

ROCKING THE BOYS TO SLEEP.

I sit me down in the twilight cool
Of a busy summer's day,
And close my eyes, and live again
The time so far away.

When Eddie and James and John were here,
And the tears to my eyes will creep,
For I seem to sit in the old brown chair,
A-rockin' the boys to sleep.

I bring John back from a home of wealth,
Where fame and honor dwell,
And sing and rock him to sleep once more,
More happy than tongue can tell.

I have the storms on a shoreless sea
Where tempest and surges sweep,
And James is here and I rock again
My wandering boy to sleep.

I build a stair to the heavens tall,
And reach in its sweet domain
For little Eddie and bring him back
To my lonely home again;

My throbbing heart is heavy now
With a yearning strong and deep,
As I smooth the curls of my only babe
And rock him once more to sleep.

They say the old chair is useless now,
'Tis creaking, and dull with age,
And must be forever put aside,
Like a well learned, worn-out page.

But the old brown chair sings a song to me,
As it whispers of other years,
And it tells of the roughened places smoothed,
And murmurs of childish tears.

Yes, the old chair tells in an undertone,
In a voice so creaking and old,
Of the comfort it gave through summer's heat,
As well as in winter's cold;

How those little dependent lives were soothed
Through their childish sorrows deep,
As it did its best to ease each pain,
While rocking the boys to sleep.

Telescope.

The Lost Bracelet.

MYRA KENT was sitting in a low chair on the balcony, her head leaned back, her eyes lowered to the face of the young man who lounged on the steps near her—a handsome young man, the "second Adonis," the ladies were wont to call him.

"What an awful pity that Tom Rowen has no money," they said to themselves, with the most pathetic emphasis. "His face and his manners are perfect."

"They like to flirt with me," he said, with a smile of self-disdain, "but they know better than to say 'Yes' to me." To an observer, her eyes seemed resting on his now, but he knew they were only idly glancing.

"Do you value the trinket so highly?" Rowen had just asked. "The trinket?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "I do not call it a trinket. It is a most precious relic; it has been in the family almost 200 years. I would give anything to have the bracelet back again—anything!"

"Let us be practical. What would you bestow upon the man who will restore your bracelet to you?" "Anything—anything!" cried Miss Kent, sitting upright, her eyes sparkling. "You have no idea how much I want that bracelet! Besides my affection for it, do you know there is a legend connected with it, to the effect that so long as it is kept in the family, good luck will never desert the Kents?"

"But the reward?" quietly persisted the young man. Myra Kent laughed—the sweet, sincere laugh which Rowen had come to know so well, and which was so different from that of most girls of fashion. "There is little I would not give," she said, half in earnest. "I believe I would give my hand, if the man did me the honor to want it."

Tom Rowen rose to his feet. Though his eyes glowed peculiarly, though his face was pale, he yet commanded his voice, so as to say, mockingly: "Of course, Miss Kent, you are safe enough in adding that last clause to your offer of reward. You know the bracelet is gone irretrievably. You lost it on the highway more than a week ago; you have yourself looked over every foot of the road. Some tramp has found it; it is probably in some obscure pawnbroker's shop by this time." He added a few more words on some other subject, and then he sauntered slowly away down one of the walks of the garden and disappeared among the trees.

see Miss Kent, who wondered at his absence.

But why should she remember him? Was not rich young Townsend, who was said to be "dying for her," ready at her call? And were there not picnics and parties, and excursions, in which Myra Kent was the principal figure?

Rowen often asked himself if the girl knew that she had not seen him. It was in vain that he scoffed at himself, for every hour in the day he must own that he loved her—that the thought that he must live his life without her was so unbearable to him that he fought against it.

On the fourth day from that on which the conversation on the balcony had been held, Rowen said that he would give this one day to the search, and, if the bauble was not found, he would summarily cut short the fascination which bound him—he would take the evening train to London.

"I think I am losing my senses," he said, as he strolled down the road, his eyes fixed on the ground, his cigar forgotten between his lips. There was a rustle in the bushes, a shrill bark sounded, and then out dashed a little Skye terrier, who flew at Rowen in an exuberance of gladness at sight of him.

Rowen stopped to caress the creature, which belonged to Myra Kent, and was her constant companion. The young man's eyes glanced about, hoping to see the dog's mistress; but no one appeared, and at last Rowen was sure she was not near.

Instead of going back in a few moments the dog kept near, and at last, when Rowen tried to drive him away, Alfried persisted in remaining. "You are not at all like your mistress," said Rowen, with some bitterness. "She would not manifest such delight at being with me."

The man and dog went on slowly, and it was not until some minutes had passed that Rowen noticed that the terrier continually turned back and looked at him as if asking him to come.

Idly at last Rowen turned and followed Alfried, who leaped a stone wall and flew across a field covered with faded golden rod. He uttered a series of barks of satisfaction as he went, and was constantly turning about to see that Rowen followed. He went faster and faster, so that finally Rowen was nearly running to keep him in sight.

Suddenly the dog leaped and scrambled down the steep bank of a dry water course, and when Rowen came to the edge and looked down he uttered an exclamation of alarm and surprise and then swung himself down from a birch tree and fell rather than walked to a place where lay a figure whose blue dress and bright scarf were familiar to his eyes.

"Myra!" he cried, as he flung himself down by her. All his love and agony were in that word. He had feared to find her senseless, dead, but she looked at him, and a faint smile came to her white lips. As she met his eyes, as the fire in them poured down upon her, a tinge of color came into her face.

"I think most of my ribs are broken, and perhaps the rest of my bones," she said, with an effort at speaking as lightly as her words sounded. "But I've found my bracelet." As she spoke the last words her face turned deathly white, and she sank still further back in unconsciousness.

A quarter of an hour later, when life returned to her, she found herself supported in Rowen's arms, and before she opened her eyes she felt a pair of trembling lips pressed passionately up to her own.

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" murmured Rowen. "I was wild—I thought you dead! May you never suffer as I have." She tried to withdraw herself, but he held her fast; he could not let her go. There was something in her face that emboldened him, that made his hopes rise intoxicatingly.

"And now that I am not dead?" she whispered, at last. "Ah, now—now I will never let you go!" he exclaimed, holding her yet closer. "Have you ever guessed how I love you?" "Yes—I half fancied—but—was the low response.

"But what?" "I dared not think of it because—because I was afraid I should discover that I loved you!" was the delicious reply. A few moments after he said: "I intended to have found that bracelet myself."

"It's all the same," she said, shyly smiling, "since I have found it." Spare Moments.

The Bone Jingle. Every one knows the helpful little rhyme beginning "Thirty days hath September," and the scholars who are "grinding away" at anatomy will perhaps find this one of some value:

How many bones in the human face? Fourteen, when they're all in place. How many bones in the human head? Eight, my child, as I've often said. How many bones in the human ear? Four in each, and they help to hear. How many bones in the human spine? Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

"You're a coward!" A sentence calculated to make any schoolboy clench his fists and promptly endeavor to make his accuser prove or eat his words. "Yes, of course you are, or you wouldn't tell that you were one of the party that upset old Mother Tuck's cart," and Dan Isaacs, the bully of the school, scowled at the delicate-looking, slim lad, who stood quietly, if nervously, before him in the cricket ground.

"Perhaps I am," was the reply, "but then I did not pocket any of the old woman's apples afterwards," and Dicky Ford growled as he went on: "No, a spree is one thing, but to rob a poor apple woman is very different."

"I'll knock your young head off, if you say that again," roared Dan, crimson with rage and the knowledge of his meanness, which he thought had not been seen by any of the other boys. But Dicky, lighter of foot than his persecutor, had scudded off to the other end of the field.

Presently there was a noise of men and women shouting and screaming in the road close by, and every boy ran to the wall that bounded the cricket field. Down the road at a terrific pace came a mad bull, followed by scores of men and boys at a respectful distance.

The sight of the boys on the wall attracted its attention, and with a bellow it turned on them, tearing headlong at the wall with a mad bound. Of course, the boys scattered in all directions as the animal half fell, half cleared the wall, and then scrambling to its feet, stood for a second before charging the fleeing crowd.

Nobody in the hurry had noticed that Dan Isaacs had sprained his ankle as he jumped from the wall, and was trying painfully to escape the notice of the bull by crawling into the shelter of the little clump of trees in the corner of the cricket ground.

Suddenly, the furious beast caught sight of him, and with a fierce bellow turned on him. Poor Dan, nearly dead with fright and pain, just managed to elude the mad rush by the aid of a friendly tree, but a few minutes of dodging tired him out, and he screamed for help, while the men and boys seemed paralyzed and unable to suggest any means of diverting the bull's attention.

Then they all held their breath in fright, as little Dicky, with a shout, burst to the front, dribbling before him a football right up to the bull. "Come back, come back!" they cried, "you'll be killed!"

But Dicky was no coward now. With a firm kick he sent the ball slap in the face of the bull as he was on the point of tossing the now fagged-out Dan. Staggered by the sudden sting of the ball the beast in his blind rage turned to follow the football as it rebounded from its head, seeing in it a new enemy, and, butting at it fiercely, was soon at the other end of the field, while the boys helped the badly-frightened Dan over the wall and hurried over themselves as two men with rifles made their appearance.

Stopping for a while to take breath the bull glared around him as if uncertain what to do next. He had not much time for decision, however, as two reports rang out heavily on the air, and the bull fell headlong, rose with a roar of pain and anger, and then, as another shot echoed against the school walls, fell again, with a thud, this time with a bullet through his heart.

"Three cheers for Dicky Ford!" shouted the boys, as they gathered round the dead beast. And they gave them, too, with a will, while Dan, with tears in his eyes, in broken tones begged Dicky's pardon for calling him a coward.

"Fancy going for a bull with a football!" they all cried; "why, nobody but Dicky would have thought of such a thing." "I don't know why I did it," said Dick, blushing at the enthusiastic greetings of the other boys; "but I just thought perhaps a kick at the bull with a football might take his attention away from Dan."

"Hurrah for Dicky Ford!" they all shouted again; and Dicky could help thinking that he had had, after all, his revenge on the boy who called him a coward.—Waverley Magazine.

Church Cats. There exists in Naples a race of cats which live in churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to eat the mice which infest all old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation, or sitting gravely before the altar during the time of mass.

Acetyl-ne-Gas Signals. From Corfe castle to Bournemouth West Cliff English military men have passed acetyl-ne gas signals, a distance of twelve miles—the message being clear to the naked eye.

Varying Effects of Frost. Frost has a variety of effects upon different products. Under the same influence eggs will burst, apples contract and potatoes turn black.

How many bones in the ankle strong?

Seven in each, but none are long. How many bones in the ball of the foot? Five in each, as the palms are put. How many bones in the toes, half a score? Twenty-eight, and there are no more.



He fished the whole long morning through. The whole long afternoon, Until above the chimney tops Peeped up the laughing moon.

Then winding up his line, he said, "They will not bite to-day; It must have been those barking dogs That scared the fish away."

Took Them Along. Anecdotes of dogs are innumerable. An entertaining one tells of a farmer, who, having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful that he determined to steal it, and, instead of sending it back, he locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to its master, and, to that person's great astonishment, drove the whole flock home again.

Who Was Shot? A duel was once fought by two men named Shott and Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but that Shott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. On trial it might appear that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or it might be possible that the shot Shott shot himself, when the whole affair would be as at first, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; any way, it is hard to tell who was shot.

To Be Gentlemen. The students of the Waterloo high school of Auburn, Ind., have subscribed to the following rules of propriety, which marks quite a departure from the usual rowdyism of college boys:

- 1. We will not communicate nor ask to communicate while in the school building.
2. We will keep refined positions in our school seats.
3. We will cultivate a light step.
4. We will not ask for individual favors.
5. We will prepare all writing material in the morning.

Thought All Dogs Barked. "Are you an old sea-dog?" asked 4-year-old Bobby of his sailor uncle, whom he had just met for the first time.

"Yes, that's what they call me," was the reply. "Well, then," continued Bobby, "let me hear you bark."

He Divided Equally. "Robbie, did you divide the orange in equal parts between your little friend and yourself?" "Yes; I gave him all the outside and took all the inside."

Wonderful. Nerve of a Man with Broken Leg Hoping Toward Home. William Francis, 42 years old, of 306 Van Sicken avenue, Brooklyn, astonished the police of the Liberty Avenue Station, in that borough, with a remarkable exhibition of nerve. Francis was found on the street near the Van Sicken Avenue Station of the Kings County Elevated Railroad hopping along on one foot in the direction of his home. He would fall, and then, with great effort, pick himself up again and continue hopping.

"What's the matter with you?" asked a policeman. "Guess I've broken my leg," returned Francis, quietly. "Broken your leg? Where did it happen?" gasped the surprised policeman.

"Oh, I fell on a sidewalk over in Manhattan," replied Francis, about to resume his hopping toward home. The policeman stopped him. "Do you mean to say that you came all the way from Manhattan to East New York with a broken leg?" he asked in amazement.

"Why, yes; I thought the best thing I could do would be to come home, and I came." "How'd you come?" "By the elevated." The policeman called an ambulance, and after Francis had been attended by the surgeon he was taken to his home.

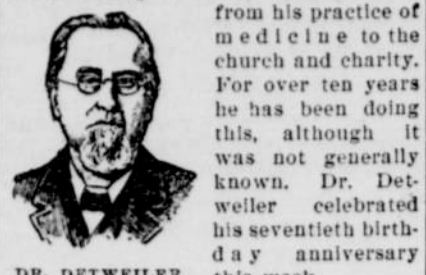
"Gee, I suppose if he'd broken both his legs he'd have walked home on his hands," declared the policeman in profound admiration of Francis' nerve.—New York Times.

Cremation in London. In 1885 only three bodies were disposed of by the London Cremation Society. In 1898 the number had risen to 240.

To Make a Holiday. The average number of horses killed in Spanish bull fights every year exceeds 5,000, while from 1,000 to 1,200 bulls are sacrificed.

GIVES AWAY HIS INCOME.

A Reading Physician Whose Profits Go to Church and Charity. Dr. Isaac Detweiler, of Reading, Pa., is probably the only physician in the world who gives every dollar derived from his practice of medicine to the church and charity.



For over ten years he has been doing this, although it was not generally known. Dr. Detweiler celebrated his seventieth birthday anniversary this week.

Dr. Detweiler has lived in Reading thirty-six years. When starting out in life he made a vow that as he prospered in his profession or business he would give a certain percentage to the cause of religion and charity. He has done so. More than ten years ago he made another vow that whatever income he might derive thereafter from his practice of medicine would be given in these good causes. The amount of money he has given since then aggregates tens of thousands. Although today not considering himself an active practitioner, his receipts from his profession last year amounted to probably \$140 a month, all of which was or will be donated to religious and charitable purposes.

During the Spanish-American war he contributed \$225 for the purchase of Bibles and testaments for the soldiers, and he paid for much other religious literature that was sent to them.

Candy for the Soldiers. Candy of good quality, consisting of mixed chocolate creams, lemon drops, coconut maroons and acidulated fruit drops, has been added to the regular ration of the American soldier. One New York firm has shipped more than fifty tons of confectionery during the past year for the troops in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. The use of candy as an army ration originated in some experiments on the diet of the troops conducted by the German government ten years ago. They showed that the addition of candy and chocolate to the regular ration greatly improved the health and endurance of the troops using it. Since that time the German government has issued cakes of chocolate and a limited amount of other confectionery. The Queen forwarded five hundred thousand pounds of chocolate in half-pound packages as a Christmas treat for the troops in the Transvaal. American jam manufacturers are considering a movement to add jam to the army ration, it having been found wholesome for the British army.

"Bridge," or "Russian Whist." America has already rivaled England as a home for whist; it will be interesting to see whether we shall also follow the example of our trans-Atlantic cousins in the mania for "bridge," or "Russian whist," which is now all the rage in London, and in many card circles has made whist as obsolete as "Boston." It is a sort of dummy whist. Different suits of cards give different values to the tricks, the red suits, for example, being more valuable than the black. The dealer does not turn up a trump card, but has the privilege of making any suit he pleases trumps, or may declare no trumps, which increases the value of the tricks. This value, also, may be doubled again and again by the holders of good hands, so that it is a game of uncertainties. The best authorities use the American leads, which are rather dropping out of use in English whist. A treatise on bridge by Archibald Dunn, Jr., has lately been published in England, and there is likely to be demand for American books.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Since Maw Joined the Club. My maw has joined some woman's club, an' I ain't doin' a thing. But havin' just the balliest time I've ever had, by jing.

I go out every day and play all around the neighborhood, an' no one tells me when I start, "Remember, now; be good." If I feel like it, I believe, an' if I don't I'm tough.

An' when the other kids get gay, I give their ears a cuff. For I'm the whole thing round here now an' I ain't no cheap dub.

Since my maw went downtown one day an' joined a woman's club. I can't spend time to go to school; I have to stay at home.

An' mind the bell and take the cards of visitors that come. It's heaps of fun to meet a lot of ladies at the door.

An' tell them that my maw is not a livin' here no more. I gab about my paw and me, an' sometimes almost die.

To see 'em wriggle round an' try to find the reason why; I s'pose they think she's been divorced, an' all that flub-a-dub—I tell you, life's a picnic since maw joined a woman's club.

My paw an' I get dinner now down to a restaurant. An' he's as good as he can be an' give me what I want; I have ice cream—all I can eat—an' oranges an' such, an' every night I eat enough, paw says, to kill the Dutch; I get plum puddin', pie an' cake, an' coffee strong an' black, just like the kind they bring to paw an' he don't send it back.

I like to live like this, you bet, we have such bully grub, an' I shan't kick if my maw goes an' joins another club. —Minneapolis Journal.

Stopped His Paper. The Judge at Beira, South Africa, has stopped the issue of the Beira Post for two weeks, as the responsible editor necessary by the Portuguese law, Senor Luciano Lanna, has been condemned to that length of imprisonment for some technical offense committed twelve months ago when he was Commissary of Police.

Comets. No comet, so far as is known, has ever come in contact with the earth or mingled its substance with our atmosphere. The nearest approach ever observed was the comet of 1770, which approached to within 1,400,000 miles of our planet.

Paternity Encouraged. French parents possessing seven or more children have certain exemptions from taxation. In France there are 150,000 families so exempted. The actions of a small man sometimes make him great.

HOUSE RENTS HIGH IN LONDON.

Desirable Quarters Command Big Rates in the World's Metropolis. Pretty nearly everybody understands, of course, that house rents are very considerably greater in London than they are in provincial towns, and that in the metropolis they vary greatly, and are very stiff in the regions in which society hovers. But a writer in Tit-Bits ventures to think that even few Londoners have much idea of the enormous figures paid for the rentals of fashionable houses in Belgravia and Mayfair, or realize how few square yards of the west end it takes to produce a million sterling in this way.

Now, take, to start with, Park lane, that highly fashionable thoroughfare. It is rather staggering to learn that \$50,000 a year is really not at all very extravagant rent to pay for a good house in this quarter! The plain, simple fact of the matter is, however, that you cannot get a decent house here for less than \$15,000, and even such a one would only have three or four bedrooms, and, generally speaking, would not have greater accommodations than a house at \$250 or \$300 a year in the suburbs, or at half that price in a provincial town.

Grosvenor square and Berkeley square are renowned headquarters of society, which pays astonishingly for its residence there. Consider the former first. The whole square comprises fewer than sixty houses, but it is a fact that their combined annual rental is about \$750,000! Big as the rents are, getting a house here is a matter of great difficulty and seldom is there one to let for long. Nothing can be got for less than \$5,000 a year and from this figure an intending tenant may go up to \$30,000 a year.

Berkeley square is likewise difficult to get into. It is rather old-fashioned and severe and the average man or woman from the country might not be able to see anything about the houses which would justify a heavy drain being made upon a tenant's pocket. But all the same houses here are always at a premium and you will not get much of a residence for \$2,500 a year, nor yet, so far as that goes, is the accommodation very astonishing if \$10,000 a year is paid.

St. James' square is another ultra-fashionable quarter which a millionaire might have to wait years to get into if he desired to live there—\$15,000 or \$20,000 a year is quite a moderate rent for a house so situated—while Norfolk house, where the Duke of Norfolk resides, and such others as Lord Derby's residence at 33, would easily realize \$50,000 a year in rent.

Carlton House terrace, where statesmen and ambassadors live, also costs its tenants dearly. At least \$20,000 a year must be paid for anything good in this particular neighborhood and Mr. Astor gave more than \$300,000 when he purchased one of the houses in the terrace, formerly occupied by Lord Granville. Yet the ordinary man would remark that the houses are not even semi-detached and that outwardly, at all events, they are far from imposing.

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