



## THE RISE OF PEGGY.

Peggy knew, when she saw her father hurrying up the path, that he was coming to get her to bug potatoes.

This knowledge caused her heart to swell in fierce rebellion. If there was any one thing Peggy disliked more than another it was bugging potatoes. She sighed and began to read, with intense interest, where she had left off a moment before.

"Lady Alfreda's beautiful golden hair was crowned with a tress of sparkling diamonds. Her slender white wrists were—"

"Peggy, Peggy," called Mr. Hibbard, peremptorily.

"Her slender white wrists," resumed Peggy, "were clasped with many bracelets, each of which was set with precious stones amounting in value to many thousands of dollars. Her taper fingers were—"

"Peggy, do you hear?" called her father again.

Peggy gave one more regretful glance at the paper, with its half-page illustration, then arose and stalked out into the yard with sullen slowness. Mr. Hibbard went around behind the smokehouse, whence he presently returned with two old tin pails and two narrow wooden paddles, which he set down at her feet.

"I guess you'll have to help me a little while again to-day, Peggy," he said, "but it won't be very hard on you. The sun's gone under a cloud and I don't believe the bugs is very thick."

Peggy looked disconsolately at the pails and the paddles. Her father took up his own implements of potato bug nature and began to retrace his steps toward the potato patch. But Peggy did not follow.

"I don't think," she called out bitterly, "that you've got a right to ask me to do such work as this."

He turned and looked at her in unbounded surprise. "She don't think," he repeated, blankly, "that I've got a right to ask her. Now, who," he continued, addressing his remarks to some invisible third person, "do you think has got a right to ask her if I ain't?"

For an instant Peggy hung her head, guiltily. Then, being highly incensed by the painful contrast between her own hard lot and that of Lady Alfreda, she looked up and said, with considerable spirit:

"My own father, sir."

"There was a moment's silence. 'Her own father,' echoed Mr. Hibbard, at length, still directing his conversation to the invisible third person. "Now, will you kindly tell me who is her own father, if I ain't?"

The invisible third person evidently did not feel equal to an explanation of the matter and Peggy took it upon herself to answer.

"To do no know, sir," she returned, firmly. "But I shall soon find out. You are not he, I am sure. Where you found me, or how you obtained possession of me I cannot tell, but of this much I am positive; you are doing me a great injustice by grinding me down in this manner, and it will not be long until I will be restored to my—my—"

Peggy paused then in some confusion. She was not quite sure whether these were the exact words Lady Alfreda had used when declaring to her captors her intuitive knowledge of her noble birth. Peggy had long thought that when she possessed her identity to the people with whom she lived and who claimed to be her relatives, she would repeat Lady Alfreda's declaration of independence verbatim, and it flustered her to think that she might have failed to do so. Still, even though she might have made a mistake, she felt that she had put it pretty strong. And she certainly had. At least, so it seemed to Mr. Hibbard.

He hurried forward and laid his hand tremblingly on her shoulder.

"Peggy," he said, anxiously, "I'm afraid you're a losin' your wits, ain't you? Don't you feel a little queer in your head? Think a minute. Now, didn't you?"

Had not Peggy's heart been steered to an extraordinary degree, it would have been melted by the tender solicitude in his voice and manner. As it was, she drew back unresponsive and regarded him coldly.

"No," she said, "I'm not at all sick-father, and I'm ready to help you. Come on."

She gathered up the paddle and pail allotted to her, and led the way to the nearby corner lot, where the hard-shelled black and yellow potato destroyers were making a morning meal off the tender, juicy leaves. Mr. Hibbard followed, as one in a trance. Neither Peggy nor her father referred to the momentous subject again that day. Mr. Hibbard's heart and head were filled with uneasy speculations on the newly revealed side of his little daughter's nature. He was laboriously revolving her words in his somewhat dull mind, and striving to comprehend their meaning. Until he arrived at a solution of the problem he would have nothing to say.

As for Peggy, she was too busy with day dreams to talk. She felt confident she was in reality the child of wealthy parents and that the time was near at hand when she should come into possession of her rightful property. That was what happened to Lady Alfreda and other lovely heroines of whom she had read in the weekly illustrated papers, and it was but a natural conclusion that she was destined to enjoy the same good fortune. To be sure, there were many striking differences between herself and Lady Alfreda. For instance, it would require a lively stretch of the imagination to transform Peggy's scant ragged locks into the luxuriant tresses of which Lady Alfreda boasted, and the fancy that could see in Peggy's red, bony hands any resemblance to Lady Alfreda's "slender white wrists" and "taper fingers" would have to be still more elastic

Peggy unconsciously dropped her pail, much to the discomfort of the engaged colony of potato bugs, when she realized this and stuck her unprepossessing hands in her pockets and blushed for very shame.

Before breakfast next morning Peggy finished reading the adventures of Lady Alfreda. She had grown quite bold by that time, in consequence of her talk with Mr. Hibbard on the preceding day, and when washing the breakfast dishes she enlarged on the subject with enthusiasm to her cousin George.

"Never mind," she said, with grandiloquent air, when he refused to empty the coffee grounds as requested, "I won't be here long for you to quarrel with."

"I'm going away," she returned blandly. "I'm going to have a rise in the world. My name is not Peggy Hibbard, at all. Bah, what an ugly name! I've tried my best to hit into something pretty and interesting, but I can't do it. It always remains just plain Peggy. I don't know what my last name is, but I'm sure I was christened Queenie or Edith or Elaine or something like that. My own parents are coming for me soon."

"Huh!" said George, in derision. But he emptied the coffee grounds and was quite obedient for almost an hour afterward, all of which Peggy regarded as unmistakable evidence that he had more or less faith in what she had told him.

Peggy was kept unusually busy in those days. She and her aunt, Mrs. Morrison, did all the housework, and as a sick neighbor, who had been a life-long friend of the family, required a great deal of her aunt's attention, many new duties devolved upon Peggy. This additional work was not exactly relished, but in one sense the situation was delightful. Peggy was left alone more than she had been heretofore, and the unusual solitude gave her ample opportunity to converse with her relatives undisturbed when they should come to claim her.

The next day, when carrying in an armful of stovewood, with which to cook the noonday meal, she heard the sound of wheels on the white turnpike. They stopped at the front gate, and Peggy, peeping furtively around the corner of the house, beheld a sight which drove every drop of blood in her veins with a rush to her heart, and made her arms so limp and lifeless that the load of wood fell with a crash on her bare toes.

A carriage had been driven into the shade of the apple tree that grew near the roadside. Undoubtedly it was the carriage. It was not exactly what she had expected, for there were only two horses instead of four, and the harness was not made of gold, but it was a very stylish turnout withal, and Peggy thought she could be satisfied with it. A middle-aged woman and gentleman alighted and came rapidly toward the house. Peggy went forth to meet them, looking shame-facedly at the while at her bare feet and little red hands.

"Ah," said the gentleman, kindly, "I believe we have her here, Susan. My child, are you Peggy Hibbard?"

"No, sir," returned Peggy, promptly.

A shadow of disappointment passed over the faces of the lady and gentleman.

"That's too bad," said the lady, "but perhaps you can tell us where to find her."

Peggy platted the corner of her apron nervously for a moment, then, looking up courageously, she said: "I am called Peggy Hibbard."

"My goodness, and are you not she?" exclaimed the lady.

"No," said Peggy, glibly. "I must have been changed when I was a baby, or something, and the mistake has never been rectified. I have never been able to find out what the name of my father really is. I hoped, sir, that you were he. Are you not, and have you not come to give me a rise in the world and take me home to your palace?"

Peggy spoke with great earnestness, for she had dreamed over this phase of her life so much that she had come to believe in its reality. The lady and gentleman stared at her in bewilderment.

"I don't understand what you mean," said the lady, sadly. "We have no little girl. Our granddaughter died, too, a few weeks ago. But we will think

over what you have said, and make further inquiries about you. After we have seen Mr. Hibbard perhaps you will hear from us again."

They drove away down the dusty turnpike and Peggy threw herself down on the garden mold and wept bitterly. "Even they have gone back on me," she sobbed. "They have left me here, and I'll have to go back into that hateful kitchen and cook something for father and the boys. I can't do it, so there."

But she did, and her father praised her effort by saying that he had never sat down to a better meal.

Children complain because they are compelled to go to school five days in a week, but after they are grown, they will find it necessary to go to school seven days a week, and occasionally at night.

Black Tom, the big cat who made his headquarters at Mermod & Jaccard's for years, escaped from the fire with barely a whisker singed. He doesn't approve of the new location of the firm. The Monday after the fire one of the clerks caught him prowling around the ruins, and carried him over to the new store.

Tom inspected the premises carefully, and received the greetings of his old friends. Then he hoisted his tail and sallied out to watch the salvage men at work.

As soon as the ruins cooled sufficiently he established headquarters in them, and steadfastly refused to return to the new store.

Where he gets his provender is not known, but he seems well satisfied. Divers indications have been held out to get him to go to the new store, but he seems them as efforts to draw him into a refutation of the theory that cats become attached to places and not to individuals.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No Taxes to Pay There.

Kilgenberg-am-Main, in Franconia, as a result of the municipality engaging in business, has no taxes to pay and distributes profits to the individual citizens. The town runs terra cotta works, the profits of which last year, after the town expenses had been paid, were 90,000 marks.

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## HIS START IN LIFE.

His Desire to Accommodate a Customer Brought About His Success.

The Philadelphia Times prints an interesting and encouraging account of the manner in which Mr. McLaughlin, the late publisher of that paper, gained his first upward start in the world. He was then employed in the printing-office of the Ledger. Young readers may find in the narrative something better than a good story.

Upon one occasion in 1851, when Frank McLaughlin was twenty-three years of age, it happened that the foreman and his assistant were absent, and that John McLaughlin was at home ill. Young Frank McLaughlin was then the fastest setter of type in the office.

At the dinner hour on the day in question, when every "stick" was lying at rest, Abraham Barker, the father of the well-known Wharton Barker, and himself then one of the very few brokers in this city, walked into the Ledger job printing-office with a stock-list—an enumeration of the figures of the financial market of the day—and expressed a desire to have it put in type and fifty copies struck off for immediate use.

By reason of the conditions described, there was no one in authority to wait upon him, and Frank McLaughlin stepped forward and received the order. The stock-list of that time, unlike the complex affair of the present day, was an abbreviated statement, and two men could easily place it in type within a quarter of an hour.

When Mr. Barker asked the young printer if he would undertake the task, the latter answered with cheerful alacrity, "Certainly." Cutting the list in two and turning to one of the oldest compositors in the office, he said, "Here, Jim, take one of these 'takes' and I'll take the other, and we'll rush her through in a jiffy."

The man addressed walked forward with a frown on his face, and after he had taken the slip of paper and was moving back to his case, he muttered some half-understood words about "giving a fellow a chance to eat his dinner."

"Never mind, Jim," said young McLaughlin, walking quickly after him and taking the copy from his hands, "I'll do the job myself." During these proceedings Abraham Barker never left the office, nor did he do so until the work had been completed. He leaned quietly against a make-up table, reading a copy of the New York Tribune, apparently oblivious to all that was going on about him.

Young McLaughlin's fingers flew as he picked up the little pieces of metal. In less than half an hour he had the stock-list in type, revised, and fifty copies struck off. He handed them to Mr. Barker with an apology for keeping him waiting. "What! Done already?" said the broker, and with a simple "Thank you" he left the office.

The following morning the young printer was surprised by receiving a note from the customer of the day before, requesting him to call at his office. He did so.

"I heard everything that took place in the Ledger office yesterday," said the financier, "and fully appreciate your conduct. I would like you to print the stock-list for me every day for one month, and I'll pay you five hundred dollars for the work."

"But it is not worth so much as that," answered the printer.

"It is worth as much to me to have it done as you did it yesterday," was the reply.

That was Frank McLaughlin's first work for himself. At the expiration of the month the contract was extended to three times that period, and then to twelve months, with an annual recompense of six thousand dollars. At that time journeyman printers were receiving about ten dollars weekly, and only in extraordinary instances earned one or two dollars beyond that sum.

A Yukon Financier.

"The River Trip to the Klondike," by John Sidney Webb, appears in the Century. Mr. Webb says: "The 'Napoleon of finance' of the region, and certainly the richest man there, is a brassy Scotchman known as 'Big Aleck' Macdonald. He managed to make a large clean-up on his claim—said to be \$90,000—and invested every dollar of it in other claims in the manner I have indicated—part payment down, the remainder when the water came in the spring. Every one about the camp knew of Macdonald's speculations, and all were wondering whether he would become a bankrupt or a multimillionaire. The water did not come down early in 1897, and in some instances had bought on speculation came so close to the day of payment that, as the story goes, the gold was paid over 'before it was dry.' The death of two brothers to whom he owed \$40,000 on a claim is said to have been his financial salvation, because the time of payment of a debt to a decedent's estate is extended one year by law, the gold commissioner acting as judge of probate for the time being. Macdonald is probably owner of an interest in about twenty odd claims, bought on his mining knowledge and his wonderful nerve. He paid enormous interest on the money he borrowed, took tremendous risks, and finally won. In some instances during the winter of 1896-'97 money was loaned at 10 per cent. for ten days.

Tinplate Scrap Has a Value.

The tinplate clippings from the stamping factories of this country are gathered together, tied in bales and delivered at the dock in New York for about \$8 a ton; thence they are shipped to Holland, where the tin is recovered and made into ingots, while the iron scrap is sold and turned to different uses. Some factories have as high as 1,200 tons of this scrap tin to dispose of in a year. The process used in Holland for separating the two metals is secret, and the efforts of manufacturers to obtain a knowledge of it has thus far been vain.

Seemed the Appropriate Kind.

"Joseph is real sick with slow fever," "Well," and Mrs. Martin smoothed her apron reflectively, "I knew if Joseph had a fever it would be a slow one."

People are so prone to think evil that no one ever thinks that the letter d, followed by a dash, might stand for darling.

## DISASTERS TO VESSELS.

Times of Peace Are Not Wanting in Greatly Fatal Accidents.

It is a remarkable fact that some of the greatest disasters to naval vessels have occurred in times of peace. The sinking of the British ship Victoria by the Camperdown was one of the worst of this class of accidents. The British fleet, under command of Admiral Sir George Tryon, was executing a series of intricate maneuvers off Tripoli on June 22, 1866, when by some misunderstanding of signals the Camperdown came into collision with the flagship Victoria. The latter was cut down and sank in a few moments, carrying with her 336 men and twenty-three officers, including Admiral Tryon.

The capsizing of the Royal George is probably the most disastrous flagship accident on record. It was the flagship of Rear Admiral Kempenfeldt. The ship was anchored off Spithead at the mouth of the Thames. A pipe below the water line needed some repairs, and as it was so simple an affair the ship was not docked. In order to get at the pipe the ship was "heeled," or tilted to one side by running one broadside of guns from one side to the other. The Royal George was a line of battleship and the pride of the British navy and in full commission. All her officers and men were on board, together with any number of their visiting friends, to say nothing of a swarm of tradespeople. Soon after she was "heeled" a stiff land breeze sprang up and the great ship capsized. Nearly 800 people were drowned.

The battleship Eastern Monarch anchored off Spithead on June 2, 1880. She had just reached home port after a voyage from India, and had on board not only her own officers and crew, but a great number of invalids from the army and navy stationed in India. She had in all over 500 men and officers on board. Many had been absent from home for years. There was great rejoicing that night within sight of the shores of old England. During the merriment a lamp was upset, and the ship burned to the water's edge, with great loss of life.

A similar accident destroyed H. M. S. Goliath on the night of Dec. 22, 1875, just three days before Christmas. She was a training ship, and had aboard over fifty officers, men and boys, mostly boys. She had just returned from a long cruise and lay in the Thames. The boys were anticipating the Christmas festivities, and in their pranks upset a lamp in the oil-room. The ship was a total loss, but this time the loss of life was comparatively small.

The boys on the sailing frigate Eurydice were not so fortunate. She was homeward bound from the Bermudas. About 300 officers, men and boys were on board, and she came up along the Isle of Wight with every sail drawing and her ports open. Off Ventnor, the famous watering place on the Isle of Wight, the boys manned the rigging and cheered and cheered to those on the beach. A squall struck the old frigate, over she went, and nearly every person on board was drowned right before the eyes of hundreds of persons within halting distance on shore.

Ten years before Ericsson built the monitor, Capt. Cowles, of the British navy, invented what he called a turret ship. It was not until some years later that the Lord High Admiral accepted the captain's plans and ordered a turret ship built. H. M. S. Captain was launched in 1860 and seemed to be a "hoodooed" ship from the start. She was a full-rigged iron ship, armored and with steam as an auxiliary power. High bulwarks were intended to be let down, uncovering the two turrets when the ship was cleared for action.

On Sept. 7, 1870, she was sailing in the Bay of Biscay. A squall sprung up and struck the topside ship full abeam. She "heeled" over and never righted. Of the 490 persons on board only eighteen were saved. When the court martial sat to try some one for negligence in losing the ship the only person they could try was James May, a gunner. Every other officer was lost.

The Victoria, with 700 persons aboard, capsized in the Thames on May 24, 1881, and over 300 were drowned. In the merchantman service hundreds of ships and thousands of lives have been lost right in port, when the ship is supposed above all other times to be safe.

Antics of Electricity.

The mention of electricity of a frisky behavior will suggest to most people some of its actions on the trolley, or about the street cars, or in connection with electric light wires, when it breaks loose—which are all of too dangerous a character to be amusing; no matter at all its pranks on their own desks, though no "live" wire be within a mile of them, writes George J. Varney in Lippincott's.

It does not always occur to our minds that electricity is playing a little trick when we take a sheet of writing paper from a pile and find it does not come alone, but drags along another sheet or more, "sticking" closer than a brother.

Similar action of the immense sheets of book paper on a printing press in certain states of the atmosphere—when one is slid on to the form of type and has one or more others partially adhering to it for a moment, then taking flight away from the press to some dingy resting place—frequently keeps the pressmen in an uncomfortable state of disgust.

Such action results from the attraction and repulsion of frictional electricity—the same kind that is produced by the chafing of the silk straps against the rotating glass disk in the so-called "electrical machine."

An experiment with the same kind of electricity, which can easily be tried, is to apply gentle friction to a thin piece of cloth or paper; when, on bringing it near the wall of the apartment, it will be attracted thereby, and adhere to the surface—be it wood, plaster or paper—for a brief time.

The Betrothal of Queen Wilhelmina.

There is no longer any doubt that Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, is engaged to be married; the future bridegroom is Prince Bernhard of Saxony-Welmmer, and the betrothal will be proclaimed Aug. 31, the day on which her majesty will celebrate her eighteenth birthday and come of age. Prince Bernhard is the second son of the late hereditary Prince of Welmmer. He was born April 18, 1878. All this is told by several usually well-informed Dutch papers. As no denials have been forth-

coming, the press of Europe in general believe the information to be correct. The youthful queen has lately been spending several weeks in Paris, sight-seeing and selecting her trousseau, and the Paris journals, whether they have received a significant hint from the government or not, have been heralding her coming and going with a pretty and very respectful enthusiasm that is quite unknown in Parisian journalism. Her dresses, her rides in the Bois, and her goodness of face and character have been expatiated upon with genuine interest. Although the queen was incognito, they gave just as much space to her as though she were the King of Portugal or a Russian princess. There is more importance, it is believed, in entrusting the good will of the young queen than may appear on the surface. She will rule over a little kingdom free from all entangling alliances and strong in its isolation and very weakness. Over the frontiers the huge standing armies of the great powers may cluster and bluster without disturbing her uneventful prosperity. But, although Holland may not hold the balance of power, she may really hold the key to many a continental complication, and the supposed anti-German proclivities of Wilhelmina invite a feeling of satisfaction in the hearts of Frenchmen. That she purchased her trousseau in Paris and not in Berlin is deemed deeply significant.—New York Times.

The expense of the French colonies to the mother country has more than doubled within the past twelve years.

The Russian army has been almost doubled since the last Turkish war, while the general staff has been increased by more than two-thirds.

The Billy goat that is the pet and mascot of the crew of the battleship Texas ate all the artificial flowers of the Easter hat of the surgeon's wife.

April 23, the day on which hostilities began between this country and Spain, was the anniversary of the death of the immortal Miguel Cervantes De Saavedra, author of "Don Quixote."

Medical science has made little progress in Turkey. Missionaries have frequently found people ill from small-pox neglected, in order that the Divine will should have its own way.

Scurvy is now easily held under control, but in Anson's famous expedition, some thirty years previous to that of Captain Cook, out of a total of 900 hands 600 died before the expedition returned and chiefly from scurvy.

Electricity is used to operate a newly invented typewriter, in which the keyboard may be separated from the machine and used to operate several machines, the keys closing circuits connected to magnets which operate the type levers.

The Hong-Kong Press tells of a professional beggar who has built quite a fine three-story tenhouse just outside the south gate. As the only three-story building in the city, it is an object of great pride to the natives, whose charity helped so largely in its erection.

To do away with the rudders of ships a new steering apparatus is being used which will turn the boat around without the use of its propellers, a shaft being set across each end of the ship's hull with small propellers at each end, and power applied to the center to revolve them and turn the boat.

The authorities of a church at Hanford, Cal., have entered into an agreement with their pastor whereby he will be equipped for a two years' sojourn in the Klondike, on condition that if he makes a rich strike he shall pay off the church debt. The congregation will take care of his family during his absence.

Cuba is known in history under several names. The first was Antilla; then Juana, after a Spanish prince. Ferdinand came third, followed by Santiago and the Isle of Ave Maria. The original name, Cubanacan, signifying "where gold is found," was finally adopted, and usage shortened it to the first two syllables.

Spain gets its revenue by a system of direct and indirect taxation, stamp duties, government monopolies, etc. Direct taxes are imposed on landed properties, houses, live stock, commerce, registration acts, titles of nobility, mortgages, etc.; the indirect taxes come from foreign imports, articles of consumption, tolls, bridge and ferry dues. Her revenue for 1896 and 1897 was \$30,711,450; her expenditures, \$30,456,584. She had besides this, however, an extraordinary expenditure of \$9,360,000. Her public debt is now over \$1,740,000,000, including over \$350,000,000 incurred in Cuba.

About Rapid-Fire Guns.

The terms "rapid-fire" and "quick-firing" guns, so frequently seen in the press reports of naval affairs, do not convey to the ordinary person and adequate idea of the improvements that mechanical ingenuity has effected in ordnance in recent years. While rapid and quick firing guns are the smaller weapons of a battleship, they are not the diminutive affairs that they are ordinarily considered, as the improved methods of breech mechanism and loading have been introduced in the case of 6-inch guns, which throw a 100-pound projectile. The saving in time and ease of manipulation are effected by using fixed ammunition in which shell, powder, and primer are united. The six-pounders, of which there are numerous types, can discharge with accuracy twenty to twenty-five shots per minute, a number which can be raised to thirty or thirty-five if accuracy in aiming the piece is dispensed with. From the 5-inch rapid-firing guns thirty-six shots have been fired in five minutes, and as each of these projectiles is seventy pounds in weight, the effect can be readily understood.—New York Post.

Its True Meaning.

Little Bennie—Papa, what does repentance mean?

Papa—Repentance is the sorrowful feeling that comes to a person after he gets caught at it.

It keeps some women so busy trying to preserve their charms that they haven't time for anything else.

## SERMONS OF THE WEEK.

Truth.—The soul lives by truth and is nourished and developed by truth.—Rev. Father Mackey, Catholic, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Love and Duty.—Love makes the best of every condition; love is the guarantee of duty.—Rev. Charles M. Shepard, Presbyterian, Evanston, Wyo.

Ideals.—We are the missionaries of the ideal, the conscience of the universe, the soul of which nature is but the body.—M. Mangasarain, Ethical Culture, Chicago, Ill.

The Home.—A house with fine appointments is not a home, but the oneness of purpose, the love and confidence bestowed make the home.—Rev. F. H. Lewis, Methodist, Baltimore, Md.

Music and Heaven.—The nearer one gets to heaven the more he likes music. The only time Jesus sang was just before he was taken by the soldiers.—Dwight L. Moody, Evangelist, New York City.

The Average Man.—An average man may by persistent employment of average faculties come to achieve genius, come to be a class out of the ordinary, come to be a leader.—Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Baptist, Boston, Mass.

The Soul.—A pool of water is a thing of beauty when the moon shines on it, and the smallest soul that ever breathed is a miracle when the spirit of God is reflected therein.—Rev. George H. Hepworth, Congregationalist, New York City.

The Sayings of Jesus.—Jesus' sayings impress us not as the exhortation of the student, but as the inspirations that have come to one lying under broad trees or sitting on mountain tops to think.—Rev. Dr. Frank Crane, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Godlike Acts.—Never do we perform an act more like to the godlike act of our heavenly father than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to grow in hearts that were barren and desolate before.—Cardinal Gibbons, Catholic, New Orleans, La.

Individualities.—We are made from varying materials like the parts of the organ's mechanism, and the lesson of its harmonious workings to a great result teaches us to respect our own individualities.—Bishop Henry C. Potter, Episcopal, New York City.

Harmony.—Let our conduct harmonize with our knowledge of the mysteries of God, and so living in obedience to his precepts make certain our life of happiness through the endless ages.—Rev. M. G. Ryan, Episcopalian, San Francisco, Cal.

Making a Church.—Put the Christlike into two or three men and women and you have the vital nucleus of a church. You cannot make a church of a thousand ceremonial automatons. The key to the kingdom of heaven is a life, and the church must keep pace with a Christ who is alive forevermore.—Rev. W. T. Hutchins, Evangelist, Indian Orchard, Mass.

Of Society.—Society as a whole needs religion and morality for the development of the highest civilization and culture. Without the proper working of these two factors a human brotherhood marked by tolerance and the absence of hatred is impossible.—Rev. Dr. William Roseman, Hebrew, Baltimore, Md.

Men and Scholars.—The object of the day is not to make scholars less scholarly, but to bring it to their hearts that the whole attitude of the Scripture upon the matter means that it is the order of the divine intention that a man should be a man before he is a scholar.—Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

Youth.—A decision for the right in youth means a peaceful old age and a triumphant end. The bird of earthly love now singing in bowers of youth at the bridal altar and in the home circle shall be transformed into the bird of paradise, trilling the music of heaven.—Rev. Dr. T. M. Grith, Methodist, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW TOY FOR THE NAVY.

Some of Our "allers Would Enjoy Using It on the Frontiers.

Here is a toy for the navy—one which some of the navy's men would enjoy playing with. It is a Drogoss-Schroeder six-pound rifle. It can fire thirty-three shots a minute, and its projectile can pierce three inches of steel at a distance of three miles. It is the new

gun which has just been placed on the revenue cutter Gresham. It will be in charge of Gunner Fin, who has been on the Gresham for twenty-six years. The Gresham has only one six-pounder rifle, but she could easily increase her armament by four or five more. She has a speed of twenty-one miles an hour. But her chief weapon of offense is her torpedo boat.

Pretty Japanese Custom.

At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, which must remain untouched till the marriage of the child. When that hour arrives the tree is cut down and a skilled cabinetmaker transforms the wood into furniture, which is always cherished by the young couple as the most beautiful of the ornaments in the house.

Mrs. Hortor (whose daughter is at the piano)—They tell me you have an ear for music, Mr. Hummer, Hummer—Yes; but by all means let your daughter get on with her playing and not mind me.—Boston Transcript.

The married men make the greatest fools of themselves in the name of Patriotism; the unmarried men still have an avenue open in Love.

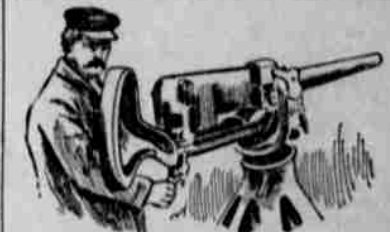
The human race is but a contest for dollars.



"MY NAME IS NOT PEGGY HIBBARD."



"I DON'T THINK YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO ASK ME TO DO SUCH WORK."



DROGOS-SCHROEDER MACHINE GUN.