

THE SONGS.

I wonder in what distant place Sweet "Ann" Rooney" still is heard. Where "Daisy Bell" has hid her face...

Princess, whose loyalty has erred To those, who wore in turn the bay— The sad, the joyful, the absurd—

"KIDDY."

YOU had better let me ride to Marville and take that money to the bank; there are ugly rumors abroad concerning "Gord Jim" and his band.

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 maiden aunt, to try his luck at cattle-rearing and sheep-breeding in Australia.

For once fickle fortune, less blind than usual, was in a generous mood, 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.

By this time his uncle had mounted his horse, and, with a wave of the hand, rode away, while Master Kiddy was recaptured by his mother, a gentle, delicate-looking girl, and after a prolonged struggle, was finally disposed of in his little bed.

Two hours later Ned Hartley and his wife were sitting out on the verandah, he smoking a short pipe, Lucy slowly rocking herself to and fro and now and then applying herself to some needle-work.

They had been discussing their plans for the long-talked-of and often deferred trip to Melbourne, and there was an unwonted look of animation in the young woman's face.

"And you really think we shall be able to do this time?" she said. "Oh, Ned, how I do long to get among people, to see houses, streets, carriages, and everything—to get away from this eternal, monotonous bush!"

"Nothing will prevent us this time, dear; unless—with a short laugh—"Jack's crackings should take definite shape—unless, in short, we should be 'rushed' and the money taken. Then 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.

LIFE OF A TEACHER IN PHILIPPINES

A 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.



A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

The islands swarm with insects of all kinds. Ants are most plentiful and most troublesome. As I am writing, the "ticks," as the children call them, or little lizards, dart across my writing table and catch the bugs that fall around the lamp.

some baby. They do not live long after they are captured and sometimes a baby will still be dragging a poor little feathered thing about even after it is dead.



GOING TO SCHOOL.

everywhere. One feels like standing and holding one's umbrella and hat all the time, that the cockroaches may not riddle them before they are used again. They will eat the stamps off letters if they are not hurried into the mail pouches.

Birds are the principal playthings of the native children. There are several kinds no larger than humming birds which are often to be seen tied by a thread to a stick or to the hand by

and blue worsteds and make tassels of the yarn. These they fill on the outside with paper flowers and the inside with real ones. The school children will also buy and bring with great eagerness any little cheap ornament to their teachers.

Sometimes we take trips on horse-back. There are no side saddles and we ride astride. The horses are very small and easy to mount. There is only one fear—that our feet may drag.

was to have brought back health and happiness to Lucy. In silence he landed the bag and notes to the ruffian, who, still keeping Ned covered with his weapon, forced him back to the verandah.

As the brute approached his wife with the intention of fulfilling his vile threat, Ned, with a yell of fury, regardless of consequences, unarmed as he was, threw himself upon the ruffian. Surprised by the sudden and unexpected onslaught, "Lord Jim" dropped his weapon, which rolled a few feet away from the two combatants.

Physically the men were well matched, but slowly "Lord Jim" was getting the upper hand. Ned's breath came in short gasps. He knew that now it was no longer for his money alone, but for his very life that he was wrestling!

There, his white nightshirt gathered up in his chubby hands, his curls still moist, his cheeks flushed from his first sleep, and his little naked feet stamping the ground in wild excitement, stood Kiddy!

The noise had disturbed him, and the sight of his father and the "gentleman" 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 which each of these two men would have given anything.

"Daddy big lion, gentleman 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 cried. "No, lion first!" shouted the child, the spirit of contradiction awakening within him.

Ned and his wife and Kiddy had their holiday at Melbourne after all—Family Herald.

ALL ABOUT BUTTONS.

Their History Traced from Time When Wooden Molds Were Used. The original button was wholly a product of needwork, but was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold, over which a cloth covering was sewed.

In 1750 one Caspar Wistar set up the manufacture of brass buttons in Philadelphia, and soon afterward Henry Whitehead began making them in New York. The buttons of George Washington and most of the continental army were made in France.

Buttons are now made of almost everything, from seaweed and cattle hoofs to mother-of-pearl and vegetable ivory. Excellent buttons are made from potatoes, which, treated chemically, become as hard as ivory.

The most important branch of the button industry of the United States is the making of pearl buttons, the material being obtained from shells gathered along the Mississippi river. The industry has practically grown up within the last ten years, says the Rebooth Sunday Herald, and its introduction is due entirely to J. F. Boepple of Muscatine, Iowa, a native of Germany, who had learned the trade abroad.

He saw that millions of dollars were going to waste in the shells known as "ligger-heads," of which tons were piled up on the banks of the river. Thousands of people are now employed in turning these shells into buttons, the little plants being found all the way from Minnesota to Missouri. Muscatine is still the great headquarters of the industry. It has forty factories. The value of the shells has risen from 50 cents to \$30 a hundredweight. And yet American buttonmaking is in its infancy, 'tis said.

QUEER STORIES

One of the fire department horses in Baltimore is extremely fond of Limburger cheese and eats it with evident relish.

A white badger, which is almost as great a rarity as a white blackbird, was killed recently by the Axe Vale (England) badger hounds.

The total number of farms in Alabama is given at 223,220, of which 129,137 are operated by white farmers and 94,083 by colored farmers.

Sweden's last census records the lowest death rate yet attained by a civilized nation. During the last ten years it only averaged 16.49 per 1,000.

According to Dr. Flügge, air will go through the walls of a closed room at a rate depending on the difference of temperature between the inside and the outside.

Instead of being a modern notion, the plan of preventing destructive storms by exploding bombs among the clouds was suggested nearly 100 years ago by Professor Parrot, of Riga, in Russia.

In respect to park area the chief American cities rank in the order following: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco, Baltimore, Pittsburg, New Orleans and Cincinnati.

Salem, N. J., was recently rid of a caterpillar plague by national guardsmen. The commissioning of their rifles discharged caused the caterpillars to loose their hold on the trees. Then they were swept up.

Every head of clover consists of about sixty flower tubes, each of which contains an infinitesimal quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit a hundred different heads of clover before retiring to the hive, and in order to obtain the sugar necessary for their tongues into therefore thrust their tongues into about 6,000 different flowers.

Before a burglar could tunnel into the money vaults of the Philadelphia mint he would have to pierce a solid rock so full of veins of water that the smallest opening is immediately flooded. The gold vaults are of steel seven inches thick, and the silver is protected by one inch of steel.

COUNTRY BOYS RISE.

WHY THEY EXCEL LAD@ BROUGHT UP IN THE CITY.

Lack of Opportunity the Best Equipment for Serious Struggle of Life—The Town-Bred Boy is Likely to Early Become Blase.

A country boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious struggle of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest hindrance a city boy has to contend with are the opportunities which beset him when young and pursue him till he begins the real business of life—a business which each individual must carry on for himself.

The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, which contributes to a physical development which in after years is just 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 which we get so much pleasure, but 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.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country boy whose ambition has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something not only interesting but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way.

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 pedagogy. Our great railways were in the main built by them, and to-day the administrators of these great companies are in great measure from farms and country villages, from places where work began in early infancy, and a sense of duty developed while still the lips of childhood lingered.

Some city boys, however, are of such sturdy stuff, and endowed with such natural gifts, that they succeed by reason of their inherent superiority; others succeed abundantly because they have used their opportunities wisely, and in real life have pursued the same course which enables so many country boys to win fame and fortune. The more honor to them for having survived their too great opportunities. But the country boy when he comes to town reaches out for the high places; though not all find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the exalted stations are filled in the end by men of country birth and country rearing, for they usually start out with the sound theory that what is worth having is worth striving for.—John Gilmer Speed, in Brandur Magazine.

Testing the Sermon. The minister of a parish in a part of New England where doctrinal points are considered of great importance says that his text of a satisfactory sermon is the opposite of that which is commonly applied.

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.

It's a great work of art to make art pay.

OLD 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 bare.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

And now, when comes the calm mid 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 bare, And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

And then I think of one who in her youthful bloom died, The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by his side.

Brushing the Peas. It was a rose-cheeked but pale-eyed young man who applied to Mr. Powers for the vacant position of assistant gardener.

"Do you know much about the care 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 trust me, sir."

"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."

"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 tradesman sent me a bill in which he unintentionally charged me only about a third of what I owed him."

"Thought he stood a better chance of getting it, I suppose," interrupted the facetious friend.

"Now hold on, Billy, and let me tell the story. Well, that was the second time he had sent a bill for less than I owed, and I wrote him a note calling 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."

Poet Won Against Time. "Champion poet of the town, is he?" inquired the reporter.

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