### THE BREEZE'S MESSAGE.

I have brought you a little message, So please do not turn me away. I have traveled so far since the morning. And I want to come in and stay.

Please open your door just a little, The very least bit will do, Or raise up the window beside you

Sc I can come slipping through. I have brought you a whiff from the forest, A breath from the sweet wild flowers, A spicy scent from the pine trees, That will freshen your room for hours.

I'll fan you to sleep till the morning, And just at the break of day I'll slip through the open window, And haste on my journey away.

### LITTLE WORD.

"Yes, you did, too!" "I did not!" Thus the little quarrel started: Thus by unkind words

Two fond friends were parted. "I am sorry;" "So am I."

Thus the little quarrel ended: Thus, by loving little words Two fond hearts were mended - Home Herald

FLOOD TIDE. "There is a tide in the affairs of men Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Halstead had checked his trunk and

was making his way toward the Forty-second Street entrance, where he was to meet Carter, when he caught eight of her. For an instant he paused, frowning, still gripped by the determination not to see her again in which his long struggle had resulted. Then he remembered that it would be the last time, and gave himself five minutes for conventional leave-taking which would be all that could be possible in such

"Will you stop long enough to say good-by?" he asked, at her shoulder. If she caught her breath, he did not no tice it for trying to control his own un-steady pulse. He gathered, however, a comfortless impression that her glance

was entirely calm. "How did you hear that I was going?"
Her voice sounded unnatural in her own ears, and she forced a more even toue. intended to 'fold my tent like the Arab.' "
"You!" he exclaimed. "You going

"Just at present, to spend a day with my cousin at New Haven. I'm early for my train, I think. My watch is stop-

It seemed to him all at once that she looked very tired. Her eyes were duller than their wont; about her mouth lay drooping lines; he missed the customary easy elasticity of her bearing and a certain

buoyant quality in her voice.
"Shall we sit down for a moment?" That she hesitated before accepting his suggestion disquieted him further. Hesitancy

is coming

"No," she said. "See that funny little man with the broad shoulders and the short legs. He looks as if he had been forty years a football player, and had gradually been telescoped. By the way, what was the score Saturday?"

Halstead replied briefly: "Tie. Six to six," the while he nursed a cumulative indignation that any man bearing as Horace Dewing did, the immeasurable distinction of being Betty Davenport's accepted lover, could be so ungrateful and indifferent to the honors and privileges of his position that he could permit her to start on even so short a journey without his attendance. at least to the ticket gate.

Following his thought, he asked : "Shall you be long at New Haven?"

'Only until tomorrow afternoon.' "Oh, of course! You'll return for the Keene's dinner tomorrow night !' 'No." She did not soften the brevity of her reply.

He turned to her in surprise, but her glance was toward the door. 'See that nice old-wby, it's Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge !" She rose as two smiling,

white-haired people came toward them, the man in elerical dress.

"Have you seen Mrs. Bidwell?" asked
Mrs. Eldridge. "We are to meet her at

this train. She's coming to visit us." "No, I haven't seen her," replied Bet-

"I hope she's not going to miss it! Ordinarily we could wait, but Mr. Eldridge has a wedding tonight, and we must get home. I wonder if she could find her way "If I see her, shall I tell her-

"Oh, if you please? Tell her, Betty, that we had to take this train, and we'll have a cab at the station to meet the next one. Thank you so much ! Come James. "But Betty may not see Mrs. Bidwell," mildly protested the clergyman. "There will be other trains, and-

"I decline to take any risks," interrupted his wife, whose firm tone in no wise discounted the sweetness of her smile. must not be late at that wedding, James. Everybody would say I had managed so badly! Mrs. Bidwell will come along presently, I'm sure."

"If I see her-" began Miss Davenport. "Yes, if you please ! Good-by," and the gently protesting clergyman was borne away by his energetic spouse.

Betty laughed. "He'll not be late at the wedding," she said, resuming her seat.

"Mr. Eldridge? Rector of 'The Three "Mr. Eldridge? Rector of 'The Three her last feeble struggle began in hysterical Angels' at New Rochelle. He used to be flippancy and ended in capitulation.

in Albany. He married—and buried—my parents, and christened me. "And I suppose he'll marry you." Hal-

stead used the carefully commonplace tone with which a man masks his wounds. "I don't know." Her glance seemed to

wander vaguely. "What is that mega-phone man saying? It must be time for "Not quite, I think. I-Please don't

think me intrusive, but-is it to be soon ?' Halstead knew that he was playing with fire, but he felt a savage pleasure in torturing himself with temptation to which both pride and honor forbade his yielding. Soon ?. What?'

"Your wedding." She met his glance with reserve.

don't know," she said, coldly.
"I beg pardon. I asked because I am love me ?"

"You are going away? For long?" "I am going to Japan, for—forever, I choked her, and he waited while she fought hope." Striving to make his tone light, he still did not trust himself to look at her, voice was grave and quiet.

"Bless my soul! Ble for fear of what his eyes might tell of suf-

fering.
"When?" Only an almost impercepti ble bardness in her tone indicated the tension under which she held herself.

"Now,—tonight. My train leaves at 6:35, and I have just time to connect with the 'Empress of India' at Vancouver."

"Of me?
"Of—life.

"Isn't this-very-sudden?"
As the cool voice slowly dropped the words, resentment stirred him. It seemed to him that she might at least feign regret; their friendship had apparently been pleas-ant to her. There grew in him a bitter de-sire to end it all quickly, and to get away. Over the confusion of many voices sounded the drone of the man with the megaphone, while Halstead replied mechanically to her

query. "Sudden?" No, not particularly. bave been considering an excellent offer to go out there, and yesterday I cabled that I would take this steamer. I think your train is called. Shall we go?"

The girl sat perfectly still. "To Japan," she said, "and for years." Halstead wineed and arose with decision.
"Your train," his tone was formal; "I

must not detain you."
"Oh, I've decided to wait for Mrs. Bidwell," she replied, hurrying her words; "didn't I tell you? I'm in no haste and she might not understand that they will

Halstead almost groaned as he resumed his seat beside her, and in the silence that ensued between them he moodily bit his mustache, while around them moved the eddying crowds, and above the sound of many feet tapping the paved floor came still

the monotonous announcement of departing trains. Suddenly the girl stripped off a glove and laid a ringless left band in her lap. Then, because it shook, she frowned, and gripped

the fingers around the magazine she "Then you won't be at the Keene's din-ner, either." The light tone conveyed no hint of the trembling that had fallen upon her. "Hew fortunate for them that the number is merely diminished by two! Eleventh hour invitations are so awkward, and poor relations are usually obvious ex-pedients."

"You intend going on somewhere from New Haven, then?" Halstead's mind was busily seeking a means to end, decently, a situation that he felt to be increasingly difficult, and his question was perfunctory. "Yes, I'm going—home." For the first

time her voice escaped control, and the last word was almost inaudible.
"Home!" he echoed. Incredulously, he turned to look at her, but for once her eye-

lids were lowered, and she failed to meet | you?" his glance. Her left hand moved slightly, but its tentative suggestion was lost in his preoccupation. "Home!" he repeated. "You're going

home-alone-like this?"
"Ob, I didn't tell anybody. I wastired, and-and I just ran away. I didn't want any one to come-here-with me." Her voice still wavered uncertainly, and she continued to look steadily at the gloveless hand gripping the magazine. A growing excitement burned in Hal-

stead's eves. "But Dewing?" he demanded. "Dewing knew ?"

Under the eager pursuit of his glance, expectantly. the feminine instinct of flight reasserted it-self. She hid her left hand under its glovwas not characteristic of her.
"I beg pardon,"—Halstead was sensitive ed fellow, and gathering all her forces in -"perhaps you are not alone? Or Dewing an effort to assume the calm frankness forced herself to meet his glauce with ap-parent simplicity, and to speak with delib-

eration, covering her retreat.
"Oh, yes, Horace knew. He said he would come to the train, but I told him I'd rather not. Halstead fell back, biting his mustache.

and his brain jeered at his impulsive heart. She altered her position, sitting more easily, her lighter tone suggesting that the and -and - " relaxation was not alone physical. "And you?" she asked. "Why is there no one to see you off?"

"There is," he replied. "Carter was to meet me here. He's probably waiting in the crowd over there by the door some-

"Then I mustn't detain you." She glanced at the clock, and again it seemed to him that she looked pitifully tired. 'Your train goes at 6:45? You have only half an hour.

He arose unwillingly now, determined to seize the opportunity to end the strain and yet reluctant finally to leave her presence. She arose, also, and instinct giving way once more to the impulse born of parting, extended her bare left hand.

by," she said.

When he took the hand, the close, nervous clasp of it comforted him, even while it threatened his careful self-control.

"I wish you knew-" He checked the impulsive words and stood looking down at the hand he held, wondering how he should complete the sentence without

betraying himself and leaving regret with As his glance fell for the first time on her fingers, she held her breath for an expectant instant ; then the quick light died

out of her face, leaving it paler than be-"I do know that Mr. Carter will never forgive me if I keep you longer. He must be growing impatient." She moved her

hand as if to liberate it, gently adding,

"Good-by," he dully responded. "I'm going to Japan, and you'll marry—Betty! Where is your engagement ring?" Snatching at the fingers that had almost slipped in his breath caught in his from his clasp, his breath caught in his throat, and his eyes blazed into hers the

story of his heart.
"It's gone. I gave it back to Horace,"
she whispered, when she could control her lips.

"This morning."

"Why ?" Against the encroachment of his tone.

cause his name commenced with D." Her laughter was palpably artificial. "'Change the name and not the letter,' you know—ab, please let go my hand!"
He released it instantly, but his eyes
compelled her gaze as he bent toward her.
"I love you! I love you!" he whis-

"Oh, don't !" She shrank slightly and covered her flushing cheeks with her hand. "Please-not here !"

Obediently drawing a little away from her, his quick glance found in the careless, hurrying crowd no impediment to the course of his long restrained wooing, but he touched her arm, and they stepped aside a few paces, out of the thickest current. "Betty," he asked very gently, "do you

Her lips quivered. "Oh, why do you

going away, and if it is to be soon-very ask me here?" she cried. "You knowyou must have known—and I couldn't marry Horace after I realized—" A sob

"I never even dreamed it, dear. If I had, do you think I would have run away

A faint smile crept into her eyes. "Were you running away? So was I. I was

"Of me?" gravely.
"Of—life, I think. It seemed so big, all at once—and so tragic !"
"But you knew that I——"

"Oh, no ! Sometimes I wondered if you did-a little; but not often. I only knew that I was afraid. Now-" sudden realization widened her eyes, and her tone grew sharper. "Dwight, must you go to Japan

For a moment he pulled at his mustache, while she stood anxiously watching the sterner lines appear in his face, half unconsciously noting the streaks of gray over his temples, and about his eyes the traces of sleepless nights. From a neighboring bench, an elderly woman yielded them, quiet spot near the west end, and there, with tender reminiscence, the tribute that all the world pays a lover. A party of travelers, laden with bags, golf-clubs, um-brellas, and rugs, jostled them in passing, and the voice of the train-caller came again

monotonously through the long room. tous business interests depended upon my decision. I bave accepted, and now if

fail him-"But the next steamer !" she begged. "Look, we have only twenty minutes !" He frowned, pulling still at his mustache, and she pressed pleading fingers for a moment on his arm, removing them at once.

A vigorous, clean-featured man of thirty-five, or thereabout, approached them, smil-shops ineffable light, and she seemed to and she pressed pleading fingers for a moment on his arm, removing them at once. five, or thereabout, approached them, smil-

"Well !" he exclaimed. "You two look as if you were deciding the destiny of the Universe. Give it up, Halstead ! You've it the transfer company's receipt.

only twenty minutes left."
"Hello, Carter !" Halstead mechanically extended bis band. "Thought you

weren't coming."

Carter cast a whimsical glance at him, responding dryly: "Oh, did you? I've been holding up a door post at our trysting. place over there for exactly twenty-five minutes! Miss Davenport," sadly shaking his head, "this chap isn't right! Doesn't directions. this sudden whim of his to rush off to the "Mr. Car

stead, her eyes grew wistful again.

willing to come out to me-by and by ?" After looking into his face a moment, she turned her troubled glance toward the mystified Carter. Thus recalled to a realizatively stook looking at each other in the tion of his friend's presence, Halstend continued : "See here, Carter, it was no end good of you to come to see me off, but the curve of his arm, and together they walked door, but as he paused, she flushed and nodded slightly, "the truth is, Joe, Miss Davenport has just promised to marry me, and --and so--you see--" he paused, frowning

"To marry—Jove!" gasped Cartet.
"Why!—why!" It was obviously impossible to ask what had become of Dewing. "You see, I was going away," hurriedly which, to women of her type, is an armor, broke in Miss Davenport, her head very high and her cheeks very pink; "I was— I am—going home tomorrow—to my aunt's in Albany, you know. I- it was impossible for me to remain here any longer--'

"Oh !" comprehensively ejaculated Car-"And—and we just happened to meet hete. I'm going to New Haven tonight, and—and he said he was going to Japan,

"To be sure ! Certainly !" Carter interrupted her breathless utterance with soothing conviction. "Nothing could be more natural ! And you're simply the luckiest mortals in the world that you found it out in time. I've seen it all along! Oh, I'm a regular old woman for match-making, and anyone can see with half an eye that you two were just born for each other. Now, I'm off. Bless you, my children!" He gave a hearty hand to each. "It's mighty tough your having to part like this, now, isn't it? Why don't you go along ?" he

inquired of Betty.
"Nobody axed me to," she laughed, winking the tears off her lashes. "Betty!" Halstead seized "You wouldn't ! Would you ?"

"Blessed man, how could I--in fifteen minutes? If you'd give me half an hour, now -- !" in a gallant attempt to be merry. Halstead bit his lip. "Joe, is there any

way of getting to a preacher and back here in a quarter of an hour?"
"Not that I know of, but you might bring Mahomet to the mountain. I saw Mr. Eldridge a minute ago."

"Not my Mr. Eldridge!" cried Betty. "Oh, no! They took the 5:50." "Then it's their ghosts ! I saw Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge and some other woman come out of the tea-room not five minutes ago. They're probably out there now, waiting for their gate to open."

"If I only had a license !" groaned Haletead. "Don't need one in New York State." alertly responded Carter. "Shall I run?"

"Betty, Betty, will you go?"
"Why-why-if-oh, Mr. Eldridge
christened me!" she finished impotently, feeling the breath of Fate upon her.
"Run, Joe!" cried Halstead, but Carter
was off before the words were formed.

"Betty--oh, my love, will you marry me here-now-and go with me?" Regardless of the throngs about them, he took her hands, and bent his head to read her face. "Why—I—how can I? How can you? Oh—it isn't possible!" The brave voice shook pitifully. "Oh, Dwight, suppose he shouldn't find them!"

"You darling !" he breathed. After that, they stood, tense and motion-less, watching the doors that lead to the tracks. Presently appeared the rotund figure and placid face of Mr. Eldridge, followed in rapid succession by his wife, Mrs. Bidwell, and Carter. Mrs. Eldridge reach-

"James insisted upon waiting for Mrs. Bidwell, and we missed four trains," she exclaimed. "My dear child, have you Miss Davenport hid her face in the older woman's shoulder, whispering: "I don't have to think: I know."

"Betty," softly and tenderly, "do you love him? Are you very sure?" The girl lifted her head, flushing proud-y. "Mrs. Eldridge, this is Dwight," was ly in the enemy's clutches. ly. "Mrs. Eldridge, her conclusive reply.

joined them, panting a little from his rapid

"It's all quite as it should be, James." "The dear obild is ex-

actly like her mother."

"Bless my soul! Bless my soul!" gasped the old man. "How you young people do rush things! My dear Betty," in a low tone, as he drew her apart from the others, "isn't this very sudden? What about Horace Dewing?"

A shadow fell athwart her face. "I am

very sorry about Horace, but—he under-stands. I told him—the truth."

"You told him-"I had to be honest, hadn't I, Mr. Eldridge? He was very good about it." Quick tears wet her lashes, but she blinked Quick tears wet her lashes, but she blinked them off again. "And I was going away—I really was! But I met Dwight here, and—oh. Mr. Eldridge, be's going to Japan."
"Yes, yes, young Catter told me. My dear child—"
"James," interrupted Mrs. Eldridge, "if

you don't make baste with this wedding,

quiet spot near the west end, and there, while the locomotives without rumbled a mighty triumphal paean, the simple old words of the marriage service transformed. for that little company, the resounding vault of the railway station into the lofty spaces of a cathedral, and the multitudinous "I'm afraid I must, dear," at last said Halstead. "You see, it's rather important to the man at the other end. Certain serstrong to endure.

"God bless you, my dear." Mrs. Eldridge wiped her eyes, kissed Betty, and promptly embraced the commonplace that crowds ever upon the beels of romance. "What about your things? Shall I send

speak from a great distance. Mrs. Eldridge took Betty's purse from her unresisting hands and extracted from

"James, take this and find that trunk quickly." Her husband burried away. "Mr. Halstead, have you a ticket for your

"No, not yet. You see, I-1" The clergyman's wife took instant posses-sion of the roll of bills which Halstead drew from his pocket and, thrusting a part of them into Carter's band, concluded her

"Mr. Carter, we have only five minutes. other side of everywhere impress you as There is not time to get a through ticket. being decidedly crazy?"

Get one to Montreal, find Mr. Eldridge, check that trunk, and meet us at the gate stay over one steamer for-treatment," said in five minutes." Carter dashed through Betty. She endeavored to respond to his the crowd. "Mr. Halstead, at Montreal mood of raillery, but as she turned to Hal-you can get the rest of your transportation. acod of raillery, but as she turned to Hal-tead, her eyes grew wistful again. "Will ou?" Give me your Pullman check. I'll try to get you a drawing room. All you have to "Betty, I can't! I must go, and I can't do is to go to the gate and wait." The last even be sure that I can come back for you words were called over her shoulder as she for a long time. Perhaps-would you be propelled Mrs. Bidwell through the crowd

toward the Pullman office. radiance of this new transfiguration. Then, silently still, he drew her hand within the truth is .- "Betty was looking toward the through the crowded ways of the long wait ing-room and out through its portals, into

# Life -By Margaret Cameron.

On the Top Point of the Continent Dr. Frederick Cook, who recently succeeded in making the ascent of Mount Mc-Kinley—a feat which had baffled all other the Discovery, with their company of six-The German at ouderful climb in Harpers for May. Here is his picture of the top of the mountain-the highest point on our continent-twenty thousand three hundred and ninety-one feet above the sea: "We stood up under a black sky so low that we felt as if we could nearly touch it. We had reached the top. What a task ! Without the aid of guides we had at last reached our goal. Almost unconsciously our hands were locked, with a look of satisfaction at each other ; not a word nor a yell was uttered. We had not the breath to spare. It was September 16, 1906, ten

o'clock in the morning, the temperature— 16 degrees; the altitude 20,391 feet. Then followed a long gaze over the cold wide world spread out at our feet. To the south the eye ran over the steaming volcanoes, Redbout and Illiamina, down Cook Inlet to the point of Kenai Peninsula and the Pacific, two hundred and fifty miles away. Narrow, winding, pearly ribbons marked the courses of the Koskokwim, Yukon, Tanana and Susetna rivers. Out of the the Chugach mountains, to deposit their snows in the glaciers of the Alaskan Range. A similar train of clouds came out of the Behring Sea and swept the western side of the range. These clouds blotted out most of the mountains near the main range. This lower world of lesser mountains did not impress us so much as the little sky-world above us. Here, under our feet, was the top of the continent, the north pole of our ambitions, probably the coldest spot on earth, and we were the most mis-erable of men at a time when we should have been elated. Nevertheless, I shall always remember, with a mental focus

sharpened by time, the warm friendship of my companion, Edward Barrille, the curious low dark sky, the dazzling brightness of the sky-scraped granite blooks, the neutral gray-blue of space, the frosty dark blue of the shadows, and, above all, the final pictures which I took of Barrille with the flag lashed to his axe as an arctic air froze the impression into a relief which no

words can tell. "A record of our conquest was left, with a small flag, in a metallic tube in a pro-tected nook a short distance below the summit. A round of angles was taken with the prismatic compass. The barometers and thermometers were read and hasty notes jotted down in our note-book. The descent was less difficult, but it took us four days to tumble down to our base camp.

### The Hunting Spider.

I wonder if you know that there is a kind of spider which spins no web? It is called the "hunting spider," and its fa-vorite hunting ground is a sunny wall, hecause there the flies are most likely to as-semble; and flies are a dainty of which it is

particularly fond. It is a most interesting sight to watch one of these savage little creatures when in search of a dinner. It prowls along just like a little lion until it catches sight of a fly. Then there is a moment's pause, while the spider looks carefully over the ground as if deciding the best course to take. As soon as its mind is made up on this point it pulls itself together and rushes on its prey

The clergyman's wife turned from her ——It is easier to suppress the first descrutiny of Halstead's face as her husband sire than to satisfy all that follow it.

### AFTER COMMENCEMENT.

Starting on life's battle In the month of June Grayce is in the parlor

Pounding out a tune. Waging life's great warfare, Doughtiest of girls, May is in the hammock

Reading tales of earls Fighting life's hot contest With a heart of oak, Bill is on the golf field

Practising a stroke. (Pa is in the office

Toiling like a Turk, Ma is in the kitchen Doing up the work.) -[McLandburgh Wilson, in New York Sur

What Jamestown Stood For. From the earliest period of her history the colony [Jamestown] stood for those principles on which she was originally founded; the service of God, according to the Protestant faith; the establishment of Euglish civilization; the rights of English-born citizens. Through the long contest with the crown she stood valiantly for her rights. When, contrary to the orders of

her assembly, her records were given up to the crown, she stood up in the pillory the clerk who gave them, and clipped his ear. When the Revolution broke forth in England, she stood on her rights as a Com-monwealth, and Cromwell deemed it expedient to make a treaty with her as with

pedient to make a treaty with her as with an independent power.

Before many years had gone by, other colonies had been planted along the coast. Maryland, hard by, had been granted to Lord Baltimore; Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, had been started on the same bay where Bartholomew Gosnold had landed in 1602; Georgiana, further to the northward, had been founded almost on the same lines on which Virginia herself had become established. The Dutch had long settled at the mouth of the great river named for the great discoverer, Henry Hudson. And soon the Carolinas had followed. By the time that the first of these made good their footing, however, Virginia possessed a civiliza-tion substantially as much like that of England as was a generation ago that por-tion of Canada which lay along her western frontier. She had her vice-regal court; she had her established church and ritual; she bad her manorial system and her monthly courts; she had her House of Burgesses and Council patterned on the British Parliament, and, if possible, they were more jeal-ous of their rights than the Parliament in

the old country.
Within half a century or a little more she was a state powerful enough to assert her rights, and, on their denial, to rise in revolution. This revolution ended at the time in the defeat and death of the gallant leader, Nathaniel Bacon, and the execution of many of his followers. But, however it ended, this point is clear: that twelve years be'ore the English people themselves rose in revolution to establish their charter of liberties, the Virginia people had risen to make good theirs. It took them just one hundred years more to achieve their purpose. But Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Mason, Henry, Nelson, the Lees, the Blands, the Randolphs, and their fellow patriots were the products of the civilization of the Scotch say: "I tion established first on this continent at

Jamestown. If credit is to be given in measure as intrepid daring and first accomplishments are rated, those three little unknown vessels, the Susan Constant, the Good Speed and ore men who established the first English settlement on this continent, are entitled to far more credit than any vessel or good. company whatever which succeeded them. They seized and held the country; they explored and charted the coast—they and their successors. They and their successors drove the French back to Canada on the north, and formed a bulwark against the Spanish on the south; they built forts and towns; established law and order and finally English civilization on the continent, with churches, schools, a university, and a legislative government. So all who came after found the way cleared and a land ready for complete settlement. And when it was settled at last, the colony of Virginia stamped her impress upon it indeli-

bly for all generations. Truly, as says Sir Francis Bacon, "In kingdoms, the first foundation, or plantation, is of more noble dignity and merit

### than all that followeth.

Why the Daisy Was Praised. A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to the peach-tree and said: "What are you doing for me?" The tree: "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance and on my boughs bangs the fruit which presently men will gather and carry into

the palace for you." The prince said. "Well done, good and faithful servant." Then he went down into the meadow and said to the waving grass: "What are you doing?" And the grass replied: "We are giving our lives for others-for your sheep and cattle, that they may be nourish-

"Well done," said the prince, "good and faithful servants, that give up your

lives for others." And then he came to a little daisy the was growing in the hedgerow, and said: "What are you doing?" And the daisy said: "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting-place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows; they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be." And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said: "There is no better than

## How a Boy is Tattooed.

von.

Every Burman and Shan boy is tattooed from above the waist to below the knee. The color is blue, and represents dragons, griffins, and other fabulous animals, with scrolls, flowers, etc. In addition to this among the Shans it is common custom to have the back and breast tattooed. This must be a painful operation to say the least. The boy is placed upon the ground and the figure to be tattooed is drawn in pigment upon the small boy to keep him down and keep him still and the tattooing commences. The instrument used is generally made out of a section of small bamboo, and inside this works a needle with a chisel-shaped point. The boy naturally howls a little during the operation, but it is custom and each boy is proud of his tattooing and so keeps up a brave front.— [William C. Griggs, in Odds and Ends From Pagoda Land.

### American Nomenclature.

Admitting Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and New Mexico and Arizona into two single States under the titles of Oklahoma and Arizona is a notably good movement in the way of nomenolature, which will be welcomed by every rational American. It is lamentable that our great Empire State must forever wear the name of an English nobleman who bears no relation to American history, and the Commonwealth boasting of Trenton and Valley Forge must carry down through time the name of an is and chiefly famous for its cows. Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsiu, Michigan, Alabama, Mississippi Vermont, Massachusetts, and Oregon are not only pleasant to the ear, but they are also to the manner horn. born. Kansas, Montana, Iowa, and Kentucky are good illustrations of what

But wherever the naming of States and towns has fallen into the hands of learned committees, the result has been provoking tantology. Besides the Clintons in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and a dozen other States, there are in New York State alone seventeen Clintons in various shades and forms. There is no reason why, in our affection for George Clinton and De-Witt, bonorable Governors and great leaders in their day, New York State should tolerate this sprinkling of their names over its postoffices and its townships. There is a commercial side to the question, for bushels of letters are carried astray every year. Those who suppose that Hastings-on-Hudson is a bit of affectation, will find that there is in the same State a Hastings and a Hastings Center to be taken account of in mailing their letters. Not a State in the Union but is suffering from this wretched lack of oversight on the part of our post-

office department. One of the worst illustrations of absurd and unmeaning naming of towns occurred in New York, when the classical dictionary was poured all over the central part of the State; dropping around the Oriskany Hills, the Mobawk Flats. and the Niagara and Ontario Valley, such un-American names as Utica, Syracuse, Rome, Homer, Claudi-us, Virgil, Maulius, Cicero, Carthage; to say nothing of Poland, Russia, Mexico and other foreign titles—displacing sonorous Indian names and ignoring others either descriptive or commemorative. West Virginia should have been Kanawha, as was proposed at the time of its admission, and the noble name of Dakota should have been spared a prefix adjective giving the equally noble name of Cheyenne an honored place on our roll of states .- Saturday Evening Post.

## Women and the Proverbs

A wonderful similarity exists in the sayings about women current in the various

nations. The Spanish rhyme has it: "Were a woman as little as she is good, a pea pod would make her a gown and a hood." An old English saying: "If a man lose a farthing, he will be sorry he lost the farth-

ing.' The French saying: "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold."
The German; "There are only two good women in the world-one dead and the

The Scotch say: "Honest men marry soon; wise men never."
In Fife they say: "The next best thing to no wife is a good wife."

The Arabian declares: "Words are women; deeds are men." The Persian says that a woman's wisdom The German affirms that every daughter

The German also asserts that whenever there is mischief brewing a woman and a priest are at the bottom of it.

of Eve would rather be heantiful than

### The Persian asserts that women are best out of the world.

Blue of the Sky. It is the atmosphere that makes the sky look blue and the moon yellow, writes Rene Bache, in The Reader. If we could ascend to an elavation of 50 miles above the earth's surface we should see that the moon is a brilliant white, while the sky would be black, with the stars shining as brightly in the daytime as at night. Furthermore, as a most picturesque feature of the spectacle, we should take notice that some of the stars are red, others blue, yet others violet, and still others green in color. Of course, all the stars (if we bar the planets of our own system) are burning suns, and

the hues they wear depend upon their temperature. The hottest stars are blue. Thus Vega, in the constellation Lyra, is a blue sun, hundreds of times as large as our own solar orb. We are journeying in its direction at the rate of millions of miles day, and at some future time it may gobble us all up; for, after all, bumiliating though the confession be, our sun is only a very small star-of the sixth magnitude or thereabout-and of an importance in the universe so slight as to be scarcely within the pale of respectability.

Good Judges of Character.

Passenger (alighting from cab)-What's

'Well, that's quite reasonable. I knew

by your face that you wouldn't try to be

the charge?

Cabman-One dollar.

"Thankee. I knew by your face that you'd be too mean to pay more than the legal fare without a law suit."

-What reason could not avoid has often been cured by delay.

-Mischiefs come by the pound and go away by the ounce.

-To be of use in the world is the only way to be happy.

The beautiful water lily roots in the mud below the stream. All the fragrance and fairness of the flower are affected as the root is affected. If the root is injured the the town droops and its whiteness is marred by blot and blemish. A wowan's beauty is intimately related to the health of the delicate female organs. No woman who suffers constantly from female weakness can retain her good looks. One of the feats can retain her good looks. One of the facts noted by women who have been cured of diseases of the delicate womanly organs by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is the return of the color to the cheek and the brightness to the eye when the cure has been completed. "Favorite Prescription" has been well named by women who have been healed by its use. "A God-send to women." It dries debilitating drains, cures inflamation, ulceration and female weakness, and re-establishes the ailing voman in sound health. Sick women are —There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance.

Invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.