

PATTERING FEET.

Something's a-foot; beware, beware!
Something is climbing the bedroom chair,
With here a stumble and there a slip,

Sharp little footfalls queer and quick,
Never a careful step they pick,
Never a marking a morning song,

Tipping bright on the passage floor,
Up they come to your bedroom door,
Never was music half so sweet

Dear little voices, high and clear,
Ring like a bell at his tumbled head,
Small hands pluck at his tumbled head,

Keeping the rules—it's all a game—
Out they patter as in they came,
But somehow the song moves rather slow,

And it's oh for the years that have
Passed away,
And the feet that pattered at break of
Day,

Now they tramp and stamp in the busy
Street,

And some of them seemed to tire of fun,
So they wandered away till they met the
sun.

But 'he sends them sliding along his
beds,

To patter again in your morning dreams.

WHY I RESIGNED.

WHY did I retire from the
force?
The speaker was a well-knit,
clean-shaven man, whose face, without
being handsome, revealed the possession
by its owner of intelligence and a
sensitive nature.

"I followed her closely in another cab.
She had not entered the mansion ten
seconds before I had resolved to make
some inquiries at the office on the
ground floor.

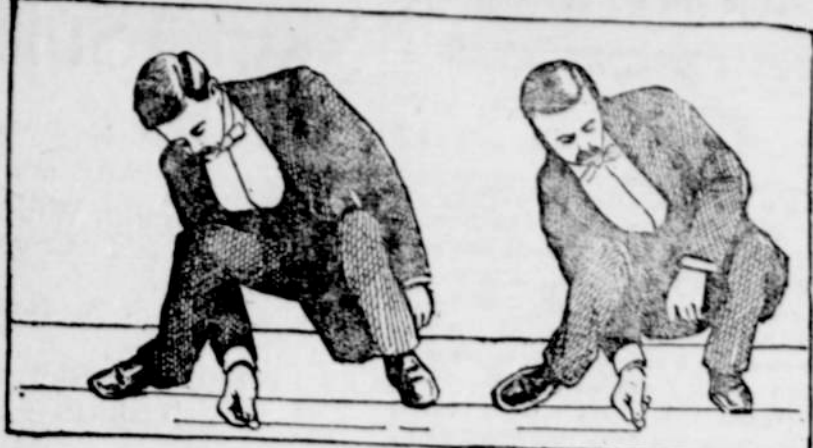
"They were a strange contrast in ap-
pearance. Rose was as dark as any
Egyptian, with heavily-arched brows,
eyes that sparkled with vitality, hair
that nestled low upon the forehead;

"Yes, Morrison," said my chief,
"these are the cutest and cleverest
frauds we have had to deal with for
some time. The notes are so accurately
executed as to deceive even the
sharpest of bank clerks.

"My heart leaped at the thought of
Northington. My sister Rose had been
suddenly married to a gentleman whom
I had never seen, but whose name did
not impress me. It was Hubert Feather-
stone Maitland. I had not been able
to attend the wedding because I was in
Paris inquiring into the De Mallinco-
tch frauds.

"I did not go to Northington for an
interview with my lodgings, after the in-
terview with the chief. I had a wife
from Rose—or rather from Mrs. Mait-
land—saying that I might expect a call
from her at any moment. She was then

ATHLETIC CONTEST FOR PARLOR FROLIC.



Here is a good game for an evening party. Let a line be drawn across a certain portion of the room and then let the men stand thereon and try which of them can draw the longest line with a piece of chalk without moving his feet. They must assume the attitude shown in the picture, namely, they must keep the left hand on or beside the knee and must only use the right hand. This seems an easy thing to do, but let anyone try it and he will soon find out that it is extremely difficult.

In London. Besides, news had come of these notes having been given an increased circulation at several West End establishments. Rose's wife gave no address. It was a bald note announcing her arrival, and was dispatched from Charing Cross.

"I was in Bond street, where as yet the forger had not commenced his depredations. I was persuaded that he would not relinquish so happy a hunting-ground, but was moody over my non-success.

"I always act upon impulse. I was attired in fashionable clothes, and I too went into the shop. The lady bought a pair of links for her husband and gave me ten pounds in exchange. She received seven pounds twelve shillings from the cashier. I had completed my inquiries as to the price of a hunter-warehouse which I did not want. When she left—her close veil had never been raised—her very movement was reminiscent. Who could she be? I saw her enter another shop eight or nine doors away.

"I followed her closely in another cab. She had not entered the mansion ten seconds before I had resolved to make some inquiries at the office on the ground floor.

"She was actually leaving the office as I approached. Yes, I heard an obsequious clerk say, as she entered the lift, 'I can assure you that to-morrow a man shall come and see what is the matter with your gas service. We cannot understand it.'

"The housemaid at 61 Overchurch Mansions was in a very unpleasant mood. 'Er—' she mumbled, 'as 'ow you was comin' 'ill to mornin'! It's most 'gravin'! An' master's bringin' some friends to dinner, and the missus' cousin is a-comin' with 'er daughter! Of course, what do it matter to you?'

"'Well, well, dear!' the man went on. 'Don't you know that on the continent we call a change notes easily? Why, what a time we shall have! We shall have to play the roles of an old staid couple in the presence of the bride and bridegroom!'

"'Reely, now,' said the supercilious housemaid to him a minute later—'you can't finish the job to-night, eh? Well, of you must go and get some piping? Well, of you must go and get some piping? Well, of you must go and get some piping?'

"I did not go to Northington for an interview with my lodgings, after the interview with the chief. I had a wife from Rose—or rather from Mrs. Maitland—saying that I might expect a call from her at any moment. She was then

HOW TO AVOID BALDNESS.

Do Not Wear Your Hat Too Tight Over Your Temples.

The writer of this squib has much hair on his head. As a young man it was black as a crow's wing, curly, the envy of rivals and the despair of imitators; as a middle-aged man, iron gray, thick, luxuriant, with no disposition to grow less. How does it happen that at this time an individual is singled out from all hair? Has it been the use of hair tonics? Is it the result of frequent indulgence in shampoos by the barber? Has he been spending money for some famous hair restorer? Nothing of the sort. None of these things has happened. It has been brought about neither by wise management nor heredity. This is the way it happened: The head upon which this luxuriant hair grows is of long diameter from before backwards, but of short diameter from side to side. That is to say a long, thin head, with rather hollow temples. This makes it impossible for him to buy a hat that fits tightly to his head. His head being so long, he is obliged to buy a 7 1/2, which is always too wide for his thin head. He has probably never worn a hat in his life that fit tightly over his temples.

Well, what has all this to do with luxuriant hair? It has much to do with it. The temporal arteries that supply the scalp with blood run up the side of the temples. The average person wears a hat that fits tightly over the temples. This constriction of the arteries and veins that supply the circulation of the blood and the pressure of the hat upon these blood vessels cut off in part the circulation of the blood to the scalp. This makes the hair unhealthy and inclined to drop out. Baldness comes on prematurely. But in case of the long-headed person we are describing, no hat could be found that would fit tightly across the temples.

It was no wisdom of his that preserved his hair, but merely the accidental shape of his head. He has always been obliged to wear a hat that touched the forehead and back of the head, but did not touch the sides of his head. This left the circulation of the blood free to the scalp. Hence the bristling, rugged, healthy mop of hair on his head. Each hair stays in its place with the tenacity of a pine stump. A pound weight would not be sufficient to pull out a single hair.

Now, if there is any lesson to be learned from all this, it is simply to avoid wearing anything on the head that presses the temples. This is probably the reason that women have a better growth of hair. It is rare indeed to see a bald-headed woman. It is very common to see a bald-headed man. Women's hats are worn as ornaments rather than for protection. They rarely touch the head at all. Men wear hats tightly chafed about the head, interfering with the circulation of the scalp. This is why they are bald. They ought to be bald if they don't know any better. Doubtless they will continue to be bald in spite of this article or anything else that can be written. Round-headed men are bound to become bald-headed, simply because their hats hug tightly to their heads.—Medical Talk.

My Friends and I.
My little low room is five flights high,
And some might think that its walls are bare;

But sweet communion my friends and I
Have often held in the silence there.
Not that they come to me,
But I go to them, for the earth's first bloom,

Whence I hope for the time to be,
These are my friends in the little low room.
Shakespeare of Stratford, Bacon, Carlyle,
Emerson, dreaming his long, long dream,
Dickens with sighs that are lost in a smile,
Milton—unblinded—the gods for his theme;

Golden, weary no more nor lone,
Chatterton, safe though the storm rides high;
Byron into his heritage grown—
Royal companionship here have I.
Homer, singing the song of strife;
Virgil, at rest by a sun-kissed shore;
Longfellow, chanting the "Psalm of Life,"
Poe, who will leave me—ah, never more!

Gentle Hawthorne of Salem town;
Whittier, thrilling the heart of the free—
One and all from my shelves look down,
Step to my side and talk to me.
Kings in your palaces, here is more—
Here, in faith, in a little low room—
Than regal state and golden store,
The crowd's mad clamor, the cannon's boom.

Shadow of the mighty come to me,
Sit and chat as the hours go by,
Prophecy things that the soul shall see—
And so we are happy, my friends and I,
—Success.

As His Child Saw Him.
A prominent real estate man in Los Angeles had an experience a few evenings ago that kept him guessing for a little bit as to whether he should feel complimented or otherwise. He was at home with one little daughter while his wife and another of the children were downtown. Darkness was coming on and the little girl was anxiously watching for her mother's return. Her nervousness grew acute, in spite of the father's attempts at reassurance. At length the little one burst into tears, saying: "I just can't help it! I need mamma, and I must have her!" "Do you do this way when your mamma is here and I'm away?" asked the father. "No, of course not," replied the little one. "Cause then there's some grown-up person about the house."—Los Angeles Herald.

Knee-Deep in Kansas.
Eugene Ware, the new commis- sioner of pensions, who, over the name of "Ironquill," long ago established his reputation as a wit and writer of verse, has been much interested for years in the condition of roads in his adopted State of Kansas. Recently R. W. Richardson, secretary of the National Good Roads Association, who is preparing to take a good roads construction train across the continent, said to Mr. Ware: "How do the farmers in Kansas stand on the road question?" "Up to their knees," was the reply.—Philadelphia Post.

CRATER OF LA SOUFRIERE, ST. VINCENT.



This view of the crater of Mount Soufriere, St. Vincent Island, was made from a photograph taken with a panoramic camera, two weeks before the eruption, by a correspondent of the New York Herald. The crater is one of the most remarkable in the world. It is three miles in circumference and has walls 1,000 feet high.

DEED OF WILSON M'FIELD.
He Saved Two Lives by His Bravery and Perseverance.
From the records of the Royal Humane Society a writer in McClure's Magazine draws the story of an obscure negro seaman whose brave deed was discovered and honored by two of the great nations of the earth. One tropical night the schooner Dolphin rested almost motionless off the Cayman rocks in Nicaragua. Crew and passengers, some twenty in all, were asleep about the deck, for it was too hot to go below. Then came such a squall as comes only in those southern seas. The sails, all set, furnished ample leverage. Within ten seconds the Dolphin was bottom up, her passengers and crew struggling in the water.

Wilson M'Field, a negro and a subject of Great Britain, was the first to come to the surface. All his twenty-seven years of life he had known those waters, and he swam like a fish. He soon succeeded in climbing upon the bottom of the vessel. Then he shouted to the others, and one by one pulled up five of the crew.

Fortunately the squall was soon over, although the sea was high. After they had drifted two hours the men heard strange sounds, like pounding within the vessel. Some thought they heard voices. The more superstitious were afraid. The night dragged on, and by daylight the sounds had grown fainter. The crew concluded that men were imprisoned within the boat, but none could devise a way to save them. Then the negro proposed to dive under and into the ship. They assured him he would never get out again, but carry- ing between his teeth one end of a rope that had been dragging from the vessel, M'Field dived, passed under the gunwale and rose in the hatch.

It was pitch dark, and the interior of the vessel was full of the floating cargo, but he kept on steadily. Finally, concluding that he had reached the cabin, he rose, and in an instant his head was above water. Yet so foul was the aid, and so narrow the space between the water and the ship's bottom, that he could hardly breathe. He could see no one, but he heard the knocking again, and called out. Then came a faint but familiar sound. "Swimming in the water," he found, he found two men braced against the cabin sides and holding their heads above water. One was a young rubber cutter, named Mallitz, and the other a native Spanish-Nicaraguan, called Obando. Both were panic-stricken, and M'Field was obliged to threaten them with instant death if they did not obey him. He fastened the rope round Mallitz, and gave the signal to pull. M'Field dived into the water along with him. In his right hand Mallitz entangled himself in the hatchway, and precious time was lost in freeing him. When they reached the surface Mallitz was unconscious and M'Field more dead than alive.

They pulled Mallitz aboard, but M'Field would not follow. As soon as the rope was free he took it in his teeth and went under, found the hatch and entered the cabin. Obando was almost uncontrollable with fear and exhaustion, but M'Field finally secured him with the rope, and gave the signal to pull up. This time the trip was made without accident, and both men were drawn on board. All the men were saved.

The United States government awarded M'Field a medal and fifty dollars in gold, and the Royal Humane Society of Great Britain gave him a silver medal.

DOMESTICS IN AFRICA.
Most Work Done by Kaffir Boys Who Take "White" Names.
An amusing picture of domestic conditions in South Africa is given by Mrs. Blow in an article in the New York Tribune. Mrs. Blow's husband was manager of a mine in South Africa, and both husband and wife lived there for several years. In recalling the domestic problem as it exists in that region, she says: "Most of the work is done by Kaffirs, who, like the Southern negroes in slavery times, are called 'boys,' no matter what their age may be. When the Kaffir boys come from the kraals no one ever uses their native names. As soon as they are brought into contact with the whites they take a 'white' name. This produces results which are not lacking in elements of humor. Among the house boys 'Knife,' 'Fork' and 'Spoon' were common names. 'Table,' 'Chair,' 'Carrage,' 'Watch' and 'Matchbox' were other names that I had in the house at various times. One of my house boys took the utilitarian name of 'Ham and Eggs.'

The Kaffirs are very fond of rice, when they learn to eat it among the whites, and one stable boy thought he had found the finest name in the world in "Rice." But the Kaffirs have the same difficulty as the Chinese in pronouncing the letter "r," and so poor Rice always called himself "Loe." The Kaffirs are the cleanest people in the world in some respects. They

WAS HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

He Missed the Explosion, but Isn't Sure It Was for the Best.

"I was never an atheist," said a northern Michigan boy who was looking about a Detroit hotel the other day, "but it used to make me smile to hear people talk about Providence doing this or that. I'll tell you why I quit smiling.

"I had an interest in an oil well in Pennsylvania, and one morning I planned to get up at an early hour and ride across country for eight miles with a teamster. I was up at the hour named, but found that the fellow had started off fifteen minutes ahead of the time set. My only recourse was to hire a buckboard, and while a man was looking around for me and I was eating breakfast there came a rumble and a crash, and I fled from the hotel, believing that an earthquake was on.

"Others thought so, too, but in the course of half an hour we got word that 400 pounds of nitroglycerin which was being hauled over the hill on a wagon had exploded. More than that, it was the same wagon I had missed getting a ride on. I went out with others to view the spot, or rather the hole. What they found of driver, horses and wagon you could have loaded on a wheelbarrow. The hole made in the highway was forty feet long, thirty wide and twenty deep, and men, horses and cattle for half a mile around were knocked silly.

"And you laid your escape to Providence, of course?" "Well, I'm not exactly sure about that," was the reply, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I told you I ceased to smile after that when anything was mentioned about Providence, but I was never quite satisfied that a mistake wasn't made.

"What sort of a mistake?" "Why, it wasn't three days after that when our well played out, the company went into bankruptcy and I've hardly been able to raise enough to pay my street-car fare since. Sometimes it seems to me that Providence stepped in to save my life, and again it seems as if he missed me on the explosion and dropped the bottom out of that well to get even. It's about an even thing, I guess, but if you've got another clear about you I'll tip the scale a little bit in favor of Providence and help me to believe that I was saved for some useful purpose."

SARAH'S SHOES.
Lady Presented Them Without Hurting Girl's Feelings.
Mrs. Anna Lyman, wife of Judge Joseph Lyman, was a fine type of the New England woman of fifty years ago. As wife of a judge she was called upon to do much entertaining, and her parties were famous in Northampton. Her daughter, Susan Lesley, in her memoirs of Mrs. Lyman, writes that no one ever declined going to Mrs. Lyman's parties.

One day, as she was preparing for an evening entertainment, she happened to look out of the window and saw a young girl, whom she liked for her talents and good heart, but who, from poverty, was not always able to go out into society. "O Sarah," called Mrs. Lyman, "I am going to have a party this evening, and all the judges are to be here! I want you to come, my dear."

"O Mrs. Lyman," said the girl, looking sadly down at her feet, "I wish I could. But I can't, for my shoes are pitiful at the toes, and this is my only pair."

"Well, Sarah," said Mrs. Lyman, brightly, "at least you'll help me get ready for my party."

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, quickly; and she helped to good advantage, with willing hands and good taste. When the work was done Mrs. Lyman accompanied her home, holding her attention with cheerful talk. Somehow, the girl hardly knew how, they were presently in the best shoe shop in the village, and when they left, Sarah had a beautiful pair of bronze shoes, and ran gaily home to dress for the party.

Their Last Words.
Mr. Rhodes was not given to high-toned talk and I suspect the story of his "last words" is a fiction. Sydney Smith observed that it seems a necessity that every distinguished man should die "with some sonorous and quotable saying in his mouth."

Mr. Pitt was supposed to have expired exclaiming, "How do I leave my country?" It was afterward established on conclusive evidence that his real last words were: "I fancy I could eat one of Bellamy's meat pies." Mr. Fox was credited with some becoming observation about public affairs, whereas his last words conveyed a requisite for barley water. Sir Robert Peel was stated to have died after an ejaculation about the blessings of cheap bread. In reality, he awoke for a few minutes, after several hours of sleep, said "God bless you all," and died. Lord Beaconsfield was reported to have exclaimed, "Any news in the Gazette?" with his last breath, whereas he muttered, "I feel overwhelmed."—London Truth.

Women Copying Men's Fashions.
Do women imitate men's fashions, or do men appropriate the ideas of the fair sex? Our opinion is that in the vast majority of cases it is the women who copy the men. For some time past the Englishman's ideal of style in clothing has been the easy-fitting waists and the emphasizing of height. Ladies have now adopted the same idea—the tall, straight figure, without form or shape.—London Tailor and Cutter.

Mineral Waters for Senators.
United States Senators are supplied with bottled mineral waters at government expense. Nearly every committee-room has something like a bar attached. It is usually in one corner, behind a screen and next to the wash-bowl. The bottles of fizz water are supplied by colored messengers, who bring them in buckets of ice, like champagne. The excuse for the expense is the poor quality of the Potomac water.

When you meet a woman on the street at any time of the day, month, or year, it is safe to bet that she is either going to, or coming from, a dressmaker's.

Few critics ever get what they are entitled to in this busy world.