TOM KENT'S VALENTINE.

By Margaret Holmes Bates.

I.

"I wouldn't do it, Tom."

"You don't know what you'd do if you had a stepmother."

"Maybe I don't, but I'm sure of one thing—I wouldn't be the first to do something wrong if I knew it."

"Everybody speaks his mind on Valentine's day, and as for doing wrong, she was the first. She'd no business to be my stepmother."

"Come away, Tom, and let's talk it over. Don't buy one of those hideous pictures now. Wait until you walk to my gate and back here."

"All right, but I'll come back, just the same. I'll tell you what's the matter, Fanny. You don't appreciate the situation. You don't know how you'd feel to have some girl, not more than 8 or 10 years older than yourself, in your mother's place."

"No, I suppose I don't understand it all as well as you do; but doesn't Aunt Harriet try to be agreeable to you and all the household?"

"I suppose she tries, if you're a mind to call her aunt."

"She is my aunt, and mamma says she makes the house seem like home again."

"Your mother said that, and my mother, her own sister?"

"Yes, she said that very thing, and she said, too, when she knew Uncle Horace was going to be married, that she was ready to love any woman who would be kind to you. And didn't Aunt Harriet give you nice Christmas presents?"

"O, of course. Everybody gives Christmas presents whether they care for people or not. There's lots of cheap sentiment about Christmas, but, as I said before, on Valentine's day people tell the truth."

"Well, then, Tom, just tell me the plain truth, two days before Valentine's day. Don't Mark and John Farrell say a great many things to you against your new mother?"

"Say stepmother."

"Well, stepmother, then," and Fanny Driscoll, in her earnestness, stopped and held her cousin by the sleeve. "Now tell me."

"Why, of course; Mark and John say if their father ever brings home a second wife, they'll do a lot of things, and—"

"Now listen to me. Don't you remember how nice it used to be to go to Mr. Farrell's?"

"Yes—it's nice now."

"O, no, Tom," and Fanny shook her head slowly, and they walked on. "Mama doesn't allow Charlie to go there at all. You know it isn't like it used to be, and it isn't like your own home."

"No; we boys get very noisy sometimes, but John and Mark like it, and when their old auntie objects they make her go into another room and shut the door."

"And weren't the curtains set on fire one evening?"

"Yes; we didn't mean to do that, but—a stepmother isn't mother, and I'm going to let Mrs. Kent know it."

"By sending her a comic valentine?"

"How else could I?"

"Sure enough! Since she has been just as kind to you as she possibly could be for the four months she has been your stepmother. Now, Tom, think it over. If Aunt Harriet has done any wilfully wrong thing besides being your stepmother; if she has said one single unkind word—"

"Oh, pshaw, Fanny; where's the use?"

"Well, since you mean to tell the truth on Valentine's day—"

"But I meant to send that ugly picture with the verse just to let her know what I think of her."

"What is the verse? Do you remember it?"

"I think so:

O, long-tongued vixen, wiry scold!
I and my little brother
Hate You because you're plain and old,
And 'cause you're our stepmother.

"Seems to me there is no truth in that. You have no little brother, neither is Aunt Harriet 'plain and old,' nor is she a scold."

"Well, she's my stepmother, and I can't find another stepmother valentine in town."

"It seems to me, then, that if you must have a valentine, and if you really want to tell Aunt Harriet the truth because of the day, you'd better make one."

"How could I make one?"

"Very easily—at least you and I together could make a valentine, much more appropriate for Aunt Harriet, than anything you'd find in the stores. We can take a piece of plain cardboard and I'll put on a border of flowers in water colors, and you make rhymes so easily, you know."

FANNY AT WORK.

"What would I make rhymes for?"

"Why, to tell your stepmother the truth, and to say, like a man, no more under cover of the day than you'd be ready to say to her face."

They were standing at Fanny's gate, and Tom leaned against it and kicked the snow off his bootheels.

"Oh, well, of course, if you look at it that way—"

"Now, Tom, honestly, wouldn't you rather be on friendly terms with your stepmother than not?"

"O, I never meant to quarrel with her, but I'm not going to make love to her."

"No, but it would only be a nice little attention to send her a neat, pretty valentine, and say something pleasant by it. You know how nice your father is to your friends, and now's your time to be nice to his."

"Well—all right, Fanny; have you got a piece of cardboard? Fix it up, and I'll make a rhyme; but it won't be anything fine."

"Just tell the truth," Fanny said, gayly, as she ran up the walk, "that is the finest thing in the world."

II.

Next morning on his way to school, Tom called, as usual, for Cousin Fanny. She met him at the door.

"You're early, and I'm glad of it. Come in. I've something to show you."

She hurried him into the library and showed him a cream-tinted card a trifle larger than a cabinet photograph. It had a border in delicately tinted flowers. "Pansies for thought," she explained, "here and there an orange blossom, just a gallant little reminder of her wedding day a few months ago, and these blue forgetmenots. Aunt Harriet will not begrudge you as a little memorial of your love for your own mother while behaving like a gentleman to her. Now if you can think of anything else—"

"No, Fanny, that's all right. You're a daisy. Now here's my contribution. I guess I've told the truth; read it."

And Fanny read:

I'm not a sturdy, stalwart oak,
You're not a clinging vine;
I may not be the boy you'd choose
For your own valentine,
But still since circumstances make
My life with yours to blend,
I'll count myself as honored quite,
If I may be your friend.

"O, Tom! That's magnificent! Just like you! After school you must come in and write it on the card in those queer, long-tailed letters you make so well."

"Well, I say, Fan, how will the good lady know who it's from."

"Why, put your name to it, of course. Look here," and Fanny pointed out, half hidden by a spray of forget-me-nots, her own name. "All artists sign their work and I don't believe in anonymous things."

"All right, and after we get it all done and mailed we'll go to the pond. Frank Shaffer says the ice is like glass."

III.

It was growing dusk before they left the pond, and when Tom reached home it was quite dark. He found the house very quiet. The girl who let him in said Mr. and Mrs. Kent had gone out for a sleighride. Tom dropped his skates, heavy coat and cap in the hall and himself on a couch heaped with cushions that stood near the open fire in the parlor. There was no light but that from the fire, and the room was very pleasant with its wavering shadows. Tom remembered what Fanny's mother had said about the new Mrs. Kent making the house seem like home and, looking about him, he knew that it was true. There were flowers on the table among new magazines and there was a dainty little sewing basket, and Tom would have gone on with his inventory, but he began to feel very sleepy. His eyes closed. He was dreaming confusedly of school and skates and sleigh bells and valentines, and then, mingling with all, there was talking and people coming in and banging a door, and then some one saying "sh-h-h!" Then very plainly he heard his father say softly, "Ah, Tom! how much the rascal looks like his mother in this light!"

"Yes," a gentle voice answered. "I wish he would allow me to love him, for her sake if not for his own."

"Be patient—you'll win him. His mother's son must be a gentleman."

Then Tom felt his father's hands under his ankles, and his feet were lifted from the floor to the couch. Another pair of hands tucked an afghan over him and the two left the room.

Tom stretched himself, opened his eyes, and was wide awake.

"Good old daddy!" he whispered. "I guests it wasn't very mean of me to just stay asleep. "It's hard of me to just waken suddenly, and that little—mamma! She acted as if I was a baby, with her 'sh-h-h!'" and Tom turned his face against the cushions and laughed. "Now I'll hurry. The governor expects me to be a gentleman, and it'd be a mean trick to disappoint him."

"Dear me!" Tom thought. "I never dreamed of dishonoring my dear mother's memory. I've been greatly mistaken. Behaving like a boor and a lout is a shame to her, especially when I look like her."

IV.

Next morning Tom was up early. He was anxious to be by when the valentine came. It would surely be delivered in the first mail. Early as it was, Mrs. Kent was in the dining room directing the awkward new maid about her work. She turned with a smile as Tom entered, and he could see that there was a shade of something very near like fear in the dark eyes. He felt his face grow hot with shame that his behavior had made such a slender, girlish woman feel half afraid of him.

In that instant a great resolve took possession of him. With about the same feeling he had of mornings on approaching the tub for his cold plunge, he walked straight to her as he had used to approach his own mother, and, with a tremulous "Good morning, little mamma," he kissed her pink cheek.

While his hand still rested on her shoulder, and her face was a mixture of smiles, wonder and lovely color, Mr. Kent came in. "Hello, you early birds; what are you up to?"

Mrs. Kent answered.

"I was teaching Christine her duties, and I wanted to be sure to have your valentine and Tom's by your plates. I didn't expect any one else to be up so early."

Just then the postman's short, sharp ring, and Christine went to the door. Mrs. Kent took two small parcels from the sideboard, handing one to Tom, the other to his father. Mr. Kent found a beautifully bound copy of Mrs. Browning's sonnets, and Tom—could he believe his eyes? a handsome new watch!

Christine came in with a handful of mail. Tom's head swam. O, if he had made a mistake! He rubbed his eyes. Surely it was no dream that he and Fanny had made that pretty valentine. No, there was the big, strong manilla envelope in Mrs. Kent's hands.

"Ah ha!" said Mr. Kent. "That looks suspiciously like an old sweetheart sending a reminder of lang syne."

Mrs. Kent's hands shook a little as she held the card and read the lines. She answered Mr. Kent gaily:

"No indeed; no old sweetheart, a young, new one; one I've been so anxious to win," and she passed the card to her husband, giving Tom such a glance from her tear-wet eyes as set his boyish heart jumping. "Well done, Tom!" Mr. Kent exclaimed; "And cousin Fanny is the artist. Now I call that clever—handsomely done, for both of you!"

Tom drew a long sigh. What an escape he had had! He told Fanny all about it, adding:

"And now little cousin, I want you to remember this: Whenever you know of me intending to do a low-down, mean trick, or whenever I get a notion that it's smart to treat any one unjustly, I wish you'd remind me of this Valentine's day." Fanny said she would.

SHE SHOWED HIM A CREAM-TINTED CARD.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Johnny! Johnny Ye'll kill yerself! That's fourteen cakes ye've ett!"

"I know it, Nora. I was afraid to stop at thirteen."

Mamma (to daughter who has prepared the turkey for dinner for the first time alone)—Alice, it seems to me that this turkey has a most peculiar flavor. What do you suppose the trouble is? It is like nothing I have ever tasted before.

Alice—I don't know, I am sure, mamma. I was very careful and I know it must be clean, for I scrubbed it thoroughly with soap.

And this is a true history of a Jersey maiden and a Jersey turkey.

"But, Tommy, unless you forgive everybody you can't be good and you can't go to heaven."

"Is it because Adam sinned that all of us are born so bad?"

"Yes dear."

"Well, then, I'm going to stay bad awhile. I can't forgive Adam."

Little Harry had a picture book of animals and his father sometimes described the traits and peculiarities of those represented. One day in describing a hare, among other things he said the hare had no tail to speak of. Next day he asked:

"Harry, what did I tell you about the hare yesterday?"

"Oh," replied Harry, "you said he had a tail, but it wasn't to be talked about."

Dorothy was saying her prayers. She had finished the stereotyped petition and reached the extemporaneous part, where the family always listened for something interesting. "Please, God," she said on this special occasion, "make Dorothy a good girl. But never mind about baby brother; I'll look after him."

State Superintendent of Schools Stetson was visiting a school down in Pembroke, relates the Bangor (Me.) Commercial, when he got into the pleasant mazes of nature studies and asked some interesting questions about the little things of the world about us.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he queried. No one knew. "And yet," said the state superintendent, "all of you eat many apples in the course of a year and see the fruit every day, probably.

"You must learn to notice the little things in nature. Now, perhaps some little boy who has driven the cows to pasture every day this summer can tell me on which jaw the cow has her teeth?"

No answer. Rather was there blank astonishment at last pierced by one little fellow volunteering the information that "our cow has teeth on both jaws 'cause she chaws hay all up fine."

"If that is so, my boy," replied the head of the state schools, "I'd advise you to sell that wonderful cow with teeth on both jaws to some museum. I'm afraid, children, that you haven't studied nature quite closely enough."

You may be sure that the talk of the state superintendent deeply impressed the children. They earnestly discussed the matter at recess time and the teacher the next day overheard this conversation in the play yard.

A little girl got some of her companions around her and gravely said: "Now, children, make believe that I'm Mr. Stetson. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't you'll all grow up to be fools."

"Now, tell me," she said, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers has a hen?"

How an Angel Looks.

Robin holding his mother's hand,
Says "Good night" to the big folks all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall,
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Robin is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother, with fond caress,
Slips her hand through his soft, brown hair,
Thinks of his fortune, all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer,
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward!
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy, in wondering tone;
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he.
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes."
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried, and looked with a pleased surprise.
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mama! They're just like you."

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Removal Sale Prices.

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VELVET CARPETS	72c
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DIVERSE VIEWS ON HYMNS

A Question of Some Moment Answered by Distinguished Clergymen.

INTERESTING EXPRESSIONS OF OPINION

Personal Preferences of Noted American Divines—Salvation Army Hymns Sung in Twenty-Eight Different Languages.

A discussion of world-wide interest has been started by Editor W. T. Stead's recently published opinion that "Rock of Ages" is the most helpful and popular hymn in the English language. Mr. Stead gives this as his deliberate judgment, formed after personal inquiry addressed to a large number of eminent persons. Written by Toplady, the Calvinistic vicar of a parish in Devonshire, England, "Rock of Ages" has "made the tour of the world, side by side with the bible." Mr. Gladstone has translated it into Latin, Greek and Italian. The prince consort, in his dying hour, asked to hear it. When the London went down in the Bay of Biscay, January 11, 1866, the last thing heard by the few survivors who left her side in a boat was the voices of the doomed passengers singing those familiar lines:

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

Yet there is room for doubt whether Mr. Stead is not dogmatic in saying that "no other English hymn can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp on the English-speaking world." That many leading American clergymen give other hymns the precedence is evident from the following expressions of opinion, obtained in answer to the questions, What hymn in the English language do you regard as the most helpful and popular? And what is your own favorite hymn?

Without naming his own preference, Dr. Lyman Abbott replies: "Hymns are but the expression of a religious feeling or mood. I cannot say that 'Rock of Ages' or any other one hymn has been most helpful in church work."

Dr. John Hall, the venerable pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, also differs with Mr. Stead. He says: "'Rock of Ages' is not the first and greatest hymn in the English language, as so many moods must be expressed and human feeling vary so greatly. In many cases a stirring martial hymn would appeal to a greater number."

DR. THEODORE CUYLER'S VIEW.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn says: "Artistically, 'Rock of Ages' is by far the greatest of all hymns. The only American hymn which has attained world-wide popularity and which may contend with it is Ray Palmer's 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee.' Next I would place 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and 'Lead, Kindly Light.'"

Rev. William Hayes Ward, editor of the Independent, says:

"There is no more popular hymn than 'Rock of Ages.' As prayers 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul' and 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee' are equally useful. As an expression of Christian loyalty and faith 'I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord,' 'O, Could I Speak' and 'How Firm a Foundation' can hardly fall behind. 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' and 'Abide With Me' are also very popular, but too esthetic to be classed with the others.

"In the last 100 years I believe that 'Just As I Am' has done the most good to the greatest number," is the opinion expressed by Dwight L. Moody, the noted evangelist.

Writing from his study in Tremont temple, Boston, Dr. George C. Lorimer says:

"It is not easy to answer your question. I am not quite sure that any hymn is preeminently popular and helpful. The soul has so many moods that various hymns become in turns the most acceptable organ of expression. I notice that my congregation turns most frequently to 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'Just as I Am,' 'Lead, Kindly Light,' and 'How Firm a Foundation.'

"But of all, my own soul finds most to inspire and thrill in Luther's 'Ein Feste Burg' I often repeat it before going into the pulpit, and in the severest hours of trial recall the sentiments that made the field of Lutzen forever glorious. Mr. W. T. Stead's favorite is also very precious to me, and I know it is to multitudes of believers."

UNITARIAN OPINIONS.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says: "It is certain that 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' by Sarah Flower Adams, is the hymn most used in public service now."

Another eminent Unitarian minister, Dr. Minot J. Savage, says:

"By no means would I place 'Rock of Ages' as the first hymn. There is something very revolting to me in the line about the 'fountain of blood,' and in fact the whole tenor of the words is too gross even for the time in which it was written. I should say that 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' judging from the number of different collections of which it forms a part, is the most useful and popular hymn. It was written by Sarah Flower Adams an English Unitarian, and it is a noteworthy fact that nearly all the great hymns of the last fifty years have been written by Unitarians. Music and sentiment have much to do with a hymn's power, and some crude poetry is popular as a song on account of its swing and the beauty of its music."

Rev. Robert Collyer says:

"I well remember one day when this subject was the object of a discussion between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The latter said that many of the so-called hymns were mere pieces of cabinet work. The writers had taken a number of pretty phrases, glued them together and called the result a hymn. In his keen and inimitable way he satirized many. Then his voice deepened, his eyes shone, as we remember him in his noblest moments, as he said: 'One hymn I think supreme.' Emerson threw his head back, as he always did when his attention was arrested, and watched. Dr. Holmes repeated the first verse:

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows.
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

"'I know—I know,' exclaimed Emerson, 'That is the supreme hymn.' This has always been a favorite of mine. It was translated from the German by John Wesley. Another, written by Dr. Holmes, 'Lord of All Being, Whose Glory Flames from Sun and Star,' and 'Nearer, My God to Thee,' are also of great worth."

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

Writing from Chicago, Rev. John Henry Barrows says:

"The most helpful and popular hymn written in the English language is, in my opinion, Charles Wesley's 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' My own favorite hymn is 'Lead, Kindly Light.' This seems to me the finest expression of faith in our language. It has one great advantage over some other excellent hymns in that it is noble poetry. Furthermore, it speaks to the universal religious consciousness, and may be sung by men of genuine faith in all the churches."

Mrs. Booth-Tucker, consul of the Salvation Army, expresses herself on the subject as follows:

"My experience in song is different probably from that of ministers of every other faith. One peculiarity of the Salvation Army is the placing of sacred words to secular music; in utilizing street songs for religious purposes. We are thus able to secure the heartiest co-operation of the masses, every one knowing the air and singing with a will.

"Our songs are in twenty-eight different languages now, and are adapted to many of the popular airs of each people. In India we use a peculiar chant or dirge, as it is the only music that appeals to the natives. Many people are opposed to the class of melodies we use, thinking it almost sacrilege.

"'Rock of Ages,' is a hymn that touches a chord in every heart. 'Just as I Am' is another beautiful hymn, and I think that no one hymn has been the means of saving as many souls as the latter one has. 'When the Trumpet Blows I am Ready to Go,' one of our Salvation Army hymns, has also been productive of much good."

Dr. Louis Klopsch of New York, who has conducted some of the largest revivals, says: "I have found that the hymns 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee,' are sung with the most enthusiasm, and seem to be the most popular. I think a great deal depends upon the character of the music. 'Rock of Ages' seems more in the passive mood, but 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' has direct action in it.

FAVORITES OF MANY.

Writing from Columbus, O., Rev. Washington Gladden says:

"I have no means of knowing which is the most helpful and popular hymn written in the English language. The most helpful might not be the most popular; some that are very popular are hurtful rather than helpful.

"My own favorites are many; on the whole, however, I think I value most and use most frequently Charles Wesley's 'Love Divine, All Love Excelling.'"

Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, president of the Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, says:

"I cannot think of any hymn which has been more helpful and popular than 'Rock of Ages.'"

Rev. Louis Albert Banks of Cleveland, O., writes:

"I think Charles Wesley's 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' certainly challenges the right of Toplady's 'Rock of Ages,' to be named as the most helpful and popular hymn ever written in the English language. Personally, Cardinal Newman's 'Lead, Kindly Light,' has for many years been my favorite hymn. It soothes my unrest and feeds and inspires all that is noble in my soul."

"Personally, I prefer such hymns as 'Lead, Kindly Light,' 'Amid the Encircling Gloom,' but I usually select hymns which the people can sing," says Rev. Madison C. Peters of New York. "Come, Thou Almighty King,' is a favorite with me. I select hymns which have a rousing element. At our evening service we frequently use Baring-Gould's 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and I doubt if any hymn is more helpful and uplifting at the close of a service than 'God Be With You Till We Meet Again.'"

Rev. J. D. Burrell, pastor of the Marble Collegiate church, New York, says:

"The two most popular and useful hymns, in my judgment, are 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and 'Rock of Ages.' Both are wholly evangelical and highly devotional. Of the two I should say the former has the deeper and more permanent place in the heart of the church. This, no doubt, is partly due to the fact that 'Martyn' is a better tune than 'Toplady.' Anyway, the people seem to carry it more easily and heartily."

A HYMN-WRITER'S JUDGMENT.

Rev. John W. Chadwick, who has himself written hymns that are sung by many denominations, says:

"I admire greatly Luther's hymn, 'Ein Feste Burg,' though I prefer Dr. Hedges' translation to that of Carlisle, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' is interesting to Unitarians, especially because it was first introduced in America by Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson, in their hymn book, and was considered at that time a very radical departure. In our (Unitarian) faith I should say that Samuel Johnson's 'Father in Thy Mysterious Presence Kneeling' has doubtless been the most helpful. Next I should place 'Nearer My God to Thee,' by Sarah F. Adams, one of the sisters to whom Browning was so profoundly attached. Of 'Rock of Ages' I should say that it was an admirable expression of sacrificial theology, and of vivacious atonement. It is vastly superior to the popular picture, 'Rock of Ages,' which represents a woman clinging to the cross and surrounded by a turbulent sea, when in reality the rock means a rock in a desert, in whose shade the weary find rest."

The last word in this symposium is from Rev. Russell H. Conwell, the popular preacher of the Temple in Philadelphia, who says: "In my estimation 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' is the best hymn published in the English language."

CONNUBIALITIES.

In Cincinnati a young man and young woman tried to commit suicide and failed. Then they got married.

A young Maryland widow set a bear trap in front of her smoke house door and her first catch was the man who was courting her.

When a young man is courting a girl it takes him from five to ten minutes to help her to put on her wraps. After marriage if she doesn't get them on in half a minute without assistance he tells her to hurry up and not keep him waiting all day.

Edward Joliffe, aged 65, and Miss Sally Sinclair, aged 60, have just been married in Baltimore. In youth, when they lived near Charlestown, W. Va., they were lovers, but for some reason separated. Mr. Joliffe located at Woodstock, Va., where he married. Last year, after he had become a widower, he met his old sweetheart in Baltimore and the romance was renewed, with the result above stated.

Miss Harriet Bainbridge Richardson and James Tandy Ellis, the Kentucky poet, will be married in June. They were school children together and had been lovers from youth, but some time ago a separation occurred and Miss Richardson became engaged to Congressman Bennett of Brooklyn. For some reason or other this engagement was broken off. Soon thereafter the famous controversy over christening the battleship Kentucky arose and Mr. Ellis, coming gallantly forward in defense of Miss Richardson's claims, the old relations were resumed and now their engagement is formally announced.

An elopement occurred at Piney, Tenn., thirty miles from Clarksville, recently. Henry Herroll and his cousin, Jennie Corry, were the principals. He is 18 and she is 16. They fled from their home at noon, the young woman riding behind her lover, both on a mule, but their parents soon learned of their intentions and engaged in hot pursuit. With half a mile advantage Herroll reached the residence of Mrs. Roberts, in the cellar of which 'Squire Fielder performed the ceremony, while the angry parents searched the house above them. After the ceremony had been concluded the 'squire quietly locked the cellar door, where the newly married couple were left alone, safe from their outwitted parents, until they could make their appearance without creating a scene.

An amusing account comes from a continental correspondent of a farcical scene which he witnessed in the Roman Catholic church of a German town. An official of one of the railway depots had wooed and won a fair damsel whose father was dead, but who had a brother a dashing young officer. On the wedding day this gay protector of the blushing bride was fairly in his element. He hurried her off to church and fussed about to such an extent that the sacristan, who was a sort of despot in his way, mistook him for the bridegroom, ushered him up to the altar and forthwith summoned the priest to perform the ceremony. But meanwhile the rural bridegroom had arrived, only to be hustled into a side seat by the lordly sacristan and given to understand that he must remain there quietly or quit the church. The bewildered railway man, who was a Protestant and unfamiliar with Roman Catholic procedure, thought it was all part of the ceremony and obeyed orders with humble submission. Meanwhile the unconscious priest went doggedly along with the service, the bride wept agitatedly, the brother consoled and fussed around her, and altogether a fine tangle was being negotiated, until some of the bride's relatives ventured to murmur to the haughty sacristan that they rather thought there was something wrong. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "That's her own brother," they objected. "Her own brother? Then why in heaven's name didn't you tell me?" Explanations followed, with the result that the sacristan, considerably ruffled, had to rush after the departing priest and get him to perform the function all over again. Whether he got a double fee for his trouble is not stated.

SLUMBER SONG.

Meredith Nicholson.

Baby, you stand by a gate that leads
Into a land of dreams;
There's a drowsy watchman here who heeds
Never the straggling gleams
Of light that stray from the far-off sun—
Always for him its twinkling begun—
And we stand by the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

Little one, hear what the stream sings of
Here in this quiet land;
It sings of the joy of mother love—
Sings to birds in the sand—
To the strange, tall birds, with dreamy eyes,
That look at you, dear, in mute surprise,
While we stand by the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

If you open the gate no one will know;
The guard will never guess.
You must open it gently, slowly—so,
No one has heard, unless
Those dreamful birds, or the dreamland sheep,
Heard you stealing through their land of sleep
While I stood by the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

Oh, strange are the birds and the sheep that dwell
Here in the lands of dreams,
But you must not see, and you must not tell,
However strange it seems,
Or they'll never let you in again,
And it would not please you, baby, then,
Just to stand at the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

is a medicine of great worth and merit. Try it when you have a cough or cold and you are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. It is pleasant to take and can always be depended upon.