

salutations addressed to persons in dif-ferent places, that the main body of the

epistic is encyclical, and the various salu-tations appended to individual copies sent to different churches have been preserved

epistle. Objections raised to Thessalonians, Philippians, Colossians and Philemon

The English Language.

We'll begin with a box and the plural is boxes, But the plural of or should be oxen, not oxes; Then one fowl is gone, but two are called Yet the plural of mouse should never be messe: You may find a lone mouse, or a whole next of

miles.

But the plural of house is houses, not hies;

If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a cow if repeated is never called kine,
and the plural of yow is yours, never wine;
and if I speak of a foot and you show me your
fee:

And I give you a boot, would a pair be called

over:

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,

Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called peetry if the singular's this and the plural is these. Should the plural of size be micknamed keese? Then one may be that and three would be

Test has in the plural would never be hose; And the plural of cat is cats, not one. We speak of a brother and also of brethren, though we say mother we never say moth-

Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him, But imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim. But imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim. So the English, I think you all will agree, Is the dod rottest language you ever did see. —Chayenne Sun-Londer.

THE LIFE BEYOND DEATH

Dr. Minot J. Savage Holds That In. dividuality is the Same in the Next World as in This.

No problem has more interest for mankind than that epitomized in the question asked centuries ago: "If a man die shall he live again?" Men say be ready to be classed as agnostics on most matters of religion, but every man must have opinion concerning this question. And herein, perhaps, lies the strongest argument in favor of life beyond death, for every man believes, not merely hopes, that there is a future life. But this belief is not universally based upon the same grounds. The orthodox Christian believes it to be the gift of God through the atoning sacrifice of Christ. Others seek a scientific demonstration. To the former class, Dr. Minot J. Savage's book, "Life Beyond Death," will not appeal, but to the latter group it will be welcomed as a valuable contribution to the knowl-

past concerning life beyond death, Dr. Savage takes up the present conditions of belief and considers the agnestic reaction from the extreme "other worldliness," which it replaced, which was in turn followed by the spiritualistic reaction against agnosticism. He points out the doubts concerning the doctrine of immortality held by the churches and the weekness of the traditional creeds and the loosening of their hold upon people. He then considers the probabilities of a fu-ture life. The volume includes a consid-eration of the work of the Society of Paychical Research and an appendix giv-ing some of the author's personal experi-ences in this line. Dr. Savage holds, as a provisional hypothesis, that continued demonstrated, and that there have been at least some well-authenticated tions from persons in the other

After a review of the beliefs held in the

edge on this great question.

Dr. Savage believes we have distorted all our ideas of the other life by our theo-logical speculations, and by supposing that death is a line, the moment we have crossed it our destiny is fixed, and we are either angels or devils forever. He does not believe that we change when we die. "We carry with us," he says, "our memory of what we have been, and who have been our friends, and those most closely associated with us." He sees nothing in the fact of dying that should make any marked change in one any more than a man's going to sleep at night and waking up in the morning makes another kind of being of him. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

MISS NORA VINNE. Young English Authoress Who

Wrote "The Priest's Marriage." Miss Nora Vynne, whose latest novel, "The Priest's Marriage," G. P. Putam's Sons, of New York, will bring out this menth, is a young English author whose earlier works, published in London, have already attracted some attention. Miss Vynne's books include "The Blind Artist's Plottures," a volume of short stories; "A Comedy of Honor," "Honey of Aloes," "A Man and His Womankind," "The Etory of a Foot and His Folly," "The Priest's Marriage" tells the story of a Catholic priest who loves and marries a gentle English girl, and whose subequent life is a battle between his love and his religious convictions. The book presents an interesting group of minor characters, who talk cleverly and contrive to utter some charming, if slightly cynial. views on various subjects of moment. Besides her book work. Miss Vynne is a azine, Sketch, Black and White and other considerous London periodicals. She is a ment member of the Writers' Club, an institution where many Americans have been made welcome when in Lon-don. The portrait of Miss Vynne is a

Rennn's "St. Paul,"

known London artist, and was exhibit the Royal academy two years ago.

reproduction of a painting by a well-

exhibited

Perhaps St. Paul is the best of Ernest Renau's studies in religious history. Certainly in none other of them is the English reader permitted to enjoy to the full the peculiar genius of the great philosophical historian, free from persistent reminder that he is reading translation, as he is permitted in this volume, with Mr. Ingersell Lockwood's translation marvelous distinctness of the figure of St. Peul, in that respect unique among Biblical characters, and the fascinating interest with which the great Frenchman fact that the sources of available knowledge of St. Paul are more recent in form and more historical in nature than anything else in the Bible. Legend has been the of his work shall pass away to the barr with Jesus and Peter, John and who claim permanence for only the co-James; but the eclipse Paul underwent in ecclesinatical circles from the third cent- tality. labors substantially as they were written in the time of his life or at any rate by active participants in the scenes narrated. No historical writing bears stronger evi-dence of actual contemporaneous nar-prose, as he became wiser, and more ac-upon which he h orical writing bears stronger evirative than the circumstantial accounts we have of Paul's journesmers. No composition bears more indisputable marks of authenticity Browning was not recognized by the ad-

judicators of letters as a stimulating influence in literature," (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Story of American Expansion. In "The Territorial Acquisitions of the United States," Edward Bicknell has gathered into compact and readable shape the story of our national growth from the Louisians purchase to the annexation of Hawaii and the Spanish islands. Mr. Bicknell does not attempt to say any-thing new but he has arranged in handy form data that is interesting at this time. Of Oregon the author says, among other things:

Oregon is the one addition to our domain which has come to us by discovery and occupation, but even then a treaty with Great Britain was required to make the title secure without possible bloodshed. Oregon also reminds us that we are a young country in the New World, for it is since the United States came into ex-istence that white men expired the great river flowing through that territory and settled on

Mr. Bicknell suggests that it was the impending war with Mexico which caused President Polk to back down in the "Fifty-four-forty" contention, and compromise with Great Britain at the 49th par-allel. The volume contains an appendix in a bunch by copylsts at the end of the with a table showing the area and popu intion of the various acquisitions, the population at the time of annexation and are set aside. Renan thinks they are Paul's the states carved from the territory, a own. He inclines to admit a Pauline table showing the comparative area of own. He inclines to admit a Pauline table showing the comparative area of foundation for Ephesians, though its style, the same acquisitions with the areas of speculative ideas and even specific admonitions are other than Paul elsewhere the population of the United States as



MISS NORA VYNNE.

apocryphal.

The critical achievement of this monumental work of Renan is the evidence he

unfolds as to the division of the early church. With relentless logic and evidence drawn from wide and profound research he reconstructs the stupendous body of envy, detraction, open opposition, insidious undermining and secretly instigated persecution Paul was obliged to suffer at the hands of the Judaistic, circumcision Roads." There is a good deal of treason ter was more er less affiliated. After a spy. writings of James and John, and espe- love conquers all. The characters cially in the Apocalypse, and the com- well drawn and none is overly will of his wonderful character, the obstacles, Paul's greatness and nobility, shows how far, nevertheless, he is behind the Master himself:

The Son of God stands alone. To appear for a moment, to reflect a soft and profound effulgence, to die very young is the life of a God. To atruggle, duspute and conquer, is the life of a man. After having been for three cons, thanks to orthodox Protestantism, the Christian teacher par excedence, Paul sees in our day his reign drawing to a close. Jesus, on the contrary, lives more chan ever. It is no onger the epistle to the Romans that is the resume of Christianity—it is the Sermon on the Mount. True Christianity, which will last for-ever, comes from the gospels, not from the the subtle Augustine, of the unfruitful Thomas preserving and storing pork products. Aguinas, of the gloomy Carvinist, of the peevish Jaurenist, of the fleres theology that damns The January Woman's Home Companion and predestinates to damnation. Jesus is the father of all those who seek repose for their soulsin dreams of the ideal. What makes Christianity live, is the little that we know of the ward and person of Jesus. The ideal man, the divine poet, the great artist, alone dely time and revolutions. They alone are seated at the right hand of God the Father for evermore. St. Faul: by Ernest Benan; translated from the French by Ingersell Lockwood. New York: G. W. Dillingham & Co.

Browning, Man and Poet. As in the volume on Tennyson, so in "Browning, Poet and Man," Miss Eliza-beth Luther Cary has shown excellent judgment and literary skill in the selection and arrangement of material. Browning has suffered from the enthusiasm of his friends, who have tried to read deep meanings into some of his poems, and have thus hedged his work around with an air of mystery that has repelled cather than attracted the average reader of po-Miss Cary deprecates this and etry, terest with which the great Frenchman has framed his narrative, largely due, of course, or at least made possible, by the fact that the suppress of available knowl. upon criticisms by others than upon her personal views. She says the range is wide from those who think no jot or titwho claim permanence for only the com-paratively few poems that leap with viecciesinatical circles from the third cent-ury to the middle ages spared his own ing's work," says Miss Cary, "we find it, empositions, and left the accounts of his | then, consistent throughout with his first preoccupation, the study of minds; in-spired by one ethical impulse, to preach discontent with low or tame ideals; but

employs. The two epistles to Timothy compared with that of the leading Euro-and the epistle to Titus he rejects as pean nations. (Small, Maynard & Co., pean nations. Boston.)

> NAVAL BATTLE IN FICTION. Megazines of the Month and Various Other Publications.

school of Jerusalem Christians, at whose in the volume, and the reader will fol-head like a modern pope, was James. low with interest the fortunes of Virbrother of the Lord, and with which Pe- ginia Eggleston, condemned to be shot as a spy. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.)
The following books have been received reading this explanation of the early church, many things hith-from Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; erto mysterious become clear, particular- "Was It Right to Forgive?" by Amila erto mysterious become clear, particular- "Was It Right to Forgive?" by Amila ly the hostile references to Paul in the E. Barr, a domestic romance in which plaints so frequent in Paul's undeubted epistles, of open opposition and secret conspiracy that were directed at his missions. The imperfections of Paul's char-sions. acter are also clearly drawn, and it is interest centers in an English woman who only after apprehending them that we are able to understand the true greatness she does not find in Newcastle. "My of his wooderful character the abstracter that the same and I." he can be seen to the control of the production of the same and I." Father and I." by Countess Ruliga. An account of the beautiful sympathy existas it were, over which his high ideals account of the beautiful sympathy exist-and unfaltering purpose had to make ing between a gifted woman and her their way. Let us recall the passage in father, whose companies she had been which Renan, after paying his tribute to from chilhood. "Scoundre's & Co., Limited," by Coulson Kernahan. The scoun-drels have a murderous syndicate which the hero joins for the purpose of frustrating criminal plans. The story is of the genuine blood and thunder order. "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.."

by E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross, is a collection of 12 stories of Irish life. The stories were originally published in the Badminion Magazine, Longmans, Badminion Magaz n en & Co., New York.) Green & Co.,

"Home Pork Making," by A. W. Fulton, commercial editor of American Agriculturist and Orange Judd Farmer, is a complete guide for the farmer, the country butcher and the suburban dweller, in all

contains many articles of special literary value, chief among which is a masterly discussion of "The Revival of Art and Beauty," by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. Carina Campbell Eaglesfield, under the title "Balanced Men," makes a plea for more symmetrical manhood in this day of specialization.

Thirty-two authors, 10 illustrators and eight photographic artists contribute to the January issue of the Ladles' Home Journal. Among the special features are "The Home-Coming of the Nakannies," by W. A. Frazer; "The Boer Girl of South Africa," by Howard C. Hillegas; "The Mother of the Stars," by Amelia H. Botsford; "A National Crime at the Feet of American Parents," by Edward Bok; "The Minister and the Organ," by Ian Maclaren.

The "New Lippincott" for January begins the year with a complete novel, full of fresh sensations and amusing episodes, called "The Bread Line," by Albert Bige-low Paine. This is a tale of fun and love in New York's Bohemia, beginning with New Year's night at the Model bakery, on Broadway, where some comrades encoun-ter "The Bread Line," and ending there after a year spent in trying to start a newspaper in a Bohemian studio. Love plays a signal part in redeeming the

Governor Roosevelt begins in the January Scribner's his monograph on "Oliv Cromwell," which is to be a feature the magazine for six months. An article of great significance at this time is Fred-erick Palmer's view of "White Man and Brown Man in the Philippines." J. M. "Tommy and Grizel, upon which he has been at work for four years, begins in this number with the ar-rival of Tommy in London with his sister, when | Elspeth, and marks him as a writer who suddenly acquires celebrity.



What Dolls Think, It is true we're stuffed with sawdust And can never learn to walk; It is true we have no organs And can never learn to talk; It is true we're only dollies

And dollies must remain, But we're free from faults and follies

Can you tell us when you ever Saw our faces spoiled with frowns? And we're sure you never heard us Make a fues about our gowns! Then, we do not tease the kitty, We are always kind in play; And we think 'twould be a pity For a dell to disobey!

When the parlor clock strikes seven Not a fretful word is said As our little mammas tell us It is time to go to bed.

So, you see, though we are dollies,
And dollies must remain, We are free from faults and follies That might cause our mammas pain.
-Heien A. Walker in Our Little Folks.

JACK AND THE PORCUPINE

Quarrelsome Little Fox Terrier Who Received a Lesson Which He Did Not Immediately Forget.

Jack was a very quarrelsome little fox terrier-not ill-natured, either, but so vain that he wanted to fight every dog, even those 10 times his size, that he met. And when the mastiffs and Newfoundlands, after whom he ran, snarling and growling, walked away with sniffs of contempt, Jack in his vanity, thought they were afraid of him. To be sure, he had one good lesson-the day he came home lame and bleeding as the result of a quarrel. What a pitiable, yet comical sight he was later, bandaged all except one eye, and unable even to wag his stump of a tail, as a sign of thankfulness for what was done to make him more comfortable. But this happened in the middle of winter, and had been forgotten by summer, when he left Portland for the mines.

It was at the mines that Jack had his first experience in living with other like as not, you have let it pass from your dogs. A most disagreeable companion did he prove, always claiming the right to lie on the only cougar-skin mat in the cabin and to snatch the choicest morsel from every plate of food. When Towser and Rover, the other dogs, tried to drive him away, they were sure to hear a stern voice ordering them to behave. For, you see, people very seldom thought what a see, people very seldom thought what a nulsance Jack was, but only that he was smaller than the other dogs and needed to be protected against them.

Jack and the Porcupine. One day, Mr. Frost, Jack's owner, was sitting on a stump outside the cabin, deaning a gun, when a joyful bark that ne knew sounded from up the canyon.

"The little scamp's tracked a gopher," "The little scamp's tracked a gopher, he said to himself; but when, a few seconds later, the "little scamp" gave a howl of pain, he put down the gun and started for the canyon. What he came upon was a sorry-looking fox terrier, whining and lying flat on its back, as it used its forepaws in an endeavor to pull out quills that stuck out all over him. Near by, whiled into a bell its entree standing on colled into a ball, its spines standing on end, was a porcupine, which turned around with a pig-like movement and a queer little grunt, at Mr. Frost's appear-ance. ("Porc" is the French word for some people think porcupines get name from their pig-like move-

ments.) Jack's pride came back when he saw his master and when, which was of more consequence, he observed the dogs which had followed to see what all the trouble was about. Rover looked at Towser and Towser looked at Rover, when they saw what the little dunce was going to do, and if ever dogs laugh, they very wickedly did so, when Jack charged straight for the bristling mass, near at hand. Any dog that knows anything at all about such things, understands that the very best thing to do with a porcupine is it alone, and that the next best thing is to catch hold of its nose.

What a howling there was when Jack fell upon the quills and, worst of all, could not get himself off them.

Porcupine Mckes His Escape. "Well. I hope you're satisfied." Mr. Frost said, thinking how anxious Jack had been to fight with whatever was more dangerous-looking than himself. Nevertheless he pulled the fox terrier away from the porcupine, which quickly laid down its armor and moved away in search of a hiding-place.

To Jack's credit, it must be said that he bore bravely the pain of having the quills pulled out, one by one. Even Rover and Towser, much as they disliked him, had to respect the grit he showed in never whining during the process.

And Jack remembered the lesson. He

stayed at the mines a year longer, and during that time he saw plenty of porcu-pines, though not, you may be sure, be-cause he hunted them up. When he stays the prince's feather above or sure in my mother's family, and its feats of sagacity

did find one accidentally, he would quietly slink away, without stopping for a second look, and nothing on earth would induce him to remain. He had changed his mind about the desirability of attacking every-thing running on four legs.

of the busy community. Well, to ascertain how far this interest is carried, a natural philosopher, one Huber by name, whom all scientific people have heard of, ventured upon a little experiment one day.

Watching his opportunity, he stealthly as possible, without moving the heel from not so tall as those born in other months.

abstracted a queen bee from its hive, and then awalted developments. For half an hour or so the loss seemed not to have been noticed by the other bees, but a progressive increasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and its busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost mon-arch, or eager to avenge, with their slings, the insult offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her sub-jects, with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided, and the ordinary busi-ness of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence.

That in this case information, and that of a complex character, was transmitted by one insect to another, there can be little doubt, but how is a question the scien tists are stil puzzling over.

It is thought that ants and bees, which cross their antennae with those of other bees or ants which they may meet, may in this manner communicate information of concern. If this be so, it would indicate a very superior order of intelligence among these insects, and it might account for what happened in the removal from, and return to, the hive of the queen bee, in the instance which has been related.

"THE PRINCE'S FEATHER." Very Jolly Parlor Game for Elther

Big or Little Folk. Here's a jolly game, and there's lots of fun to be got out of it by young or old if the rules are adhered to. It is not new, but then very few parlor games are, and, mind, if you have ever played it. If you haven't, it is, just the same, worth playing.

It is called "The Prince's Feather." The hostess, big or little, unfolds a goodsized table-cover, or sheet, which she bids everybody to catch hold of at corners or sides, and stretch out, so that it will make a large surface. Then she blows a very light and downy feather ("the prince's with their breath, and to be very careful exercise, reversed, so that the knees are

MADE SOME DIFFERENCE.

Mamma-Why do you cry, my dear? You have a chocolate letter as well as sister.

not to allow it to pass them by, and not drawn outward literally, is efficacious for

to let go the cloth.

The player who fails to blow back the feather when it comes his way must give up his held upon the sheet and stand beis to stand with the feet slightly apart

hind his right-hand neighbor until, by good on a horizontal line, then, by exercising

feather. Then he may be reinstated and | together. This must be done on a smooth

Ida-Yes, but her name's Marie!-Fidele Blactter.

the player in front of him must stand be- floor.

fortune, he gets another blow at

hind. If he lets it pass him a second time,

he is condemned to "dungeon" ustil the game is over. As the players, one by one,

go to dungeon, the cover grows smaller, and the final contest between the very last players becomes very lively and strenu-

Sometimes the company "choose up" as

ment agreed upon.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

Legged or Knock-Kneed, Lads. A large number of boys are inclined to be "pigeon-toed," and many of them spend years in learning to "toe out" after the most approved fashion. The pigeon walks over its feet, rolling like a sailor often; but most boys walk with their feet straight ahead, or a bit inclined in, after the man-Are They Able to Talk in Some Manner With Each Other.

You all know, boys and girls, that the queen bee in every well-regulated hive is an object of solicitude to all working bees of the busy community. Well to see the control of the indian. If you are pigeon-toed you may improve the conduct of your feet by following these directions, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer, which has been looking into the matter for the benefit, of yourgeters afflicted with the unfortunate habit:

Seat yourself in a chair of the proper

Seat yourself in a chair of the proper height, so that both feet will rest easily upon the floor. Place the heels together, or as close as the curvature will permit;

through the enemy's line wins a prisoner were winessed by her, my sisters and my-and a worker from the other side. The self. It was known, not merely once or rule is that every one must fight valiantly twice, but habitually to sing the parior through the enemy's line wins a prisoner and a worker from the other side. The rule is that every one must fight valiantly for the side upon which he happens to be, and there is a lively scramble to see which leader shall win the largest number upon his side and wear the prince's feather as a trophy of war. This is a time game, and the hostess should see that the time-keeper is strict in his reckoning and deciares the game ended at the exact moment agreed upon. proceeded downstairs, with pokers and tongs, to interrupt, as they thought, the predatory motives of some burgiar; but they were agreeably surprised to discover that the bell had been rung by pussy. Don't Walk Pigeon-Toed, Bowwho repeated the act whenever she wanted to get out of the parlor.

> His Argument Convincing. A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried herries in front of a store the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. Then the boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released. and, after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed; "Now, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries, and lick me besides!" This appeal was too much for the grocery man to stand out against, and he let the youngster out.-

> > When Were You Born?

SCHOOL TAKES A RECESS.



Bruin-Yes, children, you may have a holid ay today,-Types.

its position. Next make the same move- Those born in November are the shortment with the right foot and then with both feet, moving them, of course, in op-posite directions. Try also raising both feet from the floor, holding them straight in front, with the knees straight. Then rotate the feet upon the ankles in opposite

directions. For bow legs take this exercise: Stand facts are attributed to economic conditions, for a child born in summer has generally better food and air. erect, heels together; then, without turn-ing the feet over or moving them in any feather") into the air over the cloth and way, contract the muscles of the knees so instructs all present to keep it moving that they are pulled inward. This same

the muscles of the knees, draw the feet

Bear these directions in mind, children,

for it is not nice to be pigeon-toed, how-

Cat Turned Bellringer,

The following story of a cat, which is

published in the Philadelphia Inquirer,

is vouched for by no less a personage

legged or knock-kneed.

est. Girls, according to the same authority, born in December, January, February, March, April and May show a less length of body than those born in the re-maining months. Those born from June to November are taller, but the tailest are born in August. To some extent these

Ice Cream Volcano.

A wonderful funnyland sight A wonserter runsylend sight Le a mountain of marvelous height; But you never could guess What happens unless You were there upon Saturday night. When the sun in the west is aglaw,

The whole mountain rumbles, and lot It pours out a stream Of assorted leseream, By the banks where the macaroous grow. Then from city and country and town, The children of king and of clown All run with their spoons,

And they pick macareons And they eat till they have to lie down. But the thing that the children adors Is a mountain that stands by the shore, With a cratery pot Where molaress keeps hot,

Sometimes it rains popcorn at night, And all of the kernels that light On the mountain top, pop. And they kep, and they drop,

Till the top of the mountain is white; And corn hells foll down To the edge of the town, While the children dance round with delight, -Albert W. Smith, in Ladies' Home Journal,

Only a Little Gray Mouse.

m only a little gray moure; live in the wall of your house, And when you're asleep from my hele I do And seamper all over the house.

I'm sure that you're all very kind, And I'm perfectly sure you don't mind When I nibble your cheese and est all E And do all the mischief I find.

I'm glad that you haven't a cat, For I'm growing uncommonly fat; I so to the shelf and just help myself. And I take a great pleasure in the

Although you may think me a pest, I amutre you it's all for the best; What you'd do without me I really can't see, So forgive me for all I've confessed

In the night when you're all fast asleep, Out in the darkness I creep, When there's nobody near and nothing to fear, frolic and scamper and squeak.

seamper about until dawn n the earliest heurs of morn; Your footsteps I hear, and as they draw near I whisk down my hote and am ger -E. M. Ware (aged 13), in N. Y. Hernid.

Youthful Trampeter Shurlock. Trumpeter John James Shurlock, of the Fifth (Royal Irish) lancers, although but 16 years of age, is out on active service,

and distinguished himself by shooting down three Boers, one after another, with his revolver, at the battle of Eland's angte. Trumpeter Shurlock joined the lancers at Canterbury on August 24, 1897, at the

age of 14, and proceeded to South Africa in February, 1898. His father served in the same regiment before him, while his mother is the daughter of Sergeant John Froggott, a guilant soldier, who served his country for il years, and who saved the life of a drowning officer near the Rock of Gibraltar. Enlama.

My first is in Bohemia, not France; My second is embraced by Ophelia, not Hamlet; My third is in both early and late; My fourth is found in warrior, not dandy; My fifth is in both stolld and steady whole is a people become famous in war.

There's Nothing New. Ancient Egypt bonsted a "penny-in-the-slot" machine, while one explorer found in the ruins of Ninovah a kind of magni-fying glass, and nearly 400) years ago the Egyptians and Assyrians observed stars ough a primitive telescope.

Marjorle and the Incandescent Light Marjorie, 6 years old and from the country, looked blinkingly at an incandescent light for the first time. "Why, mamma, it looks just like a white pincushion; see the needles and pins sticking out all round."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Daisy and Her Piano, Uncle gave a pretty toy Plano to little Daisy; And little Dalsy, in her joy, Is driving the family crazy

