

**WHEN BABY PAYS.**  
When baby by her crib at night  
Enrolls her little hands to pray—  
Dears little hands so soft and white—  
I listen while the sweet lips say:  
"Now I say me down to sleep."  
I play the Lord my soul to keep."  
And listening, years are backing rolled:  
The past is as a tale untold.  
And standing by my mother's side—  
Dear mother, with your hair of white—  
Again I am a little child,  
And say again as yesterday:  
"If I should die before I wake,  
I play the Lord my soul to take."  
And half it seems in baby's plea  
The olden faith comes back to me.  
Ah, me! I know my faith is but  
A phantom of the long ago,  
Yet when my babe, with eyelids shut,  
Repeats the words I used to know:  
"Now I say me down to sleep."  
I play the Lord my soul to keep."  
Some way, some way the world-doubts  
See:  
The old sweet faith comes back to me.  
It comes again, the old sweet faith:  
It is my own, it is my own,  
And doubt has fled the gloomy wraith,  
Before a baby's word alone:  
"If I should die before I wake,  
I play the Lord my soul to take."  
So for a baby's happy plea  
My thanks, dear Lord, my thanks to thee.  
—San Francisco Examiner.

**REVENGE.**  
If you please, ma'am, could I speak  
To you for one minute?" asked Mrs.  
Locksley.  
Theodore Dale started from the deep  
reverie in which she was buried, and  
looked up with large, startled eyes.  
"Certainly, Mrs. Locksley," said she.  
"What is it?"  
"It's about the rent for the rooms,  
Mrs. Dale," said the landlady, drawing  
herself up with a little jerk. "Two  
good months you've occupied 'em, and  
it stands to reason, ma'am, as a hard-  
working widow woman, as has only  
herself to look to, wants to see the color  
of her money. Not as if I would bur-  
den you, ma'am, with a half-retiring  
glance toward Theodore's deep mourn-  
ing garments, "while the poor major lay  
ill, nor yet while he was being buried.  
But—"  
Theodore looked pained. The deep  
scarlet dyed her cheeks.  
"I am sorry to have inconvenienced  
you, Mrs. Locksley," she said, "but I  
was, of course, obliged to settle the  
undertaker's bill at once, and that has  
taken all the ready money which I had  
at command. I have written to my hus-  
band's relatives, however, and I expect  
somehow very shortly, which—"  
"They compressed her lips,  
"—something from my  
own pocket."

**MANY LIVES.**  
Theodore never enjoyed anything so  
much in all her life as she did the  
writing of this letter.  
She had conquered her own fortune  
now. She was indebted to no one. And  
she had all the ready money which I  
now English gentleman who had fol-  
lowed her bright eyes half over two  
continents.  
While Mr. Dale had the satisfaction  
of knowing that he had wrought out his  
own destiny.

ment, fast  
Lionel Dale  
Springs. He made some careless  
gazes about the young beauty with the  
quiescent eyes, scarlet lips and blue-  
black hair that clustered so low upon  
her forehead, and learned, in an inci-  
dental sort of way, that she was an  
orphan, training at the expense of Mme.  
Bonmeret herself for a governess.  
"Hang it!" said Mrs. Dale, "she's too  
pretty for that! I'll marry her."  
Little Theodor Mayer, who had  
scarcely left off playing with her dolls,  
and was heartily sick of Mme. Bon-  
meret's exactions on the one side and  
the unbecoming tyranny of the children  
on the other, was half frightened, half  
pleased, when the handsome, middle-  
aged major proposed matrimony to her.  
"But I am so young!" she pleaded, the  
carnations and lilies succeeding each  
other in her cheeks.  
"You are the prettiest little half  
bloom rosebud in the world," the major  
made answer, gallantly.  
Mme. Bonmeret spoke a word or so of  
warning to her.  
"My child," said she, "beware what  
you are about. He is three times your  
age—he gambles. It is true that your  
life now is a hard one, but—"  
"I shall marry him," retorted Theo-  
dora.  
At the end of three months Maj.  
Dale's favorite horse, Meg Merrilins,  
ran away with him and killed him, and  
Theodor, not yet 16, was left a widow.  
Naturally enough she wrote to her  
husband's relatives, whom she had never  
seen, and now, upon this October  
evening, she was expecting an answer  
to the letter.

The color mounted to her face as the  
postman paused under her window—she  
caught the letter from his hands and  
tore it eagerly open.  
It contained nothing but her own let-  
ter, returned to her with these words  
pencilled across the envelope:  
"Mr. Chondos Dale's compliments to  
the young lady who beguiled his brother  
into a secret marriage, and he is con-  
fidently of opinion that her talents in  
the husband-hunting line need no as-  
sistance."  
And this cutting taunt, this gratuitous  
insult, was all.  
Theodor sat pale and silent. She  
knew that her husband did not care to  
refer to his relatives much, generally  
avoiding the subject when she broached  
it, but she had never dreamed that he  
had allowed them to think her a mere  
adventuress who had contrived to en-  
trap him into a disadvantageous mar-  
riage. She had long ere this discovered  
that Lionel Dale was a thoroughly  
selfish man, but she had never dreamed  
how selfish.  
But the blow, sharp and sudden as it  
was, was never to further exertions.  
She put on her hat, went out to the  
nearest jeweler and sold her watch and  
chain—Lionel's wedding present—prob-  
ably about one-third of its worth.  
Lionel's she paid her bill at Mrs.  
Locksley's.  
"Beggings your pardon, ma'am," said  
the lodging-house keeper, "but what is  
you going to do now?"  
"I am going to give music lessons,"  
said Theodor.  
She had a full, fresh voice, like a  
lark's, and she knew that she could  
make this one gift of God a bread-win-  
ner.  
"It will be a life of drudgery," she  
told herself, "but I would rather sooner  
than apply again to the Dales for as-  
sistance."  
And the years crept by and the 16  
year-old widow who stormed the citadel  
of fortune so bravely with the day

not heard her yet," said Chondos Dale,  
indifferently. "But they say she is the  
best Marguerite we have yet had, and  
I have come to secure a box for to-mor-  
row night."  
Signora Dall was in her best voice  
that night when Chondos Dale, her  
brother-in-law, sat with folded arms in  
the proscenium box. And the half-  
blown bud of five years ago had ripened  
by this time into the full-blown rose of  
loveliness. Her blue-black hair floated  
like a jetty, glistening veil of braided  
locks down her shoulders; her eyes  
shone like midnight stars, while the  
radiant pink and white of her cheeks  
owed none of their beauty to cosmetic  
arts.  
And Chondos Dale, sitting there with  
intent eyes and an artist's soul, all alive  
to the fute-like richness of her voice,  
thought she was simply the most beau-  
tiful creature he had ever seen.  
The mayor of the city where the sign-  
ora was singing had a little private re-  
ception in her honor, after the opera  
was over. Chondos Dale, of course,  
was among the invited guests; and then  
Signora Dall knew who he was.  
"I have the advantage of him," said  
Theodor to herself, "smiling a curious  
smile. "And I shall take care to retain  
it!"  
Just a month afterward Mr. Dale pro-  
posed to make the beautiful signora his  
wife.  
"Are you really in love with me?" said  
the signora, opening wide her almond-  
shaped eyes, where the jetty tress seem-  
ed to burn with sleepy lustre—"with me  
—an opera singer?"  
"And Chondos, about as hopelessly in-  
fatuated as it is in his nature of man to  
be, vowed that he would commit suicide  
if she didn't have him at once.  
"Put it in writing," said the Signora  
Theodor Dall, with a laugh.  
"Why?"  
"It is my fancy."  
"Your will is my law," protested Mr.  
Dale. So he wrote a very pretty and  
poetic declaration of love upon tinted  
paper and sent it to the signora's suite  
of apartments at a private hotel.  
The same evening he received the very  
letter which had come to Lionel  
Dale's widow that October sunset, with  
its pencilled bit of sarcasm. And under  
it was written:  
"The young lady who beguiled Chon-  
dos Dale's brother into a secret mar-  
riage has needed no assistance from his  
relatives. The Signora Dall—other-  
wise Mrs. Lionel Dale—returns the in-  
closed compliments, and has the honor  
to bid Mr. Chondos Dale adieu."  
Theodor never enjoyed anything so  
much in all her life as she did the  
writing of this letter.

**TRUMPET CALLS.**  
LITTLE, with  
God's blessing, is  
sufficient.  
You can't whine  
and shine at the  
same time.  
Striving to save  
drunkards, will  
not be a ton for  
making them.  
Christ's aid is  
more than assist-  
ance; it is strength.  
To tolerate sin is to sin. Apply this to  
the saloon.  
With Christ in view, dying is not part-  
ing; it is meeting.  
Some graves are more potent to per-  
mance than many pulpits.  
A small church full of piety, has more  
power than a large one full of pride.  
Men who come hungry for righteous-  
ness cannot be satisfied with rhetoric.  
God will not make the crowns for His  
servants on the basis of church statis-  
tics.  
The minister who works only for the  
glory of man, gets neither glory nor  
men.  
The uttermost of our ability exactly re-  
sponds to the extremity of God's assist-  
ance.  
The value of the artificial light is de-  
pendent on the vanishing of the sun-  
light.  
Let the "joy of the Lord" show forth  
in your face, not by length, but by  
breadth.  
How many of us dare pray: "Lord,  
to honor me this day even as I do unto  
others?"  
We Americans scoff at the rule of the  
sabbath, while we smile under that of  
the beer keg.  
God will not build the temple of a  
lovely character on the foundation of  
unforgotten sins.  
Don't let your hatred for hypocrites  
cause you to be their companion  
through all eternity.  
Frequently the people who are most  
careful of the gilt on their Bibles, care  
least about the gold within them.  
A RELIC OF ST. PAUL.  
Fragment of the synagogue in which  
the Apostle "Reasoned."  
Had anybody foretold, when we be-  
gan excavating at Corinth in 1896, in  
absolute ignorance of the location of  
one single object mentioned in the  
description of Paul's sermon, that at the  
end of five campaigns he should have  
the theater, and at the end of the sec-  
ond, Pirene, I should have said that it  
was too good to be true. In excavation,  
as in fishing, luck plays a great role. As  
all the archaeologists in Athens are fe-  
licitating the American School on its  
find, we may as well rejoice openly. I  
would rather be the discoverer of Pirene  
than "take Quebec."  
To most people the name "Corinth"  
conjure up a picture of its French  
and honorable history from the  
time when founded Syracuse, and  
yrs. until it was destroyed by the  
Guns; it is rather the place made sa-  
vory by the residence and loving labors  
of St. Paul.  
In our first year's work, while exca-  
vating a house evidently of the Roman  
period, we had sportively called it the  
house of "Sothenes, the brother," little  
expecting that we should ever come up  
on anything which we could attach to  
the great apostle except by the slender  
cord of fancy. Accordingly, it was  
rather startling to find, on turning over  
a block of marble found at a depth of  
about ten feet an inscription of Roman  
times, rudely cut and broken at both  
ends, running, "synagogue of the He-  
brews." The thought arose, and would  
not down, that this stone was a part of  
the very synagogue in which Paul  
"reasoned" every Sabbath, and  
"persuaded the Jews and the Greeks,"  
and that he had been looking up as our  
block, we had hardly found any other  
passed through the door, which we  
brought to the front, which, being  
plain, was well fitted for the purpose.  
We have not been able to identify  
any of the walls found near by with  
the synagogue from which the block  
came, although we may subsequently  
give it such a setting; nor can we say  
with certainty that the inscription is  
not later than the time of Paul. But  
the probability is the other way, and  
it is at least not unlikely that he passed  
and reposed under this very block  
accident, and many are the stories of  
narrow escapes related by strong, rug-  
ged men who perform this dangerous  
work.—Augusta Journal.

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then the other. Then cut the cylinder  
apart and flatten it out so that you will  
have a perfectly smooth piece of tin.  
From this cut a piece the shape down  
in the picture (a), five inches long and  
one and half inches wide in the widest  
part. This work can easily be done by  
a pair of shears.  
Now procure an empty spool, one  
with a large body if you can get it, and  
in the top drive two wire nails (b), and  
with a file cut off the heads of each.  
In the narrow part of the strip of tin  
make three smooth holes (c, d and e),  
two of which (c and d) will fit snugly  
over the nails in the spool, and the third  
(e) will be directly over the hole in the  
spool.  
Now give the corners (1 and 4) a  
slight turn downward, and the corners  
(2 and 3) a slight turn upward, and  
having placed the strip of tin on the  
spool, fitting it down over the nails,  
you are ready for your first experiments  
in flying.  
Get a bradawl or a small knitting  
needle fastened into a stout handle of  
wood, and pass it up through the spool  
and through the center hole in the tin.  
Then wind the spool with a piece of  
string just as you would wind a top.  
When this is done hold theawl handle  
in one hand and pull the string sharply  
with the other.  
Of course, the spool will spin, and  
you will be surprised to see your tin  
machine whizzing through the air like  
a thing of life. If the weather is calm  
it will sometimes go to an astonishing  
height, but you can't have as much fun  
with it in the wind, for then it will play  
all sorts of pranks, turning and twist-  
ing and finally coming down to the  
earth with a rush.  
Oh, Timothy Brown was a terrible  
scamp, and lessons he voted a bore!  
I'm not that young 'nigger than I, how  
much am I older than you?"  
Well, Timothy Brown, he thought for  
awhile, and at last he discovered  
that he hadn't a notion how long he'd  
been born, and he didn't know how  
to subtract.  
"Come, when is your birthday? I'll give  
you a tip," said his uncle, and pat-  
ted his pate.  
But Timothy Brown he burst into tears,  
he couldn't remember the date!  
That's the end of the story of Timothy  
Brown—A story that's perfectly  
true.  
And perhaps there's a moral for a moral  
at all, and perhaps there's a moral for  
you!  
—St. Nicholas.  
An Acorn.  
Norna had been sick a long while,  
and she was so tired of lying in bed  
that all the family tried to amuse her.  
Papa brought her a little musical box,  
and mamma gave her picture-books;  
Mamma's best in the synagogue it had  
Dotty a bunch of grapes; even baby  
offered her an acorn which he picked  
up under the great oak-tree.  
What a beautiful little thing it was,  
fitting neatly in its tiny saucer, and  
what a dainty saucer, cut in the row  
after row of brown scales folded so  
prettily over each other.  
Mamma tied a string around the  
acorn, hung it over a glass of water,  
and told Norna that now she could see  
it grow.  
"But how can it find its way to the  
water, mamma?" asked Norna.  
"Watch and see," said mamma, smil-  
ing.  
The next day Norna thought the  
acorn looked a little larger, and she  
said that, oh dear! there was a dread-  
ful crack all along its side.  
"It is spoiled, mamma," sighed Norna.  
"It will never grow now."  
"Watch and see," said mamma again.  
Norna did watch. At last she saw  
something white and something green  
coming out of the crack. The white  
shoot grew down into the water and  
made a root, but the green shoot grew  
upward and made two little leaves.  
And so the acorn turned into a baby  
oak.  
And Norna so enjoyed watching it all  
that she forgot she was sick, and was  
almost as happy as if she had been out-  
doors in the sunshine.  
"Your little girl is much better," said  
the doctor to mamma. "She is well  
enough to play in the yard. This new  
medicine has helped her."  
And nobody knew that the little acorn  
had helped her as much as the medi-  
cine.—Youth's Companion.  
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small feather. Have the company take  
hold of the edges of the sheet and form  
a ring. Then some one blows the feath-  
er into the air and all must do their  
part to keep it in the air and not let  
it touch any one, and so it is blown  
from one side to another, while the ef-  
forts made to keep it floating are very  
funny. Sometimes, in the excitement  
of keeping the feather up, some one  
will forget all about holding the sheet  
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Must Be Engaged.  
"Mamma," said 5-year-old Johnny,  
"Mr. Singleton is engaged to sister Nel-  
lie now, isn't he?" "Why, what makes  
you think he is, Johnny?" asked his  
mother. "Cause," replied the small  
observer, "he hasn't given me any  
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Of course, the spool will spin, and  
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**JIM WARDNER OF IDAHO.**  
Gave a Name to Two Towns, Lost Four  
Fortunes, and After Another  
"Jim Wardner, of Idaho and all  
over," said a visitor in Chicago from  
the Pacific slope, "ought to be some-  
where in New York city at this very  
minute, for I heard he had left for  
the East on a prospecting trip, just  
before I got down from Skagway. Ward-  
ner is a genius that cannot be downed,  
and besides having one town named  
for him in Idaho and another in British  
Kootenai, he has made and lost four  
fortunes in mines, and is now starting  
on his fifth. At least, his fourth  
when he happens to be out of one. His  
last venture was big, but it went  
wrong. He had two steamboats on the  
Kootenai, and started the town of  
Wardner, which went with a boom,  
and Jim started to win a million.  
"There was a rival town on the  
river, but they had to depend on Jim's  
steamboats for their stuff, and, natu-  
rally, under the circumstances  
Wardner had the bulge on Steelton,  
the name of the other town. One day  
when everything was coming Jim's  
way, both of his boats went on rocks  
and sunk, and Jim wasn't yet  
in a fix to replace them. In other  
words, it busted him, and he got out  
of it the best he could, which was to  
go off to Toronto and trade his town  
site for a stock of goods. These, to  
the extent of \$40,000, he carried up  
Lake Bennett and started with it down  
the river for Dawson. Evidently Jim's  
luck wasn't on the water, for his boat  
load of stuff was wrecked, and he only  
saved enough of it to bring him in  
\$8,000, when, if he had had his, he  
would have easily made \$40,000.  
\$40,000 at the usual Dawson  
profit. That sort of things would have  
knocked out most men, but Wardner  
went right on, and now, I understand,  
he has got something to present to the  
notice of capitalists better than any-  
thing he ever struck.  
"His 'black cat farm' was one of the  
things that gave him a reputation for  
wealth. This was a farm on an island  
in Puget sound, where he raised, ac-  
cording to his representations to an  
Eastern journalist, such vast numbers  
of black cats that their fur brought  
him in a fabulous revenue. Of course,  
it was a fabric of the fancy, but the  
story was told everywhere, and Ward-  
ner's black cat farm was one of the  
features of the coast—on paper, at  
least.  
"Another story is told on him of  
a time when he was between fortunes  
and wanted to get to New York for a  
grab stake. He was at Vancouver, and  
as he couldn't swim, nothing was left  
him to go on but the land, so he struck  
the Canadian Pacific Railroad. He  
stated his case to the agent and asked  
him to telegraph Mr. Shaughnessy, the  
general passenger agent at Montreal,  
to the effect that Mr. Wardner was at  
Vancouver, and unless he got transpor-  
tation he would have to walk. The  
obliging agent sent the message and  
asked: 'Shall I issue the transportation?'  
Later the agent received a reply:  
'Don't let Mr. Wardner walk,  
and that same night Mr. Wardner was  
flying eastward on a Canadian Pacific  
train. Arriving at Montreal Wardner  
went to Shaughnessy to extend his  
thanks, and when the general passen-  
ger agent saw him he threw up his  
hands.  
"How did you get here so soon?" he  
asked.  
"Over the Canadian Pacific, of  
course," responded Wardner.  
"But how? Didn't the agent get  
my telegram?"  
"Yes, and it said: 'Don't let Mr.  
Wardner walk, and I didn't,' smiled  
Jim.  
"Great Scott!" exclaimed Shaugh-  
nessy, "that telegraph operator left out  
a word."

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.**  
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Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the  
Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered  
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tle Ones to Read.  
Get an old tin can, and by setting it  
on the fire melt off the ends, first one  
then the other. Then cut the cylinder  
apart and flatten it out so that you will  
have a perfectly smooth piece of tin.  
From this cut a piece the shape down  
in the picture (a), five inches long and  
one and half inches wide in the widest  
part. This work can easily be done by  
a pair of shears.  
Now procure an empty spool, one  
with a large body if you can get it, and  
in the top drive two wire nails (b), and  
with a file cut off the heads of each.  
In the narrow part of the strip of tin  
make three smooth holes (c, d and e),  
two of which (c and d) will fit snugly  
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having placed the strip of tin on the  
spool, fitting it down over the nails,  
you are ready for your first experiments  
in flying.  
Get a bradawl or a small knitting  
needle fastened into a stout handle of  
wood, and pass it up through the spool  
and through the center hole in the tin.  
Then wind the spool with a piece of  
string just as you would wind a top.  
When this is done hold theawl handle  
in one hand and pull the string sharply  
with the other.  
Of course, the spool will spin, and  
you will be surprised to see your tin  
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Oh, Timothy Brown was a terrible  
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I'm not that young 'nigger than I, how  
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