THE SHOWER.

The suscape, nge the awed face of a child. Grew curiously blurred,-a hush of death Tell on the fields, and in the darkened wild The zephyr held its breath.

No wavering glamor-work of light and shade Dappled the shivering surface of the

brook,-The frightened ripples in their ambuscade Of willows thrilled and shook

The sullen day grew darker, and anon Dim flashes of pent anger lit the sky,-With rumbling wheels of wrath came rolling

The storm's artillery.

The cloud above put on its blackest frown-And then, as with a vengeful cry of pain, The lightning snatched it-ripped and flung it down

In ravelled shreds of rain-

While I, transfigured by some wondrous art, Bowed with the thirsty lilies to the sod,-My empty soul brimmed over, and my heart Drenched with the love of God!

-James Whitcomb Riley.

The Johnson Roe.

"Goliath Johnsing, why are you so late? Supper has been a spilin' on de stove dis half-hour," and Aunt Lucy faced her liege lord with stern dignity. "Old Daddy Moses an' me been ahavin' it out."

"Havin' what out? You ain't been an' had a fuss wid Mr. Benson, 'Liah Johnsing?"

Yes, I have. Ole skincher. Here I been a-hoein' hard in de fiel' all day, and he mean 'nough to dock my wages ten cents 'cause I warn't back at noon jest at de minute. I wan't late more'n half an hour or three-quarters of an hour. But I give him a piece of my

I s'pose he don't want to pay for work he don' get.

"Don' git? Why, thar was Sorn Stevens an' Bill Jenkins; they talk more'n half de time, an' rested on their handles mor'n half de time, an' did be dock them any? Not he. got spite 'gain me, I know dat."

"Whar'd you git dat new hoe? queried Aunt Lucy, as 'Liah hung that implement up in the wood shed. "Neber you mind. Women always want stick their nose into ebberyting." "An' what you done wid your ole hoe you took away this noon? Yor

didn't trade dat off for new one."

"Yes, I did, 'f ye will know." "Liah Johnsing," blurted out Aunt Lucy, as a sudden suspicion flamed in her eyes, "dat hoe ain't one of Moses Benson's hoes? You ain't gone an' changed off yo' ole hoe for one his'n, I hope? You wouldn't do dat if he is a skincher, 'n' you a member de church, "Liah Johnsing?"

own bus'ness. Mon' you let me hear ago a lady on Beacon Hill who was in not one mo' word, 'bout dat hoe." With closely compressed line Annt Lucy completed the preparations for been recommended, called one evening

of all ages-and they sat down. "Liah Johnsing, ask de blessing." she said.

The meal went somewhat gloomily here?" the lady asked. off. The overtures of the younger fry "Yes, she do, ma'am; but she ain't to either parent were grumpily met. in jes' dis minute," said the stout colyoung Sally sat down to the melodeon ['ll sen' out arter her."

to de sto', Lucy. I forgot I got to amiably od inquiringly grainst the mow Dawkinses fiel' to-morrow, an' visitor's dress. my whetstun's worn clean down to de ; "You come 'way from dar, you bone, an' I've got to start off to-mor- Malty!" exclaimed the colored woman row 'for sto's open."

when Aunt Lncy called in a tragic 'Lizy, and bring her home. You go whisper to Paul, her oldest boy, six fotch 'Lizy!" she repeated, holding years of age, who was just then deep the door open. in "Only an Armor Bearer;" "You The cat, after siding and wavering Panl, you come here quick, by yo' self." on the threshold a moment, as cats al-

by, and was drawn close up to his bedient, disappeared through the mother on the settee. "Now, you door. Paul, I wonder kin I trust you to do something for me." Paul, somewhat distrustful, kept

discreetly silent. "I wish you's a little bigger, but de ten."

more intently.

sto' an' we's all gone to bed an' got when she broke out: *aleep; yo' hearin', Paul?" "Yes'm."

"You get up still's a mouse, an' you | "Co's I did." go git dat hoe yo' paw brought home. an' don' you make no noise takin' it cat follerin' me up wherever I ever I milk as hot as they can drink it, and down, an' you kerry dat hoe ober to go, Seems like I can't go nowhere but this treatment is good for any one, Mr. Benson's; and you take de hoe dat's you send her after me? Dere I wus in rich or poor. Aside from the use of hanging dar-dat's our hoe, Paul, dat de pra'er meetin' sittin' quiet in de yo' paw left thar by 'stake-you take dat pew listenin' to Maltildy Johnson rehoe an' bring it home an' hang it in latia' her 'speriences wid grace, an'

tell yo' paw nothin' 'bout it." to insure early rising for the morrow's lookin' and laughn' and nothin' fer morning work. His guilty conscience ter do o' co'se but ter went right out. did not bring about the proverbial in- I hope ye'll 'scuse ma'am, but I reckon somnia, but long after his snores had you wouldn't like ter be fotched home begun to resound through the low cham- way f'om de pra'er meetin' by a ber, Aunt Lucy's eyes were wide open. screechin' Maltese cat, neither." and her ears intent on the slightest | The visitor could not help inwardly noise. She grinned uneasily in the reckening that she wouldn't. But her dark as she heard a slight rustle by the admiration for the cat was so great door, a creak or two on the rickety that she made a point afterward to get stairs. Her heart leaped as the shed one of her kittens. door shut with a loud bang, but 'Lijah slept on. The moments seemed hours. At last came the longed-for creak on the stairs, and Aunt Lucy, with a muttered "Bress de Lord!" went sound-

ly to sleep. The first sun's rays were shining in at the window through the morningglories, the early breakfast was smoking on the table, the six young Johnsons were straggling down in various stages of sleepiness, Aunt Lucy was bending over the stove and 'Lijah washing at the sink, when a loud knock was heard at the kitchen door, which, being opened disclosed Mr. Benson. By his side stood the village constable. In his hand was an old and much-battered hoe. 'Liah saw the hoe and his upper jaw fell. Aunt Lucy's gaze also

was riveted on it. "Goliath Johnson," said the constable, "you're my prisoner. You stole Mr. Benson's hoe.

"Fore de Lord, Mr. Benson, I ain't got you loe. What you doin' with mine?"

"You needn't pretend that you left your old hoe in my barn yesterday by mistake, 'Liah Johnson," burst in Mr. Benson, "as if you couldn't tell this old thing from my new hoe. What have you got to say for yourself?"
"You may search dis place, Mr.

Benson, from top to bottom an' side to side, an' you won't fin' no stiver of yo' old hoe. How you got mine, I clar I give it up, but you kin see for yo'self. Now here's where I keeps my hoe," and 'Liah swung open the woodshed door.

There hung Mr. Benson's new hoe. "You Paul!" fairly shouted Aunt Lucy, pouncing on her young hopeful 'what did you do las' night?"

"Did jist what you tol' me. Took back that hoe an' chauged it for de one in Mr. Benson's barn." "Took back what hoe?" shouted 'Liah in his turn. "Lucy Johnsing,

what you been stickin' yo' fingers in? "Well, 'Liah, I 'lowed I warn't goin to have no hoe in dis house what didn't b'long to us by rights, 'n' so I tol' Paul to git up las' night an' change de hoes back agin, an if he did it, how dis comes heah beats me "

"You Lucy Johnsing, see what you's been an' done wid yo' meedlin'! I when I made 's though I was gettin' de whetsun, an' then you went'n' changed 'em back agin.'

"Liah Johnsing, why you keep secrets from yo' wedded wife? Why didn't tell me 'bout dat?"

By this time, Mr. Benson saw that there was something more in the matter than he had supposed, and, sending away the constable, he got from the worthy couple, with much circumlocution, the story of the night's mistakes. Being a man with some sense of humor, he was quite mollified by the comicalities of the situation, and even wynt so far as to take breakfast with

"An' after dis, 'Liah Johnsing,' was Aunt Lucy's moral, "you'd better think twice 'fore you keep any no' secrets from yo' lawful wedded wife!"

A Clever Cat.

Over at the West End there lives a colored family which is noted for possessing a breed of cats which it seems to have a monopoly of-remarkably intelligent animals they are, if not al-"Miss Johnsing, you jest ten' to yo' ways sleek and handsome. Not long need of a servant, and to whom a daughter of this colored household had supper. She called the children-six, at the little household up an alley where the people lived. A stout black woman came to the door.

'Does Eliza Orangeblossom live

Supper things being cleared away, ored woman. "But ef you'll step in, in the parlor and played Moody and | She led the way in and seated the Sankey songs for the Johnson chorus. lady in the living room of the house. Suddenly, as bedtime drew near, There were several cats present, one Liah rose and went into the house, of which a scrawny but alert looking saying as he went, "Got to go down Maltese with green eyes, rubbed up

to the cat. "You hyah me? Now "Liah had been gone hardly a minute you go ober t' de chu'ch and git

Paul, used to obeying, came prompt- ways do in order not to appear too

"Will-will the cat bring the daughter?" the lady asked in astonishment. "Laws bless ye, ma'am, you wait an' see," said the colored woman.

Some minutes went by, and the Lord will hol' you up. Paul, you lis- lady began to think that the mission was quite a failure, when the door A small boy could hardly listen opened and a strapping colored girl came in with the Maltese cat at her "When yo' paw comes home from de heels. The girl had hardly got in

"Mammy, did you send that ar Malty to fetch me?"

"Wal' now, I'm tired o' havin' dat the woodshed, an' don't you nebber all 'a once in walks that cat right up de aisle, and begins mewin' and howl Mr. Johnson chose an early bedtime in' a' de pew door! Oh, de wus all

FATHE TIME'S CHILDREN.

Of Father Town ldren Not an the go wild, or a name of three, His sisters and brothers— He tossed here and there, And their hats sent scamper! Like a wild, frightened hare. He blew and he blustered, Fut down in his heart, The tear-drops were gathering To make Spring-dowers start.

A TALK ABOUT SLEEP.

WO WAY TO VIOLATE NATURAL LAWS AND OBTAIN RE-FRESHING REPOSE.

Quit Using Tea, Coffee and Tobacco.

An ex-superintendent of a city hospital was asked the best method of procuring sleep by natural means, the old-fashioned method of counting, in the mind's eye, a succession of sheep, jumping over a fence being barrel. "For simple insomnia from over-mental work," said the Doctor, "the, first thing is to stop mental and do physical work, and rest the mind by tiring the body. Drugs should only be used when the condition of the patient is such as to demand sleep immediatery. A full meal will frequently produce sleep in the wakeful. At the hospital, where men are sleepless from long continued stimulation by alcohol, they are put on draughts of hot milk or beef tea every hour and a half, until they go to sleep. That treatment is good for insomnia produced by over mental activity and anxiety. The business man's insomnia can, as a rule, only be relieved by lessening the amount of work he may be doing. There is no way by which a man may violate natural laws and obtain natural sleep. Life is much more rapid than it was twenty years ago, and it would be better if more of us took a Saturday halfholiday and observed the Sabbath as a day of rest. I believe if the community would take that prescription insomnia would be practically banished."

"I think the best way to get to sleep is to go to bed, that is, make it a habit took back that hoe 'for I went to bed, to go to bed whether you are sleepy or not. Sleep will come if a persistent and continued invitation is given. I have never failed to see any one who did not have an organic disease who could not, by sticking to it, in the way I have indicated, finally acquire the sleep habit. Sometimes it will take you two or three weeks, but sleep will come. Its arrival may be assisted and hastened by judicious eating before retiring, or by drinking milk. I do not say drink it w. a, but at a moderate temperature. This draws the blood to the digestive organs and away from the brain. A warm bath just before retiring is a very good thing, as it impels the circulation toward the

> "It is not necessarily work that kills nor work that keeps men awake. We are built for work, physical and mental. Our forefathers worked and thought, and we are endowed with the like ability. There are good reasons why the race is tending toward neurasthemia, the disposition to nervousness, which has given rise to what has been characterized as 'the American disease.' The increased and increasing use of narcotics has more to use of what are known as stimulants country. This is especially true as regards tobacco, beer and various alcomes a per capita increase of wrecked nervous systems."

"What," inquired the reporter, "are the natural remedies for sleeplessness brought about by these violations of nature's laws?"

"The natural remedies," said the Doctor, "are to cease to do evil and learn to do well. Give up these things altogether. We have only to go back to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh to note the advent of tea, coffee and tobacco among civilized people, and all three were introduced into England within a score of years. Since that time their use has been marvelously increased, and corresponding with the increase have come these pronounced disturbances in the nervous system of the people. Tre vest thing to induce the system to return to normal conditions is to avoid the things that work mischief and pay better attention to feeding the body; live on those things that will make good blood and rein-

force the system with nerve power." "The majority of those who come under my care who are troubled with sleeplessness are those who have been indulging in the aromatized spirit of

corn. "What's that?" inquired the

porter dubiously. "Whisky. Sleeplessness proper is not a disease of poor patients; it is an aristocratic disease, largely caused by mental perturbation. Our sleepless patients are filled up with beef tea and alcoholic drinks, people who work with their hands sleep well. It is mental workers and debilitated women who are troubled with sleeplessness. There are some persons who sit up all night and never get anything better than two small pairs. They are troubled with sleeplessness, and if they do get sleep, do not get a restful kind, as they are apt to see flushes and four of a kind, and all that sort of thing in their uneasy slumber. There are many persons who do not sleep sound enough or long enough to rest the mental faculties, and awake unrefreshed. The amount of sleep required depends on the habits and the constitution of the sleeper. Some light sleepers, and those who slept a few hours have been men of the greatest mental activity. Relieve the strain on the mind, and the condition of sleeplessness will disap-

"What produces sleeplessness?" "Worry, overwork and haste in eating," replied the Doctor, "are about the chief factors in producing it. Want of exercise and sedentary habits may be added. The remedies? Well, the chief remedies are nutritious fooi and

good exercise, not drugs; and there must be a metive behind the exercise. A perfunctory walk of so many squares at a certain arranged time affords s very limited benefit. It is a good thing for a business er professional of his daily pursuit."

How to Stop a Runaway Horse.

A policeman who has distinguished himself in stopping runaway horses gives the following points as to how to accomplish that end with the greatest success. When you see a runaway coming do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction, or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision; but instead, prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance, start for the runwhile he is yet some way off, perhaps termined whether her boots were strong ten feet, in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do not get close to the line on which he is rushing, and as he passes you grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backward as ou run, give them a powerful yank. You may then be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this jerk, half sliding on your feet. The strong jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master, and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. The horse is on its haunches. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grasp the horse by the nostrils and hold him till he is pacified. -Medical Classics.

MRS. FRENCH SHELDON.

It was my privilege a few days ago to call upon Mrs. French Sheldon, and to learn from her own lips the truth concerning her proposed journey to Central Africa. On a brilliant spring-like afternoon, when the winter silence was broken for the first time ly the notes of birds, I found myself at the gates of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon's rivers de home at Hampton-on-Thames. My entrance was barred by a superb colle dog, who eved me for a moment with suspicion, but when, at the maid's instigation, I I have spent two years in Cuba, be-uttered his name, "Jack," his manner si es visiting a good many other parts out the mention of Jack, for he, too, is a hero, being the possessor of the Hu-mane Society's medal for having save. a life from drowning in the Thames, Heralde l by the now friendly Cerberns. I was in a moment ushered into the

presence of his mistress. characteristically represented by the as I can remember knowing anybody. portrait, that a further description is "You have seen Mr. and Mrs. Stando with this disturbance of the nervous rendered unnecessary. But as every- ley during your last visit to the United do. It is a lamentable fact that the | and heroines, I will add that Mrs. Sheland narcotics is increasing in this of about he middle height. Physically she may not be very robust-and upon one occasion, at least, she has been carry her safely through many dangers. As the saying goes, she is "alive to the finger-tips.

"I am sorry that you cannot see my house in order," said Mrs. Sheldon as she received me, "but I have not much time now before I leave England, and so I am slready making my prepara- look at this most interesting trophy.

"Is not it very difficult to decide what to take and what to leave behind?" I inquired. "No, I have not much trouble about that, for I am althis occasion I have to take with me a great many things to, barter with the in her heroic venture natives, and the trouble is that every tribe requires different articles. This entails taking a good deal of luggage."

"And is it true that you are going alone?" "Yes, almost alone. My husband's business will not permit him to accompany me. I am taking with me, however, one woman to act as my stewardess and body servant. I selected her after making a great many inquiries. She is a highly educated woman, posse-ses medical and surgical certificates, and will, I hope, prove of grest value to me But you can have no idea," s'e exclaimed, "how difficult it has been to adhere to my decision to go alone! I have had shoals of appl:cations from gentlemen; doctors, bar- Here is a withered rose, dear. risters, and men of all classes who have begged me to allow them to join my party.

"You will require some escort, however, when you reach Africa?" "Oh! ves, I shall hire some carriers. I hope to get them at Zanzibar.'

"And what will be your line of route?" "I shall take the East Coast route now that it has been opened . p, going first to Mombassa and Zanzibar, then on to Kilmanjaro, about 250 miles

"You have not," I said, "so far as I understand, been induced to undertake this great journey from quite the same Than the merry month of May. motives as other explorers." "No, not in the least. Afric n travellers hither to have generally gone, either as religious missionaries, or as emissaries from some government to plant its flag upon some great territory. Now" -and the quaint American accent gave a humorous point to the words-"I don't want to plant any flag anywhere! What I part cularly wish people to understand," she continued earnestly, "is that I am going under the auspices of no government and no society; my mi-sion is entirely private. My object is not to make any geographical discoveries, although, on the other hand, if any opportunity to make a discovery presents itself, I do not pledge myself not to make it. Indeed, I pledge my-

self to nothing whatever.
"My one object in this expedition will be to see Africa from a woman's

point of view. I have read nearly all Seven Thirsty Elephants and How the great books of African travel, but they none of them give me what I want. They do not tell me enough about the natives. All these uncivilized races must have a social and a family life of their own; th re must be great man to have a hobby outside the grind differences in these respects between the customs of one tribe and another. much as I can o' the characters of the

"Men's minds," she continued, "it appears to me, are chiefly objective, and women's are chiefly analytical. For instance, if a man sees a mountain open. Further, they luckily discoverin front of him, he wants to get to the ed that the tank was nearly empty-altop, and, dashing towards it, he very likely forgets to notice a brook that lies at his feet, and so he falls into it. But a woman would not look at the top first, but at the smaller objects immediately before her, and she would not make the ascent until she had deenough and her skirts short enough to

cross that brook in safety.' This feminine touch reminded me to ask how Mrs. Sheldon proposed to solve the costume question. "I do not," she replied, "intend to adopt any peculiar garments, but I pay great regard to the matter of lightness. I am taking between thirty and forty dresses, but they are chiefly made of light washing silks, cotton, and undyed wool, and you will be surprised to hear that they do not all together weigh more than twenty pounds. I do not like tailor made dresses; they seem to me to wrap the body up too tightly"

"What first suggested the idea of this journey to you?" I inquired "The their convenience. At any rate, no direct reason of it" said Mrs. Sheldon sooner were the men gine, when "was the desire to obtain local color for "book which I have had on hand for the last eight years. It is a romance somewhat on the ines of Flanbert's 'Satammbo,' of which, as you know, I made the authorized transla-

"My new book," continued Mrs. Sheldon, "may take a different shape and, coming to the water-tank, one of from that which I at present contemplate, but I expect my plans for it will crystal ize during the voyage down the Red Sea.

In reply to questions about her early life. Mrs. Sheldon said: "I sm a genuuine New Yorker, although I have y husband is an Englishman. At one time I devoted my attention to sculpture, but I worked so hard at it that it affected my health, and I had trunks with the cool water, and poured to give it up. I have travelled a great it down their dry, parched throats. deal already. For some time we lived How grateful! How refreshing! After in New Mexico, where we had a ranch, the long, dusty ride, with what keen and I afterward- wrote a book about it. became cordiality itself. No sketch of of the world. On one side of the fami-Mrs. Sheldon would be co plete with- ly I come of Quaker st ck, and it may interest you to know that I am the great-oreat-granddaugiter of Sir Isaac Newton. All my life I have been thrown much into the society of travellers and men of action. I have known Garibaldi; Du Chailin has been a friend of mine ever since I was twelve, and as Mrs. Sheldon is so faithfully and for Stanley, I have known him as long

ipper of heroes | States?" I said. "Yes, and Mr. Stanley, I am happy to say, is in excellent don is a slight, youthful-looking lady health, and they have both h d a special part of the household economy splendid reception. Mr. Stanley said, into her own hands and become respon-'it any woman can make such an expedition successfully, it is yourself;' and coholic preparations. With this use dangerously near death's doo -but he has provided me with a number of she possesses such a fund of intellectual letters and introductions. I was one and nervous energy as will probably of the little circle of friends who went duties i ecomes accustomed to it, and over to Ostend to meet Mr. Stanley when he returned to England, and he Wheregave me his celebrated cap." upon Mrs. Sheldon took from its box the original white head covering, which she prizes more than any treasure she possesses, and allowed me to

Listening to Mrs. Sheldon's brilliant and most interesting talk, the afternoon had rapidly waned; and, suddenly realizing that she must have a thousand things to do for every minute that reready an experienced traveller. But on mained to her in England, I rose to take leave and to wish her all success

"Do not let us say good bye yet," she exclaimed. "You must come and see m off when I start on the 17th for Brindisi." Whereat, with cordial thanks I tore

myself reluctantly away. GRANDMOTHER'S TREASURES.

BY DAISY BERTRAM.

"What are those treasures," you ask, dear,
"I keep in that old wooden chest?"
Ah me, what memories awake, dear,
Within your grandmother's breast,
As I look at the dear old treasures,
And think of each h ppy day
when all things were as pleasures,
And every mouth was May. And every mouth was May.

Here is a withered rose, d'ar.
Which when given was ful of life
Ahme, 'twas on that day, dear,
I promised to be a w fe;
And here are the fewels I wore,
These pearls of pure, pure white,
Ahme, ahme, my heart is sore
As I look on them to-night.

For the giver of these is gone, dear, For the giver of these is gone, dear, To that fair, bright home above, Where everything is good, dear, And all is peace and love. But I know it will not be long, dear, Before I am called away To join that glorious angel throng, In the light of eternal day.

up the coast. I have a great desire to see the lake near Mount Kilmanjaro, which Mr. Stevens has described."

"You have not," I said, "so far as I understand, been induced to undertake the state of the said. Than the pearls I were that day.

SERVICE.

Pret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone.
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all;
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born;
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.
His shal is be no slumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue:
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name;
Day shall werve his arm with light,
Slumber soo'he him all the night:
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help im all his will perform.
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high sarvices to foreses.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

They Quenoned Their Thirst.

One day a circus and menagerie trasn halted at the railway station on its way through a town. Of course there was great curiosity among the railroad men to inspect this queer special train; and among others the engineer and the fire-In particular, I in end to observe as man of one of the locomotives in the yard left their posts for a short time to see the different menagerie cars.

When they came back and were ready to move their locomctive, they noticed that the cover of the water-tank was thought it had been full to the brim when they left it.

Such an extraordinary thing had never happened before! No wonder there was great surprise on all sides! everyone knew the tank was full when the men had left it; in fact, some of the "hands" had seen it filled, neither was there a leak in it, and yet, the tank was empty. The question was, where had the water gone?

Seven thirsty elephants, shut up all day and all night in a car that gave them hardly room to move; their warm bodies fairly touching one another, a paltry allowance of water to quench their thirst, and then, to be left standing on the hot railroal track, the sun's rays pouring down upon the root of the car, and with only such air as could come through the small open windows! Was it any wonder, when their keen scent told them water was near, that they should search for it? How were they to know that it was not there for sooner were the men gone, when through a small window of the elephant car the dusky trunk of an elephant made its way sinuously out. Another followed its example, then another, until seven trunks had felt and snuffed around, over eng ne, tender and coal. What they sought was not there; but they still k pt moving about, them stopped, felt all over the cover, and at last managed to get the fingers like end under the edge of the cover, Then slowly and carefully it was opened; when, behold! there was what the elephants wanted-water, and plenty of it. The owner of that particulat spent much of my life in London, for | trunk took a long draught, its companions meanwhile shoving and pushing one another in their acxiety to drink. One after another they filled their enjoyment they squirted the water over their tired, hot bodies, until they were cool and comfortable.

The mystery of the empty tank was a mystery but a short time. The keeper of the elephants n visiting he car, had found it and the elephants deluged with wa er. A few inquiries, and the matter was explained to everyone's satisfaction. - January St. Nicholas-

The Turnabout Plan.

BY E. M. C.

Where there is a large family of girls the plan of having each one take some sible for it, finds favor with many mothers; and this is as it should be, in our estimation. A g rl who is early made to bear the burden of domestic finally ends by really enjoying the care of the house and family-that is, if the teaching has been judicious. She always, at least, takes a pardonable pride in knowing that she can do her work well, and anything one can do well with their hands is not wholly distasteful to the person so gifted.

Very little g rls can learn to dust neatly and to pick up litter from the our or carpet. Perhaps one of the earliest lessons to be taught a child is the tidying up of the nursery at eventide, or when the playthings are done with for the time being.

As the daughter, get a little older they begin to take care of their own rooms, and then they find they can help in the sitting-room or parlor, and by degrees they assume one duty after another, under the supervision of mother or aunty or old sister, and there is no conflict in their minds against working in the home, for they have unceremoniously imbibed the spirit of work long before it seemed a

burden to work. At first there is no special work more appropriate to one than anothe; but after a time the duties seem to conflict, and if each daughter is led to consider herself responsible for some particular part, she tries to perform her special duty well. Sometimes girls resent being called from their work, however, and asked to do that which a sister usually does. And this is where the turnabout plan comos in admirably: If each one is given the direction of some part of the work for a specified time, long enough to enable her to do that work well and easily, and then she be taken from that and permitted to have the direction of some other part of the household economy, she will not fail to become educated all round in housewife y lore. The laundry can be in her charge for three months, for example, then desserts for some weeks, and then marketing for a time, the length of time corresponding somewhat with the number of girls who must take turn. Frequently the eldest one must keep the harder parts of the work for some time, while the younger gir s are thoroughly learning the caster portions. But after a fine there comes a happy rivalry as to which shall do the work best, and have the fewest hitches in any department which she has charge of. And in this rivairy much of the genuine benefit of the turnabout plan lies.

An English syndicate intends to buy the Aspen (Col.) si er mines. The pri e it is said, is \$17,000,000.

The U. S. Senate voted to give to the families of the late Onief Justice Wait and Justice Miller one year's salary. Changy frequently should begin at

other people's homes.