A YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

Τ.

For fibbing, many a lad, no doubt, Has felt the sting of hickory sprout. Eliphalet Pease, a pleasant youth, Was birched because he told the truth.

II.

One day, from school Eliphalet came, And sought his mother, comely dame. "Oh, Mother, have you heard the news? "As I was passing Parson True's,

III.

"Down a ladder, from the top, Full twenty feet, without a stop, Head over heels, did Parson go, 'And landed on the rocks below."

IV.

"Alack a day!" the good housewife cried, 'And swiftly to her gossips hied. 'And soon throughout the village, all Had heard the tale of Parson's fall.

Men dropped their fishing nets and creels; The women left their spinning-wheels; The broth was burned within the pot, By wives and maids alike forgot.

VI

The rumor grew, as swift it spread, And declared the Parson dead. And many fainted from the shock; For he was loved by all his flock.

VII.

But, see! amidst the tumult, where A form appears, erect and spare. The Parson's self, benignant, calm, 'And humming soft, a favorite psalm!

VIII

Before the wondering crowd, he halts, And soon declares the rumor false. Backward, the story, then they trace, Severe and frowning, every face;

IX.

Until, with unexpected ease, "Tis brought home to Eliphalet Pease. "I did but tell the truth," quoth he, "The paison was up in a tree.

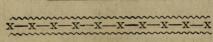
X.

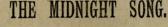
"And down the ladder, round by round, He came until he reached the ground. Head over heels, he came; 'tis true; Pray, tell me, how else would he do?"

XI.

Silence ensued that might be felt; And then the crowd began to melt. To melt away, with sheepish grin, Which didn't save Eliphalet's skin.

For this is when that luckless youth Was birched because he told the truth. —Pauline Frances Camp, in St. Nicholas





By ALVA MARIE PATERSON.

x—x—x—x—x—x—x—x—x

The March moon, shining resplendent, revealed the somewhat abject him because he had been good to me, figure of a man strolling lazily along but a great gloom fell upon me, the country road. His black derby clouding my young manhood, for, hat and the unmistakable modish cut strangely enough, I feared that you of his tweed suit told that he was not were mad. That thought has driven a resident of Marshville-only a visitor, or wanderer perhaps. His slow gait and general attitude expressed ty-five, I am an old man, and worn. gloom and his lonely sojourn at the But Providence has been merciful at late hour of twelve suggested mystery or uneasiness of mind.

Suddenly he stood erect, listening. countenance that, despite its lofty pale forehead was knitted together in zation .- Boston Post. deep lines of pain: the dark eyes betook a cavernous expression and the sensitive nostrils were dilated. His thin, colorless lips were partly opened as if about to utter a word.

The only competent doctor the WHEN A MAN town boasted attended the singer and the wanderer through long months of MARRIES IN CHINA. illness, and from the sick man's mutterings the doctor gathered a story. One glorious June morning when little Lake Myriad was sparkling in the sunlight, Dr. Morse took his two patients to a spacious grape-arbor

overlooking the lake. He seated himself quietly and held the woman's hand in his, speaking solemnly. "Madeline, my dear, some years ago-you were the handsomest lass for miles 'round-you married rich

Major Hepworth. A son was born to you. Before he was two years old that son was stolen. You searched for five years, but no trace of him could be found. At the end of that time your husband died; then youwent mad. Yes, do not shudder, for your recent illness has banished that fearful malady forever. But even in your madness you cherished the hope that you would some day find your boy. That hope has kept you alive and young, even in your demented state, these long years. Not a hair wrinkle spoiled your lovely face, and you retained your wonderful voice, but you became blind. Blindness was

hereditary in your family, but your mental distress brought it on prematurely and I fear you will never regain your sight. Several times you have slipped out in your night robes and been found singing by the lake at midnight. One night, not long ago, you went-"

"Yes! yes! I know! I stood by the lake and I felt that he was near meyet I could not see-I could not see. I sprang forward to reach for him and I fell into the lake. Yes, doctor, I remember, and do you know, I seemed to feel his arms around me-

only he had grown a man!" "Mother!" The stranger's voice was an uttered prayer. "Speak! Speak! Do I hear my

son?"

"Yes, mother, for you are my mother—listen! Ever since I was a little child, your face has been stamped on my memory; always I hear the lullaby you sang on the night you nearly drowned. You must have crooned it to me when I was a mere babe! I spoke of these child-like fancies, as I thought they were, to my guardian, but he laughed them away, telling me they were only whims. Several years ago he died, having confessed to me that he was not my father as he had made me believe, but that Major Hepworth was my father, and that he-my guardian - had kidnaped me because he was jealous of my father's promotion

in the army. He could not tell me if you were living or dead. I forgave clouding my young manhood, for, me to the extremes of terror and dissipation till now, at the age of twenlast and brought me to where you are!'

A long silence followed. The He raised his head; as he did so, his mother lifted her face to her son's; hat fell off, and the light of the moon the last hour had seemed to age it, shone full upon a very characteristic for the weight of years, held in check ho was un brow and unusual intelligence, be- knowingly nestling a cherished hope trayed a life of heavy dissipation. At in a forlorn breast, had begun to asthe present time, every feature ex- sert itself and leave its imprint on pressed intense emotion; the high, her features in the moment of reali-

Advantages of the John Alden Method Are Surprisingly Emphasized by Chinese Suitors.

Dr. Isaac T. Headland, a resident of Pekin for many years, where he enjoyed the friendship of the late Dowager Empress, throws a new light on the new women of China, in the Travel Magazine. Taking up the relations between the sexes and especially the Chinese method of getting a wife, the writer repeats a conversa tion with a young Chinaman who had recently become engaged to a Chinese maiden with whom he had never spoken.

"We students have a very great advantage over the old Chinese method of finding a wife and getting engaged," said my Celestial friend. "What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, by the old Chinese method a man can never see his wife until she is brought to his home, unless he can bribe the middle-man to allow him to stand on the street cor ner and see her pass by in a cart." "And what advantage do you have?"

"We see the girls in church," he answered. "They also can see us. We have sisters in the girls' schools; they when we go home during vacation we can learn all about each other."

"This is an advantage." "In my judgment," he continued, "we have a better method than even you foreigners have."

ter we have selected the lady we want, we can have a middle-man go and ask her for us, while you have to go and ask the lady yourself."

"But," I objected, "we can get so much better acquainted by our method."

"Yes, that's true," he admitted. "but doesn't it make you awfully angry if you ask a girl to marry you and she refuses?"

It was necessary to admit that there were advantages in the middleman method which had never occurred to me, and while I was not ready to acknowledge that his newfound method was better than mine, I could still see that the force which brought it about was bringing woman out of her seclusion and placing her on a level with her brother and her future husband.

WISE WORDS.

What else can joy be but diffusing joy?-Byron.

No one really fails who does his best .--- Sir John Lubbock. Doubtful ills do plague us worst.

-Seneca. For a little mind courteth notoriety

to illustrate its puny self.-Tupper. Riches and care are as inseparable

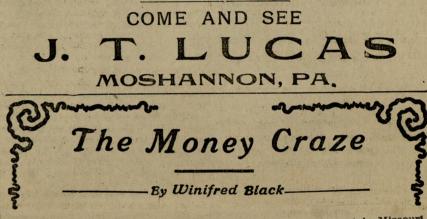
as sun and shadow.-Woman's Life. To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know.-Horace Walpole.

We can finish nothing in this life; we may make a beginning, and bequeath a noble example.-Smiles. He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with thoughts and deeds of love.-Persian Proverb.

House Cleaning and Furnishing Time Is Here.

Now is when the house-wife will go all over the house, and dust the accumulations of the winter's coal burning. She will find that so many articles need replacing with new ones. We wish to let all know that we have just what will be needed for the purpose. To enumerate a few articles only: Curtain Rods, Curtain Fixtures, Picture Wire, Moulding Hooks, Clothes Baskets, Chair Seats, Hat and Coat Racks, Salt Boxes, China, Crockery, Glassware, Toilet Sets, Etc. The most important have brothers in the college, and of all is, we have all these goods at the right price. We mark the price all in plain figures and have but one price to all customers. We find that it makes "Well, you see," he continued, "af- us too much trouble and very unsatisfactory to the public, to work price with the percentage off plan.

See Our Illustrated Bulletin For Bargains.



MAN pretended to be crazy the other day out in Missouri, and they sent him to the insane asylum.

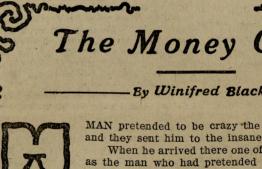
When he arrived there one of the doctors recognized him as the man who had pretended to be crazy once before so as to be locked up in an asylum in Illinois. The man confessed.

"No," he said, "I am not crazy, but board is so high now I thought this was a good way of getting a good living cheap."

Why, he was crazier than any poor maniac in any asylum in Not crazy! the world.

Crazy about money-for it seems he had money. So crazy that he would rather live in the horrors of an insane asylum than spend his money for a quiet life somewhere else. He isn't the only person that's crazy about money.

ho will go without food so long that she gets a terrible headache-just to save money.



"Ah!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "It is the blind singer of whom the village folk talk in whispers! What a wonderful voice! And why is the singing at this unearthly hour?"

As he spoke a tremulous melody floated to him on the breezes. It was like the tinkling of silver bells on the water in moonlight, so musical and low, and yet it stabbed the heart of the listener with its unconscious appeal for sympathy. The stranger clenched his hands; the voice grew louder and sweeter and more appealing. "Good God!" he muttered, gazing about him with agonized looks. "Shall I forever hear it?" And then he ran-ran in search of the voice. In five minutes he was facing the singer. She stood on the opposite bank of little Lake Myriad, a tall, stately woman, robed in white garments, loose and flowing, and her feet were unshod. She held her head lifted toward the sky; the skin of arm, face and bosom was like dazzling ivory, so pure and faultless, and a veritable halo of tresses, goldenhued, enshrined her beautiful face. The eves were unspeakably lovelyblue, like the bluest heavens of a perfect summer day! Yet they did not move, only stared fixedly into space. To the bewildered beholder she seemed an Aphrodite come to earth. Still her song soared on and on, reaching a climax of heavenly sweetness, which slowly lost itself in the softest cadence of a most entrancing lullaby.

Then there was a splash, followed by another, and the strange wanderer was swimming to the rescue of the der the influence of Polynesian civilisinger.

IS DEEP BREATH-ING BENEFICIAL?

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in Outing, questions it. He says on this point:

"Another fad of physical culture which, though beneficial in moderation, falls far short of the claims made for it, is deep breathing. Air is, of course, the breath of life, and as this breath of life is 'eaten' with the chest, the larger and more superbly expanded chest you have, the more life you get; so runs our popular logic. Moreover, it can be demonstrated easily that when you have been cramped up over desk or book for hours, it is an inspiring and exhilarating thing to stand erect. throw back your shoulders, and draw three or four big, deep breaths. Ergo; if a little of this pouter pigeon performance is good, more of it must be better.'

Traces Origin of Aztecs.

According to W. D. Westervelt, of Honolulu, an admitted authority on Polynesian archaeology, the civilization of the Toltecs and Aztecs of Mexico is not directly connected with that of ancient Egypt, but had its origin with the Polynesians of the Pacific. He is of the opinion that the effort to establish connection between ancient Mexico and old Egypt is an error, and cannot but lead to confusion.

Mr. Westervelt visited and carefully examined many of the Aztec ruins in the vicinity of the City of Mexico, and is convinced that what he saw is the work of people who had been unzation.-Washington Herald.

Books give to all who faithfully use them the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.-Channing.

Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth. -Buddha.

One of the most unreasonable traits of a woman is the way she can think it isn't her fault when her husband cuts himself shaving .-- New York Press.

In all the superior people I have met I notice directness-truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away.-Emerson.

The moving Finger writes, and having writ,

Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit Can lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all your tears wipe out a word

of it. -Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam."

Fatal Theatrical Fires.

The following are among the most notable theatrical fires in the United Richmond Theatre, Rich-States: mond, Va., December 26, 1811, number of lives lost, seventy; Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., December 5, 1876, 295; Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., April 28, 1892, six; Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Decem-ber 30, 1903, 575; Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., December 8, 1895, twenty-three; Rhoades Opera House, Boyertown, Pa., January 13, 1908, 170.-New York American.

Wanted Particulars.

Sunday School Teacher-"And you know, children, Elijah was taken away in a chariot.'

Tommie - "What horsepower, teacher?"-Yonkers Statesman.

She has money. Not plenty of it, but enough to buy food and shelter and clothes for three women, let alone one. But she feels poorer than any beggar in the streets, so her money doesn't do her a particle of good.

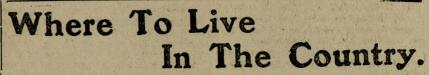
"Money," cried a man I know the other day. "I never was so poor in my life as I have been since I've had a thousand dollars in the bank. I have to calculate and add and subtract every time I want to buy a friend a bunch of violets. I can't ask a woman out to dinner without getting off in a corner somewhere and counting up to see if I have money enough to pay the bills and have some left for my weekly deposit.

"I wish somebody would come and borrow the measly thousand and get rid of it for me, and then I could spend my money as it comes in and feel rich again.'

I was out with a rich woman the other day and it began to rain. And I called a taxi to get home. The rich woman was so busy scheming how to get out of paying her share of the taxi bill that she couldn't speak a word all the way home.

And now every time she sees me she feels mean. And she looks it. I wonder if it's worth while to care so much about money as all that.

Crazy! Why, half the people in the world are crazy about money. But nobody locks them up in the asylums .- Chicago Examiner.



By E. P. Powell.

N locating your country place, get as nearly as possible the full relation of your land to the rest of the land about. Sit there until you can feel with Nature, catch her idea and the sentiment of your homestead. Be sure it is part of a poem. It might be well to wait a few days and take another survey, and then a third with your wife and children.

As soon as you have begun to grade and level down, you are liable to throw your property out of relationship to its surroundings. I can show you a hillside, where the first homesteader, instead of leveling his house to the land, leveled the land to his house; this made no end of work for himself, for the showers came guttering down and filling up his hollows; and then every man who followed him in building did the same things, digging flat places into the hillside, until the whole hill was sliced and carved out of comeliness. It was a small attempt to make a side hill look like a plain, and such efforts will always fail.

After you have made a thorough study of what you have purchased, you are ready to plot it on paper. I advise you to do this work yourself. A landscape gardener is likely to express an ambition and set you to working that out. He will almost surely undertake too much: After you have completed your work, you might allow him to look it over and make suggestions, but the real plotting should be between you and Nature. I am talking to those who are going into the country with capital enough to command a small homestead and work out their own ideas.

