#### THE SONGS,

I wonder in what distant place Sweet "Annie Rooney" still is heard, Where "Daisy Bell" has hid her face, Where "Doris" tells of hope deferred? if still some tender chord is stirred By "Henrietta," blithe and gay, Who never at a feast demurred? Where are the songs of yesterday?

if, in some dusky, moonlit space, "O Promise Me" is gently purred By some old tabby, whose embrace Was never asked a heart to gird? And, with barbaric accent slurred, In some strange country, far away, If "Tommy Atkins' " cause is spurred?-Where are the songs of yesterday?

And where lives in its ancient grace, "Love's Old Sweet Song," by Time unblurred? Where does "Ben Bolt" his thoughts re-

trace To feed on sorrow's whey and curd? Does "Only Me" still beg a word, Has "Golden Hair" turned to gray, Does "Nancy" mourn her vanished bird? Where are the songs of yesterday?

ENVOY. Princes, whose loyalty has erred To these, who wore in turn the bay-The sad, the joyful, the absurd-Where are the songs of yesterday?

## <del>?\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del> "KIDDY."

OU had better let me ride Marville and take that money to the bank; there are ugly rumors abroad concerning 'Lord Jim' and his band. Three times within a fortnight a lonely settler's shanty has been 'rushed' by these gentlemen, and the third was at 'Miner's Corner,' not twenty miles from here! Besides, you ought not to expose your wife and Kiddy to an invasion of that kind; the fright would be enough to kill a nervous girl like Lucy!"

The speaker, Jack Hartley, was a tall, sunburnt young man, brother to the owner of "The Bungalow," a newly erected, low-roofed house, to which some four years back the latter had brought his young bride.

After months of hard work and many a disappointment, the grounds surrounding the house had been reclaimed from the bush by the young fellow, who, like many another, having found it impossible to make a decent living in his native land, had decided, on receipt of a small legacy from a and holding one's umbrella and hat all the purn. These they fill on the outmaiden aunt, to try his luck at cattle- the time, that the cockroaches may not side with paper flowers and the inside rearing and sheep-breeding in Austra-

For once fickle fortune, less blind than usual, was in a generous mood, pouches. and, after a few years of hard work and ceaseless efforts, Ned Hartley found himself sufficiently well off to marry the "girl he had left behind him," and to bring her to a home which he had literally built for her with his own hands. In the course of the following year a son was born, and "Kiddy," as he was called by relatives and friends, soon became a very important member of the small community. Jack Hartley, Ned's younger brother and Kiddy's most devoted



"BEFORE THEM STOOD A MAN."

slave, had been a resident in "The Bungalow" about six months.

mors that are spread among the 'hands.' And then, you see, I received young woman's face. the six hundred pounds from Barton only last night, and no one with the can have the slightest notion that such promised to take her to Melbourne as soon as I could spare the time and money. Now the shearing is over, I mean her to take the holiday with the Kiddy and myself. I know you will look after things for me, old man. Now don't wear such a worried look! It doesn't suit your style of beauty half as well as your elegant sombrero and cloak, not to speak of that six-shooter I see in your belt! Going for a ride? Well, ta-ta, see you by-and-by!"

Jack did not seem much convinced by his brother's arguments and bantering manner. The "rumors" he had heard were alarming; there was no doubt that the desperado and ex-convict known as "Lord Jim" had been seen in the neighborhood and that daring attacks had been made on solitary settlers. "Still," thought the young man, "the results might have been exlikely to run any unnecessary risks, straight at Ned's head, was a murder-However, I will ride as far as 'The Copse,' and bring Sergeant Gilpin and a couple of his men back with me. Extra precaution can do no harm."

for me!"

day, you know; it's your bed-time, rides in night-dress! There, don't cry; tempt to get at your 'iron' or to call for the head of "Lord Jim," whom Ned in you shall fire uncle's revolver all by help and I'll shoot you like a dog!"

And, having assured himself that the aiming, pulling the trigger, etc., and a asleep, was smiling in his dreams, ary wild beasts were "killed dead," the built into the wall by the side of the said wild beasts being represented by bed lay the result of two years' hard their holiday at Melbourne after all .himself, running on all fours, and work and privations—the money that Family Herald.

## LIFE OF A TEACHER IN PHILIPPINES

\*

YOUNG lady who is teaching school in the Philippines, writes brightly and entertainingly of some conditions there, in the following paragraphs:

We have just moved the girl's school in Dagupan into a new building, a private native house, hired for the purpose. But we chose the date of moving badly, for it is the beginning of the fiesta, and the cock-fighting will last two weeks. It will be impossible during that time to get any one to do a day's work for us. The benches are too long for the rooms and we will not be able to get a carpenter to saw them off or any one to put the blackboards in place. We are so near the cockpits that the noise is deafening. School has to be carried on largely by signs. The cocks crow continually, the swarming children shriek and cry and river in a banca. It is nothing more little feathered thing about even after than a log hollowed out, in which we it is dead. Once I had a present of

across by a small Filipino boy. all kinds. Ants are most plentiful and present I walked to the school house most troublesome. As I am writing, window and let it go. I also had the "tickeys," as the children call them, given to me three little parrots, beautior little lizards, dart across my writing ful red and green birds about six inchtable and catch the bugs that fall es long, but these, too, after a few around the lamp. Several times liz- days, I freed. The children bestow ards have fallen from the ceiling on to flowers and fruit on their teachers. my neck. Now and then it is a centi- Sometimes they make little baskets of pede that annoys. Cockroaches are bamboo and wind them with red, white



A GIRLS' SCHOOL

some baby. They do not live long In going to school we have to cross the a baby will still be dragging a poor crouch at the bottom and are paddled three of these little birds, but they were all dead within twenty-four



GOING TO SCHOOL.

everywhere. One feels like standing and blue worsteds and make tassels of

riddle them before they are used again. with real ones. The school children They will eat the stamps off letters if will also buy and bring with great they are not hurried into the mail eagerness any little cheap ornament to tion of knowledge. Then there is the enthusiasms. Even the little things are their teachers. Birds are the principal playthings of Sometimes we take trips on horse the native children. There are several back. There are no side saddles and

kinds no larger than humming birds we ride astride. The horses are very that are often to be seen tied by a small and easy to mount. There is thread to a stick or to the hand by only one fear-that our feet may drag.

into the spirit of the game, would happiness to Lucy. stand quite still while Kiddy, labori- In silence he handed the bag and "Shoot! Bang! Fire!" This was the him back to the verandah. signal for the "wild beast"

down. child sobbed.

gu-u-u-un!" he cried.

posed of in his little bed.

work.

been a little longer among us you will for the long-talked-of and often-defer- the upper hand. Ned's breath came in not be so ready to believe all the ruan unwonted look of animation in the no longer for his money alone, but for

able to go this time?" she said. "Oh, was pouring down his face. Another exception of Lucy, you, and myself Ned, how I do long to get among peo- minute would see the end of the conple, to see houses, streets, carriages, flict! "Lord Jim's" sinewy arm was a sum of money is in my possession. anything and everything—to get away gradually squeezing the life out of the Lucy has been ailing lately, and I from this eternal, monotonous bush!" young man's body, when a burst of And with a sigh she hid her face on childish laughter startled the two comher husband's shoulder.

"Nothing will prevent us this time, dear; unless"-with a short laugh-"Jack's croakings should take definite there would be no trip for us this year, at any rate!"

"Don't!" she exclaimed, looking fearfully around her. "It could not happen! I cannot think that-"

The sentence was unfinished. Before them stood a man who had seemingly dropped from nowhere. Ned threw himself in front of his wife.

The stranger was attired in shabby corduroy breeches and a tattered woollen shirt, the color of which might have been once blue; tall cowhide boots encased his feet and legs; in one hand he held with mock politeness an apoloaggerated, and after all Ned is not gy for a hat, in the other, pointed ous-looking six-shooter.

"Sorry to interrupt the billing and cooling, but might I trouble you to cried. hand over to me that six hundred As he was about to mount his horse pounds you received last night from a shrill voice called out: "Uncle Jack, Barton's? Stop! No humbug-hands Uncle Jack, take me with you! Kiddy up!"-the drawling voice changed into wants a ride on your big horse! Walt a sharp growl. "Never mind your wife; I'll look after her." Poor Lucy gun-all to yourself!" "Never mind, Kiddy," called out had fainted and was lying in a heap Jack, "you can't come out with me to- on the floor of the verandah. "You pealed to the child. Fearlessly he

There was no help for it. Ned, his the child said: face contracted with rage and hopeless revolver was unloaded, Jack proceed- misery, led the rufflan into his room, ed to instruct the child in the art of where, in a little cot, Kiddy, fast wild romp succeeded, in which imagin- In a small cupboard which Ned had

Tom, the retriever, who, entering fully was to have brought back health and

ously aiming the harmless weapon at notes to the ruffian, who, still keeping him, called out in his clear treble voice, Ned covered with his weapon, forced

just about supper-time, it would not be now employ electricity to drive the cat-Kiddy's delight at this new game was manners for me to depart before I've the into the beef beds instead of shouts, boundless; and when at last Jack, had the pleasure of sharing the family clubs, whips and prods, breathless with the exertion of his re- meal!" Lord Jim remarked in pitiless. peated "death struggles," declared that mocking tones. "Ladies' company is by two insulated wires connected it was time for him to be off and re- always pleasant, even when they are with the light wires over the catchtook possession of his revolver, the in a faint! How long does this young ing pen and the knocking pens. The "Kiddy wants the gun! Kiddy wants grim chuckle. "Not having the felicity nects with two brass points on the to shoot evlybody! Nasty, unkind un- of being married myself, I am not ac- end. cle! Give me the gun! Give me-the- quainted with the means of festoring "Punchers" is the name given the

prolonged struggle, was finally dis- he was, threw himself upon the ruf- each. rocking herself to and fro and now and his might and main to throw down his volts would be as effective. . then applying herself to some needle- adversary and take possession of it.

Physically the men were well matchhis very life that he was wrestling! "And you really think we shall be Could he keep up? The perspiration batants.

There, his white nightshirt gathered up in his chubby hands, his curls still moist, his cheeks flushed from his first him. shape—unless, in short, we should be sleep, and his little naked feet stamp-'rushed' and the money taken. Then ing the ground in wild excitement, stood Kiddy!

The noise had disturbed him, and the sight of his father and the 'genpelman" playing at wrestling, like he and Uncle Jack so often did, caused him the liveliest satisfaction; he clapped his little hands as he caught sight of the revolver, for the possession of which each of these two men would

have given anything. "Daddy big lion, genpelman tiger," he shouted. "Kiddy shoot big lion!"and he grabbed the revolver eagerly. Ned saw that the child held the means of deliverance or death in his

hands, and he rallied his waning strength. "Shoot the tiger first, Kiddy!" he

"No, lion first!" shouted the child, the spirit of contradiction awakening within him. "No, no, the tiger first, darling," Ned

repeated, "and daddy will buy you a

Something in his father's manner apa supreme effort was holding down,

"Shoot! Bang! Fire!" A sharp report, a scream from the surprised child, and "Lord Jim" had sprit and where it has been placed." - versity, he appeared before Robinson. gone to his account.

Ned and his wife and Kiddy had

DO NOT SCOLD.

Women of that Temper Are Disagree-able to All and Usually Unhappy. No one is so disagreeable as the habitual scold, who is continually criticising and finding fault with those who surround her in daily life. Sons, daughters and husbands have been driven away from home because of her, and thousands fall into dangerous temptations. The scold sows seeds which bear a rich harvest for the sa-

the Pittsburg Press.

but making others so. the women are forever pounding rice. after they are captured and sometimes temper, but be calm and dignified, for eyes and despises the small things The islands swarm with insects of hours. When I next received a like claim for respect from the delinquent taste and scant regard. and the person at fault becomes your The conditions surrounding the counhopeful ending.

When properly administered a meroffending one.

Many wives have spoiled the good nature of their husbands by seizing upon some fault, trivial perhaps, and constantly dwelling upon it.

The art of pleasing consists in making our daily lives agreeable to others as well as to ourselves. To throw a grain of the ideal and of poetry into our surroundings is going to make them less commonplace and more congenial. It a woman has the tact of making others comfortable, then she is endowed with the gift of making life happy. The gracious woman shines through a collection of beautiful qualities. She not only pleases the eye by her outward air of freshness and health, but she charms the mind by a characteristic worth. The cultivation of the physical body, pro-

ness than by denunciation or scorn.

NEW-STYLE CATTLE-PUNCHING

Is Now Done by Electricity, with Remarkable Results.

The employes of the Schwarschild & "Now, mate, having called upon you Sulzberger Packing Company here

The application of electricity is made lady generally stay in hers?"-with a current passes through a stick and con-

young and sensitive females to their sticks. There are two punchers, each By this time his uncle had mounted senses! Perhaps a kiss might do it!" six feet long, in the catch pen, and his horse, and, with a wave of the As the brute approached his wife five, four feet long, in the knocking hand, rode away, while Master Kiddy with the intention of fulfilling his vile pens. The insulated wires are about was recaptured by his mother, a gen- threat, Ned, with a yell of fury, re- twenty feet long, thus covering a distle, delicate-looking girl, and after a gardless of consequences, unarmed as tance in the pens of about thirty feet pedagogy. Our great railways were in

fian. Surprised by the sudden and One hundred and twenty-five volts unexpected onslaught, "Lord Jim" of electricity are turned on. It is Two hours later Ned Hartley and his dropped his weapon, which rolled a enough to make a sharp, stinging senwife were sitting out on the verandah, few feet away from the two combasation, without leaving a mark or work began in early infancy, and a he smoking a short pipe, Lucy slowly tants. Each then endeavored with all bruise on the beef. It is said fifty

The work is done in one-half the time and with half the exertion. The sturdy stuff, and endowed with such They had been discussing their plans ed, but slowly "Lord Jim" was getting effect on the steer of the magic touch natural gifts, that they succeed by reais amusing to see. A steer touched son of their inherent superiority; others on the left hip immediately throws his succeed abundantly because they have hinderquarters as far as he can to the used their opportunities wisely, and in right. He cocks one ear straight ahead real life have pursued the same course tradesman sent me a bill in which he and one straight back, switches his which enables so many country boys tail and starts straight ahead, not car- to win fame and fortune. The more ing for a second shock.

eyes, and he seems to know that all try boy when he comes to town reaches the facetious friend. the trouble lies in the end of the out for the high places; though not all stick. He doesn't stop to get mad or find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the story. Well, that was the second howl. He has urgent business at the the exalted stations are filled in the end other end of the pen. That is exactly by men of country birth and country I owed, and I wrote him a note calling where the drivers and knockers want rearing, for they usually start out with

back rushes and dragging in with mer Speed, in Brandur Magazine. chains, for just as long as the puncher is behind, the steer is just as far as he can get in front. The savings of time and of bruised meat are also items Young Men Who Would Not Allow to be considered.

This novel instrument, says a Kansas City special to the New York Her- by side with enthusiasm for youth. the machinist in the beef beds, who when a young man deservedly beats a are considered of great importance ments in the machinery.

saving breaths, muscle and morals. Many actual dollars are saved because bruised beef is kept at the lowest min- Hoare, the Irish lawyer, was once arimum ever reached."

Neptune Perhaps. One of his Majesty's ships recently collided with another while clearing sion into contempt. out of Portsmouth docks and had her

bowsprit carried away. According to the Tatler, the captain during the troubles of Charles I., found promptly reported the disaster to the the crown in a bush, he showed it all know that there's something wrong, to admiralty in a dispatch as follows: reverence. In like manner I shall retheir minds, and that I shall hear what walk in front of me and show me crept near the men, and deliberately "My Lords: I regret to have to inform spect the king's commission, though I it is as soon as the service is over." isn't it? Besides, people don't go for where you put the swag; make an at- putting the muzzle of the shooter to your lordships that his Majesty's ship find it on a bramble." into collision with another vessel, and to his rank by the publication of some her bowsprit has been carried away." | slavish and scurrilous pamphlets. Once Promptly came an admiralty wire in in the days when Curran was poor and

> London Express. Old people bore young people. And young people should remember that find a case that did not support his they are great bores to their elders.

COUNTRY BOYS RISE.

WHY THEY EXCEL LADS BROUGHT UP IN THE CITY.

Lack of Opportunity the Bed Equipment for Serious Struggle of Life-The Town-Rred Boy Is Likely to Early Become Blase.

A country boy's lack of opportunity is

loon and clubrooms, says a writer in his best equipment for the serious All women in authority, be it at the struggle of life. This sounds paradoxihead of a home or a business depart- cal, but it is true. It is just as true as ment, should study consideration of the opposite proposition, that the greatother people's feelings. The common est hindrances a city boy has to contend scold or the continual fault-finder is with are the opportunities which beset perhaps the most disagreeable person him when young and pursue him till he in the world, not only unhappy herself, begins the real business of life-a business which each individual must carry Scolding, in one light, is really an on for himself. For the city boy everyaccomplishment-that is, when used thing is made as easy as possible. Even for the proper correction of servants pleasure becomes to him an old story and children. If you feel called upon before he is out of his teens. Brought to deliver a rebuke to a servant make up in the feverish rush of a place where it clear to that offender that your dis- great things are happening day by pleasure is justified; never lose your day, he sees the world with a cynic's remember that your bearing has much which, like the bricks in a house, go to to do with the respect that you are the upbuilding of characters and held in by those under your authority. careers. He believes in using large Never let a scolding degenerate into markers in the game of life; for pennies nagging, for if you do you lose all and small units of value he has little

critic, and a very scornful one at that. try boy are as different as possible. Let all scolding be gauged by the There is a deal of regular work that error, but do not make any one re- every country boy must do, and this buke long drawn out. Give each a regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical deited scolding quickly bears the fruit velopment which in after years is just of better behavior on the part of the as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast, perhaps, as those trained by a system; he may not be able to jump so high or so far, or excel in any of the sports upon which we bestow so much time and from his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed, and from which very little or no immediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred racehorse has a fine flight of speed and canters with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand, and for that we want the draft animals every time.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor tiful is the cultivation of the intellect, life. The country boy whose ambition which gives her the inimitable attrac- has taken him to town comes filled with cultivation of the heart, which gives novelties to him, and as he accomher those gentle graces which are to plishes this and that he feels that he is Where home is made unhappy by a but valuable. His simple tastes have great fault of the husband, if he is not been spoiled by a multiplicity of worthy of loving and saving, he is gratifications, and so he is glad of ev- his qualifications. more effectually appealed to by tender erything good that comes his way. At more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it is his duty, while the other is too apt cynically to question the value of doing anything and ask, "What is the use?"

> Of the men who have achieved great prominence and high influence in our affairs of state the country boys are at least twenty to one over the city lads. Nowadays, indeed, our cynical city lads look upon men who take an active interest in public affairs as rather low fellows and quite beneath their associations and notice. But the country boys are at the top in other lines of endeavor. In finance they are pre-eminent, and the great bank presidents of to-day in the great cities nearly all learned to read and to cipher in country schools where birch and ferule had not succumbed to the civilizing influences of scientific administrators of these great companles are in great measure from farms and country villages, from places where sense of duty developed while still the lisp of childhood lingered.

Some city boys, however, are of such and yet irritated me." honor to them for having survived their There is a look of surprise in his too great opportunities. But the counthe sound theory that what is worth . It completely does away with all having is worth striving for.—John Gil-

YOUTH AND CRABBED OLD AGE.

Themselves to Be Squelched. Our respect for age dwells in us side ald, is the invention of L. E. Unroe, Nothing gives one more of a glow than has made several other useful improve- man of an older generation. It is that glow which has made a familiar quota-Superintendent J. L. Sterrett says: tion of Pitt's famous retort to Walpole, 'The cattle puncher is a great money that crushing sentence beginning, "The saver, as well as an instrument for atroclous crime of being a young man." A judge named Robinson was noted for his peevish, sneering manner. guing in a case before him. The judge

was unusually stern, and finally roused the young barrister by accusing him of intending to bring the king's commis-

, while leaving the harbor, came Robinson was reported to have risen

reply: "Report who carried away bow- unknown, struggling against great ad-The judge tried to extinguish him. When Curran declared that he had consulted all his law books, and could not position, Robinson answered:

"I suspect your law library is rather

This brutal and unnecessary remark stung Curran's pride and roused him

at once. "It is true, my lord," he said, after a noment's contemptuous stlence, "that I am poor, and the circumstance has curtailed by library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope I have perused them well. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones."

### The Tradition of St. Swithin's Day.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Somebody at Boston has taken the trouble to expose Saint Swithin, who is shown to be a plous old fraud, and incidentally some rather interesting figures are collected showing the number of rainy days in various summers since 1872.

Saint Swithin's day, it will be re-

membered, is July 15, and the reputation of the saint is staked upon the tradition or adage which runs to the effect that if it rains on Saint Swithin's day it will rain on each of the forty days following. This did very well be- The wind-flower and the violet, they per fore the days of rain-gauges and weather bureau records, but now it does not go down. In point of fact, the tradition came nearer being true this year than for twenty years past, says the New York Evening Post. Out of the forty days this year it rained on twenty-two. This was nearly equaled heaven, as falls the plague of twenty-two. This was nearly equaled in 1896, when it rained twenty-one out of the forty days. In 1889 and 1900 the record was nineteen days, in 1872 and 1891 eighteen, in 1886 seventeen, in 1892 fifteen, and so on. As to the amount of rain, 1872 was much the wettest at this particular season, nearwhich we get so much of pleasure, but ly twice as much rain falling as in any of the years since. The next rainlest year was 1884, when St. Swithin's day was fair and clear, with not a drop of rain in Boston at least. There seems to be no relation between the amount of rain on St. Swithin's day and the amount of rainfall following. The best the saint could do of late years was in 1886, when .99 inches of rain fell, yet it was only an average wet season for the next forty days. This year's St. Swithin's day was rather wet, .70 inches falling at Boston, yet since August 1 the rainfall has been only about the average. The year 1884, when the saint's as necessary in making a woman beau- and at the same time it is the savor of day was dry, had 13.65 inches of rain during July and August.

Brushing the Peas.

It was a rosy-cheeked but pale-eyed young man who applied to Mr. Powers her what the perfume is to the flower. doing something not only interesting for the vacant position of assistant gardener. The master of the place questioned him at some length as to

"Do you know much about the care thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has of flowers? Have you had experience?" he asked.

"I've never been out to work," said the young man, "but I know all about 'em-flowers. Oh, yes, I can take care of 'em all right. Geraniums and nasturtiums and-all of 'em. Oh, you can

"Then go down that path to your right," said Mr. Powers. "When you reach the flower garden you'll see that the sweet peas need brushing; let me

see how well you can do it." The would-be gardener went as he was bidden. In less than ten minutes he reappeared, to interrupt his employer, then deep in a book on the plazza. "Excuse me, sir," said the young nan, jauntily, "but if you'll come now, I think you'll find I've brushed those peas enough. There was hardly any dust on them, anyway. Of course if you want me to keep on I can, but it looks to me like a waste of time."

A Poor Compliment. "People don't often insult you when they mean to be gracious," said an artist the other day. "Insults are the creations of ill nature, and not mere matters of words. But I had an experience to-day that made me laugh

"Somebody take one of your snow scenes for a spring landscape?" inquired an amiable friend.

"No," replied the artist, "this was not a matter of professional pride. A unintentionally charged me only about third of what I owed him."

"Thought he stood a better chance of getting it, I suppose," interrupted

"Now hold on, Billy, and let me tell time he had sent a bill for less than his attention to the error. This morning I got a letter from him in which he 'thanked me for my honesty.' A man may thank you for your courtesy, or for your kindness, but when he thanks you for being honest, it is an insult. One might as well praise a man for not beating his wife."

Testing the Sermon. The minister of a parish in a part of New England where doctrinal points and get into line. says that his test of a satisfactory sercommonly applied.

"My clerical friends in the city tell me that so long as their congregations appear wide-awake and interested they feel encouraged," he said to a visitor, "but with me it's different.

"Of course I wish to interest the congregation, but if I look over to Deacon Drew's pew, and then to Deacon Snow's, and see them with their eyes closed and heads nodding, I feel that "No, my lord," said Hoare; "I have all is well. Just as surely as I disread in a book that when a peasant, cover them wide-awake and alert after I've been preaching for ten minutes 1

A Hot One.

The amount of heat generated by a man's body in a day's work is sufficient to raise sixty-three pounds of water from freezing to boiling point.-London Answers.

Lots of women do foolish things a they can snub those who don't.

It's a great work of art to make art

# **FAVORITES**

+++++++++++++++++++++++++++

The Death of the Flowers,

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere. Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead; They rustle to the eddying gust, and to

the rabbit's tread. The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay, And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and In brighter light, and softer airs, a beau-

teous sisterhood? Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is failing where they lie; but the cold November rain

lovely ones again. ished long ago, And the brier-rose and the orchids died amid the summer glow:

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood, And the yellow sunflower by the brook autumn beauty stood,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen. And now, when comes the calm mild day,

as still such days will come, To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home; When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are

and twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill, The southwind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore, And sighs to find them in the wood and

by the stream no more. And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died, The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side. n the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief: Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours, So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers. -William Cullen Bryant.

The Dinner Hour.

O hour of all hours, the most blest upon earth, Blest hour of our dinners! The land of his birth; The face of his first love; the bills that he owes; The twaddle of friends, and venom of foes;

The sermon he heard when to church he last went: The money he borrow'd, the money he spent; All of these things a man, I believe, may

forget, not be the worse for forgetting; bu Never, never, oh, never! earth's luckiest sinner Hath, unpunish'd, forgotten the hour of his dinner! Indigestion, that conscience of every bad

stomach. Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him with some ache Or some pain; and trouble, remorseless, his best ease. As the Furies once troubled the sleep of

Orestes. We may live without poetry, music and may live without conscience, and

live without heart; We may live without friends; we may live without books; But civilized man cannot live without cooks. He may live without books-what is

knowledge but grieving? He may live without hope-what is hope but deceiving? He may live without love-what is pasion but pining? But where is the man that can live with

-Owen Meredith. Song. Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gata

sings, And Phoebus 'gins arise, His steeds to water at those springs On chaliced flowers that lies; And winking Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes: With everything that pretty is, My lady sweet, arise,

Arise, arise.

-William Shakspeare. It Was a Hopeless Case. A balky horse is an annoying creature under any circumstances, but the story of an incident which happened during a regimental drill raises the question whether such a horse may not simply be overconscientious.

The sun blazed down on a field of hot, tired horses and excited men, all waiting for a big, raw-boned animal to succumb to the urgings of the starter

"Bring up that horse!" shouted one of the officers at last, his patience havmon is the opposite of that which is ing given out. "You'll get into trouble if you don't!"

The youthful rider of the refractory horse looked at his officer despairingly. "I'm as tired of it as you are, sir," he said, with dull resignation, "but I can't help it. He's a cab horse, sir, that's what he is. He won't start till he hears the door shut, sir, and I haven't got any door to shut!"

Poet Won Against Time. "Champion poet of the town, is he?" inquired the summer boarder. "Yes, sir," replied the postmaster; "his record is three an' a half hours better'n the next fellers."

"What do you mean by that?" "Why, he wrote a poem, sent it to New York and got it back in twentyseven hours."-Philadelphia Press.

The time comes terribly soon to people when they quit staying out late nights, and join those who lie wide awake in worrying over those who are

The girls named Lillie never agree on the spelling. Some spell it Lily. others Lilly, and others Lillie,