A SOULFUL GEM.

"ROCK OF AGES." "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Thoughtlessly the maiden sung; Fell the words unconsciously From her girlish, gleeful tongue Sang as little children sing : Sang as sing the birds in June; Fell the words like bright leaves down On the current of the tune :

Let me hide myself in Thee.' "Let me hide myself in Thee-" Felt her soul no need to hide: Sweet the song as song could be-And she had no thought beside : All the words unheedingly Fell from lips untouched by care, Dreaming not they each might be On some other lips a prayer-'Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me

"Rock of Ages, clett for me-" 'T was a woman sung them now. Pleadingly and prayerfully Every word her heart did know; Rose the song as storm-tossed bird Beats with weary wing the air; Every note with sorrow stirred. Every syllable a prayer-"Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.'

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me-" Lips grown aged sang the hymn Trustingly and tenderly-Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim. "Let me hide myself in Thee. Trembling though the voice and low. Rose the sweet strain peacefully, Like a river in its flow. Sung as only they can sing Who life's thorny paths have pressed: Sung as only they can sing

Who behold the promised rest-"Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," Sung above a coffin lid : Underneath all restfully, All life's joys and sorrows hid. Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul! Nevermore from wind or tide, Nevermore from billows' roll Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes Close beneath the soft gray hair, Could the mute and stiffened lips Move again in pleading prayer, Still, aye still, the words would be "Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE WISDOM OF THE HEART.

Just because I am an old woman outwardly it doesn't follow that I am one in- love. He decided that he had not. know-the things God has planned from own heart. the beginning and brought about in spite | Se much Doctor John told me, his old meant and made two people for each other, those people are Doctor John and Marcella Barry, and that is what I always tell peo- ed him. ple who come here commenting on the difmy face expressed what I thought pretty clearly. How any woman can live for sixty years in this world as Mrs. Riddell has, as a wife and mother at that, and not get some realization of the beauty of a real understand and never shall be able to.

Nobody in Bridgeport believed that Marcella would ever come back except Doctor John and me-not even her Aunt Sara. I've heard people laugh at me when I said I knew she would, but nobody minds and the smile of a happy man on his lips, being laughed at when she is sure of a thing, and I was as sure that Marcella Barry would come back as that the sun rose and set. I hadn't lived beside her for eight years to know so little about her as to doubt her. Neither had Doctor

Marcella was only eight years old when she came to live in Bridgeport. Her father had just died; her mother, who was a sister of Miss Sara Bryant, my next-door neighbor, had been dead for four years. Marcella's father left her to the guardianship of his brother, Richard Barry; but Miss Sara pleaded so hard to have the little girl that the Barrys consented to let Marcella live with ber annt until she was sixteen. Then, they said, she would have to go back to them to be properly educated and take the place of her father's daughter in his world. For, of course, it is a fact that Miss Sara Bryant's world was a very different one from Chester Barry's world. As to which side the difference really favors, that isn't for me to say. It all depends on your standard of what is really worth while, you see.

So Marcella came to live with us in Bridgeport. I say "us" advisedly. She slept and ate in heraunt's house; but every house in the village was a home to her, for, with all our little disagreements and diverse opinions, we are really all one big family and everybody else. Besides, Marcella was one of those children whom everybody loves at sight and keeps on loving. One long, steady gaze from those big, grayish blue eyes of hers went right into your heart and stayed there. She was a pretty child and as good as she

was pretty. It was the right sort of goodness, too, with just enough spice of original sin in it to keep it from spoiling by reason of over-sweetness. She was a frank, brave, loyal little thing, even at eight, and wouldn't have said or done a mean thing to

She and I were right good friends from the heginning. She loved me and she loved her Aunt Sara; but from the very first her best and deepest affection went out to tor John. It was predestination; I'm

old-fashioned enough to believe in that. Doctor John lived next door to Miss Sara on the other side, in a big brick house that had been his father's before him when his father had been Doctor Haven. Doctor John was a Bridgeport boy, and when he got through college he came right home and settled down here, with his widowed mother. The Bridgeport girls were fluttered, for eligible young men were scarce in our village; there was considerable setting of caps, I must say that, although I despise

ill-natured gossip; but neither the caps nor the wearers thereof seemed to make any impression on Doctor John. Mrs. Riddell said he was a born old bachelor. I suppose she based her opinion on the fact that Doctor John was always a quiet, bookish fellow who didn't care a button for society and had never been guilty of a flirtation in his life. I knew Doctor John's heart far know it, and I knew there was nothing of rasps terribly. the old bachelor in his nature. He just had to wait for the right woman, that was

He was thirty when Marcella came to Bridgeport-a tall, broad-shouldered man stoop, his hands clasped behind him, and he had the sweetest voice—spoken music, if ever a voice was. He was kind and brave and gentle; but a little distant and reserved with most people. Everybody in Bridgeport liked him, but only a very few ever passed the inner gates of his confidence or were admitted to any share in his real life. I am proud to say I was one. I think it is something for an old woman to boast

Dr. John was always fond of children and they of him. It was natural that he in them. and the little Marcella should take to each ather. He had the most to do with bringing her up, for Miss Sara consulted him in everything. Marcella was not hard to manage, for the most part; but she had a ed and she will keep her word—keep it will of her own, and, when she did set it joyously, too. If I did not know that, I would not wish its fulfilment at all. When up in opposition to the powers that were, would not wish its fulfilment at all. When nobody but the doctor could influence her she is free she will turn her back on that

wishes Marcella was one of those girls who develop early. I suppose her constant association with us elderly folks had something and people forgot Marcella. We never not the child. I knew it before he did, but were wonderfully quick to read into other people's hearts. I watched them together and I saw the love growing between them, fragrance was to endure for eternity. Miss that Marcella must have forgotten him. Sara saw it too, and was half pleased and half worried; even Miss Sara thought the doctor was too old for Marcella, and, besides, there were the Barrys to be reckoned with. Those Barrys were the nightmare dread of poor Miss Sara's life.

The time came when Doctor John's eyes were opened. He looked into his own heart and read what life bad written there for him. As he told me afterward, it came to him with a shock. But he was a brave, sensible fellow and be looked the matter squarely in the face. First of all, he put on one side all that the world might say

Hearts don't grow old - or would be taking, he thought, an unfair shouldn't. Mine, I am thankful to say, advantage of her youth and inexperience. hasn't. I'm only an old lady who can do little more than sit by the window and knit; but eyes were made for seeing and I by any ties of his making. Doctor John use mine for that purpose. When I see the was not a vain man, but I think he knew good and the beautiful things-and a body | he could make Marcella love him; and for need never look for the other kind, you her sake he gave the decision against his

of the counter plans and schemes of men, I friend and confidante. I said nothing and slipped out before I thought. I suppose feel such a deep joy that I'm glad, even at gave no advice, not having lived seventy-five, to be alive in a world where five years for nothing. I knew that Doc- always under all my faith in Marcella, and such things come to pass. And if ever God tor John's decision was manly and right and fair, but I also knew it was all nulli-fied by the fact that Marcella already lov-

So much I knew; the rest I was left to ference in their ages. "Old enough to be her father," sniffed Mrs. Riddell to me the much, but there were some things too other day. I didn't say anything to Mrs. sacred to be told, even to me. So that to Riddell—I just looked at her. I presume this day I don't know how the doctor this day I don't know how the doctor found out that Marcella loved him. All I in the Old World or the New, but just as know is that one day, just a month before her sixteenth birthday, the two came band in hand to Miss Sara and me, as we sat on Miss Sara's veranda, and told us simply and abiding love is something I cannot that they had plighted their troth to one another.

> I looked at them standing there with that wonderful sunrise of life and love on their faces-the doctor tall and serious, with a sprinkle of silver in his brown bair and Marcella, such a slip of a girl, with her black bair in a long braid and her love ly face all dewed with tears and sunned over with smiles. I, an old woman, looked at them, and thanked the good God for them and their delight. Miss Sara laughed and cried and kissed.

and forboded what the Barrys would do. Her forebodings proved only too true. When the doctor wrote to Richard Barry, Marcella's guardian, asking his consent to their engagement, Richard Barry promptly sent in delicious breaths now and again; a made trouble. He descended on Bridgeport in his wrath and completely overwhelmed Miss Sara. He laughed at the idea of conntenancing an engagement between a child the elm in my front yard. like Marcella and an obscure country doctor, and he carried Marcella off with him. She had to go of course. He was her

legal guardian and he would listen to no pleadings of any kind. He didn't know anything about Marcella's character and

After the first outburst of tears and pray- to her own. ers Marcella took it very calmly, as far as outward eye could see. She was cool and dignified and stately as a young queen. On told of bitter hurt.

"It is good-bye for five years, Miss Tranonly promise I can make. They will not let me write to John or Aunt Sara, and I before. But there are really some persons will come back."

Richard Barry would not even let her see Doctor John alone. She had to bid him good-bye beneath those cold, contemptuous eyes of the man of the world. So there was just a hand-clasp and one long, deep look between them that was tenderer than any kiss and more eloquent than any

"I shall come back when I am twenty one," said Marcella. And I saw Richard Barry smile. So Marcella went away, and in all Bridge port only two people believed that she would ever return. There is no keeping a secret in Bridgeport, and everybody knew about the love affair between Doctor John and Marcella and the promise she had made. Everybody sympathized with the doctor, for everybody believed that he had

lost his sweetheart. "For of course she'll never come back, said Mrs. Riddell to me. "She's only a child and she'll forget him in a year. She's to be sent to school and taken abroad and between times she'll live with the Richard

Barrys, and they move, as everyone knows, in the very highest and gayest society. I'm sorry for the doctor, though. A man of his age doesn't get over a thing like that in a hurry, and he was perfectly silly over Marcella. But it really serves him right for falling in love with a child."

There are times when Martha Riddell gets on my nerves. She is a good-hearted wombetter than Martha Riddell could ever an and she means well, but she rasps-

Even Miss Sara exasperated me. But theo she had excuses. The child she loved all, not being able to contemt himself with like her own had been torn from her, and less, as some men can and do. If she never it had almost broken her heart. But, even came, Doctor John would never marry, but he wouldn't be an old bachelor for all that.

so, I thought she might have had a little more faith in Marcella.

"Oh, no, she'll never come back," sob-

bed Miss Sara. "Yes, I know she promised Bridgeport—a tall, broad-shouldered man . . . but they'll wean her away from with a mass of thick brown curls and level me. She'll have such a gay, splendid life but they'll wean her away from dark hazel eyes. He walked with a little that she'll not want to come back. Five years is a lifetime at her age. No, don't try to comfort me, Tranquil, because I won't be comforted."

When a person has made up her mind to be miserable you just have to let her be miserable.

I almost drended to see Doctor John for fear he would be in the deeps of despair, too, without any confidence in Marcella. But when he came I saw I needn't have worried. The light had gone out of his eyes, but there was a calm, steady patience

"She will come back to me, Miss Trau-quil," he said. "I know what people are saying, but that does not trouble me. They at all. She never resisted or disobeyed his brilliant world and all it offers and come to me. My part is to wait and trust." So Doctor John waited and trusted. After

to do with it too. But at fifteen she was a heard from or about her, except a paragraph woman, beautiful, loving, spirited. And now and then in the society column of the Doctor John loved her—loved the woman, city paper the doctor took. We knew that she was sent to school for three years; then not, I think, before Marcella knew, for the Barrys took her abroad. She was prethose young, straight-gazing eyes of hers sented at court. When the doctor read this -he was with me at the time-he put his hand over his eyes and sat silent for a long time. I wondered if at last some doubt like a strong, fair, perfect flower whose had crept into his mind-if he did not fear The paper told of her beauty and her triumphs; it hinted at a titled suitor. Was it probable or even possible that she would be faithful to him after all this?

The doctor must have read my thoughts, for after a time he looked up with a smile. "She will come back," was all he said. But I saw that the doubt it was, had gone. I watched him as he went away, that tall, gentle, kindly eyed man, and I prayed that his trust might not prove misplaced.

Five years seemed a long time in looking forward. But it passes quickly enough. One day I remembered that it was Marhe would not take that into account cella's twenty-first hirthday. Only one and him, and the world had nothing to do did not. Mis-Sara remembered Marcella with it. Then he asked himself calmly if only as a child that had been loved and

The doctor came in that evening. He had a rose in his buttonhole and he walked with a light step. "She is free today," he said. "We shall soon have her again, Miss Tranquil."

"Do you think she will be the same?" said I don't know what made me say it. I

now made itself felt in spite of me. But the doctor only laughed. 'How could she be changed?" he said. Some women might be, but not Marcella -never Marcella. Dear Miss Tranquil,

don't spoil your beautiful record of confidence by doubting her now. We shall have her again soon, how soon I don't know. for I don't even know where she is, whether soon as she can come to us." We said nothing more. But every day the light in the doctor's eyes grew brighter

and deeper and tenderer. He never spoke of Marcella, but I knew she was in thoughts every moment. He was much calmer than I was. I trembled when the postman knocked, and jumped when the gate latch clicked; and I fairly had a cold chill if I saw a telegraph boy running down the street.

One evening, a fortnight later, I went over to see Miss Sara. She was out some-where, so I sat down in her little sittingroom to wait for her. Presently the doctor dropped in and we sat in the soft twilight, talking a little now and then, but silent when we wanted to be, as became real friendship. It was such a beautiful evening! Outside, in Miss Sara's garden, the roses were white and red and sweet with dew; the honeysuckle at the window few sleepy birds were twittering; the trees the sky was all pink and silvery blu, and there was an evening star over somebody come in at the front door and through the hall. I turned, expecting to see Miss Sara: and I saw Marcella!

She was standing in the doorway, tall he thought that a new life in the great traveling hat. She was looking past me at world would soon blot out her childish Doctor John, and in her splendid eyes was Doctor John, and in her splendid eyes was mother's duty to tactfully encourage good, the look of the exile who bad come home

"Marcella!" said the doctor. I went out by the other door and shut it behind me, leaving them alone together. the night before she went away she came over to say good-bye to me. She did not Sara is beside herself with delight and shed any tears, but the look in her eyes Bridgeport cannot get used to it. The excitement has been something terrible, and "It is good-bye for five years, Miss Tranquil," she said steadily. "When I am twenty-one I shall come back. That is the clean out. I've snubbed more people in the conty promise I can make. They will not be the clean out. I've snubbed more people in the conty promise I can make. the last ten days than I ever did in my life

> who haven't sense enough to know when they are snubbed. Nothing worries Doctor John and Marcella, though. They are too happy to care for gossip or outside curiosity. The Barrys are not coming to the wedding. I understand; they refuse to forgive Marcella or

> courtenance her "folly" in any way. Folly! When I see those two together and realize what they mean to each other I have some humble, reverent understanding of what true wisdom is!-By L. M. Montgomery, in Watson's Magazine

> -"Miss Ethel," he began, "or, Ethel, mean, I've known you long enough to drop the 'Miss,' haven't I?" She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze. "Yes, I think you have," she said.

-At least two-thirds of the married men you meet are henpecked, but they

'What prefix do you wish to substitute?'

A HOMESICK BOY.

I'm visitin' Aunt Maria's, And I'm homesick as I can be; It's sawdust and shavin's for breakfast, And shavin's and sawdust for tea!

She says it ain't sawdust or shavin's.

But some kind o' nu-triment food ;

Anyway 'tain't pie nor doughnuts Nor fritters, nor anything good She never has jam or cookies, She says they are awful for me ; We eat 'em like sixty to our house,

And we're all of us healthier'n she ! She won't let me have any sugar, Because it will give me the gout. And meat I can't swallow a mite of Till I've chewed it an hour about !

Didn't know that I had any liver 'Cause, you see, I was never sick much ; But I'm hungry for all I can think of 'Cept sawdust and shavin's and such.

Oh, I want to see Ma and Louisa And Grandma and my old ball ! But I guess I'm homesicker for doughnuts Than anything else at all! -Emma D. Dowd, in Life.

The Four Leaved Shamrock

With St. Patrick's day looming up in the near distance, shamrocks seem some-how in the order of things. A host of ex-planations offer themselves for the saint's using the little three-leaved plant for his illustration, but nobody, not a single lone folklorist, has come forward to tell us why the four-leaved shamrock-and it's cousin, the four-leaved clover-is such a lucky em-

blem for the sentimental maiden to find. Lucky it is, both in love and more everyday affairs, as every superstitious mortal will tell you. And even those practical. common sense wortals occasionally confess that, while they don't believe in luck, still they do like to find a four-leaved clover.

St. Patrick certainly hadn't anything to do with that end of things; but, then, the superstition is as strongly believed in as if he had-that a girl who finds a four-leaved shamrock will find her lover within a year, or in three. And no girl is above plucking one, if it lies in her path !

From Ireland, where so many tender little stories are created, comes a legend of the man who traveled the whole world over seeking the four-leaved shamrock. Restless and eager, life slipped by him as he sought, and yet he never found it, until. at last, he went back home and took up his long-neglected duty. There, beside the threshold of the lit'le cottage he called home, he found it.

The story is an allegory, of course, the shamrock symbolizing contentment, which men think is found in fame or success, but which, so the story says, grows only in the

path of duty. Another tale, from Arabin or Persia - patch. somewhere out of the East-tells of the wonderful four leaved shamrock-the only at all; the thing concerned only Marcella other person thought of it. Even Miss Sara from the garden of Eden. One of its leaves bit of Paradise Eve carried away with her was copper, one silver, one gold, and the he had any right to try and win Marcella's lost. Nobody else in Bridgeport thought as she passed through the gates, a violent fourth a diamond. The tradition is that gost of wind tore the leaves from her hand and scattered them over the land.

Then-this story tells of a man who dreamed and dreamed of the legend until it seemed to him that, in all the world, there was nothing so wonderful- nothing he cared so much to have -- as those four precions bits. He tried to look for them. but interruptions came--he turned aside to hate to be one of those people who throw | belp dig a well in the desert ; and, with cold water on other people's hopes. But it the first rush of the water, came a bit of copper-the bit he wanted.

He turned aside from his se save a young girl's life, and she gave him her amulet, which was another leaf. And was his, for no one, according to Palanother interruption-another good deedbrought him a third; while his dying vision was of an angel who held out to him the fourth.

These are only legends, only the symbolical tales that mean so much, or so little, depending upon you. But in each is a germ of truth.

-For many years we have heard the advice given, "In time of peace prepare for war," but to my mind a much more important adage to bear in mind is, "In time of health prepare for sickness,"

Those who have good health cannot too carefully guard it, and those who are not blessed with this great boon should leave nothing in their power undone to obtain it. Little children, of course, do not under-stand the wisdom of this, nor have they the judgment in caring for their physical well-being; but I consider that the mother who neglects the physical care and training of her children is almost a criminal. Many mothers who would be horrified at such an accusation against them are, nevertheless, thoughtlessly courting it.

One of the commonest sources of neglect is in not seeing that the child gets the proper amount of play. Not physical exeroise, but play. The growing child needs a great deal of active play, which means some form of physical activity, which at the same time will bring pleasure and mental stimulant.

A healthy child, if not restrained, will usually find in active play-running, jumping, shouting and so on-natural and sufficient exercise-exercise which will supply all needed development, both of body and and beautiful, with a ray of sunset light mind. But when the child is not inclined falling athwart the black hair under her to do this, and prefers reading or pastimes wholesome, romping play. I am always so sorry for the children whose mental powers are prematurely developed, and cannot understand parents who try to do this, as such efforts are so often attended with serious results; and it is especially harmful to precocious children to try to cultivate their "smartness."

The largest passenger engine in the world has just been completed at the Pittsburg plant of the American Locomotive company. It is of the Pacific type and will be tested on the Pennsylvania lines west. If it comes up to the anticipation a number of others will be built of the same type. This engine has six drivers, each 80 inc in diameter. The weight on the drivers is 170,000 pounds, while the entire engine will weigh about 240,000 pounds. There are engines that weigh as much as this one but none have been built of that weight with the high drivers. Speed is the one thing sought and if the engine proves the success expected, it is to be placed on the regular runs of the Pennsylvania special and other flyers.

-"Love," remarked the sentimental maid, "makes time fly." "It does during courtship," rejoined the young widow, "but after the parson has said his say, time begins to make love fly.'

"What'll you take for that pipe "Oh, you wouldn't care to smoke this "No, but I'd like to buy it and throw it away."

WHALES THAT FENCE.

The Male Narwhal Uses Its Eight Foot Tooth as a Sword.

Who ever heard of whales fencing with one another-just for amusement apparently? This may seem very strange, but it is nevertheless true. There are whales that not only fence with one another, but use their teeth for swords. Some whales have no teeth, but instead of teeth have great sheets of whalebone hanging from the roof of the mouth, others have their great jaws filled with terrible teeth. while one kind, the narwhal, has but two teeth.

One of the teeth of the male narwhal grows through the upper lip and looks like a spear projecting in front of the animal. Sometimes both teeth grow out in this way, but that is not often the case. This tooth is frequently eight feet in length, and it is with this powerful tooth or spear that the narwhal does his fencing.

No one seems to know of what use such a big tooth is to the narwhal. Some say it is used for digging the mud in the bottom of the ocean to scare out the fish that may be jurking there. Others think it is used in spearing the fish or for breaking holes through the ice in the northern seas in winter, for whales have to come to the surface occasionally to breathe. But. for whatever use it is intended, it is certain the whale derives amusement from his tooth, for when he wants to play he finds another narwhal in the same playful mood, and away they go

clashing swords-or teeth-together. Besides being very frolicsome, they are very active for such big animals, and sailors have watched them crossing swords, thrusting and parrying, rolling, turning and darting with much ngility.

In traversing the ocean they form in ranks like soldiers, and with similar undulations of the body and sweeps of the tail they swim by the thousand together.

The narwhal is light gray in color and covered with black spots. The Greenlanders value it highly for many reasons. Its oil is of a very fine quality, its flesh is used for food, and the skin is made into a jelly called mattak, considered too much of a dainty for ordinary occasions .- St. Louis Post Dis-

Kneeling In the Commons.

The navy is not the only institution which has had trouble over an on the knee order, for kneeling as well as standing orders have been fertile of trouble in the house of commons. The late Sir Reginald Palgrave states that the practice of ordering delinquents on their knees was stopped by the obduracy of a Mr. Murray in February, 1750. Being ordered to kneel for the purpose of receiving the censure of the house for a breach of privilege, he refused to comply. His audacity was voted a high contempt, and he was sent to Newgate, where he remained till set free by the prorogation, four months afterward. But the victory grave, was ever afterward compelled to kneel at the bar. Oldfield, however, records the following among later instances: An election for the city of Westminster took place in 1751, when Lord Trentham was returned against Sir George Vandeport. Serious outrages having been committed by the mob, one of the ringleaders, Mr. Crowle, an attorney, was summoned before the commons. The delinquent was commanded to kneel and was duly reprimanded by the speaker. On rising he wiped his knees and said he had never been in so dirty a house before.-Pall Mall Gazette.

Largest Family on Record. In the Harlein manuscript, Nos. 78 and 980, in the library of the British museum mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives) who were the father and mother of sixty-two children. The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were boys (exactly how many of each sex is not known), for the record mentions the fact that forty-six of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate and only four of the daughters lived to be grownup women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1630, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certyne gentleman of large estaytes" rode "thirty and three miles beyond the Tyne to prove this wonderful story." It is further related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons, and three other "landed gentlemen" took ten each. The remaining members of this extraordinary family were brought up by the parents.

A Temperance Story.

"A Melbourne husband," said a lecturer, "stayed out till about 3 a. m. This man, when he got home, thought that he would go boldly to the bathroom and take a bath. That would remove from his wife's mind any suspicion as to his condition. It would show her, in a word, that he was all right. So he undressed, filled the tub and plunged in. Hot and enfevered as he was, he enjoyed the bath. As he splashed and scrubbed and puffed he heard a slight noise and, looking up, saw his wife in the doorway. His wife was regarding him with an expression of unspeakable contempt. He was rather amazed at that, but he said nothing. He lowered his head and went on scrubbing. 'Well, what are you doing?' she asked. 'Can't you see what I'm doing?' he answered. He rubbed up some more lather. 'I'm taking a bath.' She sniffed and said as she turned to go, 'Why don't you take off your underclothes then?'

The Kindness of the Poor.

The old adage that the poor are the best friends of the poor was instanced in the story of a chambermaid, who is a young widow with two children to support. After a lingering sickness the younger of the children died, and, the young mother's bank account having been depleted from defraying the expenses of the weeks of medicine and doctor's visits, she was obliged to contract a debt at the undertaker's. After that she paid a small monthly installment until the bill was half settled, when one day there came through the mail a receipt for the remainder. The receipt was accompanied by a badly written and blotted note from a scrubwoman in a large uptown hotel, who knew of the trouble, knew the family and the circumstances and in her note explained that she had no family nor near relatives and that she earned enough to support herself and that she wanted to use this surplus money for the little mother, who needed all that she could make extra to support the remaining child. As scrubwomen receive only 50 or 75 cents a day, one will readily appreciate the spirit which moved one kind soul to help another in distress.-Leslie's Weekly.

What Words Can Do.

"Any one who swears," declared the bishop of Carlisle, "manifests the beggarliness of his vocabulary." The Con-

cord Patriot puts it in this fashion: "People swear because they do not know the possibilities of plain English or have not the skill to manipulate it so that it will yield the amount of fire they want. You can do almost anything with common words. No matter how tame and lifeless they look standing in stupid rows as if they didn't know enough to come in when it rained, they can be made to dance like imps, to frolic like fairles, to float angelwise on light wings, to glow like fire spirits. They can do things that make the ordinary bits of profanity look like feeble scarecrows stiffened up with a fence stake. The cure for profanity-reformers and educators please make a note-is merely wit enough to handle your words so that swearing will seem like baby talk in comparison."

When Blondin Was Afraid. One of Blondin's favorite jokes was to offer to carry some distinguished spectator across the rope with him on his back. Everybody naturally refused, and the great equilibrist, with a genial smile, would say, "I am sorry you are afraid I should drop you." But he was hoist once with his own

petard. He was exhibiting in Paris and was about to cross the Seine on his rope. Cham, the great caricaturist, had come to make a sketch. Blondin, recognizing him, at once invited him to cross with him.

"With pleasure," replied Cham, "but on one condition."

"And that is"- queried Blondin. That I shall carry you on my back,'

answered Cham. "Not if I know myself." answered Blondin.

"Ah," triumphantly exclaimed Cham, "this time, M. Blondin, it is you who are afraid!"

Illustrious Shoemakers. Shoemaking is a calling which has given the world some very great men. One authority asserts that the majority of cobblers have exceptional brains, that their attitude when stooping over their work tends to a cranial development in the part where the intellectual faculties are seated. Some one has written a book on illustrious shoemakers. In it are Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Gifford the Terrible, Bloomfield, author of the well known "Farmer's Boy;" Carey, the orientalist; Admiral Myngs, George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends; John Kitto, the Biblical schol-

ar, and Sturgeon, the electrician. The

list of illustrious shoemakers runs into

Rocks That Float In Water. A geologist who is well up in his business can name a dozen or twenty different specimens of rocks and min-

erals that have less specific gravity than water and which will, if tossed into that element, float on the surface. Hubelite is one of the best known representatives of that class. The common pumice stone is another example. The rock with the very least specific gravity known is damari, a substance found in an extinct volcano in Damaraland. Its atomic weight is .5, or exactly one-half that of hydrogen.

The Sum of Genius. Men give me some credit for genius.

All the genius that I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and of thought.-Alexander Hamilton.

Art of Reading.

To get the best out of reading we must begin early and work hard. It is an art like music or painting and demands its stern apprenticeship. It remains true that a man who knows only his own tongue does not know that .-Christian World.

Wonderful.

She-What interested you most in your travels, major? Major-Well, the mummy of a queen I saw in Egypt. It's wonderful how they could make a woman dry up and stay that way .--Philadelphia Inquirer.

A fool can talk without knowing what he ought to say, but a wise man's silence is due to his knowing what he ought not to say .- Chicago News.