Two lovers by a mean grown apring They beared soft cheers together Mingled the dark and empy hair, and heard the wooing thrushes sing O backling time:

Two wed but from the portal steps; The bell made happy carolings. The air was soft as faming sings. White petuls on the pathway slept O pure eyed totale: O tender pride:

Two faces o'er a crudle tent; Two hands above the hend were tooks Thuse presied each other while These watched a life that love had sent.

O solema bour: O ladden power I'wo parents by the evening fire; The red light fell above their kness. On heads that rose by since degrees. Like bods upon the fily spire. O patient life

The two still sat together there. The red light shone above their knee But all the hearls by slow degross Had gone and left that lonely pair O royage fast; O establed past

The red fight shows upon the floor and ender the space between them. They drew their chairs up site by a Their pair checks joint and and

O past that is: -George E.

PIERIO AUBERT.

O There is one little corner of France u sever visit without saying to mif

Villerville on the sea by on the cool Normandy, but even He cur and in ville Bell all the pratty village their ty wooder and slopes in gentle adaptions to the neurals of the Seine, white rewidens out and sprends in all its grants to the far off learnon. At your feet age dant meadows where great oven as raising their heads now and thound sanding motonless as if listening the voice of the tillows. On the collision is the river, narrowies it

runs toward the promontory of He bout, and seeming to bear in its dang haze the memory of Paris, where has seen so much. Opposite is Havre, with musts, its fig! thouses and its smokes. declad with white uses half but in follows On the less the Otsteeden

About ten years and find the pany of spending a month at Villervillegers for the time using I was a gent of and fisherman My room had lin walls, great black joists in e e ill'the w engravings filuminated indica-

From my window there was a believe view of the bay, and besides thesaw daily at low tide three or four blend fisher women mercily hunting for meds. while their fusbands and brothewere prising in small fishing smark The latter return home on Saturdayen ings, and the arrival of the peacetificer

My hostess, Cesarine Aubert, & no part in these joyous gatherings. I was tall, lank woman, 40 years of agarsh.

rushed in, exclaiming breathless! "Here he comes, mother; we saw that

from the cliff May 20 and mhim?"
"What is to use? ceplied theoman sullenly "I rre's old enough tind his way here without your assistanced besides, I want you to go into tharden, both of you, and gather somelad for

At the sound of Ce last wordse children fled like frightened birds, a a few minutes later Pierre Aubert cannto the house. He was about 35 perst, short and thick set, with light brownir cut square over the forehead, but hpng in two long curis upon his shours, and among the locks could be seen to tiny gold earrings, shaped like ancs. His smile was thoughtful, his manugraveeven morraful, but the frank ression in his eeges was very winnit Cesarine rese as he entered, bwithout

a word or smile of greeting todown a slate that hung on the wall, ageth the pencil in her hand asked abrupt 'How much?"

The man drew a great leather be from the pocket of his pen jacket, reted the result of each day's fishing, andd down the argunt received for his sit of the week's work. While he waspenking work. While he wapenking Cesar put down a line of figs on the ed them up and carefurounted by. Then she put whole hed them up and carefus mated hey. Then she put whole into a drawer, loci it and ted the key, while the firman red his empty purse to hiscket ap ntly without regret. good busband," I thoughand the

m and threw their arms and the bucy that was my astonishm to hear one the children saying: "50 glad to see you, Uncle Pse"

He sat down, took the boy agiri up children and brother-ing to Cesa

his knees and caressed them w such evident affection that I was tond. Could it be possible that he was or uncle to Gradually the bright flash diving de

light which the little ones' come had called to his eyes faded aw and the former look of hopeless sadnereturn teach, and then he took a se from a corner of the room and wenut, saying that he was going to work a leso much interested in him the followed him at a short distance, and w that he went to the end of the villagsreet, and began digging in a small incure where some vegetables were growing Suddenly. however, he stood erect, and whis hands resting upon the spade han gazed inently at a cottage near by the of the windows was almost cover with the leaves and blossoms of a ching rose, and upon the white curtain te appeared the slandow of a woman's fo. Motion less as a status, Pierre stood h his gaze fixed apon that window of darkness fixed upon that window of darkness

modestly, an angelic amile upon her rips, and though she was at least 20 years old the stamp of virgin purity was upon her brow. As her fingers touched those of Pierre a tremor passed over her, a momentary flash of joy lighted his face, and then they purted without exchanging a not took ber hand in mine, but there was no need of words, for she saw the question

seen the night before on the white curtain behind the roses, and that evening, when the tide was rising, I strolled out to see the fishermen embark. Pierre walked a little in front of me, and when he passed the cottage at the end of the street a freshly placked rose fluttered from the window and fell at his feet.

In my cycs are all struct. Acry of despair burst from my lips, and she added by the Groom-Peace at Last.

"I love you only, Pierre, but my mother's by the Groom-Peace at Last.

Wednesday morning, as Justice Gristoby her. You have done your duty, and I man walked up to him, and with some head and fell at his feet.

He picked it up and bid it inside his

When I reached the shore the boats had just left their moorings, Pierre had taken his place, but his eyes were fixed upon that little cottage, and from the rose em-towered window a white kerchief floated until the fleet was out of sight.

Evidently there was a tale connected

breeze should spring up and give the sig-nal for letting down the nets. Myriads of stars were mining brightly in the clear Then I heard that Marie's mother was stars were uning brightly in the clear sky. Sea and sails were motionless, and the silence was unbroken. Pierre and were sitting together in the bows, and I wind the season of the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I were sitting together in the bows, and I will be season to reproach the silence was unbroken. Then I heard that Marie's mother was very ill, and people said I was the cause of the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I was the cause of the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I was the cause of the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I was the cause of the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I was the cause of the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I was the cause of the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I was the cause of the silence was unbroken.

the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I was the cause of the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I were sitting together in the bows, and I will be said: "you will not be fulfilling your brother unless you cause her to become the will of another man." That decided me. I would give Marie her liberty. I could not bear to see her again, but the collection of the silence were always that the put it into our hearts when we were born, and made it grow with our growth. As little children we were always to other's thoughts, and the old people of the village said to we had but one soul between us. When I was old enough to go to sea my pricty Marie was inconsolable intil I came home, and she used to wate out to meet me till the water nearly reached to her waist, and then I would put her on my shoulder and carry her to the beach, We were very happy; why could we not be children forever?

In the winter time we were always to lite with the winter time we were always to lite with the winter time we were always to lite with the winter time was and the lite of the winter time to the letter, but I drew back and hesitated. It seemed like throws the miss of the minute I was excused I went in search of my bride of the was not a the winter time we were always to represent the miss of any time take I would give Marie her little man to enter. "My wife has left me and take to go of my money." Squire Griswold opened the door and invition the will take I we said the was told to explain him the take I would give Marie her again. That decided me. I would give Marie her leaves to see her again, and after a little with man and the latter to words are the missingly always in the common lite to with Miss Rosa Dain, and after a little with Miss Rosa Dain, and after the ceremo

We were very happy; why could we not be children forever?

In the winter time we were always to gether, and when our early childhood was puosed we used to join the village dances. Oh, what merry rounds we would make together, and when the dance was over how joyously we went home hand in hand through the moonlighted meadows. What plans we made, what loving promises what hopes were ours, what dreams!

When we were old enough people began to talk about our be married, but we paid no heed to them.

"What would be the use," we said; "we are very happy as we are, and nothing can make us love-each other better than we do."

Marie had her mother, but we will have a said to lear against a wall to keep from falling. In a few minutes I whispered:

"She has opened the letter over always to lear against a wall to keep from falling. In a few minutes I whispered:

"She has opened the letter with the widow's gate. I was trembling all over like a leaf, and had to lean against a wall to keep from falling. In a few minutes I whispered:

"She has opened the letter over always to he well on the well of the woods and wandered about like one crazed, saying to myself over and over in my hand, until the boy, growing impatient to spend his sous, snatched it suddenly and rau off. I looked after him as he went down the story, are him turn in at the widow speak to learn against a wall to keep from falling. She has opened the letter over always to the woods and wandered about like one crazed, saying to myself over and over again those fearful words, "Marry Jacques!" On the day fixed for the petrothal I was at sea, but toward evening the cruei wind persisted in driving me to Villerville's abore, and I was obliged to tack back and forth, where I could plainly see the land terms long ago, of the rack and the wheel and fire, but I are convinced that no marry's agony was every qual to what I endured that night.

Suddenly I resolved to tack back and forth, where I could plainly see the land terms long ago, of the rack and the wheel and fire, but

took a holiday, of course, and wanted my brother to do the same, but his wife, carine, insist that he should go to sea a usual. Some of the neighbors blamed her or modulated her sharp voice, andways came to meet me smilling grimly.

Strange to say, she had two eming children, a boy of 12, and a girl nost a year younger. They were of thisnal Norry day type. Fir skinned a light hairs and had longe blue eyes that are expression of grelic tenderne. In the least like their mother's. I was ome to see what sort of man their fathera, and on the Saturday after my arrivalsat by the great chimney with Cesarine aiting his return. The children had beach ing for him eagerly, and toward a large to say, and toward a large that she should think of her little children. The children had beach ing for him eagerly, and toward a large was a poof thunder, and the rext minute we heard the same instant Jacques.

We rushed to the beach and saw Cesalre's the there was form that which a surpling for him eagerly, and toward a large may be could not afford to lose a day work. The morning had been very bright, but toward night a few clouds gathered over the sea. Marie and I did not notice seem or were so happy. We and the other young people were dancing, when suddenly a flash of lightning startled as the three was beard again, and I was surprised to see Jacques glance from her face to mine with an air of friendly pity. What a good heart had bear him for him eagerly, and toward a large may have been been known upon this coast.

known upon this coast.

i did all I could. Three times I dashed into the water with a rope, and at last was thrown unconscious on the sand. But I did not die, alas! and when regained my senses I saw my beloved brother lying near me, breathing his last.

"Pierre," he gasped, "be a brother to my wife and a father to my children:" "I will never leave them, Cesaire; I swear it!" was my reply. And so he died in

The preparations for the wedd a were stopped at once, and Marie and exclaimes in one breath, "We can wait." I be my brother's children, clasped their moth

er's hand, and felt that there was a con pact between us just as bindi g as the notaries in the world had witnessed it. Six months passed, and people been to ask when Marie and I were to be married: but something, I do not know what it was, seemed to have scaled my lips. I could not speak the matter to any one, and at last the seem Jeanne herself broke the ice.

"Have you adopted you brother's children?" she asked Ge, and I answered

and his wife as well, Pierre!" Really adopted them all, forever?"

Yes, forever, mother Jeanne!" Ou mean that you will never she persisted, and with appeart turning cold I said: "I cannot leave them: I promised my

There was a long lience, and then she went au: that you give Cesarine a share of your earnings, as which as you like. I am not

thinking of the money at all: it is not that thinking of the money at all: it is not that thinking of the money at all: it is not that the strength of the money at all: it is not that the strength of the money at all: it is not that the strength of the money at all: it is not that the strength of the money at the strength of the cure, who was the first person I met. He smiled as he replied:

I saw a gruppen of a one old woman is not strength. I could be suffered that the strength of the strength of the smiled as he replied:

"Charlie Autor died six months ago."

spoke, for I knew she was right; I could not ask Marie to live with my sister in law -I knew Cesarine too well. I do not forbid the marciage," said

Jeants, "but I tell you the conditions What do you say?" I raised my head and saw that Marie had come into the room and was leoking at me with her whole soul in her eyes, and I knew that I must either perjure myself or

lose her forever. Oh, sir, I do not know how I lived through those few terrible moments! There was a ringing my ears and strange lights dancing before my eyes, as if I had a fever. I seemed to be stiffling or to be losing my mind, my heart, my

soul-all at the same instant.
"Pierre," said Jenne sternly, "you must decide at once. "Is it to be Marie or Ce sarine!" I was just going to pronounce the name

of my darling when I seemed to see before me the mangled form of my brother and to meet his dying glance, but it was not the look of peace that I had seen on his the look of peace that I had seen on he face when I gave him my promise his eyes to come from a broken heart, shouldered his apade and went home.

The next evening as I pass the church I have the house like a mannar. As I went the people were coming out of I saw
Pierre in the doorway with nince and
nophew. A young woman her way out
of church was lost which a way out
of church was lost with a way out nophew. A young woman less way out a smile upon her lips and she murmured a smile upon her lips and she murmured cof church was just behind hand with out looking up he dipped histor in the holy water hash and thendended his hand to her. She was a swedered creature, with a pale, delicate sh although only a peasant, soft, dark a drooping

I felt sure that it was her shadow I had seen the night before on the white curtain setting the research that it was her shadow I had seen the night before on the white curtain setting the research that it was her shadow I had seen the night before on the white curtain

So one fine day we were betrothed. I more, and, landing quietly, crept along took a holiday, of course, and wanted my in the darkness to the meads where the

deeply wine, cider and cognac-quantities of cognac. He shouted and sang, quar-reled with the men and frightened the girls, and toward morning took Marie home and made such a terrible scene before ber mother that he was summarily turns out of doors.

"Holy Virgin!" gasped Jeanne when he had staggered off, "what an abominable

we understood him—good, kind Jacques! Since that time there has been nothing night is clear I look at the light shining to her window; she is my lighthouse.

ny star. Pierre Aubert stopped speaking and sat plunged in thought, but gradually his

head sank upon his forciesi arms, and heard the sound of avy sobtest.
Suddenly, however, the breez sprang up and the fisherman rose to his feet, and his "Listen, Pierre: I am perfectly willing face was calm, though sad, as he called his

few years later I paid another visit to

"But all this festivity?" I asked, wonde ingly. "I am going to marry Pierre and Marie in haif a bour," said the pastor. I left him and bastened to Mother Jeanne's cot-tage, where I found Pierre dressed in new

clothes, and looking so young and so radi-antly happy that I hardly knew him. A door opened and in walked fair Marie, led by Pierre's pephew, while the Ind's aister came behind, arranging the bride's veil. Pierre and Marie's happiness had come to them in the autumn of their lives; but their hearts were still young, and with love such as theirs it is always spring!-

Handicapping Trotting Horses.

Translated for Short Stories from the French of Charles Desiys by Isabel Smith

Handicapping trotting horses by distance "starts" has become a regular feature of the English turf, and to judge from their prevalence seem to be regard ed as a success. The idea is not a new one abroad. In point of fact it has been practiced ever since British trotting has amounted to anything.-Bos

Aunt Dinab-Whafosh you wears brack, Deakun Ebony? You am not a

Deacon Ebony-I is economical, he One brush do me foah a hat brush, ha'r brush, clothes brush, shoe brush and flesh brush.—New York Weekly. ONE MAN'S WEDDING.

HE SPENT THE FIRST NIGHT DIS TURBING THE SQUIRE.

A Short Courtship and a Peculiar Mar

I interrupted her with a torrent of re-proaches for I was mad with rage and de-spair, and to my wild, angry words she meant, and told the would be Benedict answered gently:

"You will be sorry for speaking so, Pierre, for you are brave and good. When you can think calculy you will see that I am right, and you will say to me, 'Marry Jacques.' I will walt until you say so, Pierre." She turned away and left me standing there solbloor.

Evidently there was a tale connected with these two young people and I was all curiosity to hear it. I knew that I could castly do so by questioning the villagers, especially the women folk, but preferred to wait and ask Pierre himself.

In a few weeks he and I had become great friends and one day I went out in his boat to see the fishing. Night came on, and the saliors went to the cabin to sleep until the breeze should spring up and give the signal for letting down the nota Myriads of the askance.

Jacques. I will wait unth you say and left me standing there sobbing.

After that I reflected that I had no right to condemn a girl to live single all her iffe merely because I could not charry her myself, and yet I was not willing to set his house, 985 Celar avenue, in a very vigorous manner. Every one about the house had retired, but after a little the dignestial one of them, and they all looked at my self and one of them, and they all looked at my self and one of them, and they all looked at my self and one of them. The said one of them, and they all looked at my self and one day I went to see you right away on important

said that she went away at about 11 o'clock in the morning and took her trunk. Now," he continued, "what am I to do? My wife is gone, and she has got my money

"Have you endeavored to find how in quired the stice.
"Yes, but don't know where to look," "Yes, but I don't af a day.
replied the husband of a day.
"Well, what do you want of me:" que ried 'Squire Griswold. O
"Why, I thought that you would swear

out a warrant for her arrest," said Lock-"That will keep until morning," an swered the justice, "and now I want to go

Mr. Lockhard took the hint and departed immediately. Justice Griswold turned off the gas and sought his bed, but he was not destined to have a long map. At about Bo'clock the door bell was set to ringing again. The 'squire afterward said that something told him Lockhard was at the per end of the bell wire and he was, erefore, not greatly surprised upon open ing the door to be confronted by the newly

ing the door to be confronted by the newly married losier. Nevertheless he was not prepared to meet two police officers and a sobbing woman, and was startled when the ourtet filed into the hall.

O This on a says that she is not my wife," spoke up lockhard.

"Yes," said one of the officers, "this man found her, and called upon us to take her to the police station. She was willing.

he reproached the woman in bitter lan-"I don't know you, sir," she replied

and staggered off, "what an abominable fellow! Thank heaven we have found him out in time; but who would have thought he was a drunkard! He shall never be my son in law—never, never!"

Jacques understood Marie and me, and we understood him—good, kind Jacques! to take to place of the others. As I had When approached by a reporter Lient. appeared once, and as I walked off suppos-Since that time there has been nothing and about Marie ketting married, and Thompson, of the Fourth precinct police ing I was done, the master caught hold of though she and I seldom meet we do not try to avoid each other. Every Sunday I came to a settlement. After Lockhard, I have run around behind the painted

though she and I seldom meet we do not try to avoid each other. Every Sunday I came to a settlement. After Lockhard, give her the holy other at the door of the church and we in the same bench as Justice Griswold's nouse, and I learned The rock was a huge affair of canvas, propchurch, and we in the same bench as we used to do in the days of our youth. Cesarine and her children as between us, it hard's lawful wife, I was disposed to ar-Cesarine and her children systemen us, it hard's lawful wife, I was disposed to artistrue, but that does not matter, for we always manage to exchange prayer books, and while I am praying for Marie out of her book she prays for me out of mine. The I began my ruce. I jumped out of the caldron and passed before Montheth I was caught again and burled back by money and out the property of the property of the caldron and passed before Montheth I was caught again and turied back his money and out of the caldron and passed before Montheth I was caught again. This seven times, re-When I go to sea her white kerchief is the last thing I see on land, and whenever the a walk with him, and they returned in caught on, and you can imagine my disabout fifteen minutes, and he announced that everything was all right any that his wife had been laboring under distake. They went away together, and sekbard appeared to be as happy as though nothing eighth it fell off completely, and I sank exhad happened."

"How old was Lockhard!" asked the re-

would be the last."

Nothing more could be learned concerning the affair. Where the bride lived or what her autocedents were could not be dis-covered. Lockhard is a railroad man, and, it is said, is quite wealphy. It is believed that he returned to Indiana with his wife.

-Cleveland Lender. Journalism. If one is born for a lawyer, preaser, doe tor, and so on, the same rule must apply to a journalist. No doubt you can educate a man to a certain line, but "journalism" means more than one line. It means being able to take hold of any work, from polit ical editorials down to market reports. comes easy. To one who forces himself into it the work is drudgery. In the last twenty years I have seen fifty college gradnates take hold and let go of journalism in Detroit. During the same time a hundred well known preachers, lawyers, doctors and professors in the country at large have been announced as accepting journalism. I can't recall a single instance where any one made a reputation.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Where Christmas Trees Come From About fifteen men handle the whole Christmas tree trade in this town. Most of the trees come from the Adirondacks, Catakilla, the banks of the Hudson and from Maine. You may imagine how the air is laden with their pungent fragrance along the line of piers where they are kept for saie. The balsam fir is the favorite. It is the most trimly shaped and most aro-matic. The trees look like closed umbretiss, with their boughs tightly strapped to their trunks to secure them from age. The wholesale price is about ninety cents a bundle. New York Cor. Pittsburg

RI GOT THE "AD."

An Dilltor's Heavy Head of Rate Seems

Oyas P Rest, the editor of The Arkansan Truvelor, is a very big man with a tremend usly heavy head of long, black, unknopt One day he was passing the office of il known half restorative establishment on State street, Chicago. His partner, Mr. Beomen, who with farm asked spirit

'We ought to get an advertisement out of Opic looked in and saw a family of country

people inside In he walked.

The countryman had just taken off his hat

and shook out his long and wonderfully thick. There, sir," said he gratefully, "look at

that. Four months ago, you remember, i was as bald as that electric lamp up there." The manager was a little daned. This was rather more the even he could swallow. "What sid you do for it?" put in the inter-

ested countryman.
"Used this restorer—four dozen testlim of it—according to direction."
The upshot of it was in sometryman took

two doesn bottles of it and went his way.
"There," said Opic to his partner, "now you talk business with this man, and I guess

He sat in the lobby of one of our prom-ment hotels. His hair was as white as snow and matted in thin and craggy locks over a high and creased forehead. Lines of sorrow marked his face and run

the things a good many dollars, and I felt unusually gay and skittish. I told by wife of my good fortune and asked her to get of my good fortune and asked her to get me a match. We were standing by a dress-ing case, and when she refused I opened a drawer and drew forth a pistol, which I knew was no loaded, as I had examined it the night fore. Leveling the pistol straight at her heart—poor woman, she's dead now:—I playfully threatened to shoot her. There was a look of trustile of fident love in her eyes—shall I ever forget the—as she dared me. I peed my hand on the trigger and pulled it. I closed my

eyes, afraid to open them. Oh, it was "After a time, it seemed hours, I opened my eyes and put the pist back." "But your wife - was she killed in-stantly?" eagerly asked three listeners.

wered the woman promptly. "I already have one husband; what do I want of an of cloth of were playing at Philather?"

SET OLD AT LAST.

This appeared to astonish Lockhard, and Louis James took the leading part. I was one of the accusing specters that rise from the caldron. As it was the work of but a moment, and I had mong else to do after baught. my little act, I merely threw on the white "Give me back my money, and I will shroud over my street clothes, intending

ped up from behind by two long supports. Then I began my race. I jumped out o hausted amid the plaudits of the multi-tude. James was so convulsed with laugh-"He appeal to be 45 years, and he was fine letting," replied the ileutenant. "He told me that this was his first experience in marrying, and further assured me that it mounted by the least." Or assured that the least of take a second upon a rock, and the curtain went doe. I was recalled by the house, being probably the only super who ever made such a promounced hit.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Os Wooden Caterpillar.

One of the queerest things of Tasmania One of the queerest things of Tasmania, taking horse to delight the boys, a swing New Zeniand and other parts of Australians is the bulrush or regetable caterpillar. This wonderful plant is a fungus, a sphaeria, which grows serve or eight inches above the ground, generally in a single graceful disorder of acteristic of a play brown seed for some five or six inches, ending in a curved wormlike point. It is usually found growing at the roots of a particular tree, the "rata" of the natives. persons of the countries named above say that this curiosity is formed in the follow-

"rata" tree; the grub of this moth bur-rows in the ground; the seed of the sphae ris gets lodged between the scales on the grub's neck, strikes root and completely turns the interior of the creature into a woody substance. In every case the sh of the grub is left intact, no small rootlets potering it at any point. Scientists say that the above explanation is all "bosh," and that the plant develops the form of a caterpillar because it is its nature to do so.
If this he true why should we laugh at
the stories of the Mandrake Man and the Scythian Lamb, specimens of which are preserved in the Surgeons' museum, London .- St. Louis Henubles

The "patres conscripts" was the designs tion given to the Roman senators in the eras of the Roman republic and of the Canara. They were so-called because their names were written in the registers of the A CHILD'S PLAY ROOM.

A UCEFUL AND NECESSARY ADJUNCT TO EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

Cleavant Weather Children a sould Be TOght in Live Out of Doors-The Sunnivel Room in Every Home bloudd Be-Fitted Up for the Children. The choice of a day and night nursery

certainly is an important factor in the proper weal development of a boy or a girt. In the late spring, warm summer and carry fall, all children should live as much as The countryman had just taken off his hat and was showing the manager how baid be was and saked if he thought the hair would ever grow on his head. Once walked up to the manager and putting out his hand, warm it said.

"My dear sir, I have come a long way to thank you in person and to show you what your restorative has done for toe."

Here he took off his old, black slouch hat element weather. As early as possible teach the children to live out of doors.

When too tiny to do anything but sheep in the sun, as do the insects and animals of all ages, have the nurse sit-out of doors tonic of fresh, sun warmed air; or bring out the baby carriage and let the haps be taken where, secure from draught, the baby fungs may take in pure air to vitalize the blood and give to the organism what is blood and give to the organism what is

heeded for growth.

When the child is awake let him sit in "There," said Opic to his partner, "now you talk business with this man, and I guess you'll get a pretty good advertisement out of him."

When the manager learned who Opic was be said:

"You can put me down for the biggest ad in your paper and sendill your bill when you please."—Washington Fost

The Exception Found at Last.

When the child is awake let him sit in nurse's lap, and with a stick dig up the soil, and even on warm, sunshing days, when a nice shower has softened the ground, let the child make mud pies, for so he gets nor to our dear mother earth. He measures his latent faculty of creation, and if there be more than one child in the family a spirit of emulation will be aroused, and the first strivings to be more than ordinary will be born in the little soil.

Then came a proposition more astonately of creation, and if there be more than one child in the family a spirit of emulation will be aroused, and the first strivings to be more than ordinary will be born in the little soil.

soul.

He sat in the lobby of one of our promment hotels. His hair was as white as
snow and matted in thin and crassel forehead.
Lines of sorrow marked his face and ran
through his features as numerous as the
rivers in Central Africa. In his eves there
was sadness, which bespoks a weight of
sorrow on the bind, and seemed to suggest
that grief his greatly assisted time in
turning the hair white and furrow the
face A number of men were sitting
around him, and they had been telling
stories of the "pistol which is not loaded"
and its fatality. The white haired man
said in a plaintive voice.

"I have a story to tell. I returned home
one day from my place of business. Every
thin had gone my way that day, among
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possible have their own room. The reon is evident. What would delight the hearts of a bevy of children in the furnishings and appointments of a play room would offend the taste of a refined woman if she had always to live in it. Nine children out

"Stop making pictures on the window", "are commands which should never be issued to children in their own domain,

per, such a treatment of the solis is more economical. A quiet tone of gray, or dull yellow, makes a good shade for the eyes,

yellow, makes a good shade for the even, and is also a good background for pictue, and is also a good background for pictue, many of which should be hung a git the room. These should not be frequently changed, as children seldom grow tired of seeing the same thing. The theme of the pictures should be adapted to the age of the occupants of the nursery.

In a thoroughly well built house, with no cracks around the floors or below the windows to admit undesirable draughts of air, the hard finish floor may be used, but it should be wen covered to its utmost boundaries in winter by a good carpet rug, which, like the Venetian bilind, is suawhich, like the Venetian blind, is ausurniture of the room should be simple,

but dainty. In this nursery I should have chile apend the larger part of the life which is not lived out of doors. The introduction of a young child to the family table is as hurtisto the child as it is often try hurting to the child as it is often trye to the parents; and, unless as a matter of sheer necessary, this is to be avoided. One of the happiest families of children I ever knew had their play room in the attic of a city house. Of course, under the eaves there were trunks and boxes where the family treasures were stored away, but curtains made of calico were so hung that all evidences of storage were shut out of sight, so keeping the little folk from the temptation to rummage. The floor was kept clean with frequent scrubbing, and

probably the rugs nearly covered it, so that the children, such a probemoerat.

Whom there were six under 12 years,
bed not get cold sitting down to play All manner of toys were to be found; a reaking horse to delight the boys, a swing

ticular tree, the "rata" of the natives. its paraphernalia, tubs, clothes horse, etc., When this plant is pulled up its single that the little girls might taste in advance root is found to be the exact counterpart the delights of housework. Sureifall this of a large caterpillar, say one three or indicated that the parents of these little four inches long, which, although it pre-serves every detail of such grubs, dissec-opment at heart. The windows uncurfour inches long, which, although it preserves every detail of such grubs, dissection proves it to be saild wood. Intelligent tained let in plenty of sunshine, and an open Franklin stove gave the needed heat, with this curiosity is formed in the following onner:

A large species of moth feeds on the Dr. Julia Holmes Smith in New York

> Taking it Coolly. The ship of an admiral, who was the Duke of Wellington's near connection, was wrecked. He was placed in command of a second ship, which was also lost and he himself was drowned. Lord Charles communicated the disaster to an Austrian or a French prince shield six his father, who merely exclaimed, with on the throne of Spc. The war had been determined on for several years before the Spartan coldness and brevity. "That's death of the old King Charles II, but the second ship he has lost."-Fortnightly Review.

When Starching Was First Taught. Starching was first introduced into England in 1954 by Mintress Dingham van den Plasse, who came from Flanders. She taught starching publicly, and charged four or five pounds for teaching her profession, and ap-additional pound for teaching how to have the starch.—Clock and Suit Review.

STARTED BY MAKING PAPER DOLLS.

How a Paying Business Grew Up Around Three Young and Pretty Girls. About ten years ago three girls in the interior of this state, brought up in affluence, were suddenly deprived of their money. It became necessary for them to earn money, and it suited neither their tastes nor inclinations to go out of their homes, nor had they been educated in any special direction. They had skillful hands, however, and with these they got up paper dolls and put them in Buffalo shops for sale. These inciden-tally came to the notice of a stationer here, who surprised them with an emissary and a proposition to make these dolls and give him the exclusive control of their sale.

Imagine the astonishment and bewilderment of these three housekeeping girls. They were, however, persuaded into the enterprise, and got together thirty housekeeping girls like themselves, who came to their house and helped them. This year they made and disposed of 8,000 paper dolls. The orders for the next year were larger than in an easy chair, and cuddling the little ders for the next year were larger than one in her arms, let him breathe in nature's ever and had outgrown their home. aration the firm failed, and they were left to struggle with discouragements

here and there, and their wonder grew.

But their fingers kept pace, and they

an exhibition of the same sort, after the manner of these two cities, who always covet one another's performances, an

of ten would rather have the picture of a cow, or a horse, or a dog in the place of honor than one of Whistler's finest etchings or even Millet's "Angelus."

And, on the other hand, the brica-based lady's chamber would be considered veritable nuisances in the children's domain, "Put that vase down," "Don't touch the books," "Keep your feet off the sofa," themselves, were transforming their pa-per into banks of carnations, trailing vines of purple clematis, masses of peo-

stantly?" eagerly asked three listeners.
"No oo."
"A lingering, painful death?" sympathetically finey asked.
"Yes," spake up lockhard.
"Yes," anio one of the officers, "this man found her, and called upon us to take her to the police station. She was willing enough to go, but declared that there was some mistake. At the Fourth precinct police station Lieut. Thompsed thought we had better come here and have you attie the matter."

The 'squire put on his eyeglasses, turned up the gas, and then looked at the woman grantly. Walter Collier say Young actors often find; "I married this couple year-day morning."

"I never saw you before in my life," an swered the woman promptly. "I already have one husband; what do I want of an other?"

"I mey saw of the collier in their own domain, but which are certainly necessary when mamma's comfort is in change or the satety of her room furnish as imperied.
"Yes, she died two years ago, of old age."
"Yes, she died two years ago, of old age."
"And why did you fell this story?"
"To show you there are times when the pistol is really not looked. There are extent children, like plants, need a great children, like plants, like plants, need a great children, like plants, need of service to so many of our friends. obliged to earn money as we were, but with no previous preparation."-New

> The daisy is everywhere. I have travcled somewhat extensively in the Old World, but have not been lucky enough to it anywhere as Polifically happy as it is with us. It is not the daisy of the poets—the daisy of Burns, which is not taking to wildhood in our eastern states, cough finding itself at home in British columbia, but a species of chry-santhemum and is distinctively known in the Old World as the oxeye daisy. Like the buttercup, it is offereive to cattle, and indeed to almost all orings. In a dry and palverized condition it is

fly powder, so destry ye to all insects. In those portions of our country where Indian corn is a staple crop, neither the buttercup nor the exeye daisy are dreaded by the farmer. The hoe harrowing destroys it utterly, but in the New England states, where pasture is of more consequence than grain, they rob the farmer of haif his profits while giving pleasers to the eye of the traveler.—Thomas Mechan in Philadelphia Ledge

Australia of the Puture.

I confess that when I consider this charming young nation, with its romantic past and its most attractive future prospects, I feel a little thrill comparable to that with which I watched the fortunes of the water in its Wentworth valley; so full of surprises must its life be—as aplouded in its ventures, in its fenticeaness, in its joyous seeking of acagers, in its bold plunges into midair, bolts enjoyment of the calm prosperity of peaceful moments, and in its ceaseless progress to new adventures and conflicts. Its future is hidden, like the stream in the forests at the bottom of the gorge, but the sea is far away still for the young mountain torrent; and the long course is full of fair scenes and great cr-periences. Australia of the Puture.

periences.
Australia will not be one of the happy enuntries without a history, but will sure-ly know, in Carlyie's sense of the word, the "blessedness" of having a history. Its varied and progressive population, its con-trasts of climate, its relations to Asia, its important position in the Pacific, its vast resources and its social progressiveness all unite to assure it of a very significant place in the future tals of civilization.—

Professor Royce in Scribber's.

War Started by a Glass of Water. The war alluded to is the war of the Spanish succession, caused by a contest between Austria and France as to whether death of the old King Charles II, but about the time of his death an English lady in Paris was raising a glass of water to her lips at a crowded reception. A French gentleman justical against her and split the water on her dress. Her escurt took up the matter and a duel resulted, followed by so general a quarrel letween the French and English residents that it was theretically and the war was brought on by upsetting a glass of water.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.