

"FATHER, GO WITH ME."

Sent up to bed in the dark, alone,
Where all of the corners were weird
And dim
And the shapes and the shadows
awaited him
At every turning—my little son,
Sent for some childish mischief done
At the hour when childish hearts are
high
With joy of the evening's revelry—
And his fault at worst was a tiny one!

A wistful moment his feet delayed,
Waiting to let my face relent,
And then, a pitiful penitent,
His faltering, frightened way he made;
But up in the stairway's deepest shade,
I heard him pause where their shadows
crowd
And whisper, "Father," and sob aloud,
"Father, go with me, I'm afraid."

Quick as his calling my answer leapt,
Strong as his terror my slumbering arms
Folded him close from the night's
alarms
Sheltered and comforted while he wept;
Up in the nursery's light I kept
A tender watch till he smiled again,
Till the sobs of his half-remembered
pain
Lessened and hushed, and the baby slept.

Father of love, when my day is done
And all of my trespasses written in
Not for a thoughtless or willful sin
Send me out in the dark alone;
But so as I answered my little son,
Come to the prayer of my pleading
breath
And lead me safe through the night of
death,
Father of light, when my light is gone!
—Washington Star.

MILLY'S FORTUNE.

WHOSO cravenly flies mere dis-
comfort oftentimes runs into
danger. John Hardy proved
the fact when, in an effort to escape
the bustle of preparations for his
aunt's (Mrs. Graham's) big party, he
took a tempting wood path and came
all unware upon two very pretty girls.
One stood, the moral and pattern of
Impatience; the other, half bent, was
eagerly searching through the grass
and tangle of the pathside, now parting
its greenery with two slim white
hands, now letting the hands fall at
her side, while she stooped lower, peer-
ing at some small, bare space.

"I can't come, Betty!" he heard the
searcher say plaintively. "You know
the bracelet's my mascot—Aunt Helen
said so when she gave it to me—"

"A mighty poor mascot," Betty re-
torted. "I'd throw it away rather than
wear it—rubbishy thing. It's ten years
since you got it, and we are just the
same—poor as church mice—yet bound
to live up to the Morris name. Be-
sides nothing but bad luck could hang
about this little old ugly cameo."

Hardy drew back embarrassed.
Evidently he was hearing things not
meant for stranger ears. He was on
the point of running away when a
cry of triumph, turning quickly to ter-
ror, arrested him. Instantly he darted
forward—to see the mascot's owner
upright and rigid, staring at a twig
where her bracelet hung just above the
head of a coiled and hissing snake.

"How ever shall I get it?" the girl
demanded, laying her hand appealingly
on his arm, while Betty looked on
aghast. Hardy smiled down at her,
made a stroke or two with his stout
cane, swung away the writhing reptile,
then picked the bracelet out of its
green ambush and held it towards its
owner, saying easily, "There Miss
Morris. Now I claim a reward. You
are to give me the first three waltzes
to-night."

"Why! How do you know?" Mil-
cent Morris began, amazed.
Hardy looked at her with twinkling
eyes. "You forget there is a speak-
ing likeness of you over Billy Gra-
ham's mantel at Yale," he said. "That
reminds me—Billy's my cousin—I'm
John Hardy at your service—and just
now seeking asylum from my natural
or unnatural protectors."

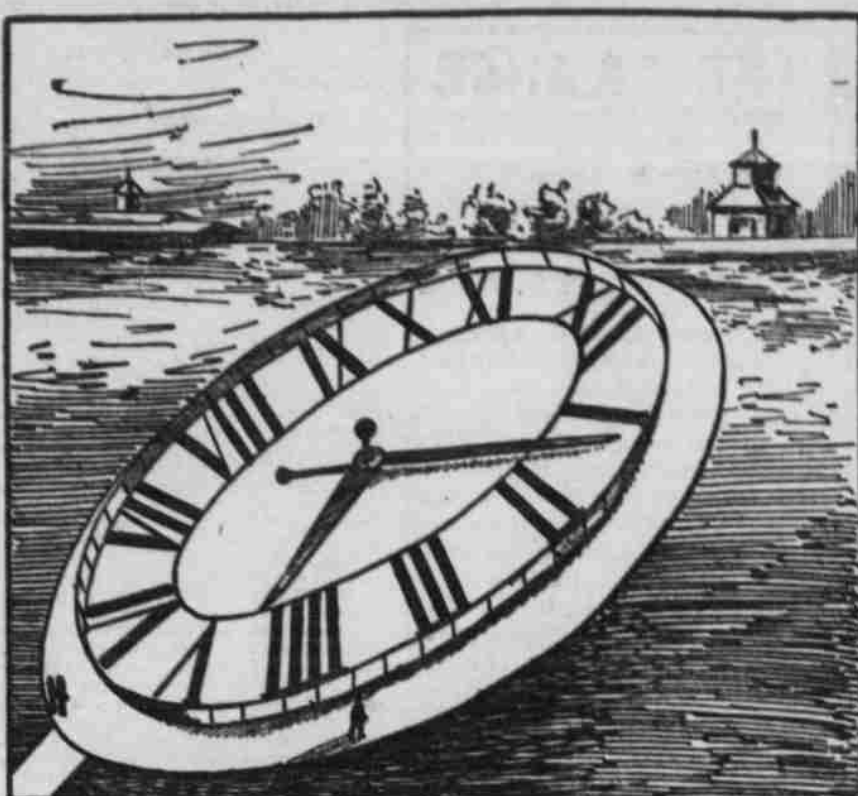
"Then come home with us. Ask
his Betty—Betty's head of the house,"
Milly returned promptly. Hardy looked
entreatingly at Betty, who answered it
hospitably enough. Thus five minutes
later he found himself walking be-
tween the two into an adorable old
garden, and on to a big, white, silent
house, the very picture of respectability.

"Yes, it is nice. I love it all—every
stick and stone and blade of grass,"
Milly said when he exclaimed over
the charm of everything. "That's the
trouble," she went on. "I want to live
here always, and Billy says when we
are married and settled down it will
have to be over there. He ought to
have Betty, not me. She likes things
new and gorgeous and well kept. If
I had my fortune I wouldn't change
much here—only put sound posts to the
gates and plant orchards and—yes, and
have a brand-new rose garden that
shouldn't put our old flowers out of
countenance—"

"Don't talk so, Milly. Mr. Hardy
will think you're out of your head.
She does get a little that way when
you start her on her fortune," Betty
said, half severely, half apologetically,
the last words, of course, to Hardy.
For a minute he did not answer—he
was staring intently at the cameo in
the recovered bracelet. "Let me look
at that, please," he said, holding out
his hand for it. "The carving is—
peculiar—still I seem to have seen it
before."

"No, you haven't," Milly said con-
fidently, but handing over the bauble.
"There is just one more like it, and
Aunt Helen had that. Her ship went
down, with all on board—that's why I
haven't got my fortune. It's some-
where, all in gold and jewels, but just

THE LARGEST TIMEPIECE IN THE WORLD.



GREAT FLORAL CLOCK AT ST. LOUIS FAIR.

Diameter of dial 112 ft. Weight of minute hand 2,500 lbs.
Length of minute hand 70 ft. Weight of bell 7,000 lbs.
Diameter of the hands across Diameter of bell at mouth 70 in.
the center 10 ft. Height of bell 60 in.
Minute hand moves each min- ute 1/60 in.

With its delicate mechanism hidden in plants, flowers of all sizes and colors, the largest and most wonderful timepiece in the world has been placed in front of the north entrance to the Palace of Agriculture at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. In a maze of vines and foliage, skilled artisans have constructed machinery similar to the works of a watch and the floral timepiece will keep as correct time as the most delicate instrument ever turned out by a Swiss watchmaker.

The clock is just sixteen times larger than any timepiece of which the world has any knowledge. The dial contains a circle of flower beds one hundred and twelve feet in diameter, and the hands are long, green pointers, the largest of which moves five feet a minute. The floral arrangement was planned by the chief of agriculture of the exposition and his assistants. The minute hand alone weighs 2,500 pounds.

where nobody knows or can find out. I'm named for her daughter that died. The bracelets were carved for poor Cousin Milly. She made the design herself. See, it's a star, and a new moon, with a flower dropping down. To think of having everything you want and dying at twenty."

"It is rather tragic," Hardy admitted. Then for five minutes he studied the cameo closely, and at last gave it back with a face pale and preoccupied. Rallying, gallantly, he talked brightly through half an hour. But once again in the woodpath he sat down for a sturdy wrestle with his own soul. He lived over again the day when the sea had cast up treasures at his feet. He was alone—it was seven years back, after a phenomenal storm. He had stood at the very edge of the hungry breakers, watching them rave and roar, when it swept tumbling in—the brass-bound oaken chest, full of gold and bank notes and precious stones, uncut, many uncut. There had been no name, no mark anywhere—only at the very bottom of all, wrapped in silk, a bracelet, a slender hoop of gold set with a fanciful cameo. He had half smiled over the pattern of it, even though he knew some heart tragedy lay back of it.

He had not told of his find—search for owners of such treasure-trove seemed so hopeless. He had meant to ask his uncle's advice, and be governed by it. Then that very night came the dispatch—the good uncle was dead, and Hardy his sole heir. Altogether fate seemed bent on forcing him to keep what he had found. He had kept it, accounting for his change of estate by a true story of inheritance greater than he had had the right to expect.

Now, he knew where the bulk of his fortune belonged.

Almost he persuaded himself to hurry back to the city, take up the accusing graven stone and pound it to powder. Suddenly, somewhere high above his head, a robin sang clear and gay. The sound brought back to him a country church—himself a restless little boy, sitting at his mother's side, and suddenly growing calm as together they got to their feet and repeated in unison with the rest the Lord's Prayer.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." It rang in his ears like the voice of a friend. He had flung himself face down upon mossy turf. Instantly he was up, and racing back toward the Morris home fast as his feet could go. There he burst in upon Milly and Betty, wild-eyed and white-faced, but joyous in deed, told them everything—making no reserve even over his temptation and how he had been saved from it, and wound up with: "Now my soul is at peace; I can dance and be happy. Let things stand until to-morrow, please! It would be cruel, almost inhuman, to spring a sensation such as this, and eclipse Aunt Harriet's party."

"We would never, never do that," Milly said joyously. "She hates me enough as it is—because Billy likes me. She thinks, as I do, he is quite wasted on me. Indeed, she said to him when he told her we were engaged: 'Oh, you idiot! Why didn't you take Betty?'"

Billy asked himself that question before the party was over. He got home an hour before the guests assembled. Betty was easily far and away the star of them. All in filmy white, with strands of dull red coral at her throat and twined in her golden hair, she was so ravishing it is small wonder Billy's ravish heart wavered. In the third waits he capitulated—lost his head entirely, and was only saved from making himself a pretty spectacle by Betty's superior poise. Betty was shrewdly observant—she had read Hardy's face like an open book while he waltzed with Milly. So she managed it that the four of them should

meet in a shrubby nook outside the dancing tent. There things straightened themselves, with hardly a word spoken. But next day, with the great news of Milly's fortune, the world heard that she had lost a lover and gained a brother in Billy Graham.—San Francisco Call.

Substitute for Pumice.

Artificial pumice is made in quantities in Bietigheim in the valley of the Rhine in Germany, which is said to be a valuable substitute for the genuine stone, according to the New York Post. It is made from ground sandstone and clay, and there are ten kinds, differing from each other in regard to hardness and grain as follows: (1) a hard and a soft kind with coarse grain, particularly useful in the leather, wax, cloth, felt and wood industries; (2) a hard and a soft kind with medium coarse grain, suited to stucco workers and sculptors and particularly useful for polishing wood before it is painted; (3) a soft, fine-grained stone for the white and dry polish of wood and for tin goods; (4) one of medium hardness with fine grain, for giving the wood a surface for an oil polish; (5) a hard, fine-grained one for working metals and stones, especially lithographic stones; and finally pumice stones with a very fine grain.

These artificial stones are used in pretty much the same way as those of volcanic origin. For giving a smooth surface to wood, a dry stone is applied, but to give it a fine polish the stone is dipped in oil. For the fine work no coarse-grained and for coarse work no fine-grained stones are used. The unreliability of pumice, both in grain and hardness, variations being noted even in the same place, suggested the idea of replacing it with the artificial product.

Yes, If You Do It Daily.

I ran hard to overtake a street car recently and asked a physician upon the car whether it was a safe thing to do. "Yes," he replied, "if you do it every day." Here is a point in regard to vigorous exercise. If we practice running daily we strengthen the heart and lungs and no injury is done, providing we start moderately. But if we make a desperate run only once a month we are liable to overtax the heart, and if the heart is not in a healthy condition are liable to lose our lives. It is possible for a human being to endure great strain, great cold, great heat, or great misfortunes of every kind providing he accustoms himself to such changes gradually. The firemen in the holds of ocean steamers endure for hours at a time heat in which those unaccustomed would perish in a short time. The Eskimoes of the north can lead a comfortable life for long periods where an ordinary man unaccustomed to the cold would soon perish. The lesson is then that whatever changes we make we should make moderately, thus accustoming ourselves to the change. It is advised that consumptives and others should sleep outdoors, or in rooms with the window well raised even on cold nights, but remember that this change must not be made suddenly from a hot room to excessive cold.

Duties of Office.

Head of Bureau—I suppose you know something of the duties of the office?

Applicant—Oh, yes. They are to come late, go home early and do as little as possible while you are here.

Head of Bureau—Quite satisfactory; you must have held public office before.—Boston Transcript.

An Improvement.

"He boasts that he came from a good family."

"Well, I don't doubt that it's a good deal better since he came from it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



"This traveling business is all right as long as you stick to getting orders," said the young man as he wearily put down his grips and registered. "But sometimes a fellow makes a fool of himself."

"Why, what's wrong?" asked the hotel clerk, as he wrote the traveler's name down on a little slip of white paper.

"You know Jackson—that grocery salesman who stops here. I met him on the train up in Wisconsin among the inland lakes. Every time the train stopped some prosperous-looking man would get on with a bunch of ducks. By the time we had reached Oshkosh Jackson and I had it all fixed up that we would go duck hunting. He said he was born and raised in that part of the country and knew of an old slough that the ducks simply couldn't pass, and we could shoot as many as the law allowed. It is fine to plan a hunting trip—better than getting orders on the books."

"We rented a complete outfit, from suits to guns, and started early in the afternoon. It was a fine day for ducks—so the man said who rented us the outfit and held all the rest of our money on deposit—in case we didn't come back."

"I don't want to be a knocker, but I really don't think Jackson knows much about duck shooting. We sneaked along the shores of a small river, then along a lake, crawling under barbed-wire fences and over wooden fences and making new trails through thick underbrush. It snowed most of the time and rained the rest. I never saw so many ducks before in my life, but

they were always on the opposite side of the river or they would fly away before we could get a shot at them. Jackson and I didn't claim to be good shots and we didn't care to run the chances of shooting any stray hunters."

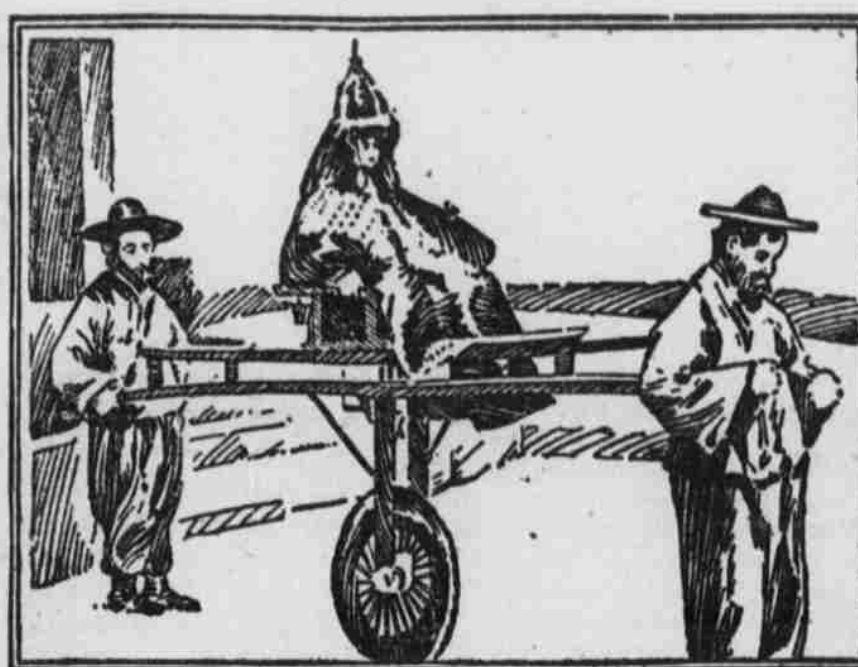
"I got disgusted and suggested going back, but the grocery salesman said we must go to that old slough where he had never failed to get at least three or four ducks with one shot. We dragged ourselves along another mile or two, but felt repaid when we saw a little bay half covered with ducks. Jackson said they were mallards. We crawled along on the wet ground until we were within shooting distance."

"Suddenly we heard people talking. Looking up, we saw a new farmhouse just a little back from the lake. Then an awful suspicion flashed through our minds at the same time. Jackson said they must be tame ducks belonging to a farmer. They certainly did appear civilized—didn't seem to be worrying a bit about being shot, and kept getting nearer and nearer. But we didn't dare run the risk of shooting tame ducks. We didn't care to run the risk of getting arrested, as it might hurt our employers' feelings to see our names in the paper when we were supposed to be getting orders."

"In a disgusted frame of mind we started for home, and hadn't gone ten yards when that whole flock started to fly away, but shots from real hunters made a lot of them change their minds."

"No, I don't believe I want any more duck shooting—it's too much like work, and if one isn't willing to take big risks he gets left."—Chicago Daily News.

THE HANSON OF KOREA.



A FAVORITE MODE OF TRAVEL.

The means of locomotion most affected in Korea is shown in the accompanying cut, and it is largely used by officials of the Hermit Kingdom in making official calls and transacting public business. It is somewhat different from the Chinese wheelbarrow, yet very similar to it. The coolies who propel these vehicles allow the wheel to come in contact with the ground only at intervals and at such places as the surface is comparatively level. They cover the ground with great celerity on occasions when they are prodded by the distinguished person whom they have the honor to have as passenger.

A HELPFUL TEACHER.

School life in Scotland seems not to show all the discipline by which Scottish life has been stiffened for so many centuries. Clifton Johnson thus describes in "The Land of Heather" a little school in a Scottish glen, when the master put his children on exhibition for the benefit of his American visitor:

"Stand, then," said the master.
The children stood up and repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison.

"Sit, then," said the master.
Usually the session began with the singing of a hymn, but the dominie explained that as several of his best singers were absent, he did not feel like having the singing before a stranger.

At the close of the prayer he asked several pupils to repeat certain of the commandments, and tell what was meant by them. The whole hour was spent in these and other exercises of a religious character. The master said it was the hour of "the conscience clause." Attendance was not compulsory, and any parents who chose could keep their children out till it was over. But as a matter of fact, few of them took advantage of this privilege.

At 10 o'clock the master called off the 36 names he had on his roll, and then he bade his oldest class read Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Battle of Flodden."

This class of seniors, which the master spoke of as "the sixth standard," recited sitting in the corner next the platform, with their backs against the continuous wall desk. Every child kept the same key of voice right through, and only used punctuation marks to catch breath. One would think the poem itself conveyed no meaning to their minds, and that they were simply reciting a list of words.

After the reading the master put some questions to the class, beginning with, "Where is Flodden?" If the ones questioned hesitated, he hastened

their wits by exclaiming, "Come on, now!"

Besides geographical and historical questions he asked meanings of words, had the pupils parse and spell, and sometimes called for the Latin derivation of a word. When he had doubts as to whether the children were going to answer, he would give a partial reply himself, as, for instance, when he asked, "What is the meaning of volley?" Pause. "What is it, Jessie?" Anxious silence, which the master breaks by saying, "A great many guns." He lingered over every word in the hope that the girl would catch the cue—"going off at the same time."

"Time," says Jessie, quickly, and that passed for an answer. The pupils picked the final word of an answer off the teacher's tongue in that way again and again, and he would dwell on the first letter of the key-word as long as he could, and lean forward in keen anxiety that the pupil should not force him to pronounce it all. Usually his efforts met with a prompt reward, and he could settle back in relief and in pride over his pupils' ability.

Master of the House.

A tale is told of a family consisting of two members, a middle-aged, undersized man and his strapping, belligerent wife, a woman whose temper was worse than uncertain.

One evening, just at dusk, the neighbors were startled by hearing shrieks, thumps and other unaccustomed noises issuing from the house, and supposing that the place had been entered by burglars several persons went in at the open door and proceeded to investigate.

The sounds came from an upper room. Rushing upstairs, the intruders found open a door, to discover the stalwart lady of the house brandishing a rolling pin, while her unfortunate other half, huddled against the wall under the bed, was piping in a quavering voice:

"I will be master in my own house! I will be master in my own house!"

If a woman can't keep a secret she can always find some other woman to help.

Straighten Up

The main muscular supports of body weaken and let you under

Backache

or Lambo. To restore, strengthen and straighten up, use

St. Jacobs Oil

Price 25c. and 50c.

PETRIFIED MILK.

It Is One of the Achievements of Modern Chemistry.

"Chemistry is incessantly at work to create new industrial values from substances heretofore considered valueless," says Consul General Guenther at Frankfurt in a report to the newly invented "milk stone," or petrified milk.

"It is a well known fact," said he, quoting expert authority, "that the success of a creamery, where the chief source of profit is, of course, butter, does not depend so much upon the cost of production and the selling price of butter as on the profits derived from the skimmed milk. The right market for the milk skimmed for the purpose of butter making is really the vital question of the milk industry. Skimmed milk has been used for various purposes—for the manufacture of sugar of milk, as food for animals and for milk champagne, which is skimmed milk mixed with fruit juices and impregnated with carbonic acid. A rather large percentage of skimmed milk is also separated into its component parts, which are then worked up. The casein serves for the manufacture of cheese; also for glue, putty and isolating substances."

"But all these different uses of skimmed milk did not solve the question most favorably. This, however, is now expected from the newly invented petrified milk. It is manufactured in the following manner:

"By a chemical process the casein is precipitated as a yellowish-brown powder, which is mixed with formaline. Thereby a hornlike product is formed, called milk stone. This substance, with various admixtures, forms a substitute for horn, turtle shell, ivory, celluloid, marble, amber and hard rubber. Handles for knives and forks, paper cutters, crayons, pipes, cigar holders, seals, marbles, stone ornaments and billiard balls are now made of skimmed milk. The insolubility of galath, its easy working, elasticity and proof against fire make it very desirable. Already 20,000 quarts of skimmed milk are daily used for this purpose in Austria."



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. If she would be all that she may, she must guard well against the signs of ill health. Mrs. Brown tells her story for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

"DEAR MR. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was; and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time, I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that, and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWER, 31 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President Mothers Club.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

PINKHAM'S CURE FOR

WHOLELY ALL THE FAULTS OF THE WOMAN'S SYSTEM. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION