

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Just Sayings and Cate Dolans of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Millie and papa and Bonnie Brown... The pretty horse with the seal brown coat, were out for a winter's sleigh-ride.

All at once papa said, "A rabbit ran along beside the road here this very morning, early. He was in no hurry, but went along thoughtfully as we went on."

"Why, papa," cried Millie, "you sound just like a fortune-teller! How do you know what happened here this morning?"

Papa laughed. "Then the rabbit started off as fast as he could go," he went on. "Along about here he began to get over his fright, and went more slowly."

"That which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest."

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Clocks Without Hands or Faces.

In Switzerland they are making clocks which do not need hands and faces. The clock merely stands in the hall, and you press a button in its stomach, when, by means of the photographic instrument arrangements, it calls out "half-past 10," or "twenty-three minutes to 11," as the case may be.

Preachers should aim to prick the heart instead of tickling the ear. He who neglects present duties may never overtake future opportunities.

Christians may overcome great sins and be made miserable by little ones. Ephraim was cake on one side and dough on the other. His family still lives.

Some actions, like freecoe work, only reveal their color after they have been done a while.

The mental task of carrying curds to his brothers was essential to Joseph's accession to the Egyptian primacy.

Many men who have arrested pictures before them would be started to remember what Christ says about them in the Sermon on the Mount.

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HOW TO DO IT.

OWNS Pains and Aches WITH

TRUMPET CALLS. Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unrepentant.

CHRIST created the Christian home. Self-denial cures self-esteem. White neckties do not make saints.

Love had rather serve Christ in a dungeon than Satan in a palace. God can tell a nickel from a quarter.

When you work for God, He gets the meals ready. There are no gloves made that will hide heart stains.

The fountain of grace springs from the cross of Calvary.

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THEN IT IS DONE.

WELL DONE. SAVES MONEY, TIME, AND SUFFERING.

THE GOLD SEEKERS. The passing steamer slowly drops away from the crowded pier; The black-widowed widow from view And leave me musing here.

Away where the gold was warm and red, And bid the dark earth's breast; Little they seek of danger and cold, Aglow with the golden quest.

The rosy youth with kindling eyes, In his manhood's early days, The pale man with the student's stoop, The stalwart man of brow.

All, each and all, with fevered gaze Fixed on the fields of gold; Ah, well-to-do! for a faith that's firm And a heart that is brave and bold.

For those there be who will come again All broken and worn and wan, While others lie in the Arctic snows Will slumber forever on.

And some will empty-handed come, Who have missed the golden goal; And some who sold their souls for gold The price of a sinless soul.

And those at home will sit at night— And the wind sweeps where willows— With hearts a yearning in a shambly shade In the wild Alaskan hills.

'Tis thus I muse on the lonely quay, Whence the hurrying crowd is gone— Whist far away for the frozen North A flag of smoke trails on— Overland Monthly.

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"I am sure I do not understand,"

was all she could say. "How should you? You have heard only one side. You know Charlie Maloy, the old dressmaker's only son?"

"Yes," she said. "Well, he died—not gloriously, at the cannon's mouth, but shamefully, cowardly, you would say—in a camp hospital. His last words were—'I was with him—'Oh, my poor mother! who will care for her?' But his was a coward's death, so what does it matter? He only went because his last night—'blessed old shirk! I believe, was your rather strong expression. Yet that boy, seeing all his chances of what the multitude, the untimely, consider the only serious deserting of plaudits and prizes—'work on him one by one, cheerfully and patiently continued his duties among the sick around him. You no doubt read of Dr. Bob Church's heroism at Las Guasimas. We got the news one night about supper time, and Stanley, giving no sign of the bitter disappointment he was feeling because no such lucky chances were to be his, spent the rest of the night in the hospital caring for his charges, who were not suffering from battle wounds, but only prosaically 'ever. There was no glory in it, but duty. And you do not know the noble? I suppose of those poor devils whose lives depended on his tenderness and skill at Chickamauga. Miss Fremont, and they will tell you stories of that youngster that should make you proud to call him your friend.'"

"I had never thought of all that," she said. "There were a hundred chances of dying in our camp," he continued, and did not speak, "to one among those heroes at Santiago. They could lie in their trenches, secure from Spanish bullets, but how could we dodge the contagion of typhoid, of malaria, of—of—of mumps?" (She was a young thing.) "I suppose in the air we breathed, in the water we drank. Far be it from me to praise myself, Miss Fremont, but when a fellow has tried his best, and when his full duty, too, if I do say it, it comes hard on him to be abused and despised, especially, in a lower tone, by one from whom he had hoped such different things."

McKenney had risen, and stood looking around as if for his hat. He had left it in the hall, as he well knew. "Surely you are not going so early," she said in sudden anxiety, laying her hand on his arm. "Yes, I do not feel as if I could bear to-night." "I did not mean to hurt you; I did not mean to be cruel," said the girl. "I suppose I will have to get used to that sort of thing," he answered, marvelling. "I should be thankful to be safely out of that death-hole, where so many brave fellows—ah, pardon me, towards—were left in their graves. My soul's well soon be healed," he said, and moved his neck stiffly, an expression of pain fitting over his face. "Oh, Mr. McKenney—Joseph—forgive my cruelty." "Yes, Miss Fremont, I do. It hurts you did not know. I forgive you freely."

"I would say more, would you say again that I love you, but you would consider it no honor to be loved by a coward—"

"Joseph—my dearest—hush. I never said that; I never meant it. You are the most really brave, noble man—in some way or other she was in her arm this time—"Oh, be careful of your poor neck."

"It hurts only when I turn it side-

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WAYS, not when I bend it straight

down," and Lieut. Joseph McKenney kissed Miss Louise Fremont again by way of illustration. Which, I suppose, makes an end of this story.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A NEW FANEUIL HALL. Cradle of Liberty Being Rebuilt Along the Original Lines.

Boston's Faneuil Hall is being rebuilt along the original lines, and the old material will be used as far as is possible. The walls will not be altered, though a new floor will be supplied and new supports for it will be needed. The historical landmark has been in danger of being lost. The floor used by the American Revolution was laid by the American and Honorable Artillery Company and sagged several inches and efforts to raise it were futile. The trusses that held the roof had given way and the additional braces supplied had not proved sufficient. Experts reported in favor of tearing out the interior of the foundation and supplying a new structure of steel and fireproof material. The proposed alterations will cost about \$100,000 and a better building could have been put up for much less. But it would not have been "the cradle of liberty," and Bostonians wanted the old building preserved.

When the building was torn down it was seen that the foundation, formed of rubble six feet thick, was not solid, as it rested on dock mud. The workmen had dug eleven feet below the foundation and discovered a foundation of granite on top, and a dressing of granite on this formed a solid base for the plates which will support the columns, and thus take all strain off the walls.

Faneuil Hall is the cradle of liberty, but the money with which it was built was made in the slave trade. Old Peter was made in a lively Boston merchant, owned a speedy ship which he named The Jolly Bachelor, because of his own state of single blessedness. This boat made regular trips between Cuba, Boston and Africa. In Cuba she was loaded with molasses, which was taken to England. The rum was traded for slaves in Africa, and in this manner Faneuil became rich. Having no children to whom he could leave his wealth, he willed it to the city of Boston to build Faneuil Hall. The Jolly Bachelor was attacked by blacks on the coast finally, and was salvaged by a man named Burchell. The settlement of the salvage question was brought into the Newport courts after Faneuil's death.—New York Herald.

An Awful Maid. Mistress (to nurse girl)—I hear that you are quite quite often speaking to the policeman in the park. I cannot allow that. Artful Maid—I can't help it, ma'am. All the policemen in the park admire the baby so much—they will stop the perambulator to speak to him. They all say that he is the handsomest baby that came into the park. That maid was forgiven.—London Tit-bits.

Embalmist. Among the Egyptians embalming ceased about 700 A. D.

Some doctors remind one of patience sitting on a monument because of the monuments sitting on their patients.