



A Moon-Bath.

Last night I saw the silver moon;
It was a pretty sight.
It filled the street, it filled my room
With such a shining light
That I could see to go to bed
Without the gas high overhead.

I wish we had a silver moon
Each night the whole year through;
I think 'twould make a child all good,
And clean and pure—don't you?
After the bath-tub big and white
To take a bath in silver light.
—Youth's Companion.

An Aesthetic Canary Bird.

I wonder if, among the thousands of children who love and care for pet canaries, many realize that there is just as much difference in the characters and dispositions of the birds as there is in their little owners. Some birds are out and out aristocrats, while others are the veriest little plebeians.

I had once a canary who, in spite of all my bribes, entreaties and coaxings, simply would not bathe. Every time I came near his cage with the little white bathtub filled with water, he would curl up into the sulkiest little yellow ball you can possibly imagine. High on the topmost perch would he sit, the very picture of rage. If I put the tub in the cage, he would fight me, shriek out little discordant notes, and fly into such a tempest of anger that for fear he would hurt himself I had to take out the hated tub.

So deep seated was this yellow atom's aversion to bath that I named his "Tramp," and, although as a matter of form I still took the tub to him daily, I had resigned myself to his untidy nature, when, one day, I accidentally broke the white tub, and in its place I chanced to take a curiously shaped little Japanese dish of blue and white china.

As I came near the cage, "Tramp's" joyous morning carol stopped short, and he flew up to his topmost perch, as sulkily a little bird as you would care to see. But what is this? I placed the dish in the cage; and as the sharp little black eyes rested on it, the yellow ball flew down with outstretched wings and glad chirps of joy, perched for an instant on the brim of the dish, and then splashed into the water with every indication of the utmost joy. I was amazed, of course, and could not understand the change. Day after day went by and each morning Tramp welcomed his bath in the blue and white dish.

Then, one morning, the blue and white dish was broken; and I proffered a white one similar to the old one.

Once more Tramp showed the old aversion to his bath. Sulkier than ever now, he flew on his topmost perch, and greeted me with shrill chirps of rage. So it continued, till I found another blue and white dish. Then my aesthetic little pet resumed his daily bath.—Christian Register.

Foxy's New Collar.

One day while I was eating my breakfast of bread and potatoes Elsie said: "Wouldn't it be nice if Fox had a collar? He shall have one, shan't he, Mother? Do buy him one, please do." And my mistress said, "Yes."

I didn't think much about it then. I didn't know what a collar was, but I found out now.

Next day Elsie sat in the parlor studying and I was gnawing her shoes, when my mistress came in and gave Elsie a little package. And Elsie jumped up so quick she knocked me over, and clapped her hands, and cried: "Oh, mother, you really did! It's the loveliest little collar I ever saw." And I jumped up and barked, too.

Just then I found a newspaper and I carried it up to Elsie, 'cause I thought she wanted to tear it up, like I do when I feel glad. She looked so glad, you know. And I guess she did want it for she tried to tear it away from me, and then I dodged 'round the room, so's she could have some fun chasing me.

But at last she caught me and took away that beautiful newspaper, and—just think—threw it in the waste paper basket. Then she held me down and fastened something around my neck. I didn't run away. I sat still, wondering what that funny thing was around my neck.

Then I remembered that newspaper I wanted it. But when I moved, it jingled. I cocked my head and listened and it jingled again. I looked where the noise came from, and I ran all 'round the room, hunting for it. And all the time it kept jingling in my ears, and all the time Elsie and my mistress sat there and laughed at me.

It worried me awfully. I thought it was a new kind of rat, and I tore all the house looking for the rat. I was single in my ears. It drove me crazy. I can tell you.

I've found out it was two little bells that collar thing on my neck. It jingled so. And though I don't know now as I did

at first I keep scratching and working hard to get that collar off. I haven't got it off yet, but I will some day. I don't like such things on my neck. Would you?—Brooklyn Eagle.

What the Gold Piece Bought.

It was a happy day for the little Jacksons, for that very morning father had broken the toy bank and counted all the pennies and nickels, and had taken them down town with him, and at dinner time brought back a beautiful gold piece in their place. And, more than that, mother said that, just as soon as Hit was quite well again, they would take the gold piece and buy the party. That was what they had wanted for ever so long—a party, with ice cream, you know, and crackers to pull and take out tissue-paper caps. So, of course, they were happy. And Tom and Dick and Meg and Johnnie-Jump-Up all kissed Hit harder than usual and started off to school again in high glee.

Mother was very busy that afternoon. She was packing a box of half-worn clothes to send out west to Uncle Dick's poor people; and while she brushed and folded and smoothed little dresses Hit toddled about and reached for things she ought not to have. She reached for the big vase on the table and Meg's doll and many other things, but the only thing she got was something round and yellow and not very large; and when mother opened the fat little fist and looked to see what it was, it turned out to be the gold piece.

Miss Mchitable Jackson would not give the money up. So mother let her alone, only trying to keep an eye on the young lady and the gold piece, to see that no harm came to either of them. The day passed away and after a while the children came trooping home from school. The very first thing they wanted—after being well kissed, of course—was the gold piece that was going to buy the party.

Then a dreadful thing came to light. The gold piece had disappeared. They searched high and they searched low. Mother shook out Hit's little skirts and looked carefully under every rug in the room. But there was no sign of the money. Then she asked the baby, "Darling, did you put it into the drawer?" and "Did mother's baby throw the pretty money out of the window?" And to every question Hit would show her tiny teeth in a smile, and answer, "Yes"—which, you know, was very annoying to the children, they wanted the party so much.

When father came home he said he would buy another toy bank, and they would start all over again; but they could not quite give up the hope of finding their gold piece, and every few days Meg or Dick or one of the others would insist on turning the rugs all up again or putting Miss Hit through new questions as to where she had put their money. But it was always the same, and they did not learn anything new.

It was about a month later when mother got a letter from Uncle Dick about the clothes for his poor people. She read the letter through at breakfast; and as she came to the last part she gave a funny little cry, and said: "Oh, children, do listen to this."

Every spoon went down into the oatmeal plates, and every child picked up his ears and listened while mother read:

"And the best of all was the surprise in the pocket of the smallest coat—Meg's it must have been. If your little ones could have seen the joy that gold piece brought, they would have had a pleasure nothing else can give. Tell them all about it. Tell them the little coat with the precious money went to a baby girl—a little lame thing whose back has often ached for the easy chair they have given her now. And tell them the children had a party—all the youngsters from the neighborhood, each one feeling very fine in something out of the big box. And the way those little chaps joined hands and danced about their crippled queen was a delight to see."

There was a little more about candy and apples the children were so delighted with; and then mother looked around at the children a minute, and asked:

"Shall I write Uncle Dick it was a mistake? Perhaps the chair has not been bought yet, and we could still get the money and buy the party."

And such a regular chorus came back, "Oh, no, mother, oh, no," that Hit took it up, and thumped her spoon against her silver cup to a lively "rat-tat-tat," and sang "Oh, no, oh, no," until Jane came in and took her, wriggling and squealing, off to the kitchen.—Augusta Kortrecht, in Sunday School Times.

The Only Difference.

The Chicken (patronizingly)—What! You have a lucky bone the same as I? Why, you don't know what you are squeaking about.

The Rabbit (gayly)—Certainly. You don't know what you are clucking about. My lucky bone is in my left hind leg.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Encouraging Him.

"I have a very short memory," said Willie Washington, self accusingly. "One would never think it from the stories you tell," answered Miss Cayenne sweetly.—Washington Star.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: Now is a Time for Rejoicing—Fruits of Praise for the Victories of Peace—The Triumphs of Husbandry—Conquests of the Pen.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a national congratulation over the achievements of brain and hand during the past twelve months. The texts are: I Corinthians ix, 10, "He that ploweth shall plow in hope;" Isaiah xii, 7, "He that smotheth with the hammer;" Judges v, 14, "They that handle the pen of the writer."

There is a table being spread across the top of the two great ranges of mountains which ridge this continent, a table which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea. It is the Thanksgiving table of the nation. They will come from the East and the West and the North and the South and sit at it. On it are smoking the products of all lands, birds of every aviary, cattle from every pasture, fish from every lake, feathered spoils from every farm. The fruit baskets bend down under the products plucked from the peach fields of Maryland, the apple orchards of Western New York, the orange groves of Florida, the vineyards of Ohio and the nuts thrashed from New England woods. The bread is white from the wheat fields of Illinois and Michigan, the banqueters are adorned with California gold, and the table is agleam with Nevada silver, and the feast is warmed with the fire grates heaped up with Pennsylvania coal. The hall is spread with carpets from Lowell mills, and at night the lights will flash from bronzed brackets of Philadelphia manufacture.

Welcome, Thanksgiving Day! Whatever we may think of New England theology, we all like New England Thanksgiving Day. What means the steady rush to the depots and the long rail trains darting their lanterns along the tracks of the Boston and Lowell, the Georgia Central, the Chicago Great Western, the St. Paul and Duluth and the Southern railway? Ask the happy group in the New England farm house; ask the villagers whose song of praise in the morning will come over the Berkshire hills; ask all the plantations of the South which have adopted the New England custom of setting apart a day of thanksgiving. Oh, it is a great day of national festivity! Clap your hands, ye people, and shout aloud for joy! Through the organ pipes let there come down the thunder of a nation's rejoicing! Blow the cornet! Wave the palm branches! "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

For two years and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if on this year's Thanksgiving in church and homestead we celebrate the victories of the plow, the hammer and the pen, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never wore an epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. Come up, farmers and mechanics and literary men and get your dues as far as I can pay them.

Things have marvelously changed. Time was when the stern edict of governments forbade religious assemblages. Those who dared to be so unloyal to their king as to acknowledge loyalty to the Head of the universe were punished. Churches awfully silent in worship suddenly heard their doors swung open, and down upon the church aisle a score of muskets thumped as the leaders bade them "Ground arms!" This custom of having the fathers, the husbands, the sons and brothers at the entrance of the pew is a custom which came down from olden time, when it was absolutely necessary that the father or brother should sit at the end of the church pew fully armed to defend the helpless portion of the family. But now how changed! Severe penalties are threatened against any one who shall interrupt religious services, and annually, at the command of the highest official in the United States, we gather together for thanksgiving and holy worship. To-day I would stir your souls to joyful thanksgiving while I speak of the mercies of God and in unconventional way recount the conquests of the plow, the hammer and the pen.

Most of the implements of husbandry have been superseded by modern inventions, but the plow has never lost its reign. It has furrowed its way through all the ages. Its victories have been waved by the barley of Palestine, the wheat of Persia, the flax of Germany, the rice stalks of China, the rich grasses of Italy. It has turned up the mammoth of Siberia, the mastodon of Egypt and the pine groves of Texas. Its iron foot has marched where Moses wrote and Homer sang and Aristotle taught and Alexander mounted his war charger. It hath wrung its colter on Norwegian wilds and ripped out the stumps of the American forest, pushing its way through the savannahs of the Carolinas and trembling in the grasp of the New Hampshire yeomanry. American civilization hath kept step with the rattle of its cleaves, and on its beam hath ridden thrift and national plenty.

I do not wonder that the Japanese and the Chinese and the Phoenicians so particularly extolled husbandry or that Cincinnati went from the consulship to the plow or that Noah was a farmer before he became a shipbuilder or that Elisha was in the field plowing with twelve yoke of oxen when the mantle fell on him or that the Egyptians in their paganism worshipped the ox as a tiller of their lands. To get an appreciation of what the American plow has accomplished I take you into the western wilderness. Here in the dense forest I find a collection of Indian wigwams. With belts of wampum the men lazily sit on the skins of deer, smoking their feathered calumets, or, driven forth by hunger, I track their moccasins far away as they make the forest echoes crazy with their wild halloo or fish in the waters of the still lake. Now tribes challenge and council fires blaze, and war whoops ring, and chiefs lift the tomahawks for battle. After awhile wagons from the Atlantic coast come to those forests. By day trees are felled, and by night bonfires keep off the wolves. Log cabins rise, and the great trees begin to throw their branches in the path of the conquering white man. Farms are cleared, stumps, the monuments of slain forests, crumble and are burned. Villages appear, with smiths at the bellows, masons on the wall, carpenters on the house-top. Churches rise in honor of the Great Spirit whom the red men ignorantly worship. Steamers on the lake convey merchandise to her wharf and carry east the uncounted bushels that have come to the market. Bring hither wreaths of wheat and crowns of rye, and let the mills and the machinery of barn and field units their voices to celebrate the triumph, for the wilderness hath retreated and the plow hath conquered.

Within our time the Presidential Cabinet has added a Secretaryship of Agriculture. Societies are constantly being established for the education of the plow. Journals devoted to this department are circulated through all the country. Farmers through such culture have learned the attributes of soils and found out that almost every field has its peculiar preferences. Lands have their choice as to which product they will bear. Marshy lowlands touched by the plow rise and wring out their wet locks in the trenches. Islands born down on the coast of Peru and Bolivia are transported to our fields and make our vegetation leap. Highways by this plow are changed from boggy sloughs into roads like the Roman Appian way. Fields go through bloodless revolutions until there the farmhouse stands. In summer honeyuckles clamber over the trellises. On one side there stands a garden, which is only a farm condensed. On the other side there is a stretch of meadow land with thick grass, and as the wind breathes over it it looks like the deep green ocean waves. There goes a brook, tarrying long in its windings, as if loath to leave the spot where the reeds sing, and the cattle stand at noonday under the shadow of the weeping willows. In winter the sled comes through the crackling snow with huge logs from the woods, and the barn floor quakes under the thumpings of the flail or the deafening buzz of the thrashing machine. Horses stand beneath mow poles bending under loads of hay and whinny to the well filled out bins. Comfort laughs at the wind rattling the sashes and clicking the icicles from the eaves.

Praise God for the great harvests that have been reaped this last year! Some of them injured by drought or insects or freshets were not as bountiful as usual, others far in excess of what have ever before been gathered, while higher prices will help make up for any decreased supply. Sure sign of agricultural prosperity we have in the fact that cattle and horses and sheep and swine and all farm animals have during the last two years increased in value. Twenty million swine slaughtered this last year, and yet so many hogs left.

Alcohol is being considered in Paris as the coming fuel.

The present population of Manila is estimated at 244,732.

It costs \$4 for ten words by the new telegraph line to Yukon.

Norway's railroads belong almost exclusively to the Government.

Texas oil producers have ordered an oil ship larger than any now afloat.

The lawyers of Kentucky have organized their State Bar Association.

Eighty-two postoffices have been established in Minnesota within a year.

It is a remarkable fact that few savages have ever been known to stammer.

St. Louis, Mo., is to have a newspaper published exclusively for colored people.

Paintings to the amount of \$75,000 were sold at the Berlin Art Exposition of 1901.

China has formulated an elaborate plan for educating young men outside the country.

Electric cab service in Paris has proved very unprofitable. It is said that the loss so far represents \$900,000.

In Boston 15,500 women have already registered to vote for school officers this year, a gain of 5054 over last year.

Norway, Ireland and Spain have more blind people in proportion to population than any other European countries. Spain has 216 per 100,000; Norway, 208, and Ireland, 211.

An electrical company in Reading, Penn., has asked that a verdict against it of \$4000 punitive damages be set aside on the ground that the word punitive was written "puny" by one of the jurors.

A West Virginia man who died a few days ago bequeathed \$1 each to his wife and nine children, and the rest of his property, amounting to \$10,000 or more, for the erection of a water-tight vault and "a desirable and beautiful monument" to himself.

NEWSY CLEANINGS

Alcohol is being considered in Paris as the coming fuel.

The present population of Manila is estimated at 244,732.

It costs \$4 for ten words by the new telegraph line to Yukon.

Norway's railroads belong almost exclusively to the Government.

Texas oil producers have ordered an oil ship larger than any now afloat.

The lawyers of Kentucky have organized their State Bar Association.

Eighty-two postoffices have been established in Minnesota within a year.

It is a remarkable fact that few savages have ever been known to stammer.

St. Louis, Mo., is to have a newspaper published exclusively for colored people.

Paintings to the amount of \$75,000 were sold at the Berlin Art Exposition of 1901.

China has formulated an elaborate plan for educating young men outside the country.

Electric cab service in Paris has proved very unprofitable. It is said that the loss so far represents \$900,000.

In Boston 15,500 women have already registered to vote for school officers this year, a gain of 5054 over last year.

Norway, Ireland and Spain have more blind people in proportion to population than any other European countries. Spain has 216 per 100,000; Norway, 208, and Ireland, 211.

An electrical company in Reading, Penn., has asked that a verdict against it of \$4000 punitive damages be set aside on the ground that the word punitive was written "puny" by one of the jurors.

A West Virginia man who died a few days ago bequeathed \$1 each to his wife and nine children, and the rest of his property, amounting to \$10,000 or more, for the erection of a water-tight vault and "a desirable and beautiful monument" to himself.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Marie Corelli, the author, is giving lectures in England.

Senator Depew will wed Miss Palmer in Paris on Christmas Day.

General Santos J. Zelaya has been re-elected President of Nicaragua.

President Roosevelt is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 185 pounds.

Baron Hood of Avalon, Admiral on the retired list of the British Navy, is dead. He was born on July 14, 1824.

Former Queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, has been entertained in Salt Lake City, Utah, by the Hawaiian colony.

James J. Hill has two fads. One is the collecting of paintings. His other amusement is the collecting of unset jewels.

Lord Rosebery has the costliest collection of snuff-boxes in the world. His twenty-two fine specimens are valued at \$175,000.

The Royal Society's Copley Medal has been awarded to Professor J. Willard Gibbs, of Yale, for his contributions to mathematical physics.

Dr. Richard J. Gatling has entered upon his eighty-fourth year. For his birthday thoughts he might have had the pleasant calculation that the famous gun of his invention has killed about 250,000 men since 1862.

The new Mayor of San Francisco, Eugene E. Schmitz, is more than six feet tall, thirty-seven years old, and wears his long hair brushed back from the forehead. It is said that he thinks nothing of a fifty-mile walk, and that he is a great swimmer.

The four sons of Charles Darwin have all made their mark as scientists. Professor George Darwin is a famous mathematician. Horace Darwin is an authority on physics. Major Leonard Darwin is honorary secretary of the Royal Geographical Society and Francis Darwin is a distinguished botanist.

PASSED CENTURY MILE-STONE.

Man Who Voted For "Old Hickory" Passes to Unknown Realms.

Barney Conway, who claimed to be 106 years old, is dead at his home 15 miles north of New Albany, Ind. The first vote he cast was for General Jackson for president.

Up to nearly the hour of his death his mental faculties were preserved.

Lift up your eyes, O nation of God's right hand, at the glorious prospects! Build larger your barns for the harvest; dig deeper the vats for the spoil of the vineyard; enlarge the warehouses for the merchandise; multiply galleries of art for the pictures and statues. Advance, O na-