

The Old Swimming Hole.
We have bathed in the warm, clear waters where the Indian banded his spears.
We were plunged in glee to the wave-tossed sea and have dived in the salty main.
But memory ever takes us back, with longing in our soul.
To jump once more as in the days of yore in our boyhood's swimming-hole!

Then just below the high trestle, and as the trains passed near,
We waved wild hands from the warm shore sands and gave them a lusty cheer.
Happy young rascals were we then, playing a thoughtless role;
For never a care could reach us there at the dear old swimming hole!

The big boys dived from the trestle, some ten feet high or more,
While the young ones dropped, feet first, or hopped from the old spring-board on shore.
And O, the thrill of that moment when our first high dive was made
From the trestle's height, in the envious sight of the others who were afraid!

How well we had noted the danger—the spot where the barbed wire lay;
The glass-strewn place, and the jagged face of the rock where the big trestle stays!
Over there is the sunken log; and here's where the blood-sucker lies;
On the other bank, where the weeds grow rank, were the snakes and stinging flies!

But O, we would love these dangers should we only meet them today!
If we could cheer when the trains passed near and shout in the boyhood way!
In spite of the great green ocean there's a longing in our soul
To dive once more as in the days of yore in the dear old swimming-hole!

—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Miniature Borer.
Who can bore a hole through a pin by blowing at it? It is impossible, everybody will declare; to do it you need a sharp instrument or a boring machine.



Very well! We will make a boring machine by following the laws of gravity and equilibrium. We need only a few things, a sewing needle, a cork, two pocketknives of equal weight and a bottle closed with a cork. We insert the pin in one of the corks and the eye end of the sewing needle in the cork, closing the bottle. Then we open the two pocketknives and insert them in the free piece of cork, as shown in the illustration. Now we have to balance the two knives on the pin. For that purpose we place the pin on the tip of one finger and have somebody else move the two knives to and fro until the balance is reached. Then we place the whole apparatus on the point of the needle, as shown in illustration. The balance is easily reached by slightly moving the pin one way or the other. When the balance is finally reached we set the knives and cork with the pin in motion by blowing at it. As the sewing needle is of hard steel, the pin of softer metal, the turning motion of the needle will bore a hole in the pin like a boring machine.

The Mesmerized Hat.
Provide yourself with an old hat and an ordinary black pin bent in the shape of the letter C. Put the hat on a table, crown upward, and secure the pin in your right hand. You will borrow the hat from somebody in the audience. On receiving it, take it in your left hand, and while walking to the table place the right hand inside and quickly push the point of the pin up through the crown and stand the hat on the table. You make a few passes over the hat as if you were mesmerizing it. Lay your left hand flat on the hat. Slip your second finger in the hole and slowly lift the hat from the table. After this bring the hat to the table, remove the hand, and in returning the hat you can easily withdraw the pin.

The Singing Doll.
The experiment shown in the illustration is bound to find favor with grown-up people as well as with young folks. All you have to do is to paint two eyes, and underneath them a nose on the knuckles of your index and third finger, as shown in the lower part of the illustration. The thumb pressed against the index finger and moved up and down will represent a toothless mouth. The knuckle of the index finger forms the nose, above it are the eyes. By draping the face



with a towel we have the feature of an old woman, especially effective when the light is not very bright. After a little practice you will succeed in moving the thumb (representing the lower lip and chin) up and down, while you sing a song in a nasal voice. The conversation of the audience in the voice of an old woman. To make the audience laugh readily let the old woman cough and sneeze and open her mouth wide while she is laughing. To make the decep-

behind a sheet drawn across the room and let the doll perform a la Punch and Judy.

How "Road-Runners" Kill Snakes.
Wonderful sagacity is shown by the bird of Southern California known as the "road-runner." As these birds can outrun the swiftest horse they usually choose to escape pursuit by their speed. The road-runner, however, has one mortal enemy, the rattlesnake. This reptile is fond of devouring the road-runner's eggs whenever it comes across a nest in the sagebrush. But the birds often have opportunities of revenge on themselves. Whenever they come across a sleeping rattlesnake sunning himself on a warm rock they immediately prepare a trap for his destruction. Prickly pears abound in those regions. The road-runners, generally a pair, at once begin picking up the spiny-covered leaves of this plant and piling them about the sleeping snake in a circle. When their work is completed they give their enemy a few pecks to awaken him, and then retire to watch the result.

In vain the rattlesnake tries to escape. The ring of prickly leaves hold him a prisoner. At every move he makes the spines prick him, until at last in despair he turns, bites himself and dies.

Travelers often come across these circles of dried leaves with the dead snake in the center. At first no white man would believe the Indian tales of this strange method the road-runner employed in killing their mortal enemy, but they have since been observed in the act by several eminent naturalists who have corroborated the stories told by the Indians.

The male bird is not larger than a common barnyard rooster, and his feathers are as gayly colored as those of the peacock. The hen is of a dark brown sagebrush color.

Conundrums.
Who is the oldest lunatic on record?
Time out of mind.
On which side of a pitcher is the handle?
On the outside.
Why is the camel the most irascible animal in the world?
Because he always has his back up.
What bar is that which often opens but never shuts?
A crowbar.
Why is a good resolution like a lady fainting in a ballroom?
Because it ought to be carried out.
What is that which the more you put in a barrel the lighter it is?
Bungholes.
If you throw a stone into water what does it become?
Wet.

THE TUNEFUL CAT.
The cat upon the fence doth sit
And ring a doleful lay,
Scent music for us in it—
We wish we'd go away!

Yet when you hear the viol played
Remember how its strings were made!
Celestial music thus doth spring
From her internal furnishing.



Doll From Martinique.
An interesting relic of the ill-fated town of Saint Pierre—to wit, an old-fashioned Martinique doll—has been installed at the Musee Pedagogique, where there are dolls representing many French reigns and nearly all the French colonies. The doll from Martinique left the island a few days before the great eruption. This plaything is a survival of the time when black slaves wore certain stuffs introduced into Martinique by the Normans, who originally colonized it. As did the planters' wives of former times and as do the negroes of the present day, she wears a red and yellow handkerchief tied round her head, with the ends rising up above her forehead, and a gown of coarse etamine or canvas cloth, so called because it preceded the hair sieve as a strainer, and a cambric apron of stuff that in the early days of the last century the children of the Saint Pierre Orphanage used to weave. The gown and apron are much longer than the rudimentary legs. The head is large, and the body stuffed with bran. The doll was found with other toys in a press after the decease of a very old lady, who received it when nearly grown up, as a relic of her grandmother's childhood. The fashion in which it is dressed prevailed from the time the island was first colonized by Normans, in the plantations, almost to the present day.—London News Paris telegram.

Rooster Mothers Chickens.
A Hollowell, Me., rooster is mothering a flock of little chickens, incidental to this story comes the news of a tragedy of previous occurrence, when the mother hen met death beneath the wheels of an electric car. The head of the flock cares for the little chickens with apparently a full realization of the duties incumbent



Nichols The Arch
Bloomington Ind.

This is one of the most compact plans published. Absolutely no waste space and at the same time neat and handy. This house has a frontage on 25 feet may be built on a city lot. Height of first story, nine feet; second, eight feet six inches. Solid stone foundation. Hall and main room of first story finished in plain oak, with polished oak floors. Rest of rooms finished in white wood enameled. The large rooms and attached closets make a much admired by the ladies.

WHERE HE WAS LACKING.
Railroad Man Makes Professional Criticism of Minister.
Ministers, as a rule, are not at all averse to telling a good story, even at their own expense. A Baptist minister was so much amused at a witty criticism of his own preaching as he would have been at a similar comment on another man's sermon.
One Sunday morning a well known railway magnate came in and took a seat in a pew. It was the first time that he had been seen at the chapel, and his presence created some little stir. The minister preached his sermon, and then, perhaps to make the most of his opportunity, he traveled over the same ground again in language calculated to be more impressive. Thus the discourse was spun out to unusual length.
When the service ended, one of the "leaves" waited for the great man and expressed the hope that he had enjoyed the sermon.
"Yes, it was all right," said the visitor. "There's only one drawback with your minister's preaching."
"What is that?"
"He doesn't appear to have very good terminal facilities."

Personal Acquaintance Necessary.
Governor Stone tells of an eccentric resident of his county whose wife died after a long illness. They had not been a happy pair, perhaps; but

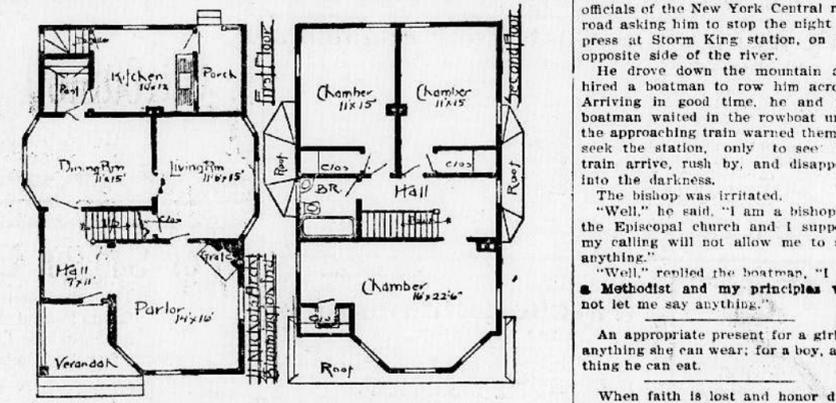
there was some surprise when the widower, replying to the comment of a relative that "Poor Jane's gone at last! Well, she's better off!" roared: "Yes—and so am I!"
He went to a neighboring village to engage a favorite preacher to deliver the funeral sermon, and was told that his selection was no longer there, but had been replaced by a younger and equally efficient clergyman.
"No!" he roared. "I'll have Johnson or none! He knew her, and knows just what to say! If I can't get him, I'll do the preaching myself!"
When Jane's relatives heard this, they bestirred themselves and saved the day by bringing the Reverend Johnson on from a distant town.

Mosquito's Hum Located.
The members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, reports the Detroit News-Tribune, were interested, at a recent meeting, in the announcement by A. E. Shipley and Edwin Wilson of the discovery of an apparatus, heretofore overlooked or neglected, at the base of the mosquito's wings, whereby the characteristic humming of that insect may be produced. The species examined was the anopheles maculipennis, and the apparatus consists of a slightly movable bar provided with a series of well-marked teeth which, as the wings are raised and lowered, rasp across a series of ridges. The structure of the apparatus is described as very complex, but the music produced, as everybody knows, is extremely effective.

SAFE IN FIXING DATE.
Sister Took No Chances in Predicting Brother's Funeral.
Judge Pennypacker, in a public address, once predicted a certain popular movement as sure to occur within a given time. A friend asked the judge if it were not rash to make a positive statement regarding a specific date for any occurrence, arguing that nothing is certain. In reply, the judge told of a Celtic cook who asked her mistress one Monday for leave of absence the following Sunday to attend her brother's funeral.
"Why," exclaimed the mistress, "this is only Monday! Surely, nobody's going to keep a dead body a whole week!"
"He's not dead yet, mum," explained the cook.
"No? Well, he may die to-day or he may live a month. No doctor can safely say that a person will die at such a time that a day may be set for the funeral."
"The doctor's nothing to do with it, mum," was the further explanation. "O'm sure Sunday'll be all right, for he's stinted to be hung Friday."

Both Were Handicapped.
On one occasion Bishop Potter was a guest at the Storm King club of New York. After a comfortable dinner he sent a telegram to one of the officials of the New York Central railroad asking him to stop the night express at Storm King station, on the opposite side of the river.
He drove down the mountain and hired a boatman to row him across. Arriving in good time, he and the boatman waited in the rowboat until the approaching train warned them to seek the station, only to see the train arrive, rush by, and disappear into the darkness.
The bishop was irritated.
"Well," he said, "I am a bishop of the Episcopal church and I suppose my calling will not allow me to say anything."
"Well," replied the boatman, "I am a Methodist and my principles will not let me say anything."

An appropriate present for a girl is anything she can wear; for a boy, anything he can eat.
When faith is lost and honor dies, the man is dead.—Whittier.



Plan of house to be built at cost of \$1,500.

HAD A PERSONAL INTEREST.
Good Reason Why He Wanted Red-Haired Man Saved.
William Dorn Howells has acted as the literary godfather for many young native authors who sought him out early in their careers to ask his good offices. One of these, at last, was not ungrateful, for when he "arrived," and had reached that position where his say in literary affairs meant something, he never lost an opportunity to say nice things of the author of "Silas Lapham." On one occasion, the younger author made an address before a body of literary men in which he virtually asserted that everything good and great in native literature owed its inspiration to Howells. The address was printed far and wide and commended on all sides, not always in a manner complimentary to its author. Mr. Howells' attention was, naturally, called to the matter, and he wrote his protégé a letter in which he invoked a story of two men who, bathing at the seashore, were seen struggling and heard crying for help. A crowd gathered to watch the efforts of the life guards, who could hear above the roar of the ocean and the noise made by the crowd a voice below:
"Save the red haired man! Save him first! The red haired man, sure!"
Both men were saved and the guards, going after the excitable fellow on the beach in the hope of a gratuity, asked:
"Red haired chap relation of yours, sir?"
"No—no relative at all," he replied, "but he owes me nineteen dollars."

JOKE WASTED ON ENGLISHMAN.
Utterly Unable to Understand American Sarcasm.
Singer, the sewing machine manufacturer, owned a beautiful country place in the south of England that was regarded as one of the sights of the neighborhood by travelers. He was so annoyed by miscellaneous visitors, however, that he gave orders to all his ground keepers that none but his personal friends should be permitted to wander about the estate. Singer, himself, one morning encountered a stranger in the person of an English gentleman who had recently taken possession of an adjoining estate, and had wandered over to take a look at the American's famous place. The uninvited visitor was in neglect, with a brown velvet smoking jacket for a coat. Singer ordered the stranger away, and, his eye catching the velvet jacket, added, pointing to the nearest gateway:
"You'll find the organ and monkey outside, I guess!"
The story came out through the victim's telling it in his London club, where half a dozen American visitors were sent into shrieks of laughter when he added:
"What do you suppose the beggar could have meant by that?"
An English Joke.
Once a farmer had a son, and this son left home to be a bootblack. Thus the farmer makes hay whilst the son shines.—London Tit-Bits.
A straightout enemy is more of a friend than a devious friend is less of an enemy.

IF LIFE WERE ALL.
If life were all, what need the living live?
In transient griefs that seem to multiply
Each with the disappearance of its mate.
And so to crowd in one long misery
The little pains, in union waxing great.
And racking us beyond all mortal ken?
This tear-wash'd vale—were nothing else to be
There where the twilight robs the close of day

In filmy mist, and shrouds the dawn
In mystery—were this uncertain way
Not less of tear, and more of cloudy smile
Why fear the issue of eternity?
If life were all—ah! but the children give
An outer edge of promise and of cheer
To smooth the frown, and banish our despair—
And as we use our golden talents here,
We find fruition of our labor there;
Eternal joy is measured as we live.
—Leslie's Weekly.

The Hidden Presence
To say that God is everywhere is not the same as to say that I see God everywhere I go. The first is an intellectual theory, the second is a vital experience. It is conceivable that God might be everywhere and yet the soul not see him wherever it should go; it is conceivable that the soul should see God wherever it should go and yet God not be everywhere. The theological doctrine of the omnipresence of God has grown out of the spiritual experience of companionship with God, but the two are not identical. The one is a deduction of the philosophers, the other is an experience of the devout. It is this last one which the sacred writers lay stress in the Bible. They are not framers of a theory; they are narrators of an experience.
We find God everywhere if we take God with us; not otherwise. It is sometimes said that the devout soul does not really see God in nature, he only imagines him there; he reads him into nature. In the same sense the artist reads into nature beauty, and the poet truth. Nature reflects back to them what they bring to nature. The artistic in nature is discovered only by the artistic in man; the divine in nature is perceived only the divine in man. The man of vision does not see what does not exist; he does not create, he perceives. But the blind man does not see what does exist; he does not see it because he can not; for as only the spirit of the artist within can see beauty without, so only the spirit of the divine within can see God without. That is what Christ means when he says, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." The muddy pool does not reflect the stars. We discern so much of God in nature and in life as we have of God within us wherewith to discern—no more, no less.

Self-Majesty
When appetite has the keenest edge it must be wielded, like a dangerous weapon with the most absolute mastery. When the nerves quiver with irritable propensity, the will must lay a tranquilizing hand upon their trembling, forbid the lips to open but for quiet words, and compel the heart to live by the placid faith of happier hours. When coward inclination recoils from the austere simplicity of duty, shrinks sensitive to the voices of decision, and obtuse to the whisperings of God, then inclination must be punished as a treacherous and wicked counselor, and all that it forbad be undertaken at any cost. And when the proud, self-justifying thought would refuse to confess and double

the past wrong by shutting it up in silliness instead of opening it out in secret shame; we must instantly, by an act of self-sacrificing will, invoke the Holiest to witness our impotence and humble ourselves within that presence to which our pitiable disguises are of no avail. And if ever a sad, distrustful mind, producing timid and wavering steps, comes over us, and life appears too vain and death too awful a thing, it were false in us to submit to such a delusion, and listen to such monotony of strain; and we must force ourselves upon the wing away—to the hills of faith where dwelleth our help—lose ourselves in the forests of our deepest worship, where blessed birds will sing the songs of heaven to our weary hearts.—James Martineau.

Christ and the People
It is frequently said that the church of our time has lost its grip on the working class. The statement is far too sweeping; but whatever truth it contains, is measured by the extent to which the church, ever or anywhere, turns aside from the word or example of her Lord. He was no respecter of persons; His heart overflowed with love for all sorts and conditions of men. Jesus was a social reformer. As a Man of the people He had a heart that was in sympathy with them; and His life and teaching were addressed to the betterment of their conditions here and hereafter. It is now nineteen hundred years since His advent. The ripening of His social purpose has been slow but sure. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small." We look back over the centuries and are able to estimate what Christ has done for the people.
The heart of Jesus went out to the masses, to the great body of producers, who, by sweat of brain and brawn, are ever enriching the world. Observe how His preaching is enriched with industrial figures; of nets and boats, sowing, fertilizing and reaping, mills and markets and toll-booths, shepherds, housekeepers, architects, vine-dressers and other sorts of handicraftsmen. At the outset of His ministry He gathered about Him a cabinet of twelve men, all of whom were devoted to braincraft or handicraft. There was not among them a single gentleman of leisure. In view of such conditions, it is not surprising to learn that the great multitude of believers in the early church were from among the working class. On the one hand, "not many mighty, not many noble were called"; and on the other, there was little in the new religion to attract the indolent, since one of its fundamental precepts was, "If any man will not work, neither let him eat."—Dr. David J. Burrell.

How to Be Happy
Real life lies in service; that is to say, to be of some use in the world, to make other people happier and better than our presence among them, is the only way of being happy and of improving ourselves, and that not as an occasional thing for a day or for a month, but as the settled habit of our life. I am here in the world to serve and to think of others and not myself. Now although that is the open secret of happiness in the world, it is extraordinarily difficult for us to realize it, and I suppose most young people begin under the impression that instead of happiness lying in service it lies in being served. I would therefore remind you, especially those of you who are placed in circumstances

of ease and comfort, that if you make the great object of your life pleasure and amusement, the springs of your being will gradually dry up within you, and long before you have reached middle life you will find that pleasure has ceased to please, and amusement has ceased to amuse; but on the other hand, if you make the whole object of your life to serve others, to minister, to bless, and to save any one of these human beings around you, you will find that those sacred springs within your own nature bubble up afresh, bubble up in perennial freshness, and while you never sought you will always find pleasure and amusement in the world.—Dr. R. F. Horton.

Clothed with Truth as a Garment
A beautiful Eastern story tells of a child walking beside the sea, who saw a bright spangle lying in the sand. She stooped down and picked it up, and found it was attached to a fine thread of gold. As she drew this out of the sand there were other bright spangles on it. She drew up the gold thread, and wound it about her neck and around her head and her arms and her body, until from head to foot she was covered with the bright threads of gold, and sparkled with the brilliance of the silver spangles. So it is when we meditate upon spiritual truth, when we enlist in Christian service, when we pray earnestly. The beautiful follows the beautiful. Each good thought and deed is the key to another thought and deed of greater beauty, the key to a life of more perfect holiness. To him that hath shall be given. So it is, too, when we lift out of God's word an ornament of beauty to put into our life. We find that other fragments of loveliness, all bound together on the golden chain of love, are attached to the one we have taken up.

Explanation of Miracles
There is a "funny man" on the Chicago Tribune who now and then says a thing of force and sense, looking over the miracles of Jesus and seeing how the explanations are often more mystifying than the miracles themselves. He says: "The most convenient way to handle the New Testament miracles is to refrain from any attempt to explain them." Perhaps he is right. For generations past men have tried to explain the miracles of the Christ, but they haven't got beyond making bad blood among themselves. Strange that so many fail to see that Jesus himself is the greatest miracle; one would naturally expect him to do things no other man ever did before him or after him. A stab at the miracles is a stab at the Christ.—Baptist Union.

Faith and Works
Ask me why a true faith must work! Ask why the branch can do other than bear clusters of ruddy grapes. Its difficulty would be to abstain from bearing; the vitality of the root accounts for its life and productivity. Blame the lark, whose nature vibrates in the sunshine, for pouring from its small throat volumes of sound; blame the child, full of bounding health, for laughing, singing and leaping; blame the musician, whose soul has caught some fragments of the music of eternity; for pouring it forth in song, before you wonder why it is that the true faith which has opened the way from the believer to his Lord produces these greater works.—F. B. Meyer.

Your Father Knoweth
"Your Father knoweth." This is one of the tender words of scripture, the sweet, hushing answer of a love that understands all and can do all. There is such joy in these words: "He knoweth. Your Father knoweth that ye have need of such things." It may be heart-need or life-need or soul-need, the unattained desire, the unfulfilled wish. To every pang of disappointment, to every powerless reaching forth of hope, no less than to every sigh over mere temporal need, this word comes: "Your Father knoweth." Some men are your friends only so long as they can use you.