THE STORY TELLER

OUTLOOK.

When they were young,
And first the stars together sung,
They looked into each other's eyes
With sweet surprise,
For they were very happy in the skies.

Now they are old,
They sing no more, and some are cold,
And all are sorrowed where they go,
Since all do know
That youth is pleasure and that age is woe.

Still, roaming space,
They fully hope they yet may trace
A greater orbit, larger day,
Wherein the ray
Of some new sun shall dominate their way;

And that its power
Shall bid them bud again and flower,
If not through that delightful heat
Which once did beat
Upon them, young, with yet a force more sweet;

Whose strength, sublime,
Is as eternity to time;
And feeling which, renewed, reborn,
No more forlorn,
With music they may charm the perfect morn.

And so may we,
Grown placid in the storms that be,
Still hope and strive for grander things—
For stronger wings
With which to gain the more celestial springs.

—Chicago Daily Record.

A Night of Mistakes

YOUNG Mr. Winkle and his wife had just arrived in San Francisco from the country. After some days' search for a suitable house Mr. Winkle selected a large, old, two-story building standing in neglected grounds. It was No. 601 Blank street.

He contemplated opening a boarding house, Young Mrs. Winkle thought that a neat sign inscribed "Table Board, Home Cooking," would prove an irresistible attraction to the homeless public. So they moved in forthwith.

That evening they felt very lonely in the great, hollow rooms, which were strewn with their household goods like the debris left by a freshet. It was ten o'clock before they were able to fire up in the stove and brew themselves a cup of tea.

"Ophelia, dear," said Mr. Winkle, as he seated himself on a trunk with a cup of the mild beverage in his hand, "we don't know a soul in the city, and, of course, we shall lead a very quiet and uneventful life at first. But we must be as cheerful as possible under the circumstances."

At that moment there was a ring at the door bell, and Mr. Winkle took the lamp and went to the door. In a few moments he uttered such an exclamation of astonishment and dismay that his wife flew to his side in deep alarm.

Lying on the veranda close to the door, wrapped in an old blanket, was a little baby, fast asleep.

"Goodness sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Winkle, carefully picking up the little stranger. "Where did it come from, Erastus?"

"Somebody has abandoned it," said Mr. Winkle. "I've heard of such things before. Well, I suppose we'll have to take it in for the present."

"Of course we will," chirped Mrs. Winkle. "The sweet little wootsy-tootsy. It's fast asleep."

She cuddled it in her arms and carried it in, and Mr. Winkle followed, feeling rather pleased than otherwise. Mrs. Winkle carefully laid it on a pile of loose bedding and ran to look at it every two minutes. Mr. Winkle cheerfully continued his task of arranging the furniture.

There was another emphatic ring at the bell, and Mr. Winkle uneasily hurried to the door. A very tall man in livery stood there with a huge basket on his arm.

"Mrs. Travers sends this basket to you with her best wishes. She's just got back from the east, and she wants you to know that she hasn't forgot you," recited the man, lowering his burden and setting it inside the door.

"There must be some mistake, sir," replied Mr. Winkle. "I'm not acquainted with Mrs. Travers."

"Perhaps you ain't, but there's no mistake," said the man. "This is No. 601, and I s'pose Mrs. Travers knows what she's about. I'm her footman, my name is Shafto and I obey orders, that's all. Good evening, sir."

The giant footman departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Winkle peeped under the white cloth that covered the basket. It seemed to be full of cakes, jellies, sweetmeats and delicacies of every sort.

"There must be some mistake about it," gasped Mr. Winkle. "Why didn't I ask him where Mrs. Travers lives? However, we will not touch it, of course. The matter will be explained to-morrow, no doubt."

Shafto, the footman, went ponderously down the street. Under a corner lamp he came upon 15 men, evidently a brass band, as they all carried instruments. The leader was anxiously searching in his pockets.

"What the devil was that number?" he growled. "It's lucky the young fellow wrote it down for me. I've got it here somewhere. O, here it is," and he produced a crumpled bit of paper. "601. That's the number plain enough, but that chap is an awful poor writer. Let's see, we're all here except bass drum and cymbals. Potts is working over in Oakland, but I sent him the number, so I guess he'll find us all right. Come on, boys. The young fellow said he'd be waiting for us at the place."

"Are you going to 601 on this street?" asked Shafto, who had never got over his boyish admiration for a brass band. "I've just come from there. I'll go with you and show you the place and hold your torch for you."

When they arrived at No. 601 they looked in vain for the young fellow who had promised to be awaiting them. It was dim moonlight and the street was quiet. They stole noiselessly into the grounds and peered about, but there was no one in sight.

"I guess he's got tired waiting and gone in the house," whispered the leader. "It's pretty late and we might as well strike up. We won't wait for Potts."

So the torch was lighted and given to the willing Shafto, the band men grouped themselves, and soon their cheeks were bulging as they blew "La Fiesta" march from their blaring horns.

As the last strains died away a loud husky voice burst upon them:

"Darn my skin if that ain't real good, boys! That's the genooine article, sure's you're born."

Looking around, the musician saw a short, stubby man leaning over the gate. He wore a fur cap and a blanket coat.

"That's the fust music I've heerd fur years, boys," he said. "I'm Bill Spelt. I've jest got back from Alasky. I made my pile and dug out fur 'Frisco. This music makes me feel real good. Give us another tune, boys."

The leader looked at the house. A light was bobbing about like a will-o'-the-wisp from window to window, but no one came out.

Presently the martial strains of a popular march jarred the window panes.

"Bully, boys!" ejaculated Bill Spelt, as the brazen notes ceased. "That's meat and drink and 40-rod whisky all in one. Boys, I see a saloon down the street, and—"

But at that moment the front door opened and Mr. Winkle came out with a lamp in his hand. Mrs. Winkle's dim form appeared behind him. He peered to the right and left like a hen in the dark.

"Gentlemen," he began, tremulously, "I do not know to what we are indebted for this great honor. You have made a mistake, haven't you?"

"No mistake at all, sir," replied the leader, with a snicker. "That is 601, ain't it? It's all right."

"Will you come in, gentlemen?" said Mr. Winkle, with despairing politeness. "We're hardly situated so as to entertain you as we would wish, but you're welcome, I assure you—very welcome."

Just then a small, shrill wail floated out upon the still air.

"O, my goodness! They've waked the baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Winkle, and she vanished like smoke.

"Thunder!" cried the leader, aghast.

"Never mind, gentlemen," said Mr. Winkle, with untiring courtesy. "It's not our baby, you know. Some one abandoned it on our doorstep this very evening. A very singular thing."

"Trot him out!" burst out Bill Spelt, stepping forward. "I hain't hardly seen a kid fur years, pardner. I've been up on the Yukon diggin' gold, and I jest got back. It was tough, pardner. But I was a-scoopin' in the nuggets jest the same. Can't I see the kid, pardner?"

"Certainly, friend," replied Mr. Winkle. "Come in. All come in, gentlemen."

"Well, we've waked up the baby, and I guess we can't do much more damage," said the leader.

So they all went in and stood around amongst the wreckage in the big parlor, and Mrs. Winkle brought in the baby, who blinked at the light and stretched out its little arms toward the shining brass horns.

"Darn my skin!" roared Bill Spelt, in high delight, as the baby's tiny hand clutched his big rough fingers. "See the little toad! There's the makin' of a miner, boys. He kin almost handle a pick a'ready. I've got something here fur the kid."

He thrust a hand deep in his pocket and pulled out a heavy buckskin bag, from which he poured a handful of gold nuggets. Selecting half a dozen of the largest he gave them to Mr. Winkle.

"Keep 'em fur the little feller," he said. "It's a little present fur him. And now I guess we'd better go. Me and my friends here has got a little business to attend to down the street."

"We are greatly obliged for this pleasant call," said Mr. Winkle, somewhat hazily.

"I see 'twas a surprise to you, sir," said the leader. "But a joke is a joke. I thought the young fellow was here, but I s'pose he'll be around to-morrow and explain it all and have the laugh on you."

"Who?" asked Mr. Winkle, hopelessly puzzled.

"Why, the young fellow that hired us."

Mr. Winkle said no more. It was too much for his troubled brain. Bill Spelt, Shafto and the band filed out. In the yard they halted and played "Peek-a-Boo." Then they all went down the street to the saloon where Bill Spelt threw a twenty at the bartender "for a starter," as he said.

Meanwhile several blocks down the street a well-dressed young man was impatiently waiting at the gate of a residence set in beautiful grounds. Beside him stood a man with a bass drum and cymbals.

"What has got the rest of the band?" exclaimed the young man, in a suppressed but angry voice.

"I don't know, sir," replied Potts. "I was working in Oakland, and our leader wrote to me to come, and sent me the number where to meet 'em. He's a terrible careless feller, but I don't see how there could be any mistake."

An hour passed. No band appeared, and the young man was fairly dancing with impatience and rage.

"I'll thrash that idiot of a leader," he burst out. "To play me a trick like this, when he knows it's a serenade, too!"

Just then another young man came up the street, quietly slipped in the gate and stole around the walks under one of the side windows. He carried a guitar in his hand. The first young man almost foamed with indignation.

"That's Jim Barker," he growled. "He's going to serenade her. Thinks he can sing, the conceited puppy! Come on. I'll fix him!"

The obedient Potts followed the angry young man through the grounds until they were only a few paces from Jim Barker, who was tinkling in a preparatory way upon his guitar before singing. He seemed somewhat disturbed by the proximity of such unwelcome company, but presently he lifted up his voice in a sweet and tender love song.

"Now, play! Play! Work those cymbals for all they're worth," whispered the first young man, furiously.

Potts had his pay to earn. Instantly the big drum boomed, and the cymbals crashed with a fearful and deafening sound. There was a half minute of this uproar, and then a startling silence. Barker turned upon Potts and his employer with pardonable anger.

"You interrupt me again in that way, Joe Woods, and I'll put your head through that drum," he said, with suppressed fury.

"Ho, ho! What would I be doing all that time?" sneered Woods.

Barker turned away and again tinkled his guitar. Again he essayed his love song. But he had hardly uttered three words when, "Boom! boom! clang! crash!" went the drum and cymbals.

Barker quietly laid his guitar on the grass and pounced on Woods like a catamount. There was a lively and vigorous fight. Occasionally one or the other went down, which event Potts duly signalized with a triumphant thump of his instruments.

Suddenly a shrill, quavering voice broke upon this sanguinary scene. It was the old housekeeper.

"For the land's sake, boys, what are you up to? Miss Beatrice and all the family have gone away to Sacramento for a week, and it's a good thing she isn't here to see your disgraceful carryings-on. Go away home, now, and behave yourselves. Ain't you ashamed!"

When Woods and Barker reached the street they paused.

"Say, Jim," said Woods, frankly, "I didn't do just right, but I was pretty mad. I hired a band to serenade Miss Beatrice and they all went back on me except this faithful drummer. But we're both badly sold, it seems. Let's shake."

They shook hands and parted. Woods and Potts walked up the street together. As they were passing a saloon a troop of men with brass horns came pouring out, jovially and hilariously.

"Darn my skin!" said a stout, husky man, "this is real good. I'm glad to have met ye, boys."

Woods and the leader met face to face.

"Confound you!" thundered Woods, "what do you mean by going back on me in this way?"

"I didn't go back on you," returned the leader. "We went to the place and you wasn't there."

"You never went near the place."

"Well, here's the number you gave me in your own handwriting: 'Blank st., 601,'" said the leader, producing the crumpled bit of paper.

Woods took the paper, glanced at it and burst into a sarcastic laugh.

"Why, you moon-eyed galoot," he said, "you had it upside down. It's '109 Blank st. Look at it!"

"Thunder!" cried the astounded leader. "I just glanced at the number by a street lamp. And that writing of yours looks about the same either way."

Further recriminations were interrupted by a wild-eyed man who came rushing down the street. In his arms he held a bundle from which there came a lusty wail. It was the unfortunate Winkle.

"Hello, partner!" shouted Bill Spelt. "Has the kid got the colic?"

"Merciful heavens!" ejaculated poor Winkle. "This is another one! You were not gone half an hour when the doorbell rang and we found this! Where's the police station—the jail—the engine house—anything!"

A big policeman came hurrying along. He had espied the fleeing Winkle in the distance and had given chase. The appalling facts were related to him.

"Where do you live? What's your number?" he asked.

"601," replied the shivering Winkle.

"Why, that's the old Foundling asylum," said the policeman. "They've just moved into their new quarters, and I s'pose the parties that left the kids didn't know about the change."

Loud and long was the laughter of the crowd, for they were mellow and ready for mirth.

"Why, I guess that's what my basket was intended for," said Shafto.

"Darn my skin!" roared Bill Spelt, as he again drew out his sack of nuggets. "This little chap shall have the next largest."

The next day the babies, the nuggets and the big basket of delicacies were transferred to the new Foundling asylum, and Mr. and Mrs. Winkle moved.—Boston Globe.

MERRY PHILOSOPHERS.

The New England Transcendentalists Were Not Only Serious Reformers.

It is pleasant to learn from an earwitness that the New England Transcendentalists, who made the Brook farm famous, were full of fun as well as earnest in their endeavors to reform the world.

There were inveterate punsters among them, and a handful of their impromptu jests have been preserved. Anything served to provoke a quip.

"Well, how was Drew's play?" asked one wag. "All blood and thunder?"

"No; all thud and blunder," was the rejoinder.

Mr. Ripley once announced that a contribution would be taken to defray expenses, "but as the speaking was to be continued during the time the box was passing round" the audience was requested to put in as many bills as possible, so as not to disturb the speaker by the rattling of small change.

"Have you seen my umbrella?" asked one member of another.

"What sort of an umbrella was it?"

"It had a hooked end."

"I have not seen it," was the reply, "but I had a nice one once, and it had an end exactly like yours. It was hooked!"

Passing a rosy, unkempt boy, Miss —— remarked to her friend: "Isn't he a little honey?"

"Yes," replied the more discriminating friend, "honey without a comb."

When It Was Tested.

Col. T. W. Higginson, while a member of the Massachusetts legislature, was one day arguing against a bill for the prohibition of oleomargarine. He insisted that good oleomargarine was better than bad butter, and fortified his argument by a story of a gentleman who had introduced the substitute without explanation at a luncheon, and who, on asking his guests to compare it with the best butter, also on the table, found them all selecting the oleomargarine. Suddenly his adversary arose and with the profoundest seriousness asked: "Will the gentleman kindly inform us at what precise stage of the luncheon party this test was applied?"

Woodland in the United Kingdom.

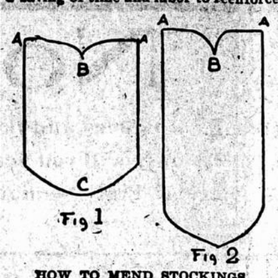
There can be reckoned as woodland 3,000,000 acres in the United Kingdom at the present day.

HOUSEHOLD

MENDING STOCKINGS.

It's Disagreeable Work, But If It's Worth Doing at All It's Worth Doing Well.

Darning stockings is a somewhat laborious, time taking work, when the rents begin to grow large, and it is a saving of time and labor to reenforce



HOW TO MEND STOCKINGS.

the heels with a piece of old stocking leg taken from a pair where the feet were beyond mending. This reenforced piece should be cut the size of the hose to be mended, and the shape of the diagram. Make a seam from A to B after folding the heel piece together from B to C. Lay this seam flat with crisscross stitches, and put it on the outside of the heel where it begins to show signs of wear, and darn it down, hemming it down on the edges. A stocking mended in this way wears nearly twice as long as one left to wear itself into holes and then darned. It pays to foot stockings. Cut a foot pattern with the seam on the top. If the single seam that shapes this foot is carefully held down by crisscross stitches it will not hurt the tenderest foot. It does not fit as snugly as a new stocking, but usefulness, not elegance, is what is aimed at, and these made-over stockings will be a useful addition to the wardrobe of the schoolgirl or schoolboy who trudges through the snow to school and should have abundant changes of stockings. Cut No. 2 represents the form of a stocking foot pattern with seam on top and at the heel.—N. Y. Tribune.

PEOPLE MARRY OLDER.

Some Interesting Matrimonial Facts Gleaned at a Missouri County Courthouse.

Ages given in marriage licenses in the recorder's office show that men and women are marrying later in life than ten or twenty years ago. The average age, says the Kansas City Journal, is considerably above that of ten years ago, and very much above that of 20, 30 or 40 years ago. Formerly it was the rule rather than the exception for brides to be 17 or 18 and grooms 20 or 21. Now it is almost reversed. Figures for several months show that the average bride's age is between 25 and 26 and the groom's between 28 and 29.

The average of the first six couples applying for license at the recorder's office on a recent day was 33½ for the men and 32 for the women. When the number of couples had reached nine the figures were reduced to 30 for the men and 28 for the women. These figures, however, are not a good criterion, the couples applying that day happening to be a little older than ordinarily. Figures also indicate that couples marrying in May are younger on the average than those marrying in the fall of the year.

"I don't know to what to attribute the tendency to marry later in life," said the marriage license clerk, "unless it is that it takes the young man longer to get a start in the world than it did 20 or 30 years ago. The country is more developed, there are not so many opportunities open to him, and he must wait longer before he finds himself in a position that would warrant his taking the responsibility of supporting a family. In other words, men no longer marry young because they can't afford it."

OVERFURNISHED HOMES.

Health, Comfort and Good Taste Are Sacrificed for Display in American Houses.

"More simplicity in our homes would make our lives simpler," writes Edward Bok, in a plea for the exercise of better taste in furnishing our homes, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Many women would live fuller lives because they would have more time. As it is, hundreds of women of all positions in life are to-day the slaves of their homes and what they have crowded into them. Comfort is essential to our happiness. But with comfort we should stop. Then we are on the safe side. But we get on and over the danger line when we go beyond. Not one-tenth of the things that we think are essential to our happiest living are really so. In fact, we should be an infinitely happier and healthier people if the nine-tenths were taken out of our lives. It is astonishing how much we can do without, and be a thousand times the better for it. And it doesn't require much to test this gospel of wisdom. We need only to be natural; to get back to our real, inner selves. Then we are simple. It is only because we have got away from the simple and the natural that so many of our homes are cluttered up as they are, and our lives full of little things that are not worth the while. We have bent the knee to show, to display, and we have lowered ourselves in doing it; surrounded ourselves with the trivial and the useless; and filling our lives with the poison of artificiality and the unnatural, we have pushed the real, the natural, the simple, the beautiful—the best and most lasting things—out of our lives."

Butternut Cream Candy.

With a pound of maple sugar add a cupful of thin cream and cook until the mixture will make a creamy ball—but not until it reaches the "cracking" point. Spread a layer of butternut meats on buttered tins and pour on just enough sirup to cover. As it cools, cream into small squares and break apart.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

Four Braves Killed in Fighting for the Hand of Mocking Bird, a Seminole Belle.

The annual sun dance of the Florida Seminoles is over. Mocking-Bird, daughter of the chief of the little band at Turtle Mound, is dead. Four braves of the depleted tribe lie buried in the same stretches of hot sand. Love and death have played out their little drama in the everglades, and the hut of the chief and the tepees of his people are in mourning.

Mocking-Bird, 17 year old, was the belle of the tribe. It was no fault of hers that her father's young men looked on her with eyes of love. It was no fault of hers that she hesitated in the choice of a husband.

And with this hesitation the hopes of her suitors grew.

Four young men, by common agreement, were considered to have found equal favor in her eyes. She smiled upon them all with impartiality. It was this manifesto of impartiality, indeed, that awoke the raging jealousies of the lovers. As time went on these ragings grew, until the time of the sun dance grew near. At this festival season it was thought that Mocking-Bird would make her choice, and only the hopes that had come of her impartial favors made each young brave believe in his own foreordination to happiness.

But only one might be chosen, and when out of the mazes of the sun dance Mocking-Bird dropped her eyes to the amorous glance of Eagle Feather, while the red blood rose surging to her brown cheeks, four pairs of black eyes saw the surrender—one of them with exultation; three of them with fierce gleams of hatred.

Round and round in the dance they sped until Eagle Feather and Mocking-Bird, breathless, passed out of the throng.

No one to-day knows what followed. Suddenly a blow was struck. A hoarse savage cry followed it, and then in a lightning flash of steel Eagle Feather and one of his rivals were fighting with hunting knives. Two more dark figures closed in, the dancers formed in a great circle about the fighters, while with eyes turned away from it all, Mocking-Bird knelt and prayed for the life of one of them to the Great Spirit.

Four men lay dead on the ground

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

bleeding when the fight was over. Two of them were dead; two of them dying. Eagle Feather, gasping, was laid in the arms of Mocking-Bird, and dumb and dry-eyed she watched his life go out. And long after the heart was still she sat on the ground, dumbly holding to him as if she would not have him go.

Then, in the silence of the night she slipped out of the low doorway, turned toward the sluggish river that lapped the fringe of the forest, and from the low bank, under which the quartered moon shimmered, she dropped into the water almost without a sound.

HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS.

How to Treat Slight Cuts and Scratches and Reduce Pain Resulting from Burns.

There are some accidents which are almost unavaidable in the hurry necessary in housework. Burns and cuts which are trivial in themselves, but if unattended to may lead to serious results, are a familiar occurrence in the kitchen. Slight cuts may be serious if they are not purified by dipping in some antiseptic preparation. The best and safest to use in the house is a two per cent. solution of carbolic acid. It is not in the least dangerous, as it is diluted, but it should be kept with the other medicines in a cabinet or a high shelf of a closet. All that is necessary is to pour a little of the solution over the wound or dip it in and then wrap it up with clean cloths. The wound will heal much more rapidly than if it were exposed to air and the danger of disease germs. A scratch from a cat or some other trivial wound, which a child or grown person may receive, should be cauterized mildly by winding a cloth dipped in ammonia around it, or by the use of the carbolic solution.

The best remedy for a burn is sweet oil and lime water, but if this is not at hand use a paste of baking soda and water or of flour and water, which may be applied more quickly.—N. Y. Tribune.

CARE OF THE FEET.

Lemon Juice, Regularly Applied, Will Soften Callous Places and Drive Away Corns.

There is nothing that will keep the feet in better condition than lemons. A friend thus speaks in their favor:

"My feet, from long continued standing, had become covered with corns and callouses. Not only my toes, but the bottoms of my feet were so tender I could not stand upon them without pain. I tried every remedy suggested, but without relief. One day, lemon juice was spoken of as being worth a trial. Lemon juice is good for the hands and face, why not for the feet, I thought. So I purchased a lemon, and explicitly followed directions.

"I cut it in halves and gave my feet a lemon bath, rubbing the pieces thoroughly over every callous and corn. I repeated this treatment every night for several weeks. The roughness began slowly, but surely, to disappear. My feet are now as fair and smooth as my hands, and my corns and callouses are ills of the past. Lemon juice effects a complete cure.

"The treatment is very inexpensive, as the halves of the lemon placed together, when not in use, will last a long time."—Ladies' World, New York.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"I understand that the story that you filled your coalbin in the summer is untrue." "Yes, there's nothing in it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A friend of mine has a terrible case of lockjaw." "How did he contract the disease?" "He was speaking through a keyhole."—St. Louis Republic.

"What did Miss Gotrock's father do when you called last night?" "He rushed me to the front yard line and kicked a goal from the field."—N. Y. Journal.

"Jedge," cried the colored prisoner, "You say you gwine ter gimme jestice. Fer de Lawd sake, don't do dat, jedge—I got trouble enough now!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Say, ma, are girls with turned-up noses easier to kiss?" "Don't talk such silly nonsense, George." "Has cook got a turned-up nose?" "Yes. Do be quiet." "Well, she's the one pa said it to."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Briggs—"So the passengers in the car discovered that Caudle and his wife were newly married, in spite of the efforts of both of them to keep it dark?" Griggs—"Yes; but it was his fault; he spoke to her several times during the trip."—Boston Transcript.

"Here, young man," said the old lady with fire in her eye; "I've brung back this thermometer you sold me." "What's the matter with it?" asked the clerk. "It ain't reliable. One time ye look at it it says one thing, and the next time it says another."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Language of Flowers.—"Do you think these carnations are becoming to me?" she asked. "Oh, yes," he replied, "but there are other flowers which I should rather see you wear." "Pray tell me what they are," she said, always anxious to please, "and I will wear them for you." "Orange blossoms!" he cried. So now it's all settled.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

COLORS OF AUTHORS.

Successful Writers on Country Subjects Naturally Use a Lot of Green Words.

At first sight it may seem rather curious, but it is a fact that the value of a writer's work may be appraised by the color words he uses. Shakespeare's favorite color word was red. As a matter of fact, this is the characteristic word of most great writers. Out of every hundred color words used by Shakespeare in his poems, no fewer than 30 are red. White follows with 22; then comes black, 20; yellow, 17; green, 7; blue, 4.

It is only natural, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, that a writer on country subjects should use a lot of green words. Red must always be the predominant color in writings dealing with the hotter passions, with love and war. Even then the colors used depend in a remarkable manner upon the idiosyncracies of the writer. Taking the case of the poets, green is the color most used in the "Song of Songs." It is also the color most used by Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth. Black is the predominant color of Homer, and white of Catullus, Chaucer and Rosetti, while yellow is the favorite color of that weird writer, Poe. Red is the color of Tennyson, of Swinburne and Whitman.

It must be taken into consideration that the old writers often used color words in a different sense to their present meaning. Some people go so far as to say that things looked quite different to the ancients, and that green and blue have been seen only during the last 1,000 years.

Red is the most pleasant and vigorous of colors. It is a joyous color, full of life and grit. It is the color of the strongest of passions. In anything dealing with man and woman red must have its predominant place. It is the color of the rich, quick blood, of all that's best in life. White is usually a pleasant color, especially when associated with red, as a woman's white neck and red lips, ivory throat and blushing cheeks, alabaster forehead and rosy ears. Sometimes it represents cold, dull, pale, gray and wan things. Generally it is the color of innocence and purity, of sweet and wholesome things. Black, as a favorite verbal color, is usually found in the works of writers of somber, melancholic disposition. Such works are rarely of a healthy character. Green and blue are so closely related, in the sense used in this article, as often to merge. Generally green is a fresh, sweet color, the color of the country and opening life. Blue has more to do with the imagination. It is a learned, philosophical color. It is ethical and generally removed from everyday life. The works of a blue writer are deep and thoughtful, but rarely raise one's enthusiasm. The strong, human, red interest is lacking. Yellow is a horrible color. Nearly everyone feels a natural antipathy to this jaundiced hue. It and black were the favorite colors of Poe and thus account for the strangeness of that original writer's peculiar imaginings.

Curiously enough, yellow loses its loathsomeness if it possesses a dash of red or if it glistens. Its synonym golden is a pleasant word and is often used. A novelist will call his character's hair golden in the case of a heroine; he will call it yellow if she be an objectionable character. Writers use colors in the sense shown for the simple reason that we unconsciously have all our thoughts tinted. If in good health we think red; should our liver be out of order we think yellow. The bright, healthy majority are naturally red thinkers and read the works of red writers. Your jovial fellow looks at the world through rosy glasses and sees it to be optimistically red. The debilitated, burnt-out individual wearily looks through spectacles with yellow glasses and the prospect is hopelessly miserable.

Defining Good Government.

National prosperity is thus defined by an ancient Chinese authority: "When the sword is rusty, the plow bright, the prisons empty, the granaries full, the steps of the temple worn down and those of the law courts grass-grown, when doctors go afoot, the bakers on horseback and the men of letters drive their own carriages, then the empire is well governed."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT

ONES' WILL.

One day a little wave—indeed, he wasn't naughty,
Though the others tried to hush and keep him still—
Said: "You mustn't think, my comrades, that I'm quarrelsome or haughty,
But I want to be a rainbow, and I will!"

So the sun came shining gladly, and the wind came blowing madly,
And the little wave leaped up to catch the light;
And for half a glorious minute, with only sunshine in it,
He flashed in seven colors on the sight.

So when behind your task the harder ones come trooping,
While the senses only peace and pleasure crave,
And o'er the humdrum work your heavy head is drooping—
Just think you of that rainbow and that wave.

—Harriett Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

What He Knows About Turkeys, Their Habits, Weaknesses and Ultimate Destination.

In the geography we read about Turkey in Asia and Turkey in Europe, with the capital city, Constantinople, near the strait called Bosphorus. But we now write regarding turkey in the United States, and he is the boss for us.

He is a very fine fowl, and just as anxious to go headlong into a fight as the country for which he is named.

Two years ago last summer, when I was a little boy—I am not very big yet—I was in Ohio visiting some relatives.

One day when playing in the barnyard I saw a very large turkey-gobbler. People call them gobblers, not because they gobble everything they can eat, but because they talk way down in their throats, and the only word they can say is "gobble," and that word they say over and over again with a great flourish of their wings and tail.

Well, I had on short trousers, long red stockings and a red necktie. The turkey did not see me at first, but I saw him, and said "gobble" once or twice. I do not know exactly how many times I did say it, but am sure it was not more than twice, for when he heard me and saw my red stockings he made for me with all sails spread.

His face turned as red as fire, and he gave me to understand that that word "gobble" was his word. I believe he was bigger than a baby carriage, and about the shape of one, too.

I was scared, and I fairly flew to a corncrib close by, ran in and shut the door behind me. Then a man came and drove him away.

The saddest part of this true story is that I did not get to stay and help eat that old gobbler on the next Thanksgiving day.

As soon as I got safely out of that corncrib I went to the house and changed my stockings and necktie. Red was an unhealthy color to wear in that barnyard.

The first settlers of this country did not have Thanksgiving day very regular, but when they did they also had roasted turkey.

There were a great many wild turkeys in those days, and they were fatter and nicer in November than any other month in the year. One turkey and a few pumpkin pies would make a meal for a family.

The turkey could be found in the woods and the pumpkins in the corn field.

I sometimes feel sorry for the turkeys about this time of the year. But I would rather be a turkey-gobbler than a goose. It is hard to tell which has the ugliest voice. Both have a sad time of it in November and December.—Golden Days.

NOISELESS RING GAME.

It Is Real Sport and May Be Improvised Without Any Expense by Any Boy or Girl.

The small rubber rings that are used in every household with which to seal preserve jars may be made the means of much amusement when a lively game is desired for the amuse-

AN INTERESTING GAME.

ment of friends. First obtain a smooth head of a flour or sugar barrel, and see that the pieces are all fastened together, forming a circular board, or any smooth board about a square foot in size will serve the purpose.

Procure ten coat hooks of medium size and secure them into the board, arranging them as shown in the accompanying illustration, and mark above each hook its number, ranging from No. 1 to No. 10. A hole may be made in the upper end of the board or a screw-eye inserted, by which to hang it upon the nail in the wall.

No. 10 is a sort of "bull's-eye," and each player, being given three of the rubber rings, takes turns in throwing them from a position about ten feet away, endeavoring to "hook" as many on the board as possible. A score is kept of the points gained by each player, the one first getting 100 points being the winner. However, exactly 100 points must be made. For instance, if a player has 99, he has to work for Hook No. 1, as any other hook would carry him over the mark. This difficulty add to the interest of the game.

An advantage of the game is that no noise is made nor damage done by the rings, and it may be improvised by any boy or girl.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOW CHOPPIE TRAVELED.

Cat Made the Tour of Europe and America in Company of His Loving Little Mistress.

Choppie is a handsome tortoiseshell cat, which once belonged to a little English girl.

One foggy night, at a hotel in London, Louise and her mother heard a pitiful mewing out on the window ledge. Upon opening the window they soon discovered a little, half starved and frozen kitten, which had wandered over from the neighboring roofs.

Louise begged of her mother to take it in, and at once got some warm milk, and made a bed for it, where it was soon snuggled down asleep. From that time on Choppie became the constant companion of Louise. Whenever and wherever she traveled Choppie went, too—over Italy, Switzerland and the British Isles. Six times

CHOPPIE, THE TRAVELER.

With whiskers long and snowy white,
And eyes of shining green,
This little pet is our delight,
A beauty to be seen.

Choppie crossed the Atlantic between London and New York, and several winters were passed in Florida.

Choppie had a padded basket to travel in, where he would stay so quietly that his fellow-passengers never knew of his existence. At the various hotels where they lived this wise cat would softly creep into a bureau drawer while his mistress went to her meals, and never attempted to come out until she returned with his portion of food.

Choppie was always fond of music, and when his little mistress would play the piano he would curl himself up on one end of it, and softly purr with half-closed eyes while listening to his favorite melodies.—N. Y. Tribune.

PONY KILLS A SNAKE.

Just in the Nick of Time San Jose Appeared and Saved the Lives of Three Children.

A California farmer who has three small children owns a pony called San Jose, which is their constant companion. They have ridden him, rolled over him, fed him and pulled his ears, and evidently consider him one of the family. Even if the children went on an expedition when they did not want to ride, San Jose went along as though he had been a pet dog. One day the three children went on a nutting expedition, and while they gathered the nuts the pony wandered around and grazed. Suddenly, almost beneath the feet of the nut gatherers, there was on ominous whirr, and they saw with horror a huge rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike. The children clustered together with white faces, too terrified to move, but as the deadly head went back there was a quick trample of hoofs, a rush through the bushes, and San Jose leaped into the ring. With his four little sharp hoofs brought together he shot up into the air, landed square on the snake's coil and was off again before the wicked head could strike. The interruption had released the frightened children from the charm, and they ran a short distance away and stopped to witness the fight. The rattler was wounded, but full of fight, and coiled again, and again the pony landed and got away safely. This time the body was nearly severed in two places, and the snake was done for. San Jose pawed over the quivering coil with one fore foot, gave a cheerful whinny and returned to his grazing.

NATURE KIND IN CALIFORNIA

A Country Where the Farmer Is Not Subjected to the Rigors of Severe Weather.

The New England farmer must fortify himself in his stronghold against the seasons. He must be ready to adapt himself to a year that permits him to prosper only upon decidedly hard terms. But the Californian in the country has, during the drought, more leisure, unless, indeed, his ambition for wealth too much engrosses him, says the International Monthly. His horses are plenty and cheap. His fruit crops thrive easily. He is able to supply his table with fewer purchases with less commercial independence. His position is, therefore less that of the knight in his castle and more that of the free dweller in the summer cottage, who is, indeed, not at leisure, but can easily determine how he shall be busy. It is of little importance to him who his next neighbor is. At pleasure he can ride or drive to find his friends; can choose, like the southern planter of former days, his own range of hospitality; can devote himself, if a man of cultivation, to reading during a good many hours at his own choice, or, if a man of sport, can find during a great part of the year easy opportunities for hunting or for camping both by himself and for the young people of his family.

In the dry season he knows beforehand what engagements can be made without regard to the state of the weather, since the state of the weather is predetermined.

Her Sad Predicament.

"She's in a terrible predicament."

"In what way?"

"Why, that rich old man that she promised to marry has offered to have his life insured in her favor."

"I should say that was both considerate and thoughtful of him."

"But you don't understand. If his physical condition is such that any insurance company would accept him as a risk she doesn't want to marry him."—Chicago Post.