coon'?" For instance, take cream chocolates and bonbons as candy triumphs. What is more delicious, especially when they are made up in the most tempting flavors? As a proof of what I say you ought to hover near this counter between twelve and one o'clock on any day of the week. In fact, more than half of the girls here never think of buying sandwiches or anything substantial. Ice cream sodas and sweetmeats are good enough for them.
The reporter next visited a prominent physician who makes a specialty of stomach troubles. He was told what the restaurant cashier, the soda fountain expert and the suave young woman at the candy counter had said.
"That is an old story to me," he said. "I might say, too, without fear of contradiction, that this foolish practice is causing nearly 80 per cent. of the young women employed in stores and offices to degenerate into confirmed dyspeptics. It requires no great effort of the mind to arrive at this conclusion. While employed at work of any kind, whether heavy or light, the body requires nourishing food. It should be warm during certain seasons of the year, and of a solid character. This makes muscle and flesh."
"On the other hand, pastry and outlandish drinks, ice cold at that, together with highly flavored candies, will make a physical wreck of a body, a woman or child if indulged in to any great extent. Under these conditions how can a young woman whose digestion is seriously impaired, and as a consequence whose nerves are like piano chords, successfully fill a position where a cool judgment and sound body are the chief qualifications? I say such a thing is next to impossible, except in rare instances. Even then the breakdown comes without warning and the doctor steps in to remedy the evil."

FOUR RICH FOREIGN MISERS.
They Made Large Fortunes by Begging in Different Countries Across the Sea.
In Austria a man who was without feet or arms seven years ago, lacking two months, sentenced to hard labor for that term of years, is said to be well and hearty and with eager longing looks forward to the day when he shall be liberated. Simon Oppasch is his name. Born in Leipsic and married, he managed in the course of 50 years to make purely by begging \$60,000, and this huge sum he was in the habit of carrying about with him by day and hiding in the wall of the cellar where he slept by night. He got into trouble with the Austrian police by declaring that he was destitute and taking an oath to that effect, says a foreign exchange.
Lately in England died one Isaac Gordon, who had been a professional beggar, and when he was picked up lifeless out of the street it was found that he had \$15,000 on his person. And a writing was likewise found that signifies that in the dietary of the English working classes. He points out that of late the most marked increase in the prevalence of cancer has taken place among men, and he insists that it is man, not woman, who has come to eat meat more abundantly than of yore. Again, in England, and London and the immediate vicinity of the capital is the scene of the greatest luxury in the matter of food, and also of the most cases of cancer in proportion to population.
To this notion, which is not altogether new, it has sometimes been objected that the vegetarians often suffer from the distressing disease here under consideration; but Sir William Banks replies that, after all, cancer is not so common in Ireland as in England, and that it is almost unheard of in Egypt and other parts of Africa, where a vegetable diet is the chief if not the exclusive dependence of the people.

ART IN ARCHITECTURE.

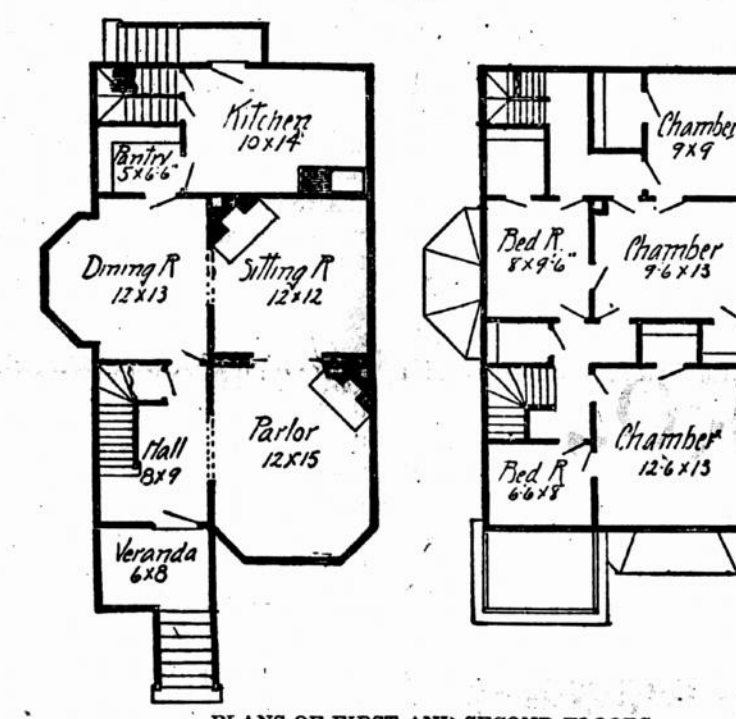
DESIGNED AND WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAPER.

THIS nine-room house is nicely planned and has an artistic exterior. It can be erected for \$2,500 upon a stone foundation.
The size of the parlor is 12x15 feet; sitting room, 12x12 feet; dining room, 12x13 feet; kitchen, 10x14 feet; hall, 5x9 feet; pantry, 5x6 1/2 feet; veranda, 5x3 feet; bedrooms, 8x9 1/2 feet and 6 1/2 x 8 feet, and chambers 12 1/2 x 13 feet and 13 feet and 9x9 feet. There are two



FRONT ELEVATION OF CONVENIENT NINE-ROOM HOUSE.

stairways, one in front and one in the rear.
The attic can be used for extra rooms if so desired. The fireplaces in parlor and sitting room are fitted up with hardwood, ornamented mantels. The parlor and dining room have bay window effects, with three large windows.
All chambers have large closets. The floors are double throughout the house, having felt paper between them. The kitchen and pantry finishing



PLANS OF FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.

double thick, except where showing ornamental glass, and front vestibule door, which is plate.
The narrow sliding is placed over the fence, flooring sheathing, having felt paper between siding and sheathing.
Cedar shingles are used for all roofs, and are dipped in creosote stain before they are laid. The painting on the exterior is three-coat work. The finishing coat will look well if pea green color is used for body and white for all the trimmings. Roof to be an olive green.
All hardware is of a neat and durable kind. The entire basement floor is cemented. The laundry, coal rooms, fruit room and furnace room are in the basement. All material throughout is to be of its best respective kind. The plastering is two-coat work. All the interior Georgia pine is furnished in hard pine finish. All doors are cross panel doors. The height of basement is seven feet; first story, 9 1/2 feet; second story, nine feet.
Leave the building broom clean and all ready for occupancy.
GEO. A. W. KINTZ.

NEW CANCER THEORY.

Sir William Banks, an English Authority, Suggests That Hearty Eating Causes the Disease.

A number of theories have been advanced to explain the development of cancer. Of late years many experts have inclined to the opinion that it is caused by a microbe. Repeated attempts have been made to find the germ, and more than one occasion has been witnessed in which the alleged discovery of it has been announced. Thus far, however, these claims have not been substantiated. Another interesting suggestion regarding cancer has recently been offered by an English authority, Sir William Banks.
Sir William thinks that some sort of relation exists between cancer and hearty eating, especially of meat. He declares that it is the well-nourished, plump individual, and not the weakling, that is attacked by cancer. In further support of the theory he urges the fact that cancer has been more prevalent since the era of cheaper food has put meat in the dietary of the English working classes. He points out that of late the most marked increase in the prevalence of cancer has taken place among men, and he insists that it is man, not woman, who has come to eat meat more abundantly than of yore. Again, in England, and London and the immediate vicinity of the capital is the scene of the greatest luxury in the matter of food, and also of the most cases of cancer in proportion to population.
To this notion, which is not altogether new, it has sometimes been objected that the vegetarians often suffer from the distressing disease here under consideration; but Sir William Banks replies that, after all, cancer is not so common in Ireland as in England, and that it is almost unheard of in Egypt and other parts of Africa, where a vegetable diet is the chief if not the exclusive dependence of the people.

A PLACE TO PUT THEM.

"If women didn't have skirts to hold up," said the janitor philosopher, "they would have to have two solid pockets to keep their hands in."—Chicago Daily News.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A man never gets old or good enough not to have some pride in the mischief of his boyhood.—Chicago Democrat.
The Cornfed Philosopher.—"When the joke is on you," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "do not let it stay there. Laugh it off."—Indianapolis Press.
Traveler.—"So that's the famous alpine horn, is it? Does it always make such a horrible noise?" Native.—"No, only when you blow in it!"—Der Dorfbarber.
Mrs. Peck.—"You know very well, Henry, that I'm a woman of few words." Henry.—"True, my dear, but the few are shamefully overworked."—N. O. Times-Democrat.
"That deaf-mute guide seems to be very well posted on the institution," said the visitor. "Yes, indeed," replied the superintendent. "He has everything at his fingers' ends."—Baltimore American.
The Cheerful Idiot.—"There's no use in a stinky man trying to run for office," said the shoe clerk boarder. "Seems to me," said the Cheerful Idiot, "he would be the very man to save the country."—Indianapolis Press.
"It almost kills me to stand," moaned the lady in the street car. "If I don't get a seat pretty soon I shall drop." And it was only the next day that she stood up two hours and a half while she had a dress fitted. But then that's a different thing.—Boston Transcript.

BOSTON CITIES HANDLE GARBAGE.

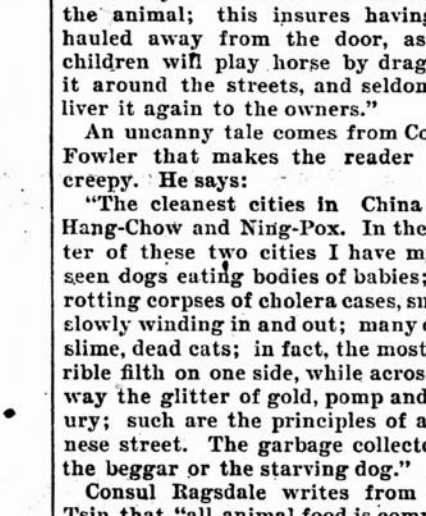
Interesting Report from American Consuls on Methods Employed Abroad.

Some time ago the agricultural department became interested in the study of the disposal of garbage, sewage, etc., in foreign cities, and solicited the aid of the state department in obtaining information. The department, says the St. Louis Republic, directed the consular officers of the United States to forward all information obtainable. Among the first to respond was the consul at Marseilles. To a Frenchman's mind there was something very like in our words "garbage" and "cabbage," for the one to whom the consul applied gayly responded: "Garbage is one of the finest dishes of the place. Well cooked and nicely prepared, as they do it in this country, it is something very exquisite."
Writing from Santiago de Cuba, Consul Hyatt draws a lively picture of the unique way of disposing of matters in that place. He writes that "dead cattle, horses, mules and large dogs are hauled to the suburbs and dumped by the roadside the same as garbage. All other matter is thrown into the streets or on the neighbor's roofs, to be devoured by buzzards. Before throwing a dead cat or dog into the street it is customary to tie a cord to the tail of the animal; this insures having it hauled away from the door, as the children will play horse by dragging it around the streets, and seldom deliver it again to the owners."
An uncanny tale comes from Consul Fowler that makes the reader feel creepy. He says:
"The cleanest cities in China are Hangchow and Ning-Poo. In the center of these two cities I have myself seen dogs eating bodies of babies; the rotting corpses of cholera cases, snakes slowly winding in and out; many dogs, slime, dead cats; in fact, the most horrible filth on one side, while across the way the glitter of gold, pomp and luxury; such are the principles of a Chinese street. The garbage collector is the beggar or the starving dog."
Consul Regadale writes from Tien Tsin that "all animal food is comparatively costly and the mass of the people are poor. The methods are from house-to-house collection. The work is done by private enterprise and the material deposited on vacant lots and in front of houses where the owners do not employ the collector. Tin cans are much prized by the natives and are a regular article of commerce. When beyond use as a bucket they are flattened out and made into anything from a candlestick to a bathtub—the latter being used only for foreigners. Broken glass is reheated and made into lumps and curios, snuff bottles, etc. All of this material is collected by private enterprise and the sorting is done in any place most convenient to the collector. Household waste waters are thrown into the empty pools at the side of the streets and eventually this water is used for street sprinkling. The streets and the passers-by are sprinkled by means of long-handled ladles.
"The street refuse collections are made by men and boys with a basket and a small long-handled ladle or shovel. The basket hangs on the back from the left shoulder and great skill is shown by some collectors in scooping up everything and throwing it into the basket without loss. This material is taken to some bright, sunny and convenient locality, mixed with two parts of street dust and made into cakes, the size of an orange. These cakes are sundried and sold as fertilizers. The most convenient place for a foreigner to study the details of these methods is the stone bridge on Legation street. It is only a few hundred yards from the two foreign hotels and the French, German, Japanese, English, Russian and American legations. The bridge, being thus centrally located with a wind-swept stone floor exposed to the sun, possesses all of the requirements of a first-class fertilizer dryer. It is used in daily use. The sewage system of Peking is certainly a combined system. Everything combines in the streets. No filters are used. The supply of street sweepings exceeds the demand by about three inches in depth."

BUILDING A ROWBOAT.

Any Bright Boy Capable of Handling Saw, Plane and Hammer Can Do It Easily.

Few amateurs pluck up courage to build a boat. Yet, were they to do so, they would find the difficulties they dread vanish very quickly. The tools should consist of a jack and smoothing plane, a tenon saw, a rule, square, hammer and nails, bradawl and gimlet with a couple of chisels. The construction of a board skiff, or of any of its kindred craft—a flatboat, dory, sharpie, flat-iron boat, or bateau—is a simple matter.
The sharpie is one of the best boats for rowing on account of its light weight, light draft and sharp bow. In fact, it is the handiest form of board skiff in America, not excepting the dory, which, however, it very closely resembles, the chief difference between these two rowing boats being that one is adapted for comparatively smooth water, whereas the dory is used on the open ocean and is deeper and has more sheen. In construction, the sharpie is simpler itself, and is the easiest and cheapest boat in the country to make. First, draw the vessel on paper, to a scale of one inch to the foot. Take off the shape of the midship section, that is to say the section at the widest part of the boat. Make a temporary



Side View. Open View.

midship section mold of pine boards. Get out the stem and apron, and the stern board, and the plank for the sides. Hold stem, midship section mold and stern board in position by a light batten nailed to them at the gunwale line. Then spring the planks of the sides around the midship section mold, and fasten them strongly with strong galvanized iron nails an inch apart, first boring a small hole with a gimlet bit for the purpose. Complete the planking of the sides. Turn the boat over and plank her across the floor her whole length. Turn her back again and put in the frames, keelson, thwart, etc., one after the other. Caulk her, paint her; and if you desire a sail, rig her.
The following specifications may be useful for a 20-foot sharpie: Frames, oak, 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches, spaced 18 inches apart; plank of bottom, white pine 1 inch thick, put on in strips 6 inches apart; plank of sides, white pine 1 1/2 inch thick, put on in one or two widths; stem, oak, with a crook or knee at the bottom of the bow; bedpiece of centerboard well, oak 6 inches wide by 2 inches thick; headpieces, oak, three-quarter inch by 2 inches; plank of well, pine 1 1/2 inch wide; centerboard, 7 feet long, 3 1/2 feet wide, 1 1/2 inches thick; washboard, 8 inches wide, composed of light pine stuff 1 inch thick; combing, 2 1/2 inches high; thwarts, three in number, a broad one at the stern; skag, 1 1/2 inches thick; rudder, 4 1/2 feet long and 8 inches wide; fastenings, galvanized iron, riveted or clinched where possible.—E. H. Sweet, in Orange Judd Farmer.

His Quiet Assurance.

"One finds very little real poetry in print nowadays," remarked the young woman.
"Yes," answered Mr. Bardy Scrips, as he pushed his hair back from his brow, "it's the old story with me. If a man wants to be sure something is well done he must do it himself."—Washington Star.

Nursery in a Church.

Lincoln Park church, at Cincinnati, has a mothers' gallery, with a nursery supplied with cots, easy chairs and other conveniences adjoining it.



MAXIMS FOR BOYS.

Always ask your parents what is best for you to do.
Begin an active business life with noble ends in view.
Care for those about you who are poor and in distress.
Don't take undue advantage when you've power to oppress.
Endeavor to gain knowledge of the natural laws of health.
Forget not your honor while striving for great wealth.
Give only what you're able—you can do nothing more.
Have respect for the aged ones—be they rich or poor.
Indulge not in intoxicants, nor in language that's profane.
Just dealings are more profitable than underhand and sly.
Kindness oftentimes purchases more than glittering gold.
Lay not the sleeping while young for your needs when old.
More money spent than earned will always keep you poor.
No amount of self-praise ever gets beyond your door.
Obey your superiors—'twill bring honor to your name.
Profit by the examples of all good men known to fame.
Question well the motives of all workers without pay.
Resolve to do your duty, no matter what others say.
State the facts or nothing—don't indulge in lies.
Teach those who are ignorant; take lessons from the wise.
Unless you make the effort, there's nothing you can do.
Virtue is its own reward—a maxim true and true.
Wealth cannot purchase happiness in this world of strife.
'Xcept 'tis used to glorify the One who gave you life.
Yield all unimportant things, for lawsuits do not pay.
Zealously observe these rules—there's nothing but good in them.
—Jack Timmons, in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A GAME OF TETHER BALL.

From a piece of cotton flannel or chamamo a disc ten inches long. Make a large knot in the end of the cord. Gather the flannel or chamamo about the ball and knot. Tie firmly by binding the edges of the disc close to the cord above the knot. Paint a black circle one inch wide six feet from the base of the pole.
Bore a hole three inches from the top of the pole; push the end of the cord through and then knot it. This makes much the best fastening.
To play: Toss up to see which player shall have the choice of court. The courts consist of half the circle about the pole. If the winner of the toss prefer he may forfeit the choice of court and choose in which direction he will win the game.
After deciding this point the two players take position in their respective courts. (On no account must either make an off-side play by trespassing into the court of an opponent.) The player to whom has fallen the choice of direction now begins the game by knocking the ball around the pole in either direction he may desire.
His object is to continue the play until the cord is entirely wound round the pole. His opponent's play is to, if possible, interrupt this and start the ball in the opposite direction. The last decisive turn of the cord which brings the ball against the pole must be above the black ring mentioned.
If a player strike the cord above the ball, and so winds it around his racket and stops it free serve, his opponent is allowed a free serve.—Boston Globe.

MONSTER SPIDER WEB.

Many Fine Skeletons of Birds and Lizards Have Been Found in Its Meshes.

Ceylon is the home of the largest species of spider that has yet been made the subject of entomological investigation. This web-spinning monster lives in the most mountainous districts of that rugged island and places his trap—not a gossamer snare of airy lightness, but a huge net of yellow silk from five to ten feet in diameter—across the chasms and fissures in rocks, says Our Fellow-Countrymen.
The supporting guys of this gigantic net, which in all cases is almost strong enough for a hammock, are from five to 20 feet in length (as conditions and circumstances may require), made of several of twisted webs, the whole being of the diameter of a lead pencil. As might be imagined, this gigantic silken trap is not set for mosquitoes, flies and pestiferous gnats, but for birds, gaudy moths and elegantly painted butterflies, some of the latter having a spread of wing equal to that of a robin or a bluejay.
Some extra fine skele'tons of small birds, lizards, snakes, etc., have been found in those webs, with every vestige of flesh picked from them. The owner and maker of these queer silk traps is a spider with a body averaging 1/4 inches in width and six inches in length, and with legs nearly to 12 inches from body to terminal claw.
Wonders of a Rat's Tail.
A rat's tail is a wonderful thing. The great naturalist Guyer says that there are more muscles in this curious appendage than are to be found in that part of the human anatomy which is most admired for its ingenious structure—namely, the hand. To the rat, in fact, its tail serves as a sort of hand, by means of which the animal is enabled to crawl along narrow ledges or over other difficult passages, using it to balance with or to gain a hold. It is prehensile, like the tails of some monkeys. By means of it the little beast can jump up heights otherwise inaccessible, employing it as a projectile spring.

Drop Into Den of Lions.

Shocked by coming in contact with an electric light wire he was repairing T. Broadway and Halley streets, Brooklyn, the other day, John Graver dropped directly into the den of lions on exhibition at the Elks' carnival. The young man was rescued before the beasts touched him, and revived by a physician. Graver is 17 years old. The wireman, which he was at work on, was strung across the lot where the Elks' carnival menagerie is located. Accidentally he touched a live wire and fell through the opening at the top of the steel arena, in which there are several lions. The beasts roared—probably from fright. Their noise attracted the attention of the keepers, who carried Graver from the arena.
There are 6,003 pieces in the modern high-grade locomotive.