

Three Silly Sailors.

Three Silly Old Sailors went out for sport; Went out for sport one day; They bundled into a smallish boat, On a briny wave they were soon affoat, And they fished in Baffling Bay, But not for fish of a common sort,
"Oh, no," said they, "we'll have rarer sport

So they fished and fished for mermaids fa With shiny green tails and golden hair; Each buited his line With a trinket fine That made the mermaids stare. "Tra is in, tra is ie,"

Sang the mermaids gay.

And the Silly Old Sailors laughe
As they fished in Baffling Bay.

PRYING WALTER'S MISHAP

His Insatiable Curiosity Results in Scaring Him Nearly Out of His Boylsh Wits.

Beven children were gathered together in the car that glided-almost bounded-over the track leading to a Portland suburb Two sisters, with their brother, occupied one corner. Directly across from them gat a little boy, nicely dressed and with "U. S. S. Oregon" printed in gold letters upon the band of his middle cap. Near him was an exceedingly pretty little girl, not over 4 years old, while in the corner, diagonally across from the group of three, were a colored boy and girl, probably brother and sister. Each of the two white sisters wore a brand-new Spring hat and was carrying her old one home in a paper bag. Between the colored boy and girl stood a market basket, stuffed with groceries, the upper-most sack containing taffy, pinoche, carameis and several other kinds of candy. The boy, whose soft, dark eyes made him attractive to look at, in spite of his ragged clothes, carried an egg. It was ch with white trimmings, and was quite small in comparison with the fine white ones into which one may look and see pretty things-flower-gardens and fountains and fairies, perhaps.

The brother and two sisters had the best sort of a time, giggling and talking together. That their names were Stan-ley, Mable and Marjory could be learned from hearing them address one another. Marjory, the youngest, seemed a mere baby, yet evidently she did not consider herself so, for she took an important part in the talking and giggling. The colored children, having each other for company, got along very nicely, while the pretty little girl seemed content with looking out the window or about the car. But the little boy with "U. S. S. Oregon" on his cap band felt the need of entertainment. Tries to Scrape Acquaintance.

He tried to get acquainted with Stanley, Mabel and Marjory, by way of taking an interest in whatever they said or did; by giggling whenever they gigled, and by occasionally saying something to them. Walter, as he was called by the halfwaiter, as he was called by the half-grown girl who had him in charge, might have succeeded in his undertaking had not the two sisters and their brother been disposed to make fun of him-not out-right, to be sure, but in a way which he understood. He, however, showed himself not at all timid by addressing a stranger so cross-looking that not one in 20 little how would have dared to speak to him boys would have dared to speak to him. And the very reason he looked so cross was because this boy had made him nervous by turning, fidgeting and rattling the

"Mister, will you plase tell me what time it is?" Walter requested. But the cross-looking man paid no attention what-

or else I'il tell your mother how had you were." This did not prevent Walter from asking, "Is it 6 o'clock yet?" of the conductor when the latter passed.

"No; it's only 4:20," the conductor re"We're nearly home, anyway." said the

IT WASN'T BOILED.

ig Easter eggs)-There! I guess that will do!

New Arrival-Yes; very good job. Thanks!

tell me?" But the man paid no atten-tion beyond looking crosser still and turn-ing the pages of his paper.
"What's in that sack?" Walter queried.
The sack was a burlap bag that the colored children carried, in addition to their market backer. their market basket.

'I don't know, I'm sure," the girl an-"I'm going to find out," and, before she could prevent, he had changed his seat for one opposite the colored children. But the conductor led him back immediately, saying: "You musn't walk around the car."

Quiet a Minute. For a few minutes after this, Walter

was so quiet that the cross-looking man relaxed his frown.

"Do rabbits bite?" he commenced, when the few moments had passed. Several of the grown people looked amused, as though they pondered whatever sent this thought into his brain. But it is not strange it should have entered his mind, considering that he'd been seeing so many rabbits in show-windows.
"You'll think your bitten by something

when we get home and I let your mother know how you've acted," the girl re-

"Will you tell me what's in that sack?" he called across to the colored children, neither of whom paid any attention.
"It's something alive; I know it is," Walter announced.

Now, at mention of "something alive. Mabel, Marjory and the pretty Stanley, Mabel, Marjory and the pretty little girl turned four pairs of eyes upon the bag. While they were looking, the colored boy asked permission of his sister, who was older, and took a peep, which he seemed to enjoy, for he smiled, as with pleasure. Then the sister took a peep, also, and she smiled; then they looked at each other and smiled. And the owners of the flye pairs of eyes, watching closely, noticed that the buriap moved -a sure sign, one would think, that some thing alive was inside it.

thing alive was inside it.
"Is it a puppy?" Walter called. This time the girl answered by a shake of the head that meant "No."
"Is it a cat?" The second question was

ignored.

Walter watched his chance, then slipped chilagain into a seat opposite the colored chil-dren. The conductor allowed him to re-main, but not long afterward had cause to regret having done so.

Causes a Commotion

"Won't you let me see?" asked Walter, when they were getting ready to take another peep. But, instead of waiting for his request to be granted, he pulled open the mouth of the bag. Instantly there was an alarming flurry, and, a second later, the air about Walter was set in motion by a flapping of wings that seemed larger and stronger than those of an eagle. A surprised, frightened look came into his face, and his middle cap was knocked off by the rooster-for such the bird was-as it settled itself upon his shoulder and crowed and flapped its wings. How Walter did how!! Only pausing long enough to cry: "Get him off! Oh, do get

And this is exactly what the colored girl was trying to do. She would have suc-ceeded a great deal sooner had not Walter persisted in jumping frantically up and down. Finally she managed to get hold of the yellow legs of the rooster-which, by the way, was a very proud-looking bird, with a brilliant red comb and shining plumage. Once the legs were gotten hold of, she had very little trouble in slipping Mr. Rooster into the bag. Then Walter quieted down and, picking up his cap, stole meekly back to his own place in the car.

"Now you see what you get for being so curious," the cross-looking man said. She Was Frightened.

ing and Walter had stopped howling, it ever to him, and the girl in whose charge | was discovered that the pretty little girl was crying from fright. Every one pitied You must sit still and behave yourself, her, for she had been so sweet and good

jory were willing enough now to talk with him about the rooster, but he would have nothing to say. There was such a marked improvement in his conduct that even the cross-looking man, before leaving the car, spoke to him quite kindly, remarking: "Well, little boy, I guess we're both glad our ride is nearly finished."
"Tes, sir; I ain't had a bit good time," Walte replied.

AMY MAGUIRE.

"THE CHINESE EGG."

Clever Trick of Parlor Magic, When Properly Performed.

Among several clever tricks of legerde main recently explained by Wizard Leon Herrmann, that of L'Oeuf Chinois (the Chinese egg), is one of the best.

This trick seemingly causes an egg. previously placed in an empty goblet, to disappear, or change into a colored handkerchief, which later will be found in its place upon uncovering the gobiet. It require some preparation. First, prepare yourself with an eggshell which has been emptied of is contents. This is easily prepared by of is contents. This is easily prepared by withdrawing the egg meat by suction through a pinhole. Then secure two small figured handkerchiefs—duplicates—one large white silk handkerchief and an empty goblet. Attach a small white string or heavy white thread to the hollow eggshell and sew the other end of the string to the center of handkerchief. Excuse yourself presumably to get the egg, which yourself presumably to get the egg, which has been purposely left in another apart-

Piace the egg on top of your closed right hand, with the folds of the white alk handkerchief, to which it is already attached, hanging loosely and hold concealed in the palm of the same hand one of the in the paim of the same hand one of the colored handkerchiefs. Place the other figured handkerchief next to the empty glass, assuming, of course, that there is but one colored handkerchief. Take the folds of the white silk handkerchief in the left hand and cover the right hand completely, at the same time placing the egg in the glass in full view of the company, but being dexterous enough not to allow them to notice that you place the colored handkerchief in the goblet at the same time that you do the egg. Be sure that the colored handkerchief rests on the botom of the glass.

You may then shake the glass and the you may then shake the glass and the egg will rattle, thereby proving its pres-ence in the glass beyond any doubt. Then pick up the exposed colored handkerchief from the side of the boblet, and retire to a far corner of the room. Fold the colored a far corner of the room. Fold the colored handkerchief into a very small compass, ask some one to again shake the glass lightly, being sure to direct the attenton of the company to the goblet, during which time you must get rid of the small colored handkerchief by paiming it, placing it in your pocket, or dropping it behind a piece of furniture unobserved, which the recreation of the company which is very easy if the company's attention is distracted.

Then rub your hands mysteriously to-gether, show that they are empty, cross over to the goblet, grasp the whie slik handkerchief by the center, draw it slowly and carefully from the glass. The egg-shell being attached to it, it will be drawn shell being attached to it, it will be drawn from the goblet as you remove the white silk handkerchief, and the colored hand-kerchief will be disclosed lying in the glass, where the egg had been previously deposited. Be sure to throw the white silk handkerchief aside immediately after finishing the trick, where no one will pick it up and discover the egg. Place it in a loose pocket or excuse yourself and carry it out of the room again on some pre-

While doing tricks of this kind, keep up a running conversation all the time, mak-ing it of a humorous nature, if possible, and always select the most pilable person in your company to use as a foll whenever necessary. When using a confederate of his power of self-composure,

BRIGHT COLORADO GIRL.

Builds Models of War Vessels and Is

Otherwise Clever. In the great mining camp of Leadville Colo., lives a bright little girl. Her name is Florence Fulton, and she is 11 years old, but she is so small of her age that she doesn't look a day over 9. Among her accomplishments is that of shipbuilding. On both sides of the street where she lives runs a ditch. The monster pumps mines, says the Denver Pos the water up and send it down through the ditches of the town in a mad rush. In these ditches Florence has naval pa-

The finest piece of work that Florence has ever turned out is the gunboat Nash ville. She built it without assistance of advice from any one, copying from pic-tures of the real Nashville in old maga-It has portholes made of eyelets from old shoes. Its smokestacks rise tail and majestic, as if they really carried clouds of black smoke from pant-ing furnaces below. All the finishings of the miniature war vessel took time and ropes and spars to adjust, and all the details of a big fighting ship to arrange.

It was only after many days of hard, patient work that Florence, by adding improvements here and there, at last turned

out a clever copy of the warship.

Florence also draws well, and she has a
good ear for music. She was taunted one
day with not doing things that little girls should, such as sewing and doll-making. In her disgust she said nothing, but a few days later presented her doll to her mother, completely dressed as a boy, having even made a pair of kid boots for it.

Mother says that we must try And study while at school, o learn politeness, and of good Society the rules.

We must not bounce into the room; We mustn't scutle out. Nor ever slam the parior door, And girls must never shout. There's many a thing for boys to learn

Before they will behave; They must not ask old gentlem Why their heads are shaved. They always ought to scrape their shoes And wipe them on the mat; hey should not steal the custard pie

And say it was the cat. You should answer when you're spoken to At least if you are able The place for elbows, you must kn Is not upon the table.

Then mother ends her lecture with, "Remember, if you can, This simple little saying, that—
"'Tis manners maketh man.'" -Lue Vernor

Where Nothing Grows.

would grow.

The boy's face brightened up at her words, and, feeling sure that he had solved the difficulty, she asked him to explain the meaning, and the prompt answer came: "My feyther's bald head."—Phil-delphia Inquirer.

Don't Hug Sick Pets. Dogs and monkeys, says the Home Jour-nal, are subject to tuberculosis, and are

said to be capable of communicating the infection to human beings. A large number of the canaries that die in captivity fall victims to the same disease, Parrots suffer from a mainty peculiar to themselvee. The bacillus that causes it is thought to originate pneumonia in man. selvee. The bacillus that causes it is thought to originate pneumonia in man. Cats have been known to be the carriers of diphtheria, and possibly of scarlet fever and other infectious diseases.

Great care should be taken during an epidemic to keep pet animals out of the reach of infection, or else away from the children, and at any time a bird or animal that seems alling should be at once isolated.

BOBBY'S FIRST WATCH. Took the Best of Care of It, but It

Wouldn't Go Right. When Uncle John came home from Euope what do you think he brought to Bobby? Why, a watch, a really, truly watch that would keep time. Of course, as Bobby was only 6 years old, he was rather young to take care of a nice watch like that, but Uncle John showed him how to wind it and set it, and so Bobby

Tempest in a Barrel.

Ras Decidedly the Best This Surprise Party.



"I'll hide and skeer pop."







"We've got 'em!"

kept his watch in first-rate order. But one day he noticed a speck of dirt on its face, "Ho, ho," said Bobby to himself, "I don't want my nice, new watch to have a dirty face. I'll wash it."

So he went up in the bathroom and he put the watch in a bowl of warm water and rubbed plenty of soap on it. He even took a little brush and scrubbed the in side works, so there shouldn't be a speck

all the wheels of his watch. But still it didn't seem to go right.

Then Bobby happened to think that perhaps the weather was too cold for it, so he went out in the kitchen and put it in the oven for a while. It got so hot he had to take it out with a pair of tongs, and then he put it out of doors in a big snowdrift to cool off. But, do you know, even after all that careful treatment the hateful old watch wouldn't go right, so

Bobby gave it back to Uncle John and said he didn't care much for watches, any-way.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

BRAHMA JACK.

Makes the Acquaintance of a Rowdy Cockerel. "Oh, dear," said Brahma, a fine young ockerel, as he looked through the meshes

of the wire fence which inclosed the yard in which his family lived, "Oh dear; how I wish I could get out and play with those chickens. They are having lots of fun." "I don't wish you to play with such low-bred fowls," said his mother. "They are just common barnyard chickens."
"But I want to, Ma. See, they run everywhere, while I have to stay in this old yard," said Jack, discontentedly.

Just then a rowdy little cockerel came to the fence, flapped his wings defiantly

"Cock-a-doodle-doo. Say, who are you?"
Jack looked at him ecornfully and noticed how coarse and common he was, and made up his mind at once that he didn't like his appearance, so he treated him with silent

"Cutty-qua-qua-a; you dassen't leave your ma," said the young rowdy. Jack, slowly lifting one foot and then the other, gradually approached the fence, but still he said nothing.
"Cock-a-doodle-doo. Who's afraid of

"Cock-a-doodle-doo. Who's afraid of you?" crowed the rowdy. Then he stuck his head through the fence and made a face at Jack, who looked at him with astonishment. In all his life—and Jack was almost six months old—he had never seen such impudence, and it made him angry. He drew himself up haughtily, as became a high-bred cockerel, and looked indignantly at the intruder, who still persisted in making faces at him.

Jack's patience was exhausted at last, and he gave a quick, vicious peck at the head so temptingly near him.

"Qua-qua-qua. I'll tell my pa," cried the bad little cockerel, as he ran away.

"There," said Jack's mother. "You see what rude, bad boys they are. I hope you don't want to play with them."

don't want to play with them."
"Didn't you see me lick him, ma? Cock-a-doodle-doo," and Jack strutted about the yard, so proud of his achievement that he forgot to be discontented.—Pittsburg Dis-

TRAINS WATCH DOGS. Instructed to Attack Burglars and Guard Property.

In Berlin one Herr Strauss has estab ished an academy from which watch dogs are turned out by the hundred every year His system is education, and is applied to almost every kind of dog. He first teaches the animal obedience by training it to perform certain "tricks" at com mand, and then trains it to distinguish between a visitor and a burglar, and what part of a man's body should be at-

tacked to render the man helpless.

Outside of the gate the trainer places a dummy representing the burglar, and to the latch is attached a string. By means of the string the gate is opened slowly until the head of the dummy becomes visible, when the dog is taught to fly at his throat. Herr Straus is very particular about this; he make his dogs attack the throat or the upper part of the body al-ways. Sometimes a real man, well padways. Sometimes a real man, well pad-ded, takes the place of the dummy, and, ded, takes the place of the dummy, and, of course, he is well paid for his services.

All dogs, it seems may be made good watch dogs, but the St. Bernards and the Russian wolfhounds are the best where property of great value is to be guarded. For dogs not so flerce as they are a different system of training is used. They soon learn to guard anything committed to their care, but are not so quick to attack an intruder as the flerce dogs are.

A remarkable feature of the affair was that the youngster rode back to La Salle and crossed the river on the big bridge

Rock-a-by Land. He and away for the Rock-a-by land— The rollicking, froilicking Rock-a-by land, Where the little ones go on the hush-a-by ca To play peek-a-boo with the silvery stars. Tis the airtest, fairiest land that I knowgrow;
The dream train is ready, with love in command For the

Rollicking Rock-a-by land.

Rock-s-by land-Sweet Rock-s-by land! ing and singing while bluebells are

Close your eyes, little one, Soon will you stand On the borders of far-away Rock-a-by land. Such a queer little car for the Rock-a-by land-

The rollicking, frolicking Rock-s-by land The wheels are the rockers, 'tis deer wide, All quilted and cushioned for haby's long ride; Then out brough the shadows we dreamily go Past Slumberland hills and the heights of By

We are off on a journey delightful and grand Rollicking.

king. Frolicking. Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land-Dear Rock-a-by land! are a-gleaming while baby is dream Dreaming sweet dreams Of a fairykin band In the far away beautiful Rock-a-by land.

Oh, what a trip to the Rock-a-by land— The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land, There's dancing and singing and music that's

And peek-a-boo dreams that are tiny and fleet. We glide past Love's river, which ripples and Through blossoming meadows in silvery und Asleep Station we finally stand

Frolicking.
Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land! Rock-a-by land!
Charming Rock-a-by land!
Fairies are winging while baby is swinging.
Nestle close, little one!
Now hand in hand
We'll wander and dream in the Rock-a-b

Character Shown in Hair.

-E. A. Brainistool in Atlanta Constitution.

If your hair is fine, it denotes gentle birth; if the ends clings together, it is a sign of great intellectuality, and a ten-dency to curl shows inherent grace and a poetic nature, says the New York These are some of the things set forth

by the new science of hair reading, yet undeveloped, but likely to "give us away" in a manner often more accurate than of dirt about it anywhere. Then he wiped it dry with a clean towel and put it back in his pocket.

Well, after that it didn't seem to go as well as usual, so Bobby decided it needed ciling. He got his mother's oil can from her sewing machine, and carefully oiled all the wheels of his watch. But still it didn't seem to go right. its owier. Brown hair belongs to him who has common sense, good judgment and reason in high degree, which would indicate that humanity isn't even half bad. Red hair shows honesty and cleverness.

ed into the house, and, throwing herself across her mother's lap, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, take off some of my clothes. I'm a whole petticoat

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SAVED BY HIS HORSE.

Young Newspaper-Carrier of Illinois Rescued From a Flood. most remarkable case of intelligence in a horse came to light in La Salle, Ill. during recent high water in the Illinois River. Edgar Bray, a paper-carrier, is

the owner of the animal, which saved him

from almost certain death. Bray, who is 13 years old, carries the La Saile Daily Tribune through a sparsely settled territory across the river. He had been riding a great gray horse of uncertain age. One day, with the river 25 feet out of its banks, Bray left La Salle for the route over which he daily traveled. He had found some trouble in reaching the city, because of the river overflowing the city, because of the river overnowing the road at several points. Nevertheless, he started for the bridge over which he was accustomed to cross the river to deliver the papers.

When he reached the half-mile stretch of road that leads across the level bottom land in the valley, he found heavy cakes of he consider was a learn by the current

of lee crossing, swept along by the current of the stream. An older rider would have gone back. The boy went forward and entered the dangerous flood. When mid-way, a huge chunk of ice struck the horse. It plunged wildly and lost its footing.

throwing the boy into the water.

Instead of going shoreward, as would have been expected, the horse followed the boy and stood quietly while being re-mounted. Then the journey was recom-menced. Another piece of ice, larger than the first and immensely thick, came down upon them. This time the horse jumped squarely upon the ice, and boy and horse were at once carried off the road over 30 feet of water. The horse realized the All They Knew.

An aristocratic young pug. With countenance smirking and smug. Would turn up his nose, And posture and pose, For he elept on an imported rug.

There was a gnu that knew a new way For gnus to earn \$4 a day; But no other gnu knew So the old gnus work the old way. -Philadelphia Press.

ROELOFF AND LAD PIETER

Tragic Story of the Casting of the "Poor Sinner's Bell," Five Centuries Ago.

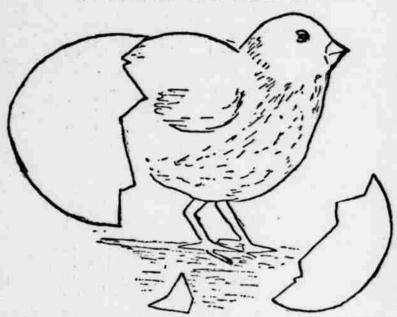
It was the 17th of July, 1386. For months the skillful bell founder, Roeloff, had had it in his thought to make the most perfect and sweetest-toned bell that the world had ever seen or heard; and for weeks while preparing for the casting, he had gone about with scarce a word for any

man, so intent was he upon the task which he had set himself to accomplish, His wife, who had a ready tongue, spoke in his presence every day, the gossip of the neighborhood, but he gave no heed to the petty tales, and it is doubtful if he knew oftentimes that she stood by and talked to him. His children questioned him con-cerning the ways of the men of the forest in the old time, when the chase and the banquet were known beside the Oder, and clamored for stories of the monarchs of

whom the people used to sing-Henry the Lion, and Albert the Bear, eto Frederick with the red hair. Three lords are they, Who could change the world to their way.

But he swept the little, ones aside with

JUST OUT-EASTER EDITION.



danger of the current, and soon jumped his strong arm, and shut himself in his back into the water, swimming toward furnace-room to think and to plan, and to

of the Illinois Central Railroad, delivering his papers on time. The brirge used is closed to all but foot passengers, for which it has a narrow walk on each side. On this occasion the boy eluded the bridge-tender and led his horse across in safety. It is the first time in 20 years that the railroad bridge is known to have been used for the passage of a horse of other animal. The boy was reticent about telling of his adventure, but the story finally leaked out from his home.

Reminded the Hen.

'Cut-cut!' she said, quick as a wink, Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower; And then she would stop short and think And then she would say it all over,

She did look so mad and so vexed; for mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten The word that she ought to cluck next.

Then she flapped and said, 'Cut-cut-ca-day

She remembered just how it went, then, But it's well I ran into the garden— She might never have clucked right again! sie Chandler in New York Tribune.

But not in man;
My fourth is in boiler,
But not in pan;
My fifth is in land,
But also in nation;

But not in sensation; Ry last is in knotted, And also in tied; My whole is a kingdom

-New York Herald.

My seventh is in bad, but not in good.
My eighth is in hint, but not in sew.
My whole is a salt-producing state. Spain's Boy King.

The young King of Spain always insists

on having his pockets filled with coppers before going for a drive, and scatters the ing the many beggars who crowd

Eddie-I know how corned beef is n ow, grandpa. Grandpa-How? Eddie-I saw the men giving the cows

Uncle Bob-Well, Johnny, are you at the head of your class?"

Johnny-No, but I can lick the fellow that is!-Hartford Courant.

experiment with the metal of which the

great bell was to be made.
"Pleter," said a poor woman to be son, one morning, "I have heard that Roeloff, the bell founder, is intent upon a piece of work, the like or which the world has never seen or heard, and he is sore vexed because he cannot find man of boy with a quiet tongue to assist him with fuel for the furnace. His own calldren are so fond of questioning, he will not have them about him, and all whom he has tried as helpers have sorely disturbed the poor man with their talk. you, and say that you can work and hold your tongue, and when the famous bell is cast, I am sure the good Roeloff will re-ward you well, if you will work to p'ease

Well Pleased Was Roctoff

And that very day Pieter began to assist the bell founder, as he worked in the furnace-room, and well pleased was Roeieff with the widow's son, for not a word passed the lips of the boy from morning until night, except as he answered "yea" and "nay" to the questions of his master.
At last the day of the casting came, the date of which I have already mentioned. Very anxious was Roeloff that day, and more stern and thoughtful than ever, for failure now would spoil the work of weeks, and the chance of failure is worrisome to a man at best, whether it concern some great matter or only a small affair. The molten metal was almost ready for the drawing, and the mold was in its

and called the anxious bellfounder to an adjoining apartment..
"Watch the furnace, boy, and as you value your life, meddle not with the catch which keeps the red-hot metal in the cauldron," said Roeloff to the widow's on, as he impatiently withdrew from the

place, when a messenger came in haste

Now, it was an easier matter for Pieter to hold his tongue than his hands, and no sooner had the door closed behind his master than he began to grow impatient to see the seething metal flow from the cauldron to the mold. "I wonder if this may not be the mo-

ment when the metal should be drawn," he said to himself, "Perhaps it will be too late, and all will be spoiled when the master returns. Why may I not but touc the catch and see if the metal runs well? And, not realizing fully what he was, impelled only by a curiosity to see the molten metal run from the cauldron, Pieter touched the catch and the fler tream came forth and flowed rapidly and

evenly into the mold. Frightened Pleter.

Frightened then—oh, that the fright of all meddlers might come with the temp-tation rather than at sight of the mischief they have wrought!—the boy called loudly to Roeloff for help. The belifounder rushed in with a look of consternation on his face, and when he saw what had been done, and fearing that all his work for many weeks past had been in vain, he struck the boy a blow which felled him to the floor, and

from which he shortly after died. Later, when the bell was taken from the mold, it was found to be all that Roe-loff had hoped for it—a piece of perfect workmanship and of a tone marvelously sweet and clear. Then Roeloff, filled with remorse because of his hasty action in dealing the blow which had taken the life of the boy Pieter, gave himself up to the magistrates. He was tried and condemned to death, and on the day of the execu-tion it is said that the sweet-toned bell

was rung to call a mass to pray for the oor man's soul.

From that day to this it has been called the Poor Sinner's Bell, and it hangs today in the tower of St. Mary Magdalene's Church, in Brestau, in the province of Silesia, Prussia. For five centuries its

Judge not hastly the fault of ano her, lest thou become a more guilty man than he whom thou condemnest,"—Brooklyn

plied, putting back his watch.

"Well, I wish it was 6 and we was home eating dinner." After this remark Walter asked questions about things he saw from the car window—Mount Tabor reservoir, the orchards, the horses and cows grazing in the fields, and the bicyclists, with bunches of wild currant and degwood tied to their handle-bars. Some of these questions were sensible and others were very foolish; several were so difficult that the big girl could not give the answers. In these cases. Walter turned to the cross-looking man, saying: "Would you please the rice of the country of the co

colored girl to the colored boy. "Let's walk the rest of the way."
"All right," he replied. So the car was stopped and they left it.
The pretty little girl was the next to go. She had seemed so bashful that people were rather surprised when, at the door, she turned around and said to every one in the car."

in the car:
"It frightened me; it frightened me almost to death."

As for Walter, although he rode nearly to the end of the line, he gave no further trouble. Stanley and Mabel and Mar-

otch mother was assisting her little boy with his geography lesson, when they came to the word "desert," which he could not understand. She explained that it was a barren place-a place where nothing



It was one of the first warm days, and ittle Mabel, aged 4, who had been play ing with some neighboring children, rush-

"It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddy, his face all agiow;
"For what do you think, mamma, happen
You will never guess it, I know. The little brown hen was there clucking:

"So I said 'Ca-daw-cut, 'Ca-daw-cut,' As loud and as strong as I could, And she looked 'round at me very thankful; I tell you, it made her feel good.

My first is in eel, But not in fish; My second is in spoon, But not in dish; My third is in girl,

My sixth is in pain,

Known far and wide.

My first is in mat, but not in rug.
My second is in April, but not in May.
My third is in ice, but not in snow.
My fourth is in peach, but not in plum.
My fifth is in like, but not in hate.
My sixth is in girl, but not in boy.

coins at How to Corn Beef.

rock salt.-Exchange. Not Without Ability.

Miss Asket-Wnat animal would you

tones have carried to the hearts of men