



LIQUID BOUQUET.

Pretty Effect That May Be Obtained With Aniline Dyes.

If very fine particles of aniline dyes are dropped into a glass of water they will sink slowly, leaving behind them brilliant colored threads or streamers. In some cases a single dye-stuff produces two colors, the second one being due to fluorescence. The red dyes eosine and erythrosine belong to this class, but the most remarkable is fluorescein, the yellow streamers of



A LIQUID BOUQUET.

which have a beautiful fluorescent shimmer of green. By mixing various dyestuffs a very beautiful polychromatic effect is obtained—a liquid bouquet.

Exceedingly little dyestuff is required for this experiment. The few grains that remain on a piece of paper on and off which some of the powder has been poured are quite sufficient.

The experiment succeeds with all dyes, which, when in the form of powder, are a little heavier than water and which dissolve slowly in that liquid.

A few aniline dyes are quite insoluble in water, which does not even wet them.

SARAH SWIFT.

Surely She Should Show Some Superior Sewing Samples.

Sarah Swift sews seams swiftly. She saw some stylish serge samples. Sarah saved six samples, saying she should secure stylish serge suit shortly.

Sarah sewed steadily seven Saturdays. She stitched such satisfactory, salable shirts she soon saved sufficient silver.

Sarah started shopping. She strolled slowly six squares. Seeing several stores similarly situated, she said softly, "South street." So Sarah Swift selected serge, sewing silk—six spoils.

Sleepy Sarah sewed serge slowly. Supposing Sister Susan sleepy, Sarah said, "Sleepy, Sister Susan?" Sister Susan smiled. Sleepy Sarah soon slept soundly. Sister Susan softly slipped sleeping Sarah's serge, sewing silk, scissors. She sat silently, swiftly sewing Sarah's serge skirt. Six seams securely sewed she.

Sarah, suddenly startled, surprised, sat staring, seeing Sister Susan sitting sewing seams swiftly. Sarah's salutation surprised Sister Susan. Sarah said, "Sweet Sister Susan sitting sewing; selfish Sarah sleeping?"

Sister Susan, smiling, said, "Supper, Sarah."

Sarah soon spread supper. Salad, salmon, sandwiches, steaming soup, Sister Susan saw. She stopped sewing. Sumptuously she supped.

Stylish serge satisfactorily sewed. Spring sunshine smiling. See sweet Sarah (Sister Susan's sunbeam, so she says) strolling slowly, smiling sweetly. —Youth's Companion.

Working Monkeys.

Monkeys actually are made to work in Malabar, India, which is perhaps the only place in the world where they earn their salt. The Malabar monkey is of the fine species known as the langur. It is very warm in Malabar, and there is a fan called the punka, which used to be kept in motion by a slave. It required a slave to work each punka, but now every punka in Malabar is worked by a monkey. It was an English officer who conceived the idea of making the langur work in that manner. The fan is a movable frame, covered with canvas and suspended from the ceiling. The motion is caused by pulling a cord. The officer tied the hands of the langur to one of the cords and then by means of another cord put the machine in motion. Of course the monkey's hand went up and down, and the animal wondered what sort of a game was being played. Then the officer patted its head and fed it with candy till soon the langur thought it fine fun to work the punka. The experiment was successful, and now thousands of monkeys are in harness.

Voice Culture.

Baby heard Lelia say that one of the girls in the choir had strained her voice. A few days afterward Lelia went into the kitchen, and there on the floor sat baby, holding the tea strainer to her lips and singing through it. "Oh, baby," she said, "put up the tea strainer." But baby answered, "No; I'm straining my voice." —Little Chronicle.

Dotty's Dolly Thoughts. Dolly, dear, don't you wish You could speak a bit? Dream's it feel tiresome Just to sit and sit And never say a single word No matter what you think, But just to stay all stiff and still And never even wink? But there's one thing, my dolly dear, That ought to make you glad, And that is, if you cannot speak You never can be bad. Now, me, sometimes when I don't feel Exactly as I should, My tongue it goes so quick that I Say things that aren't good.

An Animal Story For Little Folks The Tree Climbing Camel

Charles Henry Camel was one of the most progressive animals in all the realm of the king of beasts. He was not satisfied to accept things as he found them, but constantly aimed to put himself in a better position. And this is a very commendable trait at most times.

So when Charles Henry heard that the circus parade was going to pass his way he decided that he would climb a tree and view the long line of cages and the brass bands which would be in the procession from this elevated standpoint. He had never climbed a tree, but he thought if others could he could too.

Therefore when the first blare of trumpets was heard afar off he set his



ON THE WAY TO THE CIRCUS PARADE.

forefeet against a sycamore and tried to draw himself up into the branches.

His feet slipped, and as a reward he received a sound bump on the nose. He tried again and got another bump.

All this time the sound of music and of rumbling cages grew nearer, and Charles Henry made a mighty effort and succeeded in drawing himself about half way to a lower limb.

Then came the parade, and Charles Henry, who only kept his position with the greatest effort, gazed down in satisfaction. But as the second band passed the poor old camel found he could hold on no longer, and down he dropped.

Boom, boom, kerplunk! He went square into the middle of the big bass drum. And then you may be sure there was trouble. Poor Charles Henry was set upon by the whole circus and was beaten and belaid until he was black and blue. —Worcester Post.

An Animal Story For Little Folks The Overconfident Fish

"Of all the fish in all the sea there's none so very smart as me," sang the swordfish.

"If you were really as smart as you think you are, you would sing, 'Of all the fish beneath the sky there's none so very smart as I,'" declared the mud dabbler. "Your grammar isn't very good."

"Well, I'm smart, anyway," declared the swordfish. "I shall never be caught by any of these fishermen with a funny little worm on a hook. I'm too smart for that."

And then he went darting around beneath the boats of the fishermen who had come out from the shore with their hooks and lines and nets to catch fish. Every now and then the swordfish would go to the surface of the water



"THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME."

and jump up into the air to show himself to the men and let them know what a beautiful fish there was that they could not catch. He went as near the boats as he could, too, so everybody could have a good view of him.

"I would like to have that fish," said one of the men, "but he won't bite at any of my lines."

"I'll get him for you," replied an old fisherman, as he picked up a stout stick from the bottom of the boat.

Then the very next time that the swordfish darted into the air the old fisherman reached over and dealt him a hard blow with the stick, and Mr. Fish fell into the boat with his senses knocked out.

Moral.—There's more than one way to catch a fish. —Detroit Journal.

Gems In Verse

The Call of the Plains. If you are sick of curbing lines, Of senseless social monkey shames, Come west. Come west.

If freedom is the boon you seek And think you need a strenuous streak, Pack up your duds and take a sneak— Come west.

If you are weary of the east, That to effectness has been leased, Come west. Come west.

Come out here where the winds are strong, Where nature sings a lusty song, Where skies are blue and trails are long— Come west.

If you would like a breath of air, A bracing breath and good and rare, Come west. Come west.

Come out where you may see the skies, Where wide the prairie's vastness lies, And brush the cobwebs from your eyes— Come west.

—Chicago Chronicle.

The Birds. Angers without toil, whose toll is play, Who wake the skies before the peep of day, Who call the shadows from the woodlands deep

And downward waft the dewy plumes of sleep, You bring the buds and flowers and delight

Of spring. With your swift, soft, feathery flight The seasons change their courses, and with you

They flit upon the gossamer seas of blue. Light as the filmy chariots that scroll

The mirroring pool and softly upward roll Before the breath of the wind—as gay as joy,

As light as laughter when no cares annoy— All the affairs of men and women move

When, with the omens right, the birds approve. Oh, mortal, this day do you wait or climb

Warily the long fantastic path of time? Mayhap you cry faltering: "I am old! And my immortal soul grows dead and cold!"

Not death! Not age! When the spring day was long

You mocked the redbreast and you spurned his song; The oriole in the fragrant boughs above

May meadows could not warm your heart with love. The merry bobolink in time of bloom

And roses failed to draw you from your doom; And vainly, loudly croaked the water fowl,

And vainly hooted through the night the owl; In vain the wild full throated thrushes sang

And woke the echoes till the woodlands rang. The birds revile and scorn you; you they hate

And now they fly and leave you while you wait. —Arthur Richmond in Boston Transcript.

The Tree. This tree, which stands with arms outspread,

With leaves, like fingers tremulous, And softly waft it down to us; This tree—it means a hundred years

Of rain and sun, of drought and dew, Before this shade which rests and cheers

Into today's perfection grew. Some kindly one—forgotten now—

May thoughtfully have placed the seed, Foreseeing that each reaching bough

Would satisfy a worn one's need, Whoever he was, that unknown one, Who set the seed or sproutlet slim,

He knew not that he had begun What stands a monument to him. The trees—the kindly trees—that blaze

With spring's green flame or autumn's blush, The sturdy trees that line the ways

Into the woodland's peaceful hush— Through all the years they slowly grow

Until they shield the flowered sod; The trees—the kindly trees—they show

The patient thoroughness of God. This tree, which stands with arms outspread,

Seems to pronounce while standing thus A blessing and to gently shed

A benediction over us. The sunlight shuttles through the leaves

With threads of gold that flash and play; Across the warp of shade it weaves

The mingled fabric of the day. —W. D. Nesbit.

The Creed of Toil. Today is your day, not the day that is past;

Tomorrow's a day that has yet to be born. Toil earnestly, then, for the hours fly fast

From the morn. You have never a minute for idle respite

Nor a second to childishly grieve. Lay hold, and success crown your toil

With delight In the eve. Life is brief at the best, and its aim is not clear.

But spend it so well that, whatever impend, You'll have naught for repenting and never a fear

At the end. —New York Journal.

Live in the Sunshine. Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom;

Carry some gladness the world to illum. Live in the brightness and take this to heart—

The world will be gayer if you'll do your part. Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;

Open air Christians live nobly and well. Live where the joys are and, scorning defeat,

Have a good morrow for all whom you meet. Live as a victor and triumphing go

Through this queer world beating down every foe. Live in the sunshine—God meant it for you!

Live as the robins and sing the day through. —Margaret E. Sangster.

The Rivals. To Love's low voice she lent a careless

Her hand within his rosy fingers lay, A chilling weight. She would not turn or hear,

But with averted face went on her way. But when pale Death, all featureless and grim,

Lifted his bony hand and, beckoning, Held out his cypress wreath, she followed him,

And Love was left forlorn and wondering That she who for his bidding would not stay

At Death's first whisper rose and went away. —Rudyard Kipling.

DRESS ODDS AND ENDS.

Have Plainly Marked Boxes and Bags in Which to Keep Them.

Every household should have its well marked boxes and bags for the proper sorting out of odds and ends of silks and cloths and linens.

Every odd bit of stuff that is of any size should be saved. You never know when you will need a bit of silk to line a collar or a strip of muslin for bands.

A good plan with dresses and suits is to go over the piece bag in which are kept the leftovers every little while and get rid of all that belong to garments you have discarded. Better still, to go to these bags whenever you are passing a dress on to some one less fortunate than yourself and send with it all the pieces that match. They help out wonderfully with any fixing over.

Or if you want to empty these boxes any time there are always homes and sewing schools of which the managers are only too glad to get just the very things you are discarding.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Have the sink open. A closed sink breeds disease.

The only way to make an oil stove burn without an odor is to clean and refill it each time it is used.

To clean a dirty boiler put about a pound of caustic soda into the boiler, nearly fill it with water and boil for an hour or more.

When cleaning knives mix a tiny bit of carbonate of soda with the bath brick on the knifeboard and they will polish more readily.

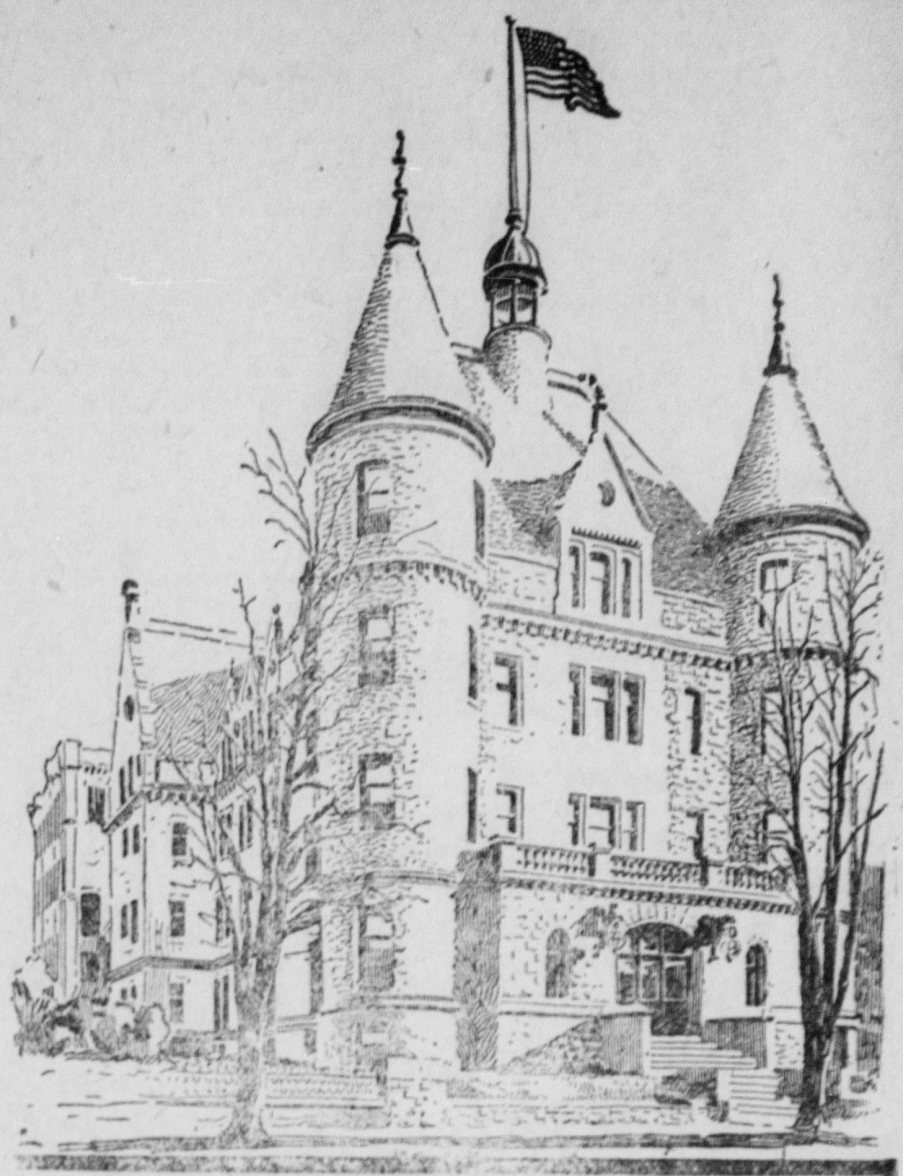
A cement made by adding a teaspoonful of glycerin to a gill of glue is a great convenience in the kitchen and is especially good for fastening leather, paper or wood to metal.

A pound of bran boiled for an hour in a gallon of water will be found an excellent wash for kitchen paint, which soon becomes dull if soap is applied. The bran water will not only keep the paint clean, but will also restore the glossy finish to the varnish.

The Attic Playroom.

A friend in Boston tells me how she has furnished an attic as a playroom. This was her way: The rafters and planks she stained green and threw bright colored rugs about the floor.

Small shelves between the uprights held shells, stones, other outdoor treasures and pots of hardy ferns, hyacinths, geraniums or little orange trees. A large table she stained green to match the rafters. A rocking chair was there and a hammock slung between the rafters. The window, curtained with thin red silk, and two big red Japanese lanterns helped to make the attic gay. A cow bell swung from the rafter near the staircase with a rope leading to the attic door further enhanced the proprietary feeling, which was her children's chief pleasure in the place. —New York Globe.



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