

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

BILLY THE BRICK.

A group of boys were chatting at the corner of the street. School had just been dismissed for the day and the group of boys referred to had stopped to discuss some question of interest to them before going to their respective homes. As they stood there in conversation one of their school fellows hurried past them, not pausing to speak. "Hello, there, Bil-



Billy Bounded Into the Room with a Shout of Joy.

ly" called out one of the group, hailing the hurrying boy. "Hello," came back the response. But Billy did not take the time to turn his head as he replied to his comrade's salutation.

"Say, what's your hurry, Bill?" cried another of the group. "Can't you stop long enough in your mad career to treat us fellows with respect?"

"No, I'm in a hurry," called out Billy, turning a corner and disappeared from sight. Then the group of boys laughed and one of them remarked: "I never saw such a fellow as Bill Duncan. He never has time after school to chat a moment, but runs off as if the Great Tempter were at his heels and about to nab him for the lower regions. I wonder what he's so busy about, anyway."

"Search me," laughed another of the boys, using an expression in slang that meant so much to those familiar with its meaning. All laughed at this, another boy said: "Well, I don't like such a fellow as Bill. He's too busy to have any fun. The other day I asked him if he'd like to join our Saturday morning skating club, and he shook his head, saying he had not time. Now, wouldn't that take the cake?"

"Oh, well, we've a large enough club without him," said one of the first speakers. "He's always so hard up for money that he'd probably have no skates, and want to be borrowing ours all the time. I guess his folks are very poor."

"All you've got to do is to look at his hat and overcoat," said the second speaker. "They tell of his financial standing."

All the boys laughed at this, and one remarked: "Gee, Ned, you use all-fired big language for a small potato. 'Financial standing.' That's good enough for a banker's kid. But, say, what are we going to do about our contemplated skating carnival, eh? Will it be too much of a white elephant on our hands to attempt anything so huge?"

"Course not," declared the boy called Ned. "We'll have it Saturday night, and I'll wager my new skates it will be a success."

Then the boys proceeded to discuss the plans for a skating carnival which was to take place in the near future, forgetting Billy Duncan for the time.

And forgotten Billy Duncan was just turning into the gate of his own home at that very minute, saying to himself: "Wish I had more time to spend in the company of the boys; but at present I must not think about it. Too much depends on me just now, and I must not shirk my work. Gee, it's cold, and threatens another blizzard. And I must complete my plan before another bad spell of weather." Then he bounded into the plain sitting room of his home, crying to a pale-faced woman who was sitting close to a small heating stove: "Hello, mamsy! How are you this afternoon? Hope the old cough hasn't been bothering you as it did yesterday afternoon."

The woman, sweet faced and delicate, looked up at her robust boy, smiling and answering: "Ever so much better to-day, sonny. How rosy you look, dear. Come and kiss me." And she held up her cheek to receive the resounding kiss of her only child, and one whom she adored with an intense love.

"Well, I'll stir up the fire; then I must hurry off, for I must not be a minute late at my work, mamsy," explained Billy. "If daddy gets home before I do, just set the supper without me, for daddy is always so tired, and must not wait for me. Poor old dad! Hope I'll be able to some day to relieve him of so much responsibility."

"You're a noble boy, Billy," said the mother, in low, feeling tones. "Were it not for your helpfulness I don't think it would be possible for us to pull through since the reduction in your father's salary. It was small enough at best; but now it just means our daily expenses, without a cent being left over to use for an emergency fund."

Three hours later, while his parents were seated at a frugal supper, Billy bounded into the room with a shout of joy. "Dad!" he cried, rushing over to his father, "I haven't only received my month's wages, but have something for you besides. The president of the company asked me

to-day if you were at all interested in accepting a new position. It seems what he said to me, that he had been making inquiry about me, and found out that you had been a railroad man a few years ago. He said he had looked up your record and wanted a capable man, and that was your reputation. He wants to see you at his private office to-morrow evening after your day's work is done. And here is my month's wages," he added, taking a small roll of money from his pocket. "They were much pleased with my work, saying that I did as much for them in the three hours each evening as the other boy—whose place I am filling—did in a day. And during the vacation they are to put me on regularly, giving me the chance to rise, isn't that great, dad and mamsy?" And Billy, enthusiastically happy, dropped into a chair, his face radiant.

"Son, you are a brick!" declared Mr. Duncan. "Yes, indeed, I shall be glad to talk with your company's president and take the new position he will have to offer me, for I am good at nothing except my old trade—railroading. Hope it's in the freight department. I don't know anything else."

"Exactly, dad," affirmed Billy. Then, turning to his mother, he dropped his voice to tender tones. "And mamsy, you'll get ready to-morrow to go to Aunt Grace's down south, where you will stay all winter. You won't cough down there. And dad and I will look after each other while you are away. You know I have all my last month's money in the savings bank. That, added to this (Billy spread his roll of money on the table in front of his mother), will take you to Aunt Grace's and leave about a dollar over. Now, don't say a word, mamsy, for you've got to go. That's been my reason for working every evening after school instead of playing with the other boys. I knew you had to get to a warmer climate, for the cold months."

"He's more than a brick," murmured Mrs. Duncan, her eyes swimming. "He's a hero, and my darling."

The Fairies.



I wish I knew the fairies In a friendly sort of way. I'd like to hear their elfish songs, And join them in their play.

Of all the little children Who shout and laugh and run, It seems to me it's fairies That have the mostest fun.

One day I heard them laughing By the dial on the lawn, But when I crept up gently Every merry elf had gone.

Sometimes when I'm alone at night, And nurse has closed the door, I fancy I can hear them dance Right on my nursery floor.

But when I throw the covers back And sit up straight in bed, There's only moonshine in the room; The fairies have all fled.

Still I can see their blinking lights Down by the garden wall, And when the wind is very soft I think I hear them call.

My nurse says they use the flowers For dainty little frocks. They make their hats of marguerites And skirts of hollyhocks.

And nurse says if I am good— As good as I can be— And show that I am a harmless child P'paps they'll make friends with me. —Elizabeth H. Wilkins.

Papuan Blacksmiths. Inhabiting the great series of islands in which are included New Guinea and the Salomon group, is a great race of black people, called the Papuans. Though only partially civil-



ized, they are rather industrious and show considerable ingenuity. In their forges they make use of very peculiar bellows, as will be seen by our illustration; they set up two large tubes below. This forging is confined to iron axes, which art was taught to the Papuans by the Malays.

How Johnny Managed It. "You and that little Wattle boy seem to play very nicely together," said Johnny's mother. "I am glad there is one boy in the neighborhood that you can get along with."

"Yes," replied Johnny, "I lick him every morning and then he's nice to me all day."

Two Bachelor Girls

They were great friends, and each had vowed solemnly to the other that they would never surrender their liberty to a man. "We will live together in a nice little suite of rooms," they said. "Why should we need a man to make our lives complete?" "Shall you be called 'old maids'?" a friend asked them. They indignantly replied: "Why, no, we will be bachelor girls."

So they both entered college with the intention of teaching school some day. They never tired of their favorite subject of conversation, and many were the plans and projects they discussed. In imagination the four dainty rooms they were to occupy together in the future were furnished over and over again, and their spare moments were spent in working on sofa cushions and other pretty trifles dear to a woman's heart.

The summer came and the girls were to part for three months, and with their arms about each other they rejoiced that in one short year they would be free to begin a life together. "Now don't you go and get engaged," said Isabelle as they bade each other good-by, and then they both laughed as if it were a huge joke.

Isabelle went to Bar Harbor with her mother, and Catherine spent her vacation in a little village in Vermont.

For awhile the girls wrote frequently and fully to each other, but soon Catherine noticed her friend's letters were short and unsatisfactory. "I suppose Isabelle is in the whirl of society. As she doesn't write to me about how she spends her time I shall not tell her of anything that I am doing," sighed Catherine, as though to excuse herself for her hastily written notes.

The summer wore itself away and autumn came, and the girls returned to college and greeted each other warmly but with constraint. "Why, Catherine, how well you look! Did you have a good time?" inquired Isabelle. "I enjoyed myself very much," was the answer, in rather a weak voice. "And you, dear?" Isabelle with a rosy face and downcast eyes assured her friend that her summer had been a very pleasant one.

No further allusion to the past or to the life of the future was made by either, and they soon settled down into the monotonous round of school duties. Although roommates still, they avoided each other to such a degree that it was remarked by the other students, and many were the conjectures put forth on the subject.

"She knows it! Oh, dear! Oh, thought Catherine. "She ignores me more and more each day." "I will have to tell her," sighed Isabelle. "What will she think of me!"

One evening in October the two girls, separated by the entire length of the room, were preparing their lessons for the following day. Catherine would steal a furtive glance from her book to Isabelle's face only to find Isabelle gazing fixedly at her. Then they would both glance quickly down with heightened color and rapidly beating hearts.

The little Dresden clock on the mantel chimed the half-hour after 8, and Isabelle closed the book she had been holding upside down and with a firm resolve to do or die, flung herself on the couch and buried her pretty head in the dainty cushions. Catherine, hurriedly thrusting a much-worn letter into her pocket, earnestly besought the weeping girl to tell her the cause of this sudden outburst. Thus urged, Isabelle began in low, pleading tones: "Can you ever forgive me? I have broken my vows to you—all those lovely things we made—oh, dear, you needn't finish that pillow. I wish I had stayed at home, but then I wouldn't have—"

"Tell me all about it, dear," Catherine begged, as she softly patted Isabelle's hand.

"Well, while at the shore this summer I met a young man—a lawyer—he is just lovely, so—I liked him and he liked me. At first, Cathy, I only considered him as a brother, I really did, and I have broken my vow to you. Oh, dear! He is so kind and good that I don't believe you could have helped liking him if you knew him as well as I do. There!" and so saying she hid her face in the cushions again, not seeing Catherine's joyful countenance.

"Look up, Isabelle! Don't cry. I have a confession to make also. I met a college professor last July whom I thought I regarded only as a friend, but when he told me how much he loved me I had to confess that I returned his affections."

Isabelle had been listening with an expression of amazement, and now she threw her arms impetuously around Catherine's neck, exclaiming: "It is simply charming! How happy I am! I wish you could see Dick. He is just lovely, and—"

"Not any nicer than Lawrence," said Catherine, with a little show of spirit, and then they embraced each other again in true school girl fashion, and we will leave them comparing the merits of their respective lovers and discussing the disposal of the many pretty articles they had made for the adornment of their suite.—LOUISE HAWKINS.

Provide for Rail Expansion. In every mile of railway there is seven feet four inches not covered by the rails—the space left for expansion.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers, and he who loves weeds may find weeds.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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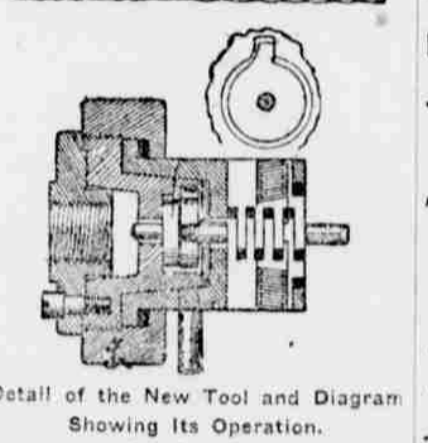
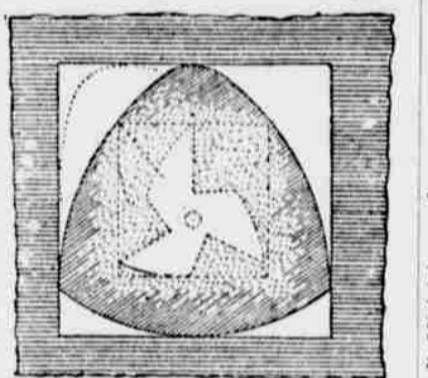


Chicago man. This armor leaves only arms and legs unguarded, and as these parts are not particularly vulnerable, the wearer may feel safe from injury. Unlike the old style protector, which covered only the chest and stomach, the new device has flexible parts which extend over the shoulders and a long flap which reaches almost to the knees. The shoulder pieces do not interfere with the catcher in throwing to second and they save him many a glancing blow from a hard-pitched ball which might otherwise put his arm out of commission. In the case of the umpire, the protector enables him to watch the ball as it crosses the plate and not worry about where it is going to hit him. This armor, however, is not designed to protect him from missiles thrown from the bleachers and it now remains for the inventor to devise a holder plate receptacle for his complete safety.

A "Bit" that Bore Square Holes.

Bits for boring square holes have been on the market for years, but they are adapted for use only in cutting into wood. The tool bores a round hole, while at the same time it cuts out the corners with a cutter, which is fed into the hole without turning. Obviously, such a tool will not work in metals, and yet square holes have a wide use in machinery for keys, wrenches, hand wheels, etc. The present method of making square holes in metals is either to punch them in or cast them, or to drill a round hole and then work it up into the right form with a slotter or shaper.

A tool for boring square holes in metals as easily and almost as quick-



Detail of the New Tool and Diagram Showing Its Operation.

ly as a round hole can be bored has recently been devised by Carl Philigus, a German inventor. As described in the Scientific American, the body of the drill has the form, in cross section, of a spherical triangle. The triangle is made up of equal arcs, each struck from the intersection of the other two arcs as a centre. Such a triangle will always touch the four sides of a circumscribed square; and as the triangle is turned, the corners of the triangle will move in a rectangular path, following the sides of the square.

The Law's Delay.

"I understand that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Barnes. Is that so?" questioned Lawyer Fuller, now Chief Justice.

"Yes," answered the witness.

"What did he say?" next demanded Fuller.

"The attorney for the defense jumped to his feet and objected that the conversation could not be admitted in the evidence. A half-hour's argument followed, and the judges retired to their private room to consider the point.

An hour later the judges filed into the court room and announced that Mr. Fuller might put his question.

"Well, what did the plaintiff say, Mr. Barnes?"

"He weren't at home, sir," came the answer without a tremor.—Success Magazine.

A Good Thing About a Girl.

One good thing about a girl, from a man's standpoint at least, is that she doesn't come around, as soon as she begins to wear long skirts, asking her father questions that he can't answer without being embarrassed.

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