

Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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NUMBER 12.

TO OUR BABY.

There he lies in regal state
Peeping in at childhood's gate,
Opening wide his azure eyes,
Full of wonder and surprise;
Though the tenderest, sweetest thing,
You he reigns a very king—
Clad in garments of the best
He will take his royal rest!

Softest lawn, and richest lace
Flutters round his dimpled face,
Drapes his white and baby arm—
Not a fly must do him harm,
Not a willow foot must tread
Heavily about his head;
Not a whisper—scarcely a breath;
Let the house be still as death.

Ho is up! Our embryo king;
See his rattle—get his ring;
Do his bidding, father, mother,
Aunt and uncle, sister, brother;
Let him feed, our youthful Hector
On the richest, sweetest noctar,
Let him not a moment wait,
All his wants anticipate.

When "our baby" grows a man—
Realize it if you can,
He will pay us more than double
For our daily care and trouble;
"May be not!" a voice unkind
Whispers rudely. Never mind;
Kiss our darling in his nest—
Let us hope, and for the best.
—Mrs. M. A. Kilder, in N. Y. Weekly.

THE RUSSET APPLES.

How They Helped to End Addy Walters' Trials.

A late March twilight, with a bitter frost in the air; the new moon just dipping its golden horn behind the maple swamp in the west, and the ground sounding crisply under foot. We had just come in from folding the cattle—"we" sounds rather singularly when you reflect that it meant Kitty and I, two girls of seventeen and nineteen; but you see there wasn't any one else to do it. Father had been bedridden ever since that last attack of paralysis, and we could afford to hire no one to take his place about the farm.

"I don't pity them gals," Neighbor Dyson said. "They might sell the horse and cow."

Neighbor Dyson had generously offered us something less than half price for them, thinking, no doubt, that we would be thankful to jump at the chance. But Kitty and I, after taking the matter into consideration, thanked him, and declined politely.

"We couldn't keep horse without old Mooley, could we, Addy?" said my sister. "There are so many nice dishes we can make for poor father, if we have plenty of good, rich milk and cream. And the butter that we should have to buy at Neighbor Dyson's city prices would go far to counterbalance the money we should get for Mooley."

"And as for the horse," said I, "he eats but a little; and how on earth could we get around the country, even to the post-office, such weather as this, if it wasn't for old Dobbin, that we have had ever since I can remember."

So it happened that on this special March evening we had just come in from attending to the wants of our live stock.

I was in great spirits, playing with pussy, who came to meet us with her plump tail erect; but Kitty leaned sadly against the wooden mantel and looked into the fire with mournful eyes.

"Kitty," cried I, at last, "what does make you so dull?"

"To-morrow is the 3d of March," said she, gravely.

"What of that?" I demanded.

"Don't you remember? The interest on the mortgage comes due to-morrow."

"So it does," said I, my radiant face falling faster than the thermometer on a freezing day. "Thirty-five dollars! And we have nothing to pay it with except the fifteen dollars Laura Osgood paid for the old melodeon."

"Perhaps Willis Avery would wait," suggested Kitty.

I drew myself up, slightly.

"I don't choose to ask him to wait," said I.

Now it happened that Willis Avery, who held the mortgage on our home, stood, was the son of a neighbor and an old playfellow and boy-beau of my own, who had gone to the prosperous young city a few miles north of us and commenced business on his own account, and I had a particular aversion to asking aid or help of him in any way. I might be poor, but I was proud, and Kitty was quite sympathetic enough to understand me.

"But, then, what are we to do?" said Kitty.

I sat down on the hearth rug, with my chin in my hands, and stared earnestly at the big crackling black log. Pussy crept away and nestled down in the corner, as if she knew by instinct that there was a change of temperature.

"Look here, Kitty," said I, suddenly. "Those russet apples!"

"Well?"

"We can sell them. There are eight barrels at the least. Eight barrels at two dollars and fifty cents a barrel—"

"My dear Addy, no one will buy them at one-fifth the price. Apples are a drug in the market."

"Here, I grant you, but not in the city. I will take them to Mapleton and sell them."

"You will, Addy?"

"And why not? Squire Dyson would charge at least twenty per cent commission, and make a favor of it at that. I can't afford either the price or the patronage. Don't say anything about it to father. He would only fret and raise objections. What must be done, must be, and I am the girl to do it."

"But, Addy, how can you sell so perfectly wild and visionary to me?"

"Well, it needn't; for, believe me, it's the most practical thing in the world. All we have to do is to sort the apples out in barrels, nice and sound—I can easily do it by lantern light to-night—and to-morrow morning we'll rise early, harness old Dobbin to the lumber-wagon—"

"But how are we to get the heavy barrels up into the wagon?"

"Good!" cried I, laughing. "Can't I put the barrels up into the wagon while they're empty, and fill them at my leisure? And I'll have them sold at Mapleton before you've got the pork and cabbage boiling for dinner."

"But where will you get?" asked Kitty.

"Oh! I know lots of places. I went once to town with Obeldiah Fairweather, when he sold a lot of cheeses. I've pretty good idea of the locality of the commission stores, I can tell you."

"After all, Addy," hesitated my conservative little sister, "it isn't a woman's work."

"Why isn't it, I should like to know, so long as a woman can do it. At all events, a woman must pay her debts; so if you'll hurry up the tea I'll be off to the barn."

"And what shall we tell papa?"

"Oh! he'll think I've gone to singing-school with the Dyson girls, and I don't think it's a Christian duty to undeceive him," answered I.

But notwithstanding the brave face I put upon affairs, my heart quivered a little the next day as I drove off toward Mapleton, with the scarlet stain of sunrise dyeing all the east, and my own cheeks flushed with the keen morning air.

But it wasn't so bad, after all. With pardonable egotism, I supposed that every one would be staring at me; but on the contrary, a young woman selling apples might be the commonest sight in the world, so little comment or surprise did it apparently excite. Mr. Holloway, of the firm of Holloway Brothers, produce an commission merchants, didn't want any apples I speedily learned.

"Just bought a shipload from Albany," said he, as carelessly as if shiploads of apples were as common a purchase as ten cents' worth of tape. And I drove on, beginning to feel infinitesimally small.

Mr. Lovejoy could give me one dollar a barrel. "Apples wasn't worth no more at this season of the year!" And I whipped old Dobbin up, determined to carry them home again, sooner than sell at that price.

At the next place where I stopped a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man came out and critically examined my apples. "Do they hold out like this all the way down?" he asked.

"I'll warrant them," said I, carelessly.

"How much?" he asked.

"Two dollars and a half a barrel," he reflected.

"It's a good price," said he, as if he were talking to his own vest buttons; "but then they look like good apples, and they are a tolerably large Western order to fill. I'll see what my partner thinks."

He went back into the gloomy depths of his store, and I, happening to glance up, saw the words painted in black letters over the door: "Hull & Avery."

My first impulse was to drive on and leave the chance of a bargain behind me; my next to sit still and await my fate as Providence dealt it out to me. And presently out came Willis Avery himself.

"I think we will take your load if you're breaking short off," it's Addy Walters!"

I colored scarlet.

"Yes," said I, as composedly as possible. "Good morning, Mr. Avery, I shall be obliged to you if you will examine the fruit as speedily as possible, as I am in a hurry."

"Oh, certainly." He looked as if a nipping frost had chilled his enthusiasm in the bud, and I secretly exulted within myself.

Mr. Hull bought the load of apples, and said if I had any more at the same price—and of the same quality, he cautiously added—he would be happy to take them. Willis Avery touched his hat, and I drove away as lightly as Queen Boadicea in her chariot of old.

"Just \$35, counting in the melodeon money," cried Kitty, gleefully. "And now Mr. Avery may come as soon as he likes!"

She had scarcely spoken the words before there came a knock at the door, and in walked no less a personage than Mr. Willis Avery himself. I received him with the air of an empress.

"Your money is ready, Mr. Avery."

"I was not thinking of the money, Addy," said he, almost reproachfully. "Do you think one's mind runs always on money?"

"Mine does, a good deal," said I, laughing.

"But I had no idea you were reduced to this. I did not know—"

"Mr. Avery, this is scarcely business-like," I interposed.

"Addy," said he, abruptly, "I admired your spirit and courage to-day. I always liked you as a girl, but now—"

"Well?" for he hesitated.

"I would do something more, if you would let me. I would love you!"

I did not answer. In truth and in fact, I could not.

"Dear Addy, will you let me sign back the old place to your father on our wedding day?" he asked earnestly.

And somehow he had got hold of my hand, and somehow, before I knew it, we were engaged.

"This is all very ridiculous of us," said I, "particularly as I have resolved never to marry since we had that quarrel about my dancing with Gerald Ferguson at the fourth of July picnic."

"I'll promise you never to be jealous again," said Willis Avery.

Kitty was jubilant when she heard it all.

"Our troubles are at an end," said she, "and all because you would take that load of russet apples to town yourself."

"That doesn't follow," said I, sagely. "But for all my philosophy I did believe a little in fate, and I've always liked russet apples since.—Chicago News."

—A Hamburg firm is making a fortune by selling bogus Heligoland postage stamps to collectors in Germany. As soon as the Anglo-German agreement concerning the island became known there was a tremendous demand for the old Heligoland stamps, and the prices went up to forty-five and fifty cents apiece. The firm in question at once bought the Heligoland stamp for little more than its value as old metal, and has kept it a-going day and night ever since. It has already sold 20,000 and has more orders in sight than it can fill. At a recent meeting of the postage stamp bureau in Berlin a movement to stop the fraud was started.

ABOUT RHEUMATISM.

The Disease Usually Due to a Torpid Condition of the Liver.

A person does not have rheumatism unless he has committed sins against his liver which have rendered that organ torpid and thus unable to do its full work in changing the uric acid into soluble urea to be carried off by the kidneys. One of the chief ways in which sins against the liver are committed is in eating too much nitrogenous food materials—more often in the form of a large amount of fresh food than any other. When all the eliminative organs are overcharged with work, a sudden cold, which checks the activities of the skin, very often brings on an acute attack of rheumatism.

The diet in a case of acute attack of rheumatism should be hot water for breakfast, hot water for dinner and hot water for supper for a few days, with absolute rest in bed. By this means the skin, liver and kidneys will be made to act freely. A glassful of hot water every hour is none too often and it will do much to wash out the excessive uric acid in the blood. Otherwise it will be deposited around the joints, which is nature's way of saving the life of the patient. If it is not left in the joints the membranes of the brain, heart or lungs may suffer from receiving the deposit—for these are of essentially the same character as the lining membrane of the joints. This sometimes happens and the patient has meningitis or pericarditis or pleurisy. In fact this is the great danger of the disease, particularly that the valves of the heart may be stiffened and thereafter fail to perform their functions properly. The diet should be light for some time, as a person suffering from acute rheumatism can not digest a large amount of food. It could not be assimilated and would only impose an additional burden upon organs already overtaxed.

A person with chronic rheumatism should not be starved. He should have plenty of nutritious, easily digested food, fruits, grains and milk being the best. As for treatment, packs around the affected joints at night, baths to keep the skin active, and manipulations, particularly massage, are all good.—Extract From a Lecture by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., of Battle Creek Sanitarium.

It Possesses Advantages to Be Found in No Other Costume.

A woman who selects a lacedress now, or at any time, to do double or triple duty, is making a wise choice. Fine and delicate silk laces are now sold in most beautiful patterns and at very reasonable prices. A passe silk or satin dress sponged with water in which black kid gloves have been boiled, pressed and made into a trained princess slip or a sheath skirt and bodice, and draped with some of the rich silk laces will look as if it had passed through a magician's mill and been turned out new. A black lace toilet and one of white lace, with a stylishly made black silk gown, will carry a lady who goes out but a little during the season through the entire period of gaiety, if the owner of these simple three gowns is deft and ingenious in the way of accessories, by the use of varied bolos, laces, ribbons, and flowers, with always fresh gloves and slippers. She must likewise take the best care of her black lace gown, and not put it on and "whip it out" on the promenade in wind and dampness, as hundreds of women do daily. It will take only a few weeks of the constant donning of even the most elegant velvet dress to give it a worn and even shabby appearance—a dress which, with care, would last for years. But a dowdy or shabby-looking woman, in these latter days of cheap and really beautiful fabrics and trimmings, is an absolute disgrace. There is positively no excuse for a dowdy woman who has any pocket-book at all, unless perchance for the very unfortunate ones who are born dowdies, who can no more be benefited by the pretty trifles in the shops and the "helps and hints" from various quarters than the Ethiopian or the polka-dotted leopard change in their appearance the order of nature.

Irish poplin is a fabric—a most excellent and really beautiful one—which for durability will outlast two silk gowns. Some of the dyes are superb in tint, and the fabric lends itself well to the embellishment of the handsome silk or head postmentories now so fashionable.—Chicago Times.

CUPPING A PRISONER.

One of the Most Curious Phases of Russian Prison Life.

A curious phase of prison life is exhibited by a "Medical Correspondent" of a Moscow paper. It often happens that a respectable man is confined in prison a few days for some slight offense. At times even an elder of a small community must submit to such a penalty for what the Russian law calls a neglect of duty. Such a person is retained in a large room together with a lot of obdurate criminals, who are either waiting for trial or sentenced to be put at hard labor in a fortress. When the respectable prisoner comes among them they begin to press him for "a treat of good-fellowship." He must send for a bottle of brandy. If he is not as liberal as they want him to be they harass and torment him. Should he make a threat to complain before the authorities of the place, they immediately decide upon performing on him the "operation of cupping," as they call it. The poor fellow is then stripped naked, stretched upon a bench and held fast. His mouth is stuffed with a rag so that his cries can not be heard outside. A spot on his breast is then made wet, and one of his tormentors rubs it with his unshaven chin until the skin becomes red. Hereupon another one slaps the spot with his flat hand with all his might. A large blister immediately appears on the wounded place. This is what they call setting a cup. Six or eight such "cups" are sometimes set on the breast, the sides and the back of the sufferer, so that he is unable to lie down for several days. In some instances more serious injuries are caused by the blows he receives.

ST. GILES' ARM-BONE.

The Curious Vicissitudes of a Famous Religious Relic.

While one of the workmen engaged in the construction of the ladies' vestry on the east side of the north transept of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, was employed in the work of demolishing part of the roof of an existing apartment, he found a human bone lying on the top of the lath and plaster ceiling. No other vestige of human remains were seen on or near the spot, and the circumstance was viewed with a considerable amount of curiosity by the workmen. Closer examination showed that the find was the upper right arm-bone of an adult. It was handed over to the managers of the church, in whose custody it is now. It is conjectured that it may be the arm-bone of St. Giles, which was gifted to the church by a pious Roman Catholic many centuries ago, and which went missing after the reformation.

Dr. Cameron Lees, in his book on St. Giles, says that an arm-bone of the patron saint was long the cherished possession of the Church of Edinburgh. In another portion of his book Dr. Lees explains that William Preston of Gortoun, afterward changed to Craigmillar, in the parish of Liberton, appears to have gone to France, and with the aid of King Charles VII. and others, to obtain a precious relic—the arm-bone of St. Giles. Returning to Scotland, he soon afterward died, bequeathing the relic to the Church of Edinburgh, and was buried in the Lady chapel of St. Giles. The gift of Preston was received with all honors by the city. It was inclosed in a richly chased sheath of gold, and a diamond ring was placed upon one of its bony fingers, and in the subsequent history of the church we hear much of this, its most precious possession. In gratitude for the bequest of Preston, the town council obliged themselves to his son to build that aisle to his memory which still bears his name, and on which his arms are still yet to be seen engraved. The deed of obligation narrates that the council undertook to appoint a chaplain to sing for the donor. When the reformation came the destruction of images and ornaments pertaining to the Roman Catholic worship made the town council alarmed for the safety of the many valuable articles in St. Giles', and they distributed them for safe keeping among trusted inhabitants of the town. After the establishment of the reformed religion the authorities ordained all the investments and "other kirky gear" to be sold for the purpose of defraying the cost of certain alterations in the church, and the custodians of the treasures were called upon to render them up to council. Among the valuables given was "a little ring and diamond that was in the arm-bone of the saint. It is recorded that 'the diamond stone which was on the finger of St. Giles' arm was sold to Michael Gilbert for 9 pounds 6 shillings 8 pence.' Dr. Lees states that in the account of the final sale there was no mention of the precious relic of the church, the arm-bone of the saint. The case that contained it was sold with the other property, but what became of the relic itself was no means of ascertaining.—Scotsman.

AN INSULTED GUEST.

Prince Bismarck Could Be a Very Small Potato on Occasion.

The following story of Bismarck is told in a recent number of the London Speaker: "A German gentleman of famous name, of ample fortune, member of Parliament, connected with the best people of his country by social as well as family ties, conspicuous by reason of his philanthropy, hospitality and charm of his family gatherings, lived not many miles from Berlin when the Kingdom of Prussia became the Empire of Germany. No man at this time was more welcome at the palace of the Chancellor as well as that of his sovereign than this Mr. X. In those days Bismarck stood for national greatness as represented by the defeat of France and the unification of Germany, and in his task no stancher ally of the Government could be wished than the Liberal party, of which Mr. X. was an honored leader. Little by little, however, men like Mr. X. began to feel that Germany went without a Bismarck as better than Germany without a constitutional liberty; for they found that Bismarck looked upon such as themselves from him not merely as enemies of their country but of himself as well. Mr. X. had chosen to vote against a Government measure intended to raise the duty on corn. Bismarck remonstrated with him on the subject, and by various means sought to win his support, but without success. Mr. X. recognized perfectly that his course made social intercourse with his late friend problematical, and was therefore somewhat surprised to receive an invitation to dine at the palace of the Prime Minister shortly after these unpropitious approaches. The guests assembled, and the Prince moved from one to the other, greeting each with a cheery, bluff heartiness, until he reached Mr. X., whom he purposely left until the very last. Here he paused deliberately, looked at his late ally from head to foot, then turned on his heel, and without saying one word walked into the dining-room. His guest, who had been accustomed only to the best society, was at first so taken aback that he scarcely realized that an insult could have been intended. The truth, however, gradually dawned upon him; he mechanically moved toward the door of the hall, picked up his hat, and crossed the threshold of that house for the last time."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Issues of the Bible House in September were 77,092 volumes; issues since April 1, 471,658 volumes.

—Sleep is Death's younger brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my prayers.—Sir T. Brown.

—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, organized less than twelve years ago, has since then collected and disbursed \$500,000, and now holds property in the different fields of its operations valued at \$180,200.

—Mankind! It is a great thing when they aim to be divine, but it is a sad sight when they are satisfied with being men only; that is to say, in being all that is beyond expression—poor, wretched, intriguing and false—which is most painful to look at. Yet unfortunately so common.—Landriot.

—By the will of Robert Marshall, the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in America, the Board of Foreign Missions, the Presbyterian Board for the Relief of Disabled Ministers and the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Ministers, and the Presbyterian Hospital will receive \$5,000 each.

—The University of Helsinki, Finland, recently celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It was originally established in Abo, and when that city was entirely destroyed by fire in 1827, the school was removed to Helsinki, under the name of "Emperor Alexander University." The original university was opened in July, 1840, by the Swedish Governor of Finland.

—The faculty of Yale has been increased by an importation from Illinois, Edward R. Clark, formerly professor of Greek in Illinois College, has assumed the assistant professorship of Greek in Yale. Prof. Clark was graduated in 1875, taking the valedictory, and for some years afterward studied in the different departments of the university. He was granted the degree of Ph.D. in 1886.

—Rockford Seminary, whose collegiate rank is recognized by all familiar with its curriculum, opened this fall under most favorable conditions. The school is full to overflowing and the new pupils have entered higher than ever before, a most encouraging condition. The Adams fund which already amounts to \$20,000 will afford the means to liberally increase the equipment for teaching science.

—Epworth (Iowa) seminary reports the erection of a handsome \$1,200 home for Pres. Lewis, on the campus, and a proposed \$1,500 "Taylor home," to be used as a dormitory and boarding hall for students preparing for missionary work, who shall have use of it rent free. The school will arrange a course of study looking to this special work. The roster shows 150 students in attendance, and a growing enthusiasm and appreciation for his fine institution.

—There is no such thing as a universal "dignity of labor." No man is above doing any kind of work, and should aim at rendering the highest services. Our Lord took the servant's place, and, girded with a towel, washed His disciples' feet. But he was the Lord still. When one can bring a manhood and power capable of the very highest tasks into the performance of the lowest, he can dignify the lowest. The "dignity of labor" is in the man, not in the labor.—The Watchman.

OUR YOUNG READERS.

ISN'T HE QUEER?

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes." But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.

Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears, And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs; By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear. Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound," Very weary of life, and of "tramping around." But if there's a band or a circus in sight, He will follow it gladly from morning till night. The showman will capture him some day, I fear. For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split," And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit." But mention base ball, and he's cured very soon; And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon. Do you think he "plays possum?" He seems quite sincere; But—*isn't he queer?*

—W. H. S., in St. Nicholas.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Some men grow wise by learning what they don't know, and some by forgetting what they do know.

—It is remarkable how easy it is to restrain your wrath, when the other fellow is ever so much bigger than you.—Texas Sittings.

—In the pursuit of knowledge man never gets on the right track until he finds out that he doesn't know enough to brag about it.—Ram's Horn.

—Ethel—There is Jack sitting on the other side of the boat. Doesn't he look tired? Maud—Yes. Have you been talking to him to-day?—Figaro.

—Teach your boys how to earn money, and to make the reform in the next generation complete, teach your girls how not to spend it.—Athenian Globe.

—John, run quick and send the alarm, the house is on fire.

—Not so fast, my dear, not so fast. We have plenty of fire insurance, but none against muddy shoes and water.—Harper's Bazar.

—It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been the most injured by slanderers, as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.—Pope.

—A New Kind of Celebration.—In Chicago.—"There seems to be something unusual going on this evening in the house across the way." "Yes, Miss Inakevoff is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her divorce."—Judge.

—One Matron—No; I do not allow my husband to address me by my Christian name. Another Matron—I shouldn't mind that at all. It is the unchristian names he breaks out with every once in a while that I object to.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Reasonable—"You bogging still? I thought you had some money left you, so that you could live very comfortably." "So I did, but you would not want me to that account to fool away my time doing nothing, would you?"—Fleeging Blatter.

—My experience of life makes me sure of one truth, which I do not try to explain; that the sweetest happiness we ever know, the very wine of human life, comes not from love, but from sacrifice—from the effort to make others happy. This is as true to me as that my flesh will burn if I touch red-hot metal.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

—Young man, you must take more pains with your writing." The youth looked up and replied: "Tain't my fault; it's the pen." "Then get a new pen," replied the teacher sharply. "That won't do any good," the boy made answer. "For the electricity in the street cars throws all the temper out of the pen." "It would be a good thing if it had a similar effect on the children," said the teacher *sotto voce*.—Albany Journal.

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OUR YOUNG READERS.

HER OWN THANKSGIVING.

How a Little Girl Secured One All to Herself.

Such a funny little red-polly Polly as she was, with her big-china-blue eyes that were forever seeing something to wonder about, and her round red cheeks that always grew redder when any body spoke to her, and her crinkly flaxen hair that never would stay in place. Such a queer little dumpling of a Polly!

All the same, she liked nice things to eat as well as any one could, and when, once upon a time, somebody gave her the measles just in season for Thanksgiving Day, she felt dreadfully about it, and cried as hard as she knew how because she couldn't have any turkey, nor pudding, nor mince-pie for dinner—nothing at all but oatmeal gruel.

But crying didn't help the measles a mite, as of course Polly knew it wouldn't, but she couldn't have helped crying if she wanted to, and she didn't want to.

"Most any body'd cried, I wouldn't wonder," she said, a day or two after, when the measles had begun to go away again, "not to have a mite of any Thanksgiving for dinner—not any pie, not any cranberry sauce, not any—oh dear!"

"Well, well!" said Polly's mother, laughing. "I guess we'll have to have another Thanksgiving Day right off."

"Oh, can we?" cried Polly, brightening up.

"Not without the Governor says so," answered her father, with a twinkle. "The Governor makes Thanksgiving Days, Polyanthus."

"Where does he live?" asked Polly, with an earnestness that was funny.

"Every body laughs. 'At the capital,' said Polly's Uncle Ben Davis. "Do you know where that is?"

"I guess—where do?" said Polly, and she asked no more questions.

But what do you guess this funny Polly did? By and by, when she felt quite like herself again, she borrowed pencil and paper, and set herself up in her own room, and wrote a letter that looked very much like this:

DEAR MISTER GOVERNOR WILL YOU PLEASE MAKE ANOTHER THANKSGIVING DAY BECAUSE I HAD THE MEASLES FOR THE LAST ONE.

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—A New Kind of Celebration.—In Chicago.—"There seems to be something unusual going on this evening in the house across the way." "Yes, Miss Inakevoff is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her divorce."—Judge.

—One Matron—No; I do not allow my husband to address me by my Christian name. Another Matron—I shouldn't mind that at all. It is the unchristian names he breaks out with every once in a while that I object to.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Reasonable—"You bogging still? I thought you had some money left you, so that you could live very comfortably." "So I did, but you would not want me to that account to fool away my time doing nothing, would you?"—Fleeging Blatter.

—My experience of life makes me sure of one truth, which I do not try to explain; that the sweetest happiness we ever know, the very wine of human life, comes not from love, but from sacrifice—from the effort to make others happy. This is as true to me as that my flesh will burn if I touch red-hot metal.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

—Young man, you must take more pains with your writing." The youth looked up and replied: "Tain't my fault; it's the pen." "Then get a new pen," replied the teacher sharply. "That won't do any good," the boy made answer. "For the electricity in the street cars throws all the temper out of the pen." "It would be a good thing if it had a similar effect on the children," said the teacher *sotto voce*.—Albany Journal.

OUR YOUNG READERS.

ISN'T HE QUEER?

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes." But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.

Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears, And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs; By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear. Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound," Very weary of life, and of "tramping around." But if there's a band or a circus in sight, He will follow it gladly from morning till night. The showman will capture him some day, I fear. For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split," And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit." But mention base ball, and he's cured very soon; And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon. Do you think he "plays possum?" He seems quite sincere; But—*isn't he queer?*

—W. H. S., in St. Nicholas.

OUR YOUNG READERS.

HER OWN THANKSGIVING.

How a Little Girl Secured One All to Herself.

Such a funny little red-polly Polly as she was, with her big-china-blue eyes that were forever seeing something to wonder about, and her round red cheeks that always grew redder when any body spoke to her, and her crinkly flaxen hair that never would stay in place. Such a queer little dumpling of a Polly!

All the same, she liked nice things to eat as well as any one could, and when, once upon a time, somebody gave her the measles just in season for Thanksgiving Day, she felt dreadfully about it, and cried as hard as she knew how because she couldn't have any turkey, nor pudding, nor mince-pie for dinner—nothing at all but oatmeal gruel.

But crying didn't help the measles a mite, as of course Polly knew it wouldn't, but she couldn't have helped crying if she wanted to, and she didn't want to.

"Most any body'd cried, I wouldn't wonder," she said, a day or two after, when the measles had begun to go away again, "not to have a mite of any Thanksgiving for dinner—not any pie, not any cranberry sauce, not any—oh dear!"

"Well, well!" said Polly's mother, laughing. "I guess we'll have to have another Thanksgiving Day right off."

"Oh, can we?" cried Polly, brightening up.

"Not without the Governor says so," answered her father, with a twinkle. "The Governor makes Thanksgiving Days, Polyanthus."

"Where does he live?" asked Polly, with an earnestness that was funny.

"Every body laughs. 'At the capital,' said Polly's Uncle Ben Davis. "Do you know where that is?"

"I guess—where do?" said Polly, and she asked no more questions.

But what do you guess this funny Polly did? By and by, when she felt quite like herself again, she borrowed pencil and paper, and set herself up in her own room, and wrote a letter that looked very much like this:

DEAR MISTER GOVERNOR WILL YOU PLEASE MAKE ANOTHER THANKSGIVING DAY BECAUSE I HAD THE MEASLES FOR THE LAST ONE.

OUR YOUNG READERS.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Some men grow wise by learning what they don't know, and some by forgetting what they do know.

—It is remarkable how easy it is to restrain your wrath, when the other fellow is ever so much bigger than you.—Texas Sittings.

—In the pursuit of knowledge man never gets on the right track until he finds out that he doesn't know enough to brag about it.—Ram's Horn.

—Ethel—There is Jack sitting on the other side of the boat. Doesn't he look tired? Maud—Yes. Have you been talking to him to-day?—Figaro.

—Teach your boys how to earn money, and to make the reform in the next generation complete, teach your girls how not to spend it.—Athenian Globe.

—John, run quick and send the alarm, the house is on fire.

—Not so fast, my dear, not so fast. We have plenty of fire insurance, but none against muddy shoes and water.—Harper's Bazar.

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