

GOD AND THE CHILDREN

Last night, through bitter tears he cried, And, hating me, he fled, Then turning, full of wounded pride, And childlike anger, said...

This morning in my arms he lies, His face upon my breast, And, looking up, with honest eyes, He says he loves me best...

THE BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Gibson had been ailing for a long time, feeling altogether discouraged, and spending much time in seeking reasons for her suffering.

"She could not satisfy herself by throwing the responsibility upon her manner of life, or upon that of her ancestors. She knew little of her ancestors, and if she had lived wisely herself, she did not confess it."

"Of course all this is disease," said the minister—for he often came to see her, even feeling for her a peculiar charge, and eagerly desiring to help her.

"Disease?" said Mrs. Gibson, with small reverence. "I'm as well as you are. Except, of course, for this neuritis."

"Any one with neuritis needs toning up. If you would let the doctor give you a tonic, you will take a more cheerful view of life presently."

"I am going to dismiss the doctor and his tonic. And I take a reasonable view of life now."

"Well," said the minister, "it is acknowledged that human reason is fallible. I don't know why yours should be better than that of many greater scholars and thinkers."

to hold on.—You would have faith in me, in my goodness and wisdom. Try and have faith in the goodness and wisdom of that higher power."

The minister's manner had been so gentle, his smile so kindly, that she had none of the angry antagonisms she usually had when exhibiting her point of view.

"You know, or you don't know, I've a birthday coming this week, and I've half a mind to make a little feast of it—anyway, so far as a good dinner goes, though goodness knows when I've done such a thing before."

"I've been in the way of being glad I was born. But I don't know—somehow May makes me feel as if it were worth while to be here."

"A good hearty dinner," said the doctor. "And it will make a man of you!" May was nearly quite herself, and as she sat in Nora's spottish kitchen the next day, straining the cherry cordial made before she was ill, she sang softly half under her breath.

"My mother used to sing that hymn," said Mrs. Gibson, in the doorway. "I wonder what is the peculiar pleasure in singing hymns."

"Why," said May, "there is nothing quite so sweet and fine as music—not prayer, you know, and put prayer to music, and I don't know why, but those very things seem to lift you over trouble and to flutter when you are happy."

"I wish I could go to prayer meeting!" said May, looking out of the window with a sigh. "The idea! Well you can't," said Mrs. Gibson, authoritatively.

"You go for me," said May, caressingly, with sudden daring and persuasion. "I!"

"Yes, dear, you. I should feel almost as if I were there."

smile changed to a gay laugh, and when she sat up, and when she came downstairs, although weak and white, and still forbidden outdoors.

The doctor had been congratulating himself on the faint bloom upon Mrs. Gibson's cheek one day. "It's the little cap May made for my birthday, and the reflection of the pink ribbons," she said. "I was trying it on when you came in."

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ute and sent a rosy blaze dancing through the room. "You never shall in the world! This house is big enough for ten. You shall live here with me. I will keep to my own quarters, and you shall fit up the other rooms for yourself in any way you please, and I won't bother you a bit, or even argue any more with him. I'm feeling as if I had been cured, whether it's by medicine or by miracle—the way the doctor said I would be."

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St. Bernard Dog.

A New England mill-owner allowed his pet St Bernard to sleep in the office, quite near his house, says a writer in "Country Life in America."

A lady who was going on a long journey one summer left her "Brenner" in the care of a lively stable keeper, a friend who knew and loved the dog. Brenner was a very quiet and unobtrusive fellow, careful to keep out of the way, yet always near at hand.

A three-month-old pup, by careful observation, learned the connection between the pump handle and his supply of fresh water. When the pan was empty and he felt thirsty he would seize the handle and shake it repeatedly as well as he could.

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Pneumonia.

More Contagious Than Tuberculosis and Kills More People.

We wonder if the fact that patients and their friends ignore the contagiousness of pneumonia is often due to professional negligence. An exaggerated conception of the contagiousness of tuberculosis is held by the lay world, but pneumonia is, of course, far more contagious. And patients and professional alike have not realized the new fact that the mortality of pneumonia is in some cities and parts of the country higher than that of tuberculosis.

Pneumonia is a highly contagious disease, the cause of which is a micro-organism in the sputa of those suffering from the malady, and contracted by inhaling this germ. Therefore, the same care should be taken to collect and destroy the sputa that is taken in pulmonary tuberculosis, or in diphtheria or influenza.

The fact that disease is most prevalent in the winter season, when people are most crowded together and live much of the time in badly ventilated apartments, makes obvious the necessity of thorough ventilation of houses, offices, factories, theatres, churches, passenger cars and other public places, in order that the air which must be breathed may be kept clean and free from infectious matter.

Laymen should be taught not to be afraid of a patient who has pneumonia, influenza or tuberculosis, but to be afraid of lack of cleanliness about him during his illness, of failure to enforce prophylactic measures and of close, badly ventilated apartments during the season when these diseases most prevail.

Since pneumonia is most fatal at the extreme of life—the young and the aged—special care should be taken to guard children and old persons against exposure to the infection of those already suffering with the disease and against cold, privation and exposure to the weather, which are potent, predisposing causes.

Our Precious Metals. They are not Gold and Silver, as Generally Supposed.

What are your precious metals? "Gold and silver," you answer. That depends. If by preciousness is meant the value of the product in dollars and cents—our golden rule of measurement—then gold and silver are not the precious metals, according to the recently issued report of the United States Geological Survey, which gives us the money value of the products wrested from the earth's dark laboratory in 1901.

The gold, the precious yellow metal poured from nature's crucible in this land last year is valued at \$78,000,000, and if to this we add the metal value of the silver we have \$111,000,000. But what is that compared with the pig iron product of the same time, which is valued at \$241,000,000? The iron produced is more precious than the gold and silver combined by \$130,000,000.

White House Expenses.

The President has secured the transfer of his military aide and major domo at the White House to Buffalo, and thereby has magnified certain strictures upon his alteration of that historic mansion which other wise would have been rated as petty and fit subject for mere jest. Now the people will hear what is the real cause of complaint, and what is not quite so insignificant as at first blush it might appear, and that is the ruthless destruction of the features of a building that possessed many peculiar points of traditional interest with which modern society and its caprices had nothing to do.

Colonel Bingham is accused of sending to Congress in due course of his official duties estimates for increased expenditures at the White House, and of explaining the need of larger appropriations by alluding to some removals and innovations. In fact no denial is entered of the accuracy either of his estimates or his reasons for the larger bill, but the President is offended at his frankness of exposure. Nobody would begrudge the presidential household the latest modern conveniences, and it was somewhat wrong to omit the fact that partially the President discharges the cost of private entertainments from his own pocket, but after all corrections, it remains a fact that expenses are doubled, and mainly because the whims of the occupants of the Nation's house have been too radical in removing the ancestral appointments, and they were superbly artistic and costly.

In his letter Colonel Bingham called attention to the silver door knobs and the gilt hinges of the redecorated White House. He said that the new and costly plumbing would require the special services of an expert; that the electrician would need an assistant to take care of the 2,200 incandescent lamps and the electrical dish warmer in the pantry, allusion to which was regarded as an unnecessary advertisement of the facilities of the mansion for entertainment. Colonel Bingham further described the laundry as being increased due to "the large family now in the White House," and the "large amount of entertainment done by the President, which increases the cost of table linen."

The demolition of the White House conservatories meant hauling from a distance plants for the receptacles at a cost of \$2,000, and the purchase in the open market of cut flowers, also for entertainments, at a cost of \$1,500. The item for fuel was increased from \$3,000 to \$8,000. The total expenses for the next year were placed at \$110,267, about double those of the entire previous year.—Pittsburg Post.

Ear a Remarkable Organ. Consists of Five Thousand Pieces of Apparatus.

The organ of hearing is one of the most marvelous pieces of mechanism in the body. In animals the external ear acts as a trumpet to collect the sound waves. In man it is little more than an ornament, but the internal ear is alike in both. So wonderful is its construction, says London *Tribune*, that we can distinguish sounds varying from 40 to 4000 vibrations per second. This feat is performed by a portion of the ear called the organ of Corti. What a wonderful organ that is may be understood from the fact that it consists of 6000 pieces of apparatus, each piece being made up of two rods, one inner hair cell and four outer hair cells—that is, 35,000 separate parts. In some mysterious manner the rods with other things, are tuned to different notes and, when they vibrate, they cause the hair to transmit an impulse to the nerve of hearing. To be musical, therefore, it is to have a good organ of Corti.

Fishes have no ears, or, rather, the canals are closed; but they hear through the bones of the head. The New Zealanders can almost hear the grass grow. Why is it that scratching a piece of glass with metal causes such an unpleasant sound? Because it is what is called the fundamental tone of the ear, which is very high. What the fundamental tone exactly is would take too much space to explain. But if you blow across the mouth of a bottle, a hollow globe, etc., you get its fundamental tone.

The ear is a deceptive organ, and it is often a matter of guess work to tell whence a sound comes. Indeed, if you place the open hands in front of your ears and curve them backwards, sounds produced in front will appear to come from behind. Bishop Stephen M. Merrill, D. D. L. D. D., of Chicago, will preside at the Central Pennsylvania conference at Altoona on March 25th. The conference promises to be full of interest, enthusiasm and spiritual vitality. Last year at Belleville there were 273 names on the conference roll, 20 absentees, 6 deceased and 1 transferred, thus making the total number present 246. "What are you doing here," demanded the irate farmer of the boy he had surprised in his chestnut grove. "Nothing, sir," replied the frank little chap.—Judge.

300,000 to be Vaccinated.

The great prevalence of small-pox in the coke regions has prompted the officials of the H. C. Frick Coke company to issue an order calling for the free vaccination of all its employees and their families. As the company has about 50,000 men on its payroll the order will effect about 300,000 persons. Ten thousand dollars has been expended in vaccination and contracts have been made with 50 doctors.

Landslide Wrecks Train.

Three of the crew on B. & O. Freight Scalded to Death.

In a frightful wreck at Vienna Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad Friday, the crew of an engineer, M. A. D. Bennett, and James Wright, a brakeman, were killed, the train to which they belonged was derailed in a confused mass on the tracks, which were torn up for several hundred yards. The east bound freight was going towards Pittsburg at a high rate of speed, just west of the little station of Vienna is a deep, short cut, approached by a sharp curve. The soil above these tracks in the cut had loosened from recent rains and a quantity of rocks had tumbled to the tracks. The slide occurred a few minutes before the train arrived at the spot, and as the train was going at a high rate of speed there was no possibility for stopping in time to prevent the crash. The engine was thrown high in the air and alighted on its side, pinning the three unfortunate men under it, and the escaping steam literally scalded them to death. Ten cars immediately behind the engine were derailed and piled in a promiscuous heap.

Said Mr. Goodson to his pretty niece "Do you work for the poor?" "Indeed, I do!" she replied. "I go to every charity ball there is."—Exchange.

She felt this glad and more as May's van-