DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS,

BY WILL T. HALE.

Nay, don't forget the old folks, boys—
they've not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were
home, the old hearts still are true;
And not an evening passes by they haven't
the desire
To see your faces once again and hear your
footsteps nigher.

You're young and buoyant, and for you
hope beckons with her hands,
And life spreads out a waveless sea that
laps but tropic strands;
The world is all before your face, but, let
your memories turn
To where fond hearts still cherish you and
loving bosoms yearn.

No matter what your duties are nor what
your place in life,
There's never been a time they'd not assume your load of strife;
And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands,
and forms racked by disease,
Would bravely dare the grave to bring to
you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys—they've
not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were
home, the old hearts still are true;
And write them now and then to bring the
light into their eyes,
And make the world glow once again and
bluer gleam the skies.

A True Story of a False Arrest.

A Plot That Thickened Until It Boiled Over With Unexpected and Disastrous Results.

BILLY HARTLEY was one of those irritating young men whose stock in trade consists of an important manner and a positive voice. Billy Hartley was a private detective and business was bad with him. He had gradually nursed himself into a state of mind where he believed that the world did not appreciate him. When a man so believes, the plot invariably begins to thicken into an ominously fatal sort of stew.

One day as Billy sat in his room at the "Grupelli" apartment house, he peeled the following little sweet potato of thought and threw it into the simmering saucepan of his ambitional thought:

"I must bring my detective ability before the public in a way which will make a marked impression," said he.

He chopped up a logical turnip or two, and thoughtfully stirred them in.

"The public does not bring me its private cases and so I cannot prove my worth," he continued. "I must therefore fix up a case myself. Now there are a lot of robberies going on in this neighborhood, and the police seem helpless. Why can't I whirl in and catch these thieves?"

Billy Hartley communed with himself until he began to hate his own company.

"By the Great Guns of War! I have it!" he finally exclaimed.

He wrote the following note:

"Dear Sir—If your representative will be at the corner of Broadway and Eighth street to-night at 12 o'clock I will hand him $100 as agreed. He must have this letter to identify him, and the signal will be a sneeze."

Billy Hartley sealed this note, addressed it to himself, and placed it on a conspicuous part of his bureau. On the envelope he added the words: "Valuable. In haste."

Billy Hartley tiptoed to the window and cautiously peered out. "Oh, if the burglars would only call here and find that letter," he murmured imploringly.

Billy Hartley tiptoed to the door and listened intently. "They'd go for the $100 and then we'd nab them sure," he continued, in a sibilant whisper. "Why, it would make me famous."

Billy Hartley picked up his hat and opened the door. He shook an ominous finger with a warning gesture for absolute silence and disappeared.

The world's a stage. Up in one of the boxes sat Dame Fortune intelligently following Hartley's little side play.

"Now I'll just help this worthy young man," remarked the Dame to herself, and she settled cosily down to see this thing through.

The world's a stage. The actors are ready. The prompter is at hand. The stringed instruments in the orchestra are shivering out their trembliest music and a thrilling detective mystery rapidly begins to unfold itself.

It was night. The stars shone bright. Jimmy Short and Gus Simmons, attired in irreproachable evening dress, wended their devious way up West Forty-sixth street. They had an utter disregard of the flight of the crow. Their faces were bathed in an effulgent happiness. Their gestures were of the heroic size. They had all the enviable appearances of having dined to the tuneful accompaniment of corks that pop and tinkling glass.

Occasionally Jimmy was stricken with a convulsion of apopletic merriment. "Isn't it easy?" he whispered to his companion at these times.

"It's almost too easy," replied Gus, wagging his head in a reflective manner.

The Bacchanalian procession of two stopped in front of the "Grupelli." They ascended the steps. One of them lurched inside. The other sat down on the door step and softly wept as he unlaced his shoes. A sophisticated policeman smiled indulgently as he passed.

But now behold a curious thing! The method and manner of the reveller who had lurched inside suddenly changed. His jag fell from him even as a mantle. He rapidly entered all the darkened rooms that were unlocked and rapidly came out again. In a short time he reappeared at the street door and resumed his correct imitation of a man on a bat. He locked arms with his watching companion on the steps and, striking up the chaste measure of a merry roundelay, they continued their winding way to Sixth avenue, where they disappeared.

In the Great Comedy of Life it is the accepted fact that one man in his time plays many parts, but it may be remarked that things do not become really interesting until some of the players begin acting two different parts at one and the same time.

When Billy Hartley returned to the "Grupelli" that evening he found the place ringing with violent and stinging acclamations. It seemed as if nearly every room in the place had been robbed. Orotund oaths pulsated in and out like a passionate shuttle in some highly speeded rhetorical loom. Curious curses perforated the peaceful night and died away in an awed and shuddering stillness.

Up and down the halls flitted the burglared ones, comparing notes and lamenting their losses in stentorian accents. The human imagination is never so healthy as during the discussion of a robbery. Missing neckties became full dress suits with money in the pockets, and pilfered scarfpins were glorified into solid gold repeaters presented to their inconsolable owners for saving human lives.

Billy Hartley entered his room with the tense feeling of a gambler who has staked everything on one card. He noted with a hot glow of satisfaction that the letter was missing from his bureau. He called in his neighbors and explained the case to them.

"The burglar will be there," concluded Hartley importantly. "He'll be there after that $100. And when he sneezes we'll nab him."

"But how'll we prove it?" asked a doubting Thomas.

"He'll have my letter with him, of course," replied Hartley. "I can swear I left it on my bureau."

The doubting Thomas shook Hartley by the hand.

"Great head," he murmured admiringly. "Lucky thing that the burglar happened to take your letter."

"That was pure detective ability," responded Hartley importantly. "No such thing as luck in matters like these."

Up above, Dame Fortune suddenly cast a spiteful look at this cheeky young man who was so early denying the existence of his benefactor.

"No such thing as luck, eh?" she muttered, pursing up her lips. "We'll just see about that. We'll just see!"

It may be stated at this point that when Femininity purse up her lips and says, "We'll just see," it generally means that some poor image of a man will soon be heavily leaning up against bars manywhere and vainly attempting to drown his bitter sorrows in a tempestuous sea of beer.

And in the meantime where were Jimmy Short and Gus Simmons? They were sitting at a little round table and looking earnestly at each other.

"Isn't it easy?" inquired Jimmy.

"It's too easy," ruminated Gus. "Why is it that a cop never arrests a drunk in a dress suit? And if I'd been caught in the Grupelli to-night they'd have thought I was full and got in the wrong room by mistake. It's too easy!" he repeated solemnly. He again looked earnestly at his companion as he piled a miscellaneous assortment of jewelry on the table. Their earnest looks simultaneously disappeared and they winked at each other with much humorous unction.

'And here's a letter I picked up in one of the rooms," continued Gus. "It's marked 'Valuable' and hasn't been opened yet," he commented as he proceeded to read the letter to his attentive partner.

"He must have this letter to identify him and the signal will be a sneeze,'" concluded Gus.

"The signal will be a sneeze," he repeated.

"Easy!" murmured Jimmy ecstatically. "Oh, easy!"

"And Hartley never saw this note," added Gus.

"Easy!" repeated Jimmy. "Oh, easy! Why, anybody can sneeze. It's child's play. One of us will just go there with this letter and sneeze and get $100. Isn't it easy, eh? Makes you wish you had a cold."

"It's too blamed easy," objected the other more solemnly than ever; "it's too easy to be natural. Let's think it over."

A tall, thin, red-headed man brought in a couple of bottles and placed them on a table.

"Hello, Sandy," remarked Gus. "Where've you been lately?"

"Been over to Jersey for a week," answered Sandy; "just got back five minutes ago."

Jimmy and Gus again looked at each other earnestly. They nodded.

"Sandy," remarked Gus portentiously, "sit down, my boy, we want to have a little talk with you."

At this point it may be stated that while it is a well accepted sociological theory that talk is cheap there are a number of well authenticated cases on record where it has cost a man surprisingly dear.

The hour was midnight. The place was Broadway and Eighth street. The clock in Grace Church clanged out the midnight hour. The last reverberation had reluctantly died away when a tall, red-headed man walked up to the corner and sneezed. Instantly a strange thing happened. A posse of revengeful citizens pounced out from neighboring doorways and seized this tall, sneezing, red-headed man.

"We've got you!" they cried.

The tall man struggled mightily and loudly called the company's attention to the fact that his coat had been torn in the shuffle. "And that coat cost $50," he added impressively, "imported goods."

One of the attacking party caught sight of a letter in the tall man's hand.

"He has the letter!" shouted this observant member. "Call a policeman!"

Again the tall man struggled valiantly and with good effect.

"There goes my vest!" he shouted; "very fancy vest; worth $25!" He continued the struggle with the dogged air of a man who has a deep hidden purpose before him. "And there goes my pants," he finally added with a subdued triumphant note in his voice. "Those pants are worth $25 of anybody's money," he remarked with melancholy resignation. At this point the policeman came along, and in a few minutes our Sandy was explaining his case to the authorities.

"I had just returned from a week's visit to Jersey this very night and had got off the Christopher street car to mail this letter to my wife out there, when up comes this crowd and mobs me. One of 'em stole my wallet. There was $200 in that wallet. And they tore my clothes. Look at that coat!" he wailed as he glanced down himself with a critical eye. "And look at that vest!" he shouted. He continued the survey of his personal damages with rapidly rising emotions. "And just take a good look at them pants!" he howled with sudden feeling as he hastily took advantage of a convenient chair.

That is how it cost the tenants of the Grupelli $300 to square themselves with Sandy Pierson the other night.

And that also is why Billy Hartley is going into the real estate and insurance business as soon as he can find a suitable opening for an ambitious young man.—New York Evening Sun.

Fashions in Horses

As in nearly everything else, fashions in horses are frequently changing, and it is interesting to note how these have varied. Years ago nothing was considered more stylish, in tandem for instance, than a smart dapple-gray leader and a good, upstanding chestnut in the shafts. Then came the period of rigid uniformity when the animals had all to be carefully matched—it made no matter what was the color. This has lasted pretty well until the present day, with varying limitations. At one time well-groomed, satin-coated blacks were the rage, at another chestnuts were essential. Just now "liver-colored" chestnuts and browns are declared to have Dame Fashion's smile, and there is also considerable request for the good, hard, serviceable blue roan, nowadays somewhat scarce. In this as in other matters, however, the good lady's favor is fickle. A prominent fancier decides for a certain color, and drives in a smart "turnout." He promptly has the flattery of imitation. A demand is created and the fashion set. Just as in clothes, so in selection for the stable. What was yesterday's "correct thing" may be to-morrow's "bad form;" but for the riding man the highest recommendation of a mount will always be quality rather than shade.—London Daily Telegraph.

Italy has 95,701 acres of orange and lemon groves containing 16,730,907 trees.

CLEANING HOUSE.

Dolly's clothes are on the line,
Dolly's dishes fairly shine;
Dolly's house is swept all through,
Chairs and tables look like new.
Dolly's little mother, May,
Has been cleaning house to-day.

Picture books, a goodly row,
Such a pretty order show;
Games and blocks all put in place,
Pencils in the drawing case.
"I'm so tired," says little May,
"I've been cleaning house to-day."

—E. E. Hewitt, in Sunbeam.

A PEANUT PARTY.

Mrs. Carmichael was very fond of boys; she liked them all sizes and ages, no matter how rough and awkward they were. A boy's best side was always sure to turn uppermost before she had him in hand fifteen minutes. Perhaps for the reason that she had no children of her own she had a thorough love and understanding of other people's children, especially boys.

She always had a Sunday school class of boys, and there was one persistent member who refused promotion half a dozen times rather than submit to a separation.

Every year Mrs. Carmichael arranged some entertainment for her class, and there was no more delightful day in the calendar than that which the boys spent roaming over the beautiful grounds and winding up with some novel entertainment. Everything seemed exhausted. There had been charades, and tableaux, and potato races, and guessing games, and even tricks by a professional, among innumerable ventures.

"If I don't have something new my boys will lose their faith," she said at last, taking her "steady" Sunday school pupil into her confidence.

"Then I wouldn't give peanuts for them all," he declared.

Mrs. Carmichael clapped her hands.

"Peanuts!" she cried. "Samuel, you are an inspiration, and as a reward you shall stay in my class for another year. I shall give a peanut party."

This she proceeded to do without more delay; and for her purpose on the eventful day she bought the entire capital of a peanut stand in the neighborhood, securing about four quarts. Then she hid them one by one in every nook and angle she could think of; it was really wonderful how even that big house could have hiding places enough, but she finally stowed them all away, well out of sight.

"Now," she said, as the boys streamed into the house after a tour of outdoor inspection, "there's to be a big peanut hunt. I have four quarts of them hidden on this lower floor, which must be found in half an hour's time. Here is a paper bag for each of you. He who finds the greatest number of peanuts gets a prize. When the half hour is up I will stop the hunt and we will count trophies, after which, to be quite sure our four quarts are secured, we will prove it by this," and she held up a gayly painted quart measure. "Now, then, away with you! Go where you please, but be careful of bric-a-brac and china."

With a shout they were off and a livelier half hour was never passed. Each second furnished excitement, for the peanuts lurked in the most unexpected places, and boys found them with deafening whoops and yells that sent Mrs. Carmichael's hands to her ears.

At last time was called and the hunters came trooping in with their spoils. Little Will Vance, the baby of the class, secured the prize—a fine jackknife—because he was small enough to slip into impossible places, and it was found after careful measurement that four quarts exactly had been gathered in during the hunt.

Altogether the peanut party was a success and the boys went home with the firm conviction that Mrs. Carmichael was the very nicest and jolliest boy of them all.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

IN A PELICAN'S NEST.

With what satisfaction I recall my visit to Bird Rock, that famous resort for birds just within the passage between Newfoundland and Cape Breton! Audubon, in a wave tossed schooner, lay off the rock for hours in the vain hope that he might effect a landing; and one could therefore appreciate weather which permitted one safely to run a boat onto the hand's breadth of beach beneath the bird-inhabited walls towering more than a hundred feet above. The top was reached by means of a crate, a rake, and a windlass—apparatus subsequently found most useful in reaching points of vantage whence to photograph birds nesting on the face of the cliff.

I have not always been so fortunate, however, and a trip to study a small colony of white pelicans was attended by far from satisfactory results. Size and color combine to make these birds exceedingly conspicuous, and an opportunity to test a rifle upon them is rarely lost. Where man and gun are few, therefore, the birds nest in only the most isolated places. This particular group of about forty birds had selected an islet, or, locally a "reef," so far out in Shoal Lake, Manitoba, that it was wholly invisible from the shore. But reach them we must, and the trip of four or five miles was made in a twelve-foot punt, the bottom of which could be wisely trod on only with great caution. The reef was reached and the splendid white birds were found sitting on their nests of sand and gravel. At our approach they arose, and, with characteristic dignity of flight, disappeared far down the lake. In awaiting their return, concealed in a small patch of reeds, a sudden change occurred in the weather and soon we found ourselves prisoners in pelican land. Fortunately we had a tent-fly, which with a push pole, a pair of crossed oars and a camera tripod, would have made a passable shelter under ordinary circumstances. But in the end the circumstances proved to be extraordinary. The storm became one to date from. Not only were we forced to ballast our tent with boulders, but sitting in a pelican's nest, the only available, unflooded position, I passed a good portion of the night with my hands clasped around the ridge pole of our improvised shelter to prevent the whole affair from blowing into the lake. Eventually we reached the mainland, none the worse for the experience, but the pelicans, alas! refused to share their home with us, and in their absence their eggs were devoured by the western gulls that nested near them.

SWALLOW CHARACTERISTICS.

It is very easy to remember the barn swallow. Hay forks are used in the barn; this swallow has a very conspicuously forked tail. Remember also that the farmers get much hay down in the meadows; you often see barn swallows flying low over these meadows for insects. Keep in mind also that the under parts are of chocolate color.

On the upper edge of an excavated bank by the roadside there is a dark layer of soil and vegetation. There is a dark band across the breast of the bank swallow. That is easy to remember. The rough winged is much the same as the bank swallow, except that is has no dark band on the breast. The color is a sooty brown.

There is a steel lightning rod on the brown shingles of the old farmhouse; there is a bright steel-blue patch on the brown breast of the eaves swallow. The tail is almost as square as the end of the roof. The light spot on the rump you may also remember.

This swallow builds a queer gourd-shaped nest of mud hanging mouth downward under the eaves of the barn. This nest, made of pellets of mud, is very interesting, as it is nicely adapted to the slant of the eaves and to the boards or rafters on which it is fastened. It is also very interesting to watch these swallows on muddy shores rolling up pellets of mud.

Take your notebook and write in it a list of the principal members of a few of these confusing families. Against the name of each bird in the list put the chief characteristic as stated in any good bird book. Four families at least should be treated this way—the swallows, the sparrows, the vireos and the warblers.—St. Nicholas.

The Atomic Theory Exploded.

"Atoms" as indivisible and unalterable particles disappear from our philosophy. In their stead we have "electrons," of which the streams from radium are partly composed, and which are nothing more nor less than minute electrified masses. If we accept the atom at all, we must consider it as composed of a whole stellar system of "electrons," all in orbital motion. Chemistry bids fair to become the astronomy of the infinitesimal. Just how much smaller than an atom an "electron" is, Sir William Crookes has shown in a striking example: The sun's diameter is about 930,000 miles, and that of the smallest planetoid about fifteen miles. If an atom of hydrogen be magnified to the size of the sun, an "electron" will be about two-thirds the diameter of the planetoid. The nineteenth century saw the birth of the atom. We now see its destruction. Perhaps at some future day we may conclude with Crookes that the universe is composed of a swarm of flying "electrons."—Woman's Home Companion.