

WHITE AND GOLD.

When God made flowers, long ago, I think he loved the daisies best, And planted them that men might know Himself had kissed earth's breast.

WHEN EASTER COMES.

"Thirty days hath September," Every person can remember; But to know when Easter's come, Puzzles even scholars, some.

IN HIS MERCY.

By ALFRED TERRY BRISBIN, U. S. NAVY.

Billy paused and with a muttered curse threw down his spade and wiped away the great drops of perspiration that stood out on his brow.

Camp Wade was awakening from its afternoon siesta. The cool evening breeze was stirring the royal palms and the sun was getting low in the western sky.

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Most of our boys are interested in the war news from the struggle between Japan and Russia. It is quite a prevalent idea that Japan is "the little nation."

The following are gleaned from the definitions given by English school children: Henry VIII was brave, corpulent and cruel, was frequently married to a widow, had an ulcer on his leg, and great decision of character.

What crosses the water without making a shadow? A sound. What is most like a cat looking out of a third-story window? A cat looking in one.

When a man falls out of the window what does he fall against? Against his will.

Facts About Mahogany.

The United States is not a mahogany-growing country, unless Cuba may now be said to be a part of the United States. It is a tropical wood. Its home is in Central America and in Cuba, Jamaica and Santo Domingo.

The coming and going of ships to these small ports are not regulated like the running of railroad trains. It may be announced that a ship will be there on the 4th and there is great scurrying to get the timber ready.

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Their Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Hering entertained a very large company of relatives and friends on Friday last, from 10 to 6 o'clock, the occasion being the celebration of their fiftieth anniversary, and it was a very delightful and interesting event.

The issue between the preservation of a great natural wonder and its absorption in the purposes of industry as involving the future of Niagara Falls is becoming interesting. In Cassier's Magazine for March Mr. Alton D. Adams makes the opening assertion that Niagara Falls are doomed.

Since the means of travel on this continent penetrated the interior as far as Niagara that spot has been recognized as one of the world's natural wonders. In the geographies of a former generation the Natural Bridge and the Mammoth Cave were united with it among the remarkable sights of this country.

But with the rise of the electrical age a new force has appeared for its depollment. Already nearly one-quarter of the normal flow of water over the Falls and about one-third of its low-water discharge have been diverted to the production of water power and electricity.

Applications are being constantly made to the New York Legislature or the Canadian Government for additional water-power grants. The weakness of the situation is in the fear that if the demand is not granted by the government on one side of the Falls it may be secured from the other government.

Women in Printers' Home. Mrs. Nellie V. Wilson, a member of Columbia Typographical Union, of Washington, will become an inmate of the Union Printers' Home, founded by George W. Childs and A. J. Drexel, at Colorado Springs.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Take life like a man. Take it as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it, as though the world has awaited your coming.—Spurgeon.

Ever since fashion veered around to soft, light-weight stuffs that could be shirred and draped and tucked and made into full, wide costumes, manufacturers all over the world have been working to turn heavy fabrics into light, stiff materials to supply, without losing the characteristics of each material.

The natural color will be most worn, and, next to it, the blue that comes in such a good shade in pongee.

There's a heavier stuff out that looks like silk hosiery (they call it Burlington) that some of the most beautiful suits are made of. It's next to impossible to tailor properly, though; so if you're your own tailor, you'd better give the preference to pongee.

As to styles—at first glance you'd say that everything is good; for short coats, long coats and in-between coats seem jumbled up in a hopeless confusion. But everything isn't good by long odds, although there never was a season before which started with such a bewildering variety.

In waists (and coats) there's a gradual leaning to the lines brought out by the new corsets—the little, graceful outline at the waist line that the last corsets so totally abandoned. But loose coats will be worn, too, in almost every degree, from the little "monkey jackets" down.

Curiously enough, women who sing very rarely have musical speaking voices, and those who have exquisite, low voices usually have expressionless singing voices. Nobody has ever been able to explain it scientifically, but it is a fact, for all that.

Listen to voices anywhere you happen to be—at a tea, or in a street car, or in a shop—and notice how one voice will be nasal, another shrill, one throaty, another low, but coarse; and think what a difference it would make if each woman would pay only as much attention to her voice as she does to her manicuring, for instance.

A Philadelphia who has been back a week or so from an extensive tour of Europe concludes that American women, as seen in the general view in street and shop, are all right to look at, "but," he says, "I never knew how had they were to listen to until I came back and heard their voices, high-pitched and with a nasal twang that seems excessive after a summer's respite. I really think it must be worse than when I left, and if there are any statistics on the subject, I would be willing to bet on it. To me it is now so noticeable that I wonder every time when I see that other people do not seem to hear it. Of course, you can get used to anything, but when I do find a woman now whose speech is of the low, full-voiced kind you hear in Europe, it acts like a positive rest for the ear. They say, I believe, that the feminine nasal squeak is worse in the country than in the city, but I don't see how that could be possible. Physical culture will never fulfill its functions completely till it does away with the high-pitched voice."

Motorman—Is it in a hurry ye are today, sor? Passenger (climbing on in front)—Yes, Pat, I am. Motorman—Then ye'd better take th' car behind this. This 'un has a flat wheel an' is makin' poor time today, d'ye mind?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Alps Pierced Again.

One of the greatest works of any age was consummated on February 24th, when the last barrier of rock in the way of the Simplon Tunnel was pierced and the Swiss and Italian drilling parties met. The Simplon is the longest tunnel in the world, and has been one of the most difficult to build. It is twelve miles long, cost \$14,000,000, and has been under way for seven years. It is nearly twice as long as the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which was considered an engineering marvel in its day, and nearly a third longer than the St. Gothard. It is two and a half times as long as the Hoosac, the longest mountain tunnel in the United States, and longer than the whole underground part of the New York rapid transit system. All kinds of obstacles were encountered in the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, including hot and cold springs, extraordinarily hard rock formations, slipping strata, and unbearable heat, but all have been successfully overcome. When the bore was completed, President Ruhez, of Switzerland, whose name then became known to most of the world for the first time, exchanged congratulatory messages with King Victor Emmanuel and Premier Giolitti, of Italy. The successful accomplishment of this gigantic work has been watched with special interest by our engineers on the Panama Canal, who think it may throw some light on the practicability of Chief Engineer Wallace's plan of diverting the waters of the Chagres by a tunnel four miles long.

I consider the family meal to be something much more sacred than merely an act of satisfying hunger. To me it is the meeting ground of all family sympathies—Professor Von Herkomer.

—Miss Mary, these banisters always seem dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day and hers are as bright and smooth as glass. Mary—She has three small boys, mum.—Cassell's Journal.

—Stooks—Bent's failure is regarded as a very bad one. Shares—How so? Stooks—With his opportunities he should have failed for at least twice the amount.

—Every man has a pretty good opinion of himself till he gets in public office and reads what a sound he is.

AN ODD VERDICT.

Why an Indian's Horse Was Declared Winner of a Race. A man who has traveled extensively in the west among other anecdotes told this one: "I was present at a horse race in New Mexico one day, where a horse belonging to an Indian had been matched against a swift footed pony which was the property of a cowboy. The pony was known by the white men to be a better racer than the other animal, and the race had been arranged for the purpose of fleecing the redskins. An impromptu course of a mile had been arranged, and the race was to be four times over the course. The cowboys gave their rider instructions to hold the pony back until the finish, so that they could induce the Indians to make big bets.

"The Indian's horse took the lead at the start and retained it. The cowboys offered more money as the race progressed, and the Indians, seeing their horse in the lead, took the wagers. So it went until three and a half miles had been covered and the Indians had bet all their possessions against the money of the cowboys. Then the cowboy rider put the spurs to the pony. He passed the horse in the last quarter and crossed the line five lengths ahead. "There were three judges. Two of them were Indians, and the other was a cowboy. 'We win!' cried the cowboys and started to collect the bets, when the Indian judges interposed. " 'Uh, uh!' they grunted, 'Indian's horse win!' " "How's that? shouted the cowboys. " 'But Indian's horse was in front most of the way. Indians win,' came the final decision of the two Indian judges, and there was no appeal."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Arab's Pride in His Horse. Arabian horses need no praise. Of the many beautiful stories told of the Arabs that given in the well known poem "Achmid and His Mare" surpasses all. Achmid had a mare of wondrous speed and guarded her with jealous care. A robber stole her, leaped upon her back and shouted to Achmid to catch her if he could. Achmid and his tribe mounted and went in hot pursuit. Suddenly the thought came to him, "If I overtake my mare she is then outrun; she will lose her fame." Shouting to the robber, "Quick, pinch her ear!" he revealed the secret sign his mare, as he knew he would, but her glory was secure. I knew that if her ear be nipped The darling prize could never be outstripped.

Wellington's Reprimand. During the occupation of Paris by the allies in 1815 a French marshal shouldered an English colonel from the sidewalk into the street. Thereupon the Englishman, being forbidden by a general order of Wellington to give a challenge to or accept one from a French officer, did what he considered the only thing left him, knocked the Frenchman down and later refused him satisfaction in a duel. The latter then made a formal complaint to the duke, who to soothe the marshal's feelings sent a written reprimand to the colonel, but in it inclosed a cordial invitation to dinner. A Friendly Tip. Motorman—Is it in a hurry ye are today, sor? Passenger (climbing on in front)—Yes, Pat, I am. Motorman—Then ye'd better take th' car behind this. This 'un has a flat wheel an' is makin' poor time today, d'ye mind?—Cleveland Plain Dealer. It is well to learn caution by the misfortune of others.—Publius Syrus.

The Family Meal.

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