GOD WILL SPRINKLE SUNSHINE.

If you should see a fellow man with
trouble's flag unfurled
'An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend
in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back and
holler, "How d'you do?"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know
he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a-hurtin' him, an'
laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is
just before the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say
it right out loud,
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the
trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain;
Some days are bright and sunny, and
some all sloshed with rain;
And that's just how it ought to be, for
when the clouds roll by
We'll know just how to 'preciate the
bright and smiling sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't
sweat at the pans
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
But always keep rememberin', when
cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill
behind the cloud.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A THOUSAND ODD.

"HOLD on, Fred! Got something to tell you!"

Fred Harkins turned, and seeing his special chum Charley Green sprinting toward him, stopped and waited for him to come up.

"Why weren't you at school this forenoon, Fred?" asked Charley, breathlessly.

"Too busy," answered Fred, with an important air. "Jerry's sick to-day and father's away, so I'm boss at the store. But what have you got to tell me, Charley?"

"Why, I caught that big woodchuck! He's a smasher, Fred! Come and look at him, just a minute?"

"Oh, I can't shirk business that way," replied Fred, as glancing around he saw a well-dressed stranger on the piazza of the village hotel near by. Though bright and sensible, Fred was over-fond of "showing off," as the phrase is, and he thought this a good chance. So winking at Charley he went on: "Besides, there's all the money father's going to put in the bank to-morrow lying there in the safe. A thousand-odd's too much to fool with."

"That's so!" said Charley, catching up the joke. "Well, come over after you close up, then."

"All right!" and the boys separated, Charley for afternoon school, and Fred for his father's grocery.

Fred had often helped about the store, but he had never been "boss" before. Like the average boy of 14 he was very proud of the position. He hustled round, imitating his father and Jerry the clerk, and feeling every inch a man as he waited on his customers.

Finally closing time came. The youthful proprietor, having put everything to rights was just preparing to leave when the door opened and a man stepped inside.

"Give me change for a five," he said, abruptly.

At a glance Fred recognized the well-dressed stranger on the hotel piazza. But something, perhaps the shadows from the flaring lamp, now gave his face a hard and even desperate look. Instantly the boy recoiled.

"Everything put away," he objected. "It's too late for business."

"Not for my kind of business, I reckon," answered the man with a harsh laugh. "Come, out with it!" There was the click of a key in the lock, a sudden gleam of steel, and Fred found himself facing a revolver not three feet away and pointed straight at him.

Fortunately he was brave and quick-witted. "Out with what?" he repeated, trying to gain time to think. "What do you want? Change for five dollars?"

"I want the thousand-odd in the safe," was the impatient answer. "And be quick about it!"

In an instant Fred realized what his silly boasting had done. The well-dressed man was evidently a criminal in disguise. What would he do when he found himself disappointed?

Fred braced himself up to tell the truth. "Why," he said, forcing a laugh, "the money isn't really there. That was just a joke of mine."

"Oh, yes," mocked the stranger. "And this is a joke of mine!" pointing the pistol nearer. "But unless I have that money inside of two minutes 'twill be the worst joke you ever knew, my boy!"

This completely staggered Fred. How was he to convince the robber? Perhaps by showing him how small a sum there really was. Unlocking the safe, he took out the money. Forty-seven dollars, all told.

"There," he said, pushing it forward. That's all there is. You can see for yourself."

Still keeping his aim, the man stuffed the bills into his pocket with his left hand. "That's the odd," he said. "Now where's the thousand?"

"But there isn't any thousand——"

"Look here, kid," interrupted the robber. "If you don't hand over that money before I count fifty, I'll let daylight through you!"

Felt felt that the desperado was in earnest. A cold sweat broke out over him. His heart beat like a drum in his ears. Yet still his wits kept at work as he mechanically followed the fatal numbers.

Thirty!—How many more seconds now?—Thirty-five—A faint sound suddenly reached his ear. Had his father returned? Now if he could only gain time!—He held up his hand. The man stopped counting.

"So you've come to your senses?" he muttered, with savage triumph. "Bring on the thousand, then!"

"Yes——" hesitated Fred, as slowly as he dared. "Yes—I'll get it for you—if—if you'll promise me my share——"

"You precious young rascal!" The robber started forward. There was a flash, a report, a confusion of sounds—and the room seemed to whirl round with Fred.

When his wits came back again, he found himself standing just where he had stood a few seconds before. He was certainly alive and unhurt. But the robber? Beyond the spread smoke-puff the boy saw a form lying motionless at his feet, while nearby, Tom, the big grocery cat, sat with his back up, spitting at a thin stream of blood that crept over the floor.

Next moment the locked door was violently shaken. "Fred!" shouted his father's voice. "Open the door, Fred! What's the matter?"

Fred ran to open the door. Mr. Harkin's anxious face cleared, for he had heard the shot, and feared some accident. Then he bent over the still unconscious form on the floor.

"What's the matter?" he repeated.

"A burglar——" stammered Fred, excitedly, pointing to the open safe. "He's got all the money!——"

"Give me that rope," said his father. "He's more stunned than hurt, I guess. Lay the revolver on the counter. Now tell me just what has happened."

While the robber was being securely bound, Fred described what had taken place up to the point when the pistol went off.

"But how came he to shoot himself?" asked Mr. Harkins. "Did he stumble, or what?"

Fred's puzzled look changed to sudden comprehension. He burst out laughing. "Why, that's just it!" he exclaimed. "It must have been Tom."

"Tom? I don't see how a cat could fire a pistol," said his father, laughing.

"Well, he could make somebody else fire it, if 'twas already cocked," persisted Fred. "I know the first thing I saw afterwards was Tom spitting, with his tail as big as two. I guess he was asleep upon the shelf, and when the man went for me it waked him up, and he jumped down right in his face, and then he jumped, too, and hit himself instead," Fred hurried on, with a reckless confusion of pronouns. Anyhow, there was a big noise just before the pistol went off," he added.

"H'm," said his father, who meanwhile had been emptying the robber's pockets. "Here, Fred, lock this money up in the safe, and then run over for Mr. Greene. This fellow is going to wake up before long."

Fred soon came back with their neighbor Greene and Charlie into the bargain. Charlie seemed to regard the whole affair as a first-class entertainment.

"Caught a burglar!" he repeated, in delight. "That's a jolly sight better'n my woodchuck!"

As Mr. Harkins thought, the desperado was more stunned than hurt, the wound proving very slight. When he came to himself they put him, tied hand and foot, into the team and took him over to the county town to be safely locked up. They learned afterwards that he was a notorious criminal, whose appearance had assisted him in all sorts of villainy. In fact, he was evading arrest in a distant State, when he was suddenly brought to punishment by Tom—as Fred believes.

Mrs. Harkins believes so, too. She is convinced that the cat and nothing else saved her boy's life that night. So nothing is too good for Tom, and he is always sure of a kind word and a dainty morsel whenever she goes into the grocery.

As for Fred himself, he makes a great pet of his companion in that stirring adventure. Charley Greene and he have rigged up a red leather collar with brass bells and have re-named him "Thousand-Odd," in memory of the scene in which he was the hero. This has been shortened for convenience, and he is known simply as "Odd." Only when Fred begins to "talk big," his father just says "Thousand-Odd," and Fred subsides at once!—Indiana Farmer.

An Adventure in Umgusa.

I had one shave. I went to help two men who were fighting a Kaffir at the foot of a tree, but they killed him just as I got there. I was under the tree, when something moving over my head caught my attention. It was a gun barrel taking aim down at me, the firer jammed so close to the tree stem as to look like part of it. Before I could move he fired, and just plowed into the ground at my feet. He did not remain much longer in the tree. I have his knob-kerrie and his photo now as mementos.—From "The Matabele Campaign," by Major General Baden-Powell.

HISTORIC CHARMS OF NEWPORT.

Fashionable Watering Place Was Famous in the Olden Days.

No watering place in the United States, not even Saratoga, approaches Newport in the fascination of historic charm. For more than two centuries and a half or as far back as the time of Roger Williams the little island on which it stands has been the scene of great ambitions. There it was that Bishop Berkeley saw in his prophetic and poetic vision how "Westward the course of empire takes its way;" there it was that the quakers, who had followed George Fox himself to Rhode Island, established a community which at one time promised to rival that of Penn; there the Portuguese and Dutch Jews so flourished that the Hebrew name of Touro is to-day the most familiar that greets the visitor.

Before the revolution the foreign and domestic trade of Newport was greater than New York's. Nowhere else was there a social life more elegant and scholarly. The Redwood library dates its name and origin to a quaker merchant of the eighteenth century, a contemporary of that Col. Geoffrey Malbone who had a house as famous in his day as Marble house of the Vanderbilt-Belmont entourage is in ours. When it was destroyed by fire one summer afternoon, while his slaves were engaged in cooking a dinner for a brilliant company of his guests, the colonel immediately ordered the feast to be served on the lawn, amidst the illumination from the flames of the burning mansion. It was this fire and this feast that did a great deal to make Newport famous.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Curious Poison.

Certain Indians of South America use a curious poison which is called ezcal. A grain of it has the effect of starting an irresistible desire for exertion. The victim begins walking briskly round and round in small circles till he drops dead in his tracks. There is no pain, but much excitement.

Pussy in Spectacles.

A pet Maltese cat belonging to an Englishwoman has been successfully provided with spectacles to counteract failing eyesight. A picture of a mouse was used by the oculist to test the cat's eyes.

The Help of To-day.

Lady of the House (to applicant for a place)—What wages do you expect?

"I suppose, madam, you refer to my salary?"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Noteworthy.

City Editor—How did that deaf and dumb wedding come off?

Reporter—Very quietly.—Philadelphia North American.

Every girl who pounds a piano should be impressed with the fact that making bread is not accompanied by a noise that disturbs the neighbors.

It cannot be said that you are a welcome guest to some women unless your visit is referred to as "an oasis in a desert."

KEITH'S $1,000,000 THEATRE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

The Great Vaudeville Manager Completes Purchase of Baldwin Property—Will Erect the Finest Theatre in the World, Regardless of Expense—Modeled After His Famous Boston Theatre—Will Also Build Another Theatre Up-Town—Manager Keith's Remarkable Career.

The most sensational announcement in the annals of local theatrical amusements was made recently. The most beautiful theatre in the universe is to be erected here by Mr. B. F. Keith, and it will be the finest building in the city, an edifice which will surpass the famous Boston playhouse of the Inventor of continuous performance.

The property is that known as the Baldwin estate, which has been in the market for a number of years, but held at such a high figure that it was difficult to dispose of it.

At the time when the Baldwin property was first spoken of as a probable site for a theatre, it was stated in the newspapers that no manager would think of using it for that purpose because of the enormous expense. It was pointed out that if a theatre was erected on the site of the historic mansion the mere passageways which the building regulations call for would be an item of expense which would build any first-class theatre. It is generally known that this sort of consideration does not deter Mr. Keith from pursuing his plans. In Boston, with a superb theatre facing on Washington street, he decided to have an entrance on Tremont street. The only way to get it was to buy a building running through the block. He bought it, and the Tremont street entrance, which Mr. Albee designed, is one of the notable sights of Boston. The construction of the new Philadelphia house in all its parts will be on the same thorough scheme.

The site is ideal; a vote of the people would unquestionably result in its unanimous choice. Every one realizes that it is perhaps the most costly location; few millionaires have the courage to risk so much in an undertaking of the sort. Managers, actors and theatre-goers have stopped there and proclaimed the value of this location for a theatre. Capitalists have seriously considered the matter; it remained for Mr. Keith to do. However, he has had ample justification for the display of extraordinary enterprise. Seldom

EDWARD F. ALBEE.

has any man whose success depended upon the public been accorded such plaudits as have been vouchsafed Mr. Keith. He was a stranger when the Eighth street house was opened on November 4th, 1889. Managers and actors declared that the town was burdened with theatres; no word of encouragement was heard. And the continuous performance and clean entertainment, the manifold comfort provided, etc., constituted an innovation that bordered on the revolutionary. Speedily the new idea won the public; patronage grew like Jack's beanstalk; and before General Manager Albee was transferred to the New York house, a clientele had been established equal to any two theatres in town. Furthermore it has been the only theatre, outside New York and Boston, whose patronage warranted its Summer season—no other house here has been open 52 weeks a year. And the best people in the city compose the audience, and twice daily from January 1st to December 31st the capacity of the theatre is taxed.

Mr. Keith has not been insensible to the public support. He has ever advanced; nowadays one or two acts costs as much an an entire show did when he opened the theatre. The variety entertainment has been revolutionized not alone in his houses; the good he did was so remunerative that his scheme of clean, enjoyable entertainment was adopted throughout the United States; and the good he has done will live after him. Time was when women never attended a variety show; 60 per cent of the local patronage consists of ladies and children. So one need not wonder at the $1,000,000 theatre; it is given to Philadelphia as a token of Mr. Keith's appreciation, an excellent and practical way of indicating one's gratitude.

Mr. Keith will also establish a theatre up-town. The house on Eighth street will be maintained after these new places are open. With three Keith theatres there should be afforded ample room for the ever increasing number of Keithites in Philadelphia and adjacent cities.

The Boston theatre evoked these exclamations by those best qualified to judge: "What shall I say" exclaimed Sir Henry Irving, "Unique? It is certainly that! Beautiful? That hardly expresses it. Perfect? That is the word." "A most perfect theatre," declared John Hare, "the most beautiful I ever saw." "Worth," averred Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, "a trip from Washington." "Words fail me," said Maurice Barrymore. "The most marvellous sight," said Col. J. H. Mapleson, "I have ever seen."

Yet the house that Mr. Keith is to give to Philadelphia will surpass the place that earned the above enthusiastic praise. As no other city in the world has attempted to equal the Boston theatre, it is not likely that the practical amusement house to be erected in Philadelphia will have a rival anywhere in the coming half century.

Features of the new house which will be opened in September, 1901, will be handsome furniture, rare paintings, collections of bric-brac, statuary, etc., writing materials, post office, smoking and reading rooms, floral display, perfect ventilation, local and long distance telephones, messenger calls, and the checking of wearing apparel, etc., without charge.

Mr. Keith's new uptown theatre will be a structure with few equals anywhere. Every good feature of the Keith houses will be enjoyed by the theatre-goers of that part of the city. Its location has not yet been disclosed.

Mr. Keith seems to be buying up small sections of the earth at a pretty rapid pace. No sooner has his purchase of the Princess Theatre property in London ceased to be a sensation and settled down to one of the familiar facts of the theatrical world, than the announcement comes of his Philadelphia plans. The London purchase makes him an international manager, and in this, as in other things, he is a pioneer, for never before has the vaudeville business produced a manager who personally controlled theatres on both sides of the world. He will also have the distinction of introducing the continuous performance in London, for with all its varied forms of amusement this American idea has never yet been tried in the British metropolis.

The air is full of rumors of other possible enterprises of similar character which he means to undertake in other populous centres of the country, all of which lack confirmation from the man most interested. One of the most presistent reports is that Mr. Keith intends to build another handsome theatre in New York, while still retaining his famous Union Square Theatre.

With three theatres in Philadelphia, one in London, one in Boston, one and perhaps two in New York, and the house in Providence, now the property of General Manager Albee, but still under Keith's name, Mr. Keith will have unquestionably the foremost circuit of vaudeville houses in the world managed by one person. Even the chains of music halls in Europe leased by companies will not equal the Keith enterprises in magnitude.

On July 6th, 1885, Mr. Keith's idea was first introduced in Boston in a room as large as the first floor of the average Eighth street store; his chief attraction was a one and one-half-pound midget. Soon he rented the second floor; then he leased a theatre nearby, and finally built his palatial place of amusement. Then came the theatres in Philadelphia, New York, and Providence, now the London theatre and the new Philadelphia houses, and the end is not yet. The inventor of the continuous performance has had a wonderful career.

KISSES ARE HIGHLY PRIZED.

Kansas Schoolma'am Distributes Them as Rewards of Merit.

In Nemaha County, Kansas, Miss Millie Daniels, who is described as unusually handsome, has adopted a novel means of rewarding the faithful and well-behaved among her pupils, and her plan has been approved by the board of trustees, who have engaged her for another year. Miss Daniels, whenever a student attends school one whole week without being tardy or absent, kisses that student, whether male or female. If the student is tardy only once she allows that student to kiss her. All students who disobey this standard are ruled out of the kissing match. The kisses are given and taken every Friday afternoon. Needless to say the young men do not play "hooky" on that day.

There are sixty-five pupils at the Wilson district school. Four years ago Miss Daniels went there from Illinois. She was a good teacher, but the students, mostly boys, were hopeless victims of the "hooky" habit. Try as she would the pretty schoolma'am could not keep them in school regularly. She arranged a list of prizes to those who attended regularly, but they held no attractions for the country boys.

Then she consulted with the school board on the kissing question. They were willing if she cared to experiment that way. Some of the school board said among themselves if she did adopt the plan they believed they would start to school again. So two years ago she adopted the scheme, and it has worked well ever since. Speaking of her unique experience Miss Daniels said:

"I do not think I am doing anything wrong in allowing my young men students to kiss me as prizes for obedience. Indeed, I think it is a great reform or I should not practice it. My pupils all respect me. I have a good attendance. The patrons of the district like me, for haven't I been given another two years' job. I do not mind criticism from outsiders; my thoughts are about my school."

Love, rather than legislation, rules the kingdom of God.

Men need a Bible conscience more than a Bible commentary.

The impartation of righteousness is better than its imputation.

It is always easier to forget bad habits than to forego them.

No song, or sermon, or sacrament is acceptable without service.

A lie feels easy only when it forgets that it has a truth on its track.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?
This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

Love is the best bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live must make it real.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

It is not the gift, but the giving which is most precious and helpful. It is not the succor, but the sympathy and intelligence and gentle humanity with which it is offered, that cheer the very soul of the poor and the weary and the dying.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Ingrowing Nails, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LeRoy, N. Y.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, but in solitude to live after one's own; but the truly great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists

Make sure that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be you can find out what they are, and that however slight they may be, you would better make some patient effort to get quit of them.

The more irons in the fire the better. It is better that some of them burn than that none of them get hot.

Carter's Ink
is so good and so cheap that no family can afford to be without it. Is yours Carter's?

Death is an incident and not an interruption of life's progress.

The showers of blessing always follow the clouds of darkness.

Coated

Look at your tongue. Is it coated?

Then you have a bad taste in your mouth every morning. Your appetite is poor, and food distresses you. You have frequent headaches and are often dizzy. Your stomach is weak and your bowels are always constipated.

There's an old and reliable cure:

Ayer's Pills

Don't take a cathartic dose and then stop. Better take a laxative dose each night, just enough to cause one good free movement the day following.

You feel better the very next day. Your appetite returns, your dyspepsia is cured, your headaches pass away, your tongue clears up, your liver acts well, and your bowels no longer give you trouble.

Price, 25 cents. All druggists.

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for 35 years, and I consider them the best made. One pill does me more good than half a box of any other kind I have ever tried."
MRS N. E. TALBOT,
March 30, 1899. Arrington, Kans.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

One pleasant morning many years ago the members of the Balde family took their seats in the big wagon Father Balde had just driven up before the door.

Although it was a week-day, all were dressed in their Sunday best. Mother Balde wore a pretty merino gown, short-waisted, scant in the skirt and with puffed sleeves; her sweet face, with smooth-banded hair, peeped out from a huge scoop bonnet, garlanded with roses and tied with a big bow. She wore mitts, and a Canton shawl with long silk fringe.

Father Balde's coat was long-tailed and buttoned up tightly; his shirt-bosom was ruffled, and around his neck was wound a black satin stock. He looked like the picture of Andrew Jackson, Abby thought.

The boys, Ben and Joe, were resplendent in new blue "roundabouts" with brass buttons. As for Abby herself, she felt very fine in her pink frock, embroidered pantalettes, leghorn hat and sandal slippers. Father had just opened his mouth to say "Get up!" to the horses, when somebody was seen hurrying down the dusty cross-roads, and two shrill voices called out, "Wait!"

It was Aunt Prushy Becker and her sister, Miss Rushy. Many years before, these two spinster ladies had been named "Prussia" and "Russia." They came up, puffing and swinging their green reticules like big hop-blossoms.

"We'd like to go to town and see It!" gasped Aunt Prushy. "I says to Rushy, 'We've seen the stage-coach in its day, an' "Clinton's Ditch," and now we want to see It!'"

Father and Mother Balde exchanged glances, then the latter said gently, "Abby, I guess you and the baby had better get out and make room for our neighbors."

Abby obeyed without a murmur, for that was the way children were brought up in those days.

"It's too bad to have the child stay at home on account of us," said Aunt Rushy, hesitatingly.

"Tut! tut! She'll live to see It long after you and Prushy and the rest of us are laid away in the churchyard!" exclaimed Father Balde, as he started up the prancing team.

Abby walked slowly up the path leading to the house. Her face was very sober, and I'm not sure that a few tears did not spot the pretty lavender strings of her bonnet. But she soon grew more cheerful, especially when Baby Elizabeth, sleeping in her arms, awoke and began to smile and coo!

"Yes, yes, little sister, you and I are left behind!" said Abby. "We can't go to town, hear the band play, buy training gingerbread and candy 'Gibraltars' and see It—but! We'll go down on the hillside, and you can roll on the green grass and I'll read 'The Children of the Abbey!'"

Soon the baby sister lay contentedly on her blanket spread on the grass, her fat hands clutching clover-tufts, while Abby sat reading. But the eyes of the latter often wandered from her book to the pleasant scene before her—the broad flats, green and fertile; the Mohawk River winding in and out like a silver thread, and close beside it the straighter line of the canal.

Nearly still was something that of late had especially attracted Abby's attention—a long row of wooden ties of yellow-white newness, and across them steel rails stretching far up and down the valley. The crowd of foreign workmen, who for weeks past had labored there with pickaxe and hammer, had gone away.

But suddenly a shrill sound smote the silence—a sound never before heard throughout the length of the green vale!

Abby sprang to her feet and looked eagerly eastward. What was that she saw—that great black something, rumbling and rushing, making one think of the fiery dragon St. George slew!

With swift motions it glided along the steel rails—there was a strange-looking cab or cart filled with gentle men wearing tall hats and black satin stocks like her father's—and then the monster shot away, leaving a cloud of smoke and a shower of red sparks behind it!

Abby sat down with a thud of satisfaction. "Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "Even if I didn't go to the village, I've seen it, after all!"

Do you know what it was? Why, the very first train that ever passed over the New York Central Railroad!—Youth's Companion.

Fooling Grandpa.

Tommy Hadley is one of the greatest boys for fun you ever saw. A great, fat, awkward fellow, too, but just as good as he can be. One of Tommy's pranks last summer, when he went to visit his grandfather, was to cause such surprise and fun in grandpa's house, that the old people have not yet got over talking about it. One day Tommy was up in the garret where there were lots of old trumpery, spinning wheels, yellow wasps and such things, when he came upon a suit of clothes that his grandfather used to wear. Tommy put on the suit, and going down stairs found his grandpa's spectacles and hat. Then he sat down in his grandparent's chair, near the open kitchen door. The day was warm and old Mr. White had gone out into the garden in his shirt sleeves and without his hat. He came in the back door to get it, and not finding it on the peg, and not seeing the "man" in the chair, began looking around. Tommy's grandmother now came in at the other door, and Tommy winked at her to keep still while grandpa was looking for his hat. At last she said, "Father, can't you find your hat?"

"No, mother!" answered grandpa, "I can't see anything without my spectacles."

"And where are your glasses?"

"Don't know. They're lost, too."

"Here's an old gentleman in your chair, father, maybe he knows."

But at that Tommy could hold in no

TOMMY IN COSTUME.

longer and burst out with such a laugh that he will never forget about fooling grandpa.—Weekly Bouquet.

Mosquitoes Sing for Society.

When you listen to the drone of a mosquito it may detract from the annoyance you are likely to feel if you remember that the peculiarly teasing sound is really a song that the female insect makes to attract the male. The low notes of the mosquito are made by the drumming of its wings as it flies, but the keen, shrill hum that you usually become conscious of at about the time the mosquito is preparing to feast on your blood comes from little drums ranged along the sides of the female insect. Some interesting experiments with a tuning fork have shown that the nervous little antennae of the male mosquitoes beat time in harmony with the sound waves from the tuning fork provided the fork is held within the range of the sounds produced by the female mosquito.

Mamie Couldn't Do It.

Mamie, aged 4, had been given a blue silk sash for a birthday present and the first day she wore it she was constantly running to her mother to have it tied. "Why, Mamie," said her mamma, "this makes the fifth time I've tied your sash this morning. You must learn to tie it yourself." "But how can I, mamma," replied the little miss, "when I'm standing around in the front all the time?"

PATRIOTISM RUBBED IN.

That Is the Way We Sometimes Teach It to Children.

I have a friend who teaches in one of the Boston schools, the last person in the world who would ever voluntarily be found marching in processions or engaging in hand-to-hand encounters with mobs. Yet on Dewey day she spent hours in helping to marshal a host of school children through crowded streets, picking them from under the feet of tramping hordes, and protecting them from utter destruction when they were overrun by mob violence.

"Well, what then?" said my companion. "Would you have had the poor little chaps all left at home? That's the way we teach 'em patrooitsm—rub it in, you see."

"Every one of those children," I said severely, "was legally entitled to two parents. There must be some use for parents in the everlasting economy of things, though many of them don't seem to suspect it. If the time ever comes when the enriched natural history courses demand that the pupil shall be sent into the wild beasts' cages in order to observe their habits it is the teacher who will be doomed to accompany them. And if during the visit the lion begins to lick his chops and demand food it is the teacher who will be expected to come cheerfully to the front and say: 'Eat me! When I accepted my present munificent salary I prepared myself, of course, not to falter at little sacrifices like this.' In the meantime the child will have retired in good order, and the parent—the female parent—will be safely at home embroidering a dolly or writing a paper for the Woman's Club. What the male parent will be doing is one of the things 'no fellow could be expected to know!'"—Atlantic Monthly.

The Trouble in Havana.

Much has been said and written about making Havana a good place to live in, but no one unfamiliar with the primitive conditions now prevailing in that city from a sanitary point of view can realize the greatness of the task. The city has no sewer system, and even no surface drainage. The houses are generally of stone, and consist of a room fronting on the street, back of which extends a court, along the side of which are arranged other and smaller rooms. The last room in the rear is generally the kitchen. In the floor of this kitchen is dug a sinkhole. Into this hole, which has no outlet except the natural seepage, flows all refuse from the house. As long as the contents of this sinkhole keep below the kitchen floor all is considered well. When it overflows, a few loads are taken out to make room for more. Some of these sinkholes had not been cleaned in fifty years until the restless Americans, with their troublesome ideas, came along and forced the owners to make some attempt at sanitation.—Harper's Weekly.

Foolish people allow pride to rob them of many comforts.

SORROW OF ANIMALS.

EVIDENCE THAT THEY MOURN SINCERELY AND FAITHFULLY.

Sufferings as Poignant as Those of Human Beings—Grief Over the Death of Their Whelp Touchingly Shown by a Lion and Lioness.

Edgar Quinet in his journal tells how one day he went with the naturalist, Geoffrol De St. Hiliare, to the Jardin les Plantes: "In one of the cages were a lion and a lioness together. They were standing up, quite motionless, and seemed not even to see us. Presently the lion, lifting up his great paw, placed it slowly and softly on the forehead of the lioness, and both continued in the same attitude as long as we remained before them. What was intended by the gesture? A painter who should have desired to represent calm grief and the deepest compassion could not have invented anything more striking. 'What does it mean?' said I to Geoffrol. 'Their lion whelp died this morning,' replied he. Then I understood what I saw: Pity, good-will, sympathy—all these sentiments might be read in those fierce countenances."

The following interesting account is extracted from James Forbes' "Oriental Memories:" "One of a shooting party, under a banyan tree, killed a female monkey, and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed, and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; the sportsman who, perhaps, felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creatures, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gestures seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race."

But perhaps the most impressive and extraordinary case that has yet come before us is that of poor Norman's dog in the Isle of Skye. Here it is, as told a year or two ago in the Inverness Courier, one of the most reliable papers in Scotland:

"A circumstance has just occurred at Portree, Isle of Skye, which may be added to the many chapters recording the fidelity and attachment of dogs to their masters. A rumor spread through the town one morning that on the previous night the dogs had torn open the grave of a young man who had died of fever, and was interred some weeks previously. It transpired, however, that the case was not so revolting. When the young man was buried his dog followed the funeral to the church yard and was with difficulty removed. It returned again and again to the spot, and, unobserved, had dug into the grave until it reached the coffin. The dog had gnawed through the coffin when the fact was discovered, but the body of his dead master was untouched; and there the faithful animal was found, eagerly looking into the grave. 'I doubt,' says the correspondent, 'if there be on record a more striking instance of canine attachment; for you must bear in mind that four or five weeks had elapsed since the interment, and the church yard is six miles from the house where poor Norman's father lives.'"

An incident is told of a pair of swans who had been inseparable companions for three years, during which time they had reared three broods of cygnets; last autumn the male bird was killed, and since that time the female has separated herself from all society with her own species.—Cassell's Magazine.

Unhealthy Sections of India.

The extraordinary unhealthiness of British India is fully detailed in a recent report. In the Surma valley, which is estimated to contain about 2,500,000 people, there were only 75,000 births in 1898, but 94,000 deaths; and in the Assam valley there were 71,031 births and 85,000 deaths.

An Irish student says the posthumous works of an author are those he writes after he is dead.

Jell-O, the New Dessert,
Pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c

It is always best to avoid controversy with two kinds of people; those who cannot understand you and those who will not.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The best way for a man rightly to enjoy himself is to maintain a universal, ready and cheerful compliance with divine and uncreated will in all things; as knowing that nothing can issue and flow forth from the fountain of goodness but that which is good.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The passions in us are just as necessary as the works in a watch; and like those works, are useless without a regulator.

Drugs have their use, but don't store them in your stomach. Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids nature to perform its functions.

There are many rich people whose wealth we would be ashamed to envy, if we only know how they got it.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Fashion makes fools of all who follow her, and then pays them off for their servitude by laughing at them.

"MY OWN SELF AGAIN."

Mrs. Gates Writes to Mrs. Pinkham, Follows Her Advice and is Made Well.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For nearly two and one-half years I have been in feeble health. After my little child came it seemed I could not get my strength again. I have chills and the severest pains in my limbs and top of head and am almost insensible at times. I also have a pain just to the right of breast bone. It is so severe at times that I cannot lie on my right side. Please write me what you think of my case."—MRS. CLARA GATES, Johns P. O., Miss., April 25, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as advised and now send you a letter for publication. For several years I was in such wretched health that life was almost a burden. I could hardly walk across the floor, was so feeble. Several of our best physicians attended me, but failed to help. I concluded to write to you for advice. In a few days I received such a kind, motherly letter. I followed your instructions and am my 'old self' again. Was greatly benefited before I had used one bottle. May God bless you for what you are doing for suffering women."—MRS. CLARA GATES, Johns P. O., Miss., Oct. 6, 1899.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

FITS STOPPED FREE Permanently Cured by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE to Fit patients who pay expressage. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Sold by all Druggists. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

That Little Book For Ladies, By mail, 10 cents. ALICE MASON, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
32 1-13

"SHANTY-BOAT FOLKS."

The People Who Live on the Great Rivers of the West.

One cannot travel along any of the larger interior waterways, either by steamboat or rail, without catching sight of the water denizens' queer ark-like habitations. Contemptuous references to them as "shanty-boat folks" are to be seen in the newspapers of all river towns, and heard in the conversation of all river-bank dwellers, and no State watered by the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, or any of their larger branches, is ever clear of them. Steamboat men say they number from 10,000 to 12,000; some of the more intelligent water folk themselves place the total at from 12,000 to 15,000 at least, while all agree that, instead of becoming fewer, they are increasing as the years roll round. This, notwithstanding the adverse ordinances of certain municipalities, and the repressive but entirely inoperative statutes of two or three States. It is forbidden any shanty-boat man to "tie up" within the boundaries of the municipalities referred to, excepting in cases of dire emergency; the States in question prohibit the existence of "shanty-boat folks" at all.

Dry land supports no corresponding class. In truth, they cannot be treated properly as a single class, for they are split up into almost as many subdivisions as those who live on shore. Frequently these subdivisions are not sharply defined, however, and, indeed, it would not be easy to draw an exact line, separating river from land dwellers in all cases. But, in some respects, the water folk are a unit. They return the contempt of the "shore people" with interest. Without exception, they are infatuated with "the river," as they broadly term the entire system, and, no matter how much they may differ among themselves, they hang together