## FROST ON THE PUNKIN

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock, and you hear the kyonck and gobble of

the struttin' turkey-cock, And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens, And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tip-

toes on the fence; O, it's then's the times a feller is a feelin' at his best,

With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest, As he leaves the house, bare headed, and goes out to feed the stock.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kind o' heartylike about the atmosphere When the best of summer's over and the

coolin' fall is here-Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees.

the numble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees, But the air's so appetizin', and the land-

scape through the baze a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days

Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock-When the frost is on the punkin and the

fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn. And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;

The stubble in the furries-kind o' lonesomelike, but still A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns

they growed to fill; The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed:

The hosses in their stalls below-the clover overhead-O, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock. -James Whitcomb Riley.

## NAN'S KINDERGARTEN

667 F ever I was thankful I am this minute," said Nan Gray, as she threw herself in an easy chair on the plazza. "It did seem as if school would never end, but everything has an end if you can only wait for it, and this blessed day winds up the term, and now for a good summer's rest from teaching the young idea and all its attendant afflictions." "Well, dear, are you tired?" said her

mother as she entered. "Tired to death, and I believe I almost wish I might not see a child again until September. Don't, please, don't take any children to board at the cot-

tage this summer, ma." "Why, Nan Gray, I always thought

you loved children.' "So I do, mamma, but after one has eaten a pound of chocolates she doesn't care for any more immediately, does she? Don't you understand?"

"Yes, Nan, I see. We will announce 'No children need apply,' so don't WOITY."

The next morning Nan and George, with their mother, started for their house at the beach, where they were to take a few boarders. On the steamer sitting near them was a young man with three children and a nurse maid. The youngest child was about a year old, a bright, pretty little thing. The other two were boys, perhaps 3 and 5 years old, with sweet faces and cunning ways.

"Nan," said George, "go and ask him if he doesn't want a nice boarding place for the summer. That's just what you've been looking for in the way of boarders, you know."

Nan flashed a look at her brother, then turned her eyes to the broad expanse of sea, but in spite of herself her thoughts would come back to the group near by. "I wonder where they are going. Where's the mamma? Perhaps she's dead. He does look sad and serious. How lovingly he holds the little boy!" But it was nearly time for our travelers to land, and they began to pick up their bundles and bags.

"Look, Nan, they land here, too. I'll bet a cookie they are coming in answer to that 'ad' for a few boarders you put In the paper. Jolly! wouldn't it be a joke on you, though, sis?" And George chuckled heartily.

"Dear me, I ought to have added 'No hildren,' but I forgot. Do you suppose they can be coming to our house, ma?"

"Time will tell, Nan," said her mother, smiling. They walked briskly on and reached their house a few minutes in advance of the "kindergarten party," as Nan's brother called it.

Looking around, they observed the gentleman evidently inquiring the way somewhere. He had stopped the local fish merchant, and from all appearauces was being directed to the Gray cottage. In a moment came a ring at the door, to which George responded, "Does Mrs. Gray live here?" inquired the stranger, who was leading the little boy of 3 or 4. Closely following was another boy two or three years older, and the nurse with the baby girl on

ber arms. George, though intensely amused at Nan's predicament, invited the party in very politely, and spoke to his

mother. Nan, who had dropped into a chair in the further part of the room, sat gazing out of the window into the orchard. She heard the gentleman introduce himself as Mr. Bailey and tell her mother that he had seen the advertisement in the paper. His wife died about a year ago, and since that time his mother had been with him and looked lareer of a Texas Preacher Ended in a after his little ones and directed the servants. But illness in her own home had called her there, and for the summer at least she must remain away. After seeing the "ad" yesterday he decided this morning to give the babies a sail down the harbor and see if any arrangement for a summer home could be made in case a suitable place was found. The doctor had advised the seashore, and he wanted them near enough the city so he could see them every day. "I assure you they are good children, Mrs. Gray, and Nurse Mary will see that they trouble no one. I will pay you well if you will let them have a home with you for a while."

Motherly Mrs. Gray would have said "yes" immediately to his pleading, but she remembered her promise to Nan. Excusing herself, she beckoned Nan into a side room, "Well, Nan, you have heard the plea, what do you say?" "Oh, dear," said Nan. "I don't see how we can say 'no' with those little motherless things right before us. If I had only been a little wiser on wording that 'ad.' I know how anxious you are to take the whole brood under your wing, and I know too well what its shelter means to urge you to say no, when your heart says 'yes,' you dear mother soul!"

So the little family stayed many weeks, Papa Bailey coming down every night. And so dear did they become to Nan that it was only with feelings of sadness that she thought of their eaving.

It was the last Saturday of vacation. Nan had taken Baby May into the hammock in the orchard and had sung ber to sleep in her arms. "You little darling, I wish I might keep you always." she whispered, as she gazed down into the sweet, rosy little face.

Looking up she saw bending over the hammock baby's papa. "I wish I dared to say the same thing to you, Nan," whispered he, as he looked into Nan's blushing face. "I have wished so many times this summer that I might always have you near. Won't you give up your large school and take a smaller one? We will be good pupils."

"I am not used to mixed grades," sald Nan, mischlevously, "but will try it if you wish it very much. But I must tell you a little story first. Perhaps you won't care for such a teacher then," So Nan told him of her weariness at the close of school, and the narrow escape he had from being summarily dismissed when he applied for board for his babies.

loving kiss to both occupants of the finger. In the early fell Nan became Mrs. Bailey, and happiness reigned in the Bailey kindergarten.

## GEN. CIPRIANO CASTRO.

Who Has Fought His Way to the Presidency of Venezuela.

Gen. Cipriano Castro, the new president of Venezuela, is only 36 years old, but he has been in politics for a long time. He was always



GEN. CASTRO.

supporters of the Liberal party, and took part in the war of defense during the revolution that was led by Crespo. That general did all he could to influence Castro to his side, and even offered him a portfolio.

but Castro could not be persuaded to take it. The reverse, indeed, was the fact, for Castro severely criticised Crespo's administration. When Andrade's star began to rise Castro led a movement against him and Crespo. After the fallure of the "Mocho" Hernandez revolution the man who is now president successfully defeated Morales and Larria and became the dominant military power of the country. With his new success came hordes of followers, and Castro, after carrying numerous towns, at last took the capital itself. President Castro is a highly educated young man and a hard worker, but he is handicapped with that explosiveness of character that is the greatest handlcap to the Latin race.

Sorry He Said It. There are so many things in this wicked world we would rather not have said. Mean things, spiteful things, unfeeling things, reckless things which trickle over the lips before we realize it. An estimable man in town has a wife who is a good woman, though she can never be a candidate at a beauty show. He admires her, however, and as he is the one to be pleased her lack of loveliness is a small matter. One day he was talking with some friends about his disposition.

"No," said he candidly, "you rarely see me get worked up, nervous and cross. I am the easiest person in the world to please."

"One glance at your wife shows that," replied a dear friend, who is the soul of politeness, and who, poor wretch, really meant to imply she did not have the looks of a nagged or brow-beaten woman, and must get on easily with him. But, oh, it didn't sound that way, and that man would gladly have given \$10 down for a hole in the ground just about that time,-Louisville Times.

The one great drawback about loafing is the unsatisfactory compensation. of prosperous traders.

# FROM PULPIT TO GALLOWS.

Hangman's Noose. The way of the transgressor, no matter what his condition in life, is hard. Inis thought is brought forcibly to mind by the recent



execution of Rev. George E. Morrison, at Vernon, Texas, for the murder of his wife in 1897. He administered poison to her. in order to get rid of her and marry another woman, Morrison met his death resignedly. but declared that

he was innocent, circumstances over which he had no control placing him where he was. He had a large following of friends who made strenuous efforts to have the Governor communite the sentence to imprisonment for life, but without success.

Morrison was married to his wife, who was Minnle Brady, at Hanford, Texas, in 1881. She sang in the church choir. Later they moved to Pan Handle City. In 1897 he went to Topeka, Kan., to attend a Sunday school convention. Here he met Miss Anna Whittlesey, whom he knew at school. She had fallen heir to \$100,000, and he fell deeply in love with her. He told her that his wife had been dead eleven years, that he had retired from preaching and owned a ranch near Higgins, Texas. He made her an offer of marriage and she agreed to become his wife. He returned to Texas and kept up a correspondence with Miss Whittlesey. To get his wife out of the way was the next question. He made up his mind to murder her. This was in October, 1897. He went to a drugglst to



MISS WHITTLESEY MRS. MORRISON. obtain some strychnine, which, he said,

was to poison some "varmints" that were killing his chickens. The crime was committed on a Sun-He understood perfectly, and with a day night. Before the deed he preached a particularly effective sermon, speakhammock he slipped a ring on Nan's ing in a pathetic manner of the sad

parting with loved ones at death. Then he went home and gave his wife an apple in which he had put some of the strychnine. She died the same night with her arms about her husband's neck. She never knew of h's treachery. He still continued the correspondence with Miss Whittlesey and the day after his wife's burial he sent a letter in which he expressed his love in the most lavish terms. He went to Toone of the warmest peka a few days later and obtained a promise from Miss Whittlesey that she would become his bride. On his return he was arrested, suspicious circum stances coming to light concerning his wife's death, but was soon released. Ho fled, but three months later was rearrested in San Francisco and taken back to Texas, where the full extent of his villainy became known. At the trial Miss Whittlesey was the principal prosecuting witness and her testimony sent nim to the gallows,

## Alligator Riding.

Jim Frazier, of Florida, is called 'Wild Jim" because he is the king of alligator hunters. "Wild Jim" hunts alligators in the Florida Everglades. His specialty is in furnishing baby alligators to the Northern trade, though he also catches adult alligators and sells their teeth and skins. It is said that he employs several hundred alligator catchers, and has made a fortune out of his hotel business.

His favorite pastime is to watch alligators eat dogs and cats that he has thrown into the water to feed them. During the winter he secures hundreds of worthless curs and screaming cats, and in the spring he drives the canines and felines down to his alligator ranch in the everglades, where he amuses himself with alligator-back riding. He is an alligator charmer and tamer, and is the only man in Florida that would dare mount the back of an old alligator in the water. When he wants to ride he throws his alligator muzzle over the head of an alligator and jumps on the monster's back. The alligator cannot reach the intrepld rider with his tail, and his mouth is muzzled. "Wild Jim's" wiry legs are entwined around the forelegs of the alligator, while the alligator dives and swims and lashes his tail, trying to be free. When Jim gets tired he makes the alligators swim to the shore, where he jumps off and dispatches it.

Home of the South Sea Bubble. South Sea House, London, the home of the South Sea bubble, which convulsed England in the early part of the eighteenth century, is soon to be torn down to make way for new warehouses. For a century after 1720, when the bubble burst, the building stood practically untenanted; but of

### GEN. GRANT'S WIDOW.

At 75, She Is Still Physically and Men-

tally Vigorous. Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, the venerable widow of the famous warrlor Preident, has reopened her Washington home after an absence of nearly five months. Mrs. Grant returns in excellent health and spirits. Her outing,



MRS. JULIA DENT GRANT.

spent in Saratoga, Magnolia, Mass., and later in Newport, where she attended the wedding of her favorite granddaughter, Julia Dent Grant, proved replete with interesting adventures. She especially enjoyed the gayeties attending the nuptials of the Princess Cantacuzzene, and is never tired of relating her experiences to her friends. This venerable woman, although 75 years of age, is remarkably vigorous physically and mentally. She receives her friends almost every morning in her pleasant sitting room in her Massachusetts avenue bome. She is perfectly impartial in the reception of these guests. The lowly friends of early years are as welcome as the leaders of society.

#### KING MENELEK.

He Is Said to Be the Greatest of All African Monarchs.

It is announced that King Menelek of Abyssinia will visit the Paris exposition and that on the way to the French capital from his little kingdom In eastern Africa he will call on his friend, the Czar of Russia. The black king is the most picturesque as he is the greatest of African monarchs. A giant in stature, he rules his kingdom with a rod of iron, and the great powers of Europe are all glad to be on good terms with him. He has an army of real fighting men, armed with modern weapons, and both England and



Italy know to their cost that he has skillful and daring generals and that his soldiers are brave and impetuous. The king lives in the interior of his country, surrounded by a great desert, so that it would be almost impossible for an invading army to reach him. In the center of the royal city he has caused a tall tower to be erected. To this tower he ascends at frequent intervals, and with a telescope observes how his people are behaving themselves in the city below him. Offenders are punished with great severity, and as a result there is little disorder of any kind at the court or about it. The king and most of his people are nominally Christians, and the Golden Rule is said to be the ruling principle of the Government, in spite of the severity of the punishments sometimes inflicted.

Peace Offering Preceded Him. She received a large box full of Amer-Ican beauty roses by messenger from her husband along toward 4 o'clock the other afternoon.

"James is absorbing Martigny cocktails again," she mused shrewly. Half an hour later another messen

ger brought her five pounds of expensive candy from her husband. "James has ordered that \$80 overcoat he was talking about, but said he

couldn't afford," she mused again, Half an hour later a wagon drew up with a florist's name painted on the sides thereof, and two handsome, fullgrown palms were delivered at her door, marked as coming from her husband.

"Olive branches preceding him," she mused some more. "He'll be home by dark."

He was home by dark. He had been absorbing Martignys. He had ordered modern married woman is sufficiently awe-inspiring to persuade any man to raise his bonnet thereto.-Washington Post.

## Justice Among the Parsees.

Among the Parsees a murderer is punished with ninety stripes on his late years it has been the headquarters bare back, while a master who neglects his dog receives 200 stripes.

#### DIDN'T LIKE THE SMELL.

de Said, After Blowing Out the Gas and

Sleeping Thirty Hours. A very "bra mon" is "Scotty" Patterson, and he has been away from the "Heelands" but fourteen months. This n part accounts for his thoughtless act of Saturday night. Scotty works in the Scotten stables, and takes his meals in Kurth's Hotel.

On Saturday night the Kurth's manof-all-work, who also comes from the land of golf and the "Bonny Briar Bush," gathered in Scotty, and the two sat quite late over reminiscences and Scotch whisky. When it came time for Scotty to return to his room over the stables they found that the Scotch whisky had quite paralyzed his power of locomotion, as well as his sense of direction, Scotty suggested that a vacant room in Kurth's Hotel might simplify matters, and as the hotel was just across the street, "Jaimle," the chore man, fell in with the suggestion. He pulled Scotty up the back stairs and locked him in. Then Scotty blew out the gas at the third lunge and jumped at the bed.

This morning Mrs. Kurth found Scotty's door locked, in fact she didn't know that Scotty was there at all. They looked over the transom and saw a pair of feet protruding from the foot of the bed, for Scotty had crawled under it. The smell of escaping gas was suffocating, but they kicked in the door and pulled Scotty out. His chaperon had quite forgotten his good Samaritan work. The dazed man was set down in the yard, where he soon recovered.

He had been in the room for over thirty hours, inhaling the poisonous fumes, and his "bra" constitution and the two inches of opened transom are all that saved his life.

Scotty said few things when they pulled him out at 10 o'clock this morning. One of his remarks was:

"Hoot, mon, but I dinna like the smeel over weel."-Detroit Journal.

#### Study of Shakspeare.

"The practice of reading aloud in small or moderate-sized gatherings is in every way to be commended," writes Sir Henry Irving, of "The Study of Shakspeare in Small Communities," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It is good for the individual, good for the members of the group, good for the locality, good for the nation. No community can be too small for the practice of reading in public. If there be only two persons, each may, in turn, learn something from the successes or failures of the other. No one need be diffident at the beginning; there is nothing really difficult. There is no arduous labor; there is no possibility of absolute failure where there is honest, careful effort. Any form or subject of reading. worthy in itself, can be of use for the study of elocution. It is, however, possible to get together groups of persons interested in some common theme, when the mere getting them together without such an agglomerative cause is lacking; and Shakspeare has been, is, and ever will be, a name to conjure with. A play read weekly or monthly, with the various characters allotted beforehand, has been a source of much and continuous pleasure, productive of thought and study, ameliorative of defective power of utterance, a winnower of the chaff of harsh accent or ultra-colloquial mannerism."

Counting the People by Machinery. Our first census, made in 1795, showed the population of the United States to be five million, and the count cost Uncle Sam, who was comparatively poor then, one cent for each person. It is estimated that the twelfth census, to be made in June, 1900, will show that our people number seventy-five million, and that the item of clerk hire, in the Census Bureau alone, will exceed \$5,000 -000. Clifford Howard, writing of "How the Next Census Will Be Taken," in the Ladies' Home Journal, says that "although the work of enumeration will be completed by the first of July, It will probably be two or even three months later before the last of the schedules are received at the census office; for not only must they all be first examined by the supervisors, but in many cases they will probably require revision because of some error or informality. The actual counting of the people will not be done until the schedules are turned into the census office. The enumerators simply gather the facts, and the office force in Washington does the counting and the compiling, which is done by electricity. In 100 days all the facts relating to 75,000,000 people will be tabulated."

## Gladstone's Memori I.

A marble and alabaster Gladstone memorial tablet has been placed in Hawarden Church, between the pulpit and Armenian window. In the upper part are the words, "That rock was Christ," and on one side are four verses of the late stateman's favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages." On the opposite panel are the same verses in Latin, with the the \$80 overcoat. The prescience of the inscription at the foot, "Translated in 1848 by William Ewart Gladstone. Placed by his grandchildren, in love, gratitude and reverence." - London

> A man with but one idea is sometimes worse off than a man with no idea at all.

Don't worry about slander; it will rub off when it gets dry.