gate.

Ind down the lane to the pasture lot.

Where for our coming the cows would wait.

Letween its borders of grass and weed;

It bore the prints of our restless feet, hat stepped so blithe through the early dews.

Or legged along in the pulsing beat.

Where our heads curved a roof of blue, Where oft we saw the ghost of the moor to drifting by with the sun tipped clouds That sailed away to the port of noon, from nodding thistle and mullein stalk. The meadow larks through the summer

And from the stubble of harvest fields.
The bob white's call through the still ness rang.

O little path of the long ago,
I've wandered far from your beaten dust,
And stimbled oft in my journeys wide,
And lost 'ne key to my childish trust;
But now and then in my waking dreams
I stand once more by the pasture wall,
And hear again from the harvest nelds
The cheerful sound of the bob white's

- Adella Washer, in the New York Sun.



"Hey, Billy! let me have a ride?" cried a boyish voice, and Billy pulled up his handsome roan mount to speak to his friend, who came running down the dusty country road very hastily to meet him.

could not oblige his friend in this request. "I've just had him down to the blacksmith shop at the crossroads, and must get home and feed him and rub him down before the ful in what he has to do, and what doctor comes in with the machine. He wants to drive the horse this afternoon, out somewhere where he can't go in the automobile, on account of the bad, sandy roads."

Hal was stroking the smooth side of the fine horse while Billy talked. Now he looked up and persisted in his request.

take me up behind, for a ride, and I'll waik back," he said.

Billy saw that he would have to be quite frank with Hal. "No. Doctor Barnes caid, when I first went to help around the stable, that I like to let you have a ride, but I must get him home as soon as I can, now. Good-bye," and Billy was off at a trot, while Hal stood at the gate and watched horse and rider until they were out of sight.

Billy was thinking deeply as he rode along. The subject was one that often occupied his thoughts, when he had the horse out for exercise, or was busy with his work about the stables at the doctor's home.

'Too bad that Hal can't have my place at the doctor's, and I have what I want. I think this is a mixed up old world anyway. We get the things we don't care a snap about, and the things ve'd give our heads for, almost, don't come our way." along, Arrow, old fellow, I can't wait for you to eat grass to-day," and he urged the horse into a trot. Sometimes Billy had time to let him crop a particular fine bunch of grass, and Arrow remembered it.

Into the village street they turned from the country road in a few minutes, and trotted down the long. straight thoroughfare. He rode past the post-office and general store, with its porch decoration of idlers; past the pretty notion store windows, and the town hall; and on toward the doctor's home, at the extreme other

But they did not get home without an interruption. As they went on down the street, and past several houses, Billy saw ahead the familiar automobile of his employer standing in front of a nouse.

Wonder who is sick at Harris'? he thought, and glauced again at the car as he neared it. "Hello, doctor has Myrtle out with him," he added as he saw the golden head of the doctor's little girl over the back of the sent.

Myrtle saw him at the same instant, turning around at the sound of hoofs in the street. She smiled and waved her chubby hand as he passed, and he waved back, for they

were very good friends. Almost as soon as he had gone past the car this happened. He heard it start and looked back, expecting to see the doctor in his seat, with his hand on the lever; but he saw instead Myrtle, grasping it with chubby fingers, laughing mischlevously, her curls tossed back and her face alight

with daring. Bill gave one gasp, and pulled the roan around so suddenly that he wheeled on two feet. Even as he did so, the big car gained headway. and the child in it, realizing something of her danger, but ignorant how to avert it, or stop the car,

screamed helplessly, "Oh, Billy, come, make it stop, quick!" Even as she spoke the machine passed the boy and horse, running so smoothly and swiftly that he paled at the danger before the child. The thought came: "If he bad made me chauffeur, instead of stable boy, as I wanted him to do, this would not have happened." For only the day before, the man who had held that position—the place Billy wanted with all his machinery-loving heart-had

been discharged for drunkenness, Then came the plan. Quick as a flash he urged the roan after the machine, kicking his feet free of the stirrups as he neared the automobile. The car ran faster and faster-what was going to try, must be done

And then the doctor came out just time to see what Billy was going do, and to stand breathless while his child in the big car, and his ata-ble boy on the splendid roan horse name to a thoroughfare, but D Mews ran the race that was the talk of is the only one which has not had its village for months afterward.

When Billy was abreast of the car and it took good work on the part of both horse and rider to achieve that-he called to the terror-stricken little offender:

"Get over on one side-quickmake room for me-1'm going to jump." And as she crept away to the other side, he leaped from the back of the running horse and fell all in heap—but in the car.

It was but the work of a moment to gather himself up and reverse the lever. The next moment he had the steering wheel in his hand, and had the car turned, and then ran back to where a wildly excited group stood and walted, with the frantic father. Arrow slackened his speed gradually, and when he quite understood that his rider had suddenly disappeared, he stopped and cropped an especially fine bunch of grass with supreme indifference to races or runaway cars.

"I would like to do something to show you how I appreciate your act, and the courage and quickness of thought that it showed," said the doctor to Billy in a talk that was ex-ceedingly uncomfortable, and yet pleasant, to that praise-shunning young man. And at that, Billy's eyes suddenly brightened, and he spoke:

"If you would let me run the mahine for you, instead of getting another man, as you said you were going to do-" he began. "I know all about it, sir. I've studied it up, every spare minute since I've been I thought if I ever got a chance to run one-1're always been crazy over machinery, dir, and-And then the doctor put a few questions that settled the matter.

"You shall run it for me from this day, until you get something better," the doctor said quietly, "And, if you care to study machinery-if you have any desire to make an expert "I'm afraid I can't, Hal," Billy an- line of business, and I think we can swered regretfully, sorry that he arrange to le you learn all you want about wheels and things."

Then : Il at once Billy realized that this is not such a mixed up old world, com: to him, even suddenly and unexpectedly, there may be chances for him to get what he wants with all his heart-that the things he "would give his head for," as he had put it, were, after all, some of them, apt to his way .- Young People's come

"But I won't hinder you. Just DON'T CUT YOUR SLEEP SHORT.

British Scientists Frown On the Wellington Rule.

The papers read in the physiological section of the British Association should never let any one else ride for the Advancement of Science dis-Arrow. So you see I really can't. I'd cussing sleep and rest were all opposed to the old idea that mankind should be content with short slum-ber. The Duke of Wellington's dictum of six hours for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool went by the board.

> Francis Dyke Acland urged the necessity for plenty of sleep for the young as necessary to their bodily and mental development. He said that most of a boy's growth was done in bed. He quoted a letter from the head master of a large school, where the breakfast hour had been changed from 7 to 8 o'clock, as saying that the whole school was brighter and doing better work.

Dr. Gotch said that the healthlest sleep was dreamless. He mentioned Lord Kitchener's faculty of being able to go into dramless sleep at any moment.

mal sleep of a laboring man during the first half hour was very deep and then grew shallower.

Professor Meyers related his own experience with a German doctor. He arranged to be awakened after a half hour to see what his mental condition was. He set himself several problems in arithmetic. The next day he was awakened after an hour's sleep, and so on, increasing his time for sleep by an hour a day until he got six hours. He found his ability in connection with arithmetic as great after an hour's sleep as after six hours. When, however, he came to try another test this one completely broke down. In trying to test his memory he found it grew in proportion to the number of hours

Bootjacks Among the Sunflowers. It is popularly supposed that the bootjack has disappeared from the common articles of household use as completely as the candle snuffers and the warming pan. But this is not true in some parts of Kansas. In Smith County they are numerous. Why they should still continue in existence in the vicinity of Smith Centre while at Mankato not one is to be found is explained by the prevalence of the old fashioned custom of wearing boots at the former place. Many bootjacks may be found hanging behind the kitchen stove in the farmy houses in that vicinity. The oldest one was made in Wisconsin in 1851, and is owned and used by G. W. Sage, of Smith County .- Smith Centre Ploneer.

Sorrows of the Rich. The man who made \$15,000,000

in a few years looked downcast. What's the matter?" his friend asked. "Why are you unhappy! You ought to be thoroughly satisfied. You made a splendid fortune, you are still in the prime of life and the workmen have just put the finishing touches on your fine palace.

more do you want?' "That's just it." the disconsolate one replied "Instead of "loving into my palace now and enjoying life I've got to spend five or six years hunting through European fink-shops for dingy picture with which to decorate my walls."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Shortest Name For a Street.

The thorooughtare which can boast the shortest name of any in London is D Mews, in the locality of Regent's Park. It is the only surviving "alphabet" street-i. e., streets wh names were simply a letter of the alphabet. Some years ago nearly every letter in the alphabet gave its

CANNING CORN.

Maine's Interesting Industry, Where \$\mathbb{T} Processes of a Business That is Al-Everything is Done in Haste.

Maine the canned corn industry is an sugar and starch. ephemeral season of feverish activiwhich the whole outcome of the

year's industry depends. During the last weeks of August freight cars full of tin cans are shunted into the shops; the yards have been carefully cleaned and everything is prepared for the impending hustle, in which, perhaps, 1,000,000 cans must be filled, sealed and made ready for market.

The "buyer" all this time is making his daily rounds in a light wagon, visiting all the corn raisers within twenty miles, seeing that the contracts, signed a year before, are being carried out and ascertaining just ready for the mill. No man must bring in his corn until it is called for; no man dares delay it (for greater weight) after the order has gone insures a steady and ample supply for the two weeks of canning time care of, no more, no less. Without corn is a highly perishable commod-

When everything is absolutely Instantly the most amazing activity Every man, woman and ensues. ning time is over; every other business is subordinated to the pressing task of getting the corn into the process. cans before the frost strikes it. In-

for the corn to come. utes the first lot of heaping bushel presto! the thing is done. baskets, piled high with sweet green corn, is being wheeled away to the comes; the game is on.

suggestive of the free, open air labor cans are collected in great trays, each of southern Europe than this yard holding ninety-four cans. Five trays full of people, in all manner of parti- are piled together, and the whole colored dress, kneeling and sitting mass, containing 470 cans in all, is around the heaps of corn, stripping dragged off to the "retorts," where a away for dear life. The incentive is very high temperature is maintained five cents for every bushel of husked by steam. corn-quite enough to make the povclothes, many a Sunday bonnet come the corn receives its final cooking; out of these bushel baskets.

hauling in the corn, and the chattering, competing townsfolk are husking machines, the "cutters," clever desion of rats scampering into their holes; they whisk along almost faster ping platform. than the eye can follow. One "cutter," fed by a boy, does the work that of the manufacture are miraculous, formerly required ten or a dozen men | Hardly twice does a human hand

The meaty kernels, running with white juice, are poured down into are, in the whole range of mechanvats., from these machines, whence they are conveyed to a big rotating for quickness and automatic perfecsleve which sorts out bits of cob. refuse and the like, letting only the clean and perfect corn pass through. turns out from 300,000 to 500,000 This corn is all caught in another cans, the rapidity of the work bevat, called the "mixer," where it is comes apparent.-New England Grois thoroughly incorporated by ma- cer.

most Wholly Done by Machinery.

All up and down the State of chinery with a decoction of water, When the mixing is complete buckty, lasting not over a fortnight, upon etfuls of the compound are carried to the steam-cooker; here the first cook-

ing takes place at a temperature of 180 degrees. On both sides of this cooker long chutes descend from the upper story, and down these chutes fall tin cans, dropping into place beneath nozzles which automatically discharge precisely a canful of corn. These nozzles fill fifty-six cans a minute-almost one every second, you notice-which is a great deal faster than a dozen skilled workmen could

do. As the cans are filled with the steaming, fragrant mixture, an endless chain conveys them on to a rewhen each grower's crop will be volving steel table, where they are roughly hustled and made to "move on" until they fall into a regular line and pass through the automatic "counter," a turnstile affair which forth. The system is perfection and registers the exact number of cans filled every day.

Without pausing a second, the cans just enough for the machinery to take travel along a belt which carries them under the "wiper," a buzzing brush, it the corn might lie a day or two in much like a street-sweper in a small the shop yard and spoil, for green scale; this device instantly cleans off any stray kernels which may have adhered to the outside, and passes the cans to an operator who very deftly ready the foreman gives the word, places the little round "solderated" covers in position. Just as they leave the operator's hands, each can child who can possibly get away from receives a good brushing with muriother occupations is requisitioned by atic acid from a nest of whirling the shop; school is delayed until can- brushes, for all the world like mucilage brushes. This acid prepares the covers for the automatic soldering

The soldering machine receives side the mill the complex machines twelve cans at once, solders them sibegin to hum, outside, the yard fills multaneously with circular irons, and up with women and children, waiting delivers them out on to another belt before you half understand how it is The first load is acclaimed with accomplished. Its capacity is 42,000 cheers as it lumbers in behind a yoke caus a day. Each can cover is proof red oxen; no sooner is it dumped vided with its own solder, the irons than the swarm of workers burrows of the machine, heated by gasoline into it like so many bees, stripping flame and well dipped in salammonand tearing off the husks; in five min- iac, whirl down with a spiral motion?

Nothing now remains but to seal up the little air holes in the middle "cutters." Another and another load of the covers. This detail is attended to by a couple of men who drop solder Nothing in our prosaic American on the centre of each top as the cans life could be more picturesque, more pass by. Leaving these men, the

Into the retorts go the cans on the erty bitten ruralites "dig in" for all double quick; the doors are jacked they are worth. Many a new suit of on and the steam admitted. Here and when, with a great rush and hiss-Meanwhile, as the ox teams, drays ing of steam, the doors are thrown and wagons of every description are open again, it is ready for market and table.

Other workmen now wheel the away like mad, the stripped corn is corn away to a large platform where hauled away on trucks to the first thousands of cans are piled; a hose is corn away to a large platform where squirted over the new arrivals to cool vices which whip off every kernel in them, and they are then ready for a twinkling and toss the cobs out into labeling and shipment. The whole the yard again through a chute. The process has consumed less than an ears of corn running through these hour, from the time of delivery in the machines make you think of a proces- yard until the finished product lies cooked, sealed and cooled on the ship-

The rapidity and entire precision touch the work-it is a triumph of machinery, pure and simple. There ics, very few processes excelling this tion. When one considers that in the very brief corn season a single shop

Honey in It.

When the Salvation Army first came to America, twenty-five years ngo, says the author of "The Prophet of the Poor," is found a ready advocate of its methods in the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. Mr. Bescher had just and a lesson, in parable form, from a certain "Brother" Anderson, which he never forgot.

Brother Anderson was at that time the pastor of a colored congregation which was noted for the noise and enthusiasm of its services. Incidentally the old man wielded a whitewash-brush, but he was known as an exhorter of no mean ability. One day he persuaded Mr. Beecher to address his congregation.

The occasion seemed a good one for reproving the congregation for their uproarious methods, and Mr. Beecher did so. "Let all things be done decently and in order," he conci-ded. Then Brother Anderson rose

"I love Brudder Beecher; I love to hear him preach dis after noon," he and laugh at us, and mock at us Press.

'Yas, I see de boys and gels stan' all las' winter roun' de door, an under de windows, an' laft; and dey peep in and laff. But I 'member what saw las' summer among de bees.

"Some of do hives was nice an' clean an' still, like 'spectable meetcomin' in de clover; and dey jes' kep on de outside. Dey wa'n' bees. Dey

| de gospel bees do. Come in an' we'll lead you to de clover.

"You won't come in? Well, den, poor things, den stan' roun' de outside an' have de drippin's. We's got honey in dis hive." "As he spoke," said Mr. Beecher,

'I seemed to see my own sermon shrinking and fading away."

Workmen and Their Tools. The monotony of laborunion meetings was broken the other night when a spirited young fellow blurted out: "You chaps can talk the year round about wages and hours, but mighty few of you know how to keep your tools in order and get the best out of them. I'll bet there ain't a dozen men here to-night who don't abuse their tools. You let 'em rust out, throw 'em away and buy new ones." There was a general move ment in the room. An old man said he had used a saw for twenty years. A tailor declared one pair of shears lasted him eighteen years. A carpenter's drawing knife was fifteen years old. Old Jimmy, of Washingsaid. "He's our good frien'. And ton Market, used a carving knife he say dat some folks goes up to twelve years. Joe Ochstel had a glory noisy 'n' shouting, and some hatchet for twenty-two years. A boxgoes still like, 's if they's ashamed of maker used a pocketknife nineteen what's in 'em. And he say we better years. A cabinetmaker had a plain years. A cabinetmaker had a plain be more like dat still kind, and de bit that wore out a dozen stocks, etc. white folks'll like us more. He say The experience meeting turned out de boys and de gels stan' in de do'way to be highly interesting.-New York

The Oldest Bridegroom

Sir Robert Turing, Bart., who was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, recently, though he will be seventy-nine in a few days, is not the oldest titled bridegroom of recent years. The late Marquis of Donegall ings, and de odders was a bustin' wid married when he was past his eighhoney. De bees kep' a-goin' and a- tieth year, and lived to see a son and heir born to him. The bride of a few a-fillin' de hive till de honey was days ago married her first husband i-flowin' like de lan' o' Canaan. An' in 1886, and has been a widow since I saw all roun' de hives was ants an' 1895. Second marriages have been worms an' black bugs, ra' dey kep' ruade before in the Parnell family, to which she belog s. Her grandfather the third Lord Congleton, is survived Dey couldn'd fly to de clover an' to by his second wife, while the third de honeysuckie. Dey jes' hung roun' wife of the second Lord Congleton de hive and lib on de drippin's. There are thus three de hive and lib on de drippin's.

"So de boys an' gels hang roun' Ladies Congleton living.—Westminyar. Come in—we'll show you how ster Garette.



Furs that have become flat and offy looking about the neck may be made fresh and like new by rubbing the fur the wrong way with hot bran. Furs that have been wet should never be hung in front of a stove or an open fire to dry.

Telephones at the Theatre.

To enable young married women if they become anxious, to telephone home and inquire as to the condition of their children, telephones are fitted in every private box at the Coliseum. It is a common thing at the opera and many West End theatres French evening costume that outdoes to see a queue of ladies waiting their in altitude anything seen since the turn at the telephone between the powdered wig of Colonial days. acts, says London Opinion, just "to have a word with nurse."

When to Shun White Shoes,

The weakness for white shoes shown among certain classes is to be deplored. The material is cheap, the feet they adorn usually large-or is it that white makes even small feet look tremendous? They soil so easily, and in any event should be worn with white costumes. In any event, cheap white shoes should never be Black shoes for street wear are always safe. The various browns do well for some occasions, but black always looks well and the feet look smaller in it.

Broderie Anglaise.

One generally sees broderie Anglaise worked in floral patterns, or, at any rate, in "fancy" designs; for a change in it is much prettier in a severe style, and a charming blouse of saffron taffeta embroidered in a design somewhat like the conventional wreath of bays, stretched out raight! A very fine piece of Valenciennes was embroidered thus, and the broderie worked on lace was most effective; this blouse had chiffon bre-

Hand-Painted Hats. There seems to be no stopping in the universal race for novelty. The latest craze is for hats hand-painted with the designs of the flowers with which they are trimmed. Large Leghorn hats in white and black have their brims painted with long trails of pink or white roses and trimmed with clusters of the flowers and big bows. A very dainty toque also fashionable is of pale mauve crinoline straw, trimmed with lilac and ornamented with painted sprays of the same blossoms, which are half hidden in the folds of the straw .- Lon-

Gloves Will Go Deep in Pockets. It will be enough to scare any father to learn how expensive his wife's and daughter's winter clothes are going to be. The icily calm Importer of Paris frocks makes no apologies for her announcement that never in her long experience have French models been so dear, whilesome of the accessories of dress, such as gloves and plumes, prove a ton weight on the man who has to pay for them. A fashionable woman's glove will be increased unpleasantly, as the bright shades that will be worn this year are "Last season we could count on one hand our customers who demanded colored gloves," says the purveyor of modes, "but this winter the pale grays and fawns are considered insignificant. Already we have demands for claret, grass-green, royal purple and electric blue gloves."

The most expressive face is not the one which writhes or agonizes with every sorrowful feeling, or twists and squirms with every amusing situation; it is rather the one which retains a calm exterior while the strongest emotions of the soul play upon it with their lights and shadows. The face should be the smooth curtain on which the heart exhibits its various pictures without disturbing it, not the stage which requires the shifting of scenery for every act. The reason why so many beautiful faces are to be found in a convent is in a great measure due to the daily habit of composing the features in long hours of meditation and prayer. Unmarred by contend ing emotions, the features are gradually moulded into harmonious outlines. To sum up on this pointtrain your features to composure, and avoid all grimacing habits, says humor is an obliging quality, many women think they must always be in a laugh or a broad smile in order to be charming. This is a grievous mistake.

Tight Hose Harmful. Worse even than narrow toes is the habit that many women have of buying hose too small for their feet and wearing them constantly.

It is needless to say that binding flesh in tight stockings is one of the most harmful forms of lacing, be cause it restricts circulation. when that is impaired the individual becomes a prey to all sorts of allments, which, by the way, not only manifest themselves in corns and callouses, but by affecting the general health.

Stockings too large, the other extreme, are also bad, but the ill effects they cause are not to be compared with the wearing of tight hose. When they are too long and wrinkle ove the instep and under the arch of the foot they cause callous places and the folds of the material pressing into the flesh frequently irritate the skin, bebing upon and down with every step

The ideal stockings have broad toes, so that the feet can lie straight ed le in them. They should fit close to the feet.

flesh, not snugly enough to be uncomfortable, but just shape themselves nicely to the feet. Once such hosiery is put on no other kind will

ever be purchased again. The seams are, of course, small and soft and if possible get the styles that have them on the outside of the foot instead of down the centre, where, if the threads are drawn a trifle tight they often chafe the flesh. -New Haven Register.

The Birdcage Coiffure.

Women who have returned recentfrom Paris are introducing a new

The framework of the new arrangement is a cage-like wire affair, patterned after a high skull cap. This is placed just in the centre of the head and the tresses are arranged over it to give the effect of a towering mass of "crowning glory."

The halr first is waved, then separated to hang in even quantities on all sides of the head. 'cage" has been adjusted the wavy locks are drawn up loosely over it and arranged in a graceful knot at the summit.

If the hair is too scanty for this treatment, the ends are tucked in on top and pinned, and a group of artificial curls is fastened above.

A fillet is usually drawn around the new colffure at a point about on a line with the lower edge of the cage. Sometimes this is a double string of pearls, or again it is a simple fold of tulle with a large artificial rose caught to it at either side of the

Tact and Patience. To say "no" to a child is often

much easier and quicker than to explain the situation and help the child to say no to himself. But the latter telles edged with tiny frills, and the is the better way. It requires tact, embroidery was done in colored silk patience and persistence, and, above all, prayer. When the child has been made to understand why he should or should not do a certain thing, then comes a supreme moment of testing. Will he choose the right course, or will he decide for the wrong? The mother must not interfere, and she can do nothing but wait, lifting her heart in a silent, pleading prayer for the Holy Spirit to direct her little one. And, for her comfort, she may be assured that He who promised His Spirit to those who ask, will not fail to answer. Do not let us make the mistake of thinking that little things are insignificant. The smallest decision that a child makes is large to him, and every one goes toward forming that strange power which we call habit and which will be so large a tactor in his later life. It is only by triffing and oft-repeated lessons that the child learns to govern himself, but the mother who helps her little one to such self-mastery is giving him the key to victory, for "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. -Clara E. Hamilton.

For Those Who Worry. makes its habitat with one whose occupation lies within home walls whose life is monotonous, and outlook circumscribed.

The frame inures itself to privation, to work, when it does not interfere too much with eating and sleep ing, but the system never accustoms itself, healthly, to worry.

It is a perpetual tease upon the nerves, and never remits its rasping,

wearing power. It is generally true that an anxious tendency to take care rather seriously outruns its right proportions, becomes a giant, and gains mas-

tery over its victim. To "tie it well and let it go." do one's duty, then trust in the goodness that rules the universe, and of which each individual is a part, is a nobler, healthier role than to fret

If Anxious was a divinity, to be propitiated by anxious thoughts, and offerings to his skeleton partner, Black Care, then worry might be worth while, but not when it hinders isefulness and encourages croaking.

Where care stimulates activity it is beneficial, but the moment it goes beyond that it checks good work. Think how much humanity suffers

on account of the things that never happen. Think how worrying takes away peace of mind, nerve, unfits for the battle of life, the sweeping and Woman's World. Because good lunging toward things outward and great in our lives. Winnow your own individual life

See how the things about which you were worrying and twisting never came near you, and happiness came around the corner undreamed of, unexpected. Experience does not seem to help the votary of Care. Though troubles

can be shown to be year in and out

mainly of the imagination, he still goes submerged and water-logged by fear of anxiety. The condition of worrying nursed, and the victim of the cheerdestroying habit feels as uneasy with out some fret as an old friar would

without his hair-cloth. When fidgeting as to how ends that they generally do meet, some

No one has a right to convert th future into an outlying storm-ground and draw in upon himself and others its chills and blasts.

Fear secretes acids, affects that su perb engine, the heart, but confidence and trust are sweet juices to the constitution and nature .-- A. Day Robinson, in Health.

Kangaroos readily leap from sixty to seventy feet. The greatest rec

Un spoke a languid sybarite
Who had all things to please
And told of slumbers he enjoye
On flowery beds of ease.

A toiler raised his honest voice
To tell of sleep serone
Enfolding him, when work was done,
Upon his pallet mean.

And then in praise of outdoor couch Spoke one of gypsy birth, And said the sweetest rest was found Upon the breast of earth,

At this the summer guest arose,
Aside all others swept,
And mosted that at his resort
Neath blankets he had slept.
-McLandburgh Wilson, in the New York



You entertain a great deal more than you did formerly, I notice." Yes, indeed. This is the first really hospitable cook we ever had."-Life.

"Papa, what is a 'gentleman of the old school?' "One, my son, who insists on having Bright's disease when he can abundantly afford appendicitis,"-Puck.

Hubbubs- 'Are you ever bothered with tramps out here?" Subbubs-'No; I have a sign on the gate read-'We are vegetarlans, but our dog isn't." -- Philadelphia Press.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Lapsling, "Sophrony suffers terrible from neural-The only relief she ever gets is when she has an epidemic inserted in her arm."-Chicago Tribune.

These ice magnates
Who charge so high
Can't take their ice long
When they die. -Denver Post.

Bertha-"I say, father, you are still growing?" Father—"No. my dear. Why?" Bertha (puzzled)— 'Why because the top of your head is coming through your hair."-The Bystander.

Fat Squire-"But I tell you, sir, this road is private, and you shall not pass except over my prostrate body!" Cyclist-"All right, guy's nor, I'll go back. I've done enough hill climbing already!"-Punch. Tommy-"I wish our school was

a Government office in Washington.' Mamma-'What on earth do you wish that for, Tommy?" "Tommy-Because then us fellers could spell any old way."-Baltimore American. Bank Teller-"I have no doubt you are Billyuns, the ice magnate, but

you must be identified. Can't you

yuns-"I have no friends." Bank

bring in some friend to-"

Teller-"It's all right. You're identified."-Life. Two hearts with but a single thought,
Till life is done;
But how much better if two mouths
Could eat as one.

-Milwaukee Sentinel.

Never hit a man when he has got you down.-Philadelphia Record. Bacon-"She says she is twentyeight years old." Egbert-"Well. she looks as if she would say she was about that old." - Yonkers

Statesman "Let me see," said the Boston oculist, "it's your right eye that troubles you, is it not?" "Oh, no!" replied the lady; "It is quite true that my right eye causes me some annovance. but I am bothered more by my 'alter

"-Philadelphia Ledger. Wife-"Weren't you awfully frightened, dear, when you made your first political speech the other night?" Candidate-"Yes; but I got through safely." Wife-"Safely?" Candidate-'Yes, before anybody yelled for me to sit down."-Detroit

Free Press. "The road to knowledge, nowadays," said the first old schoolmaster, "is too swift and too easy. It's a regular railroad." "Yes," agreed the other old pedagogue, "and it's a railroad with fewer switches than are necessary."- Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Elastic Wheels.

For years inventors have been trying to devise a wheel with springs between the hub and rim, thus imparting to a vehicle the comfort now derived from pneumatic tires. The Tribune Farmer has described one or two of these devices in the past. As yet none of them have been introduced to actual use, but they may need only some trifling improvement to render them perfectly satisfactory. Wheels of that sort with solid rubber tires would last longer than do hollow rubber tires. They should enable the owner of an automobile to save money. According to David Beecroft, a writer for "The Technical World Magazine," a first class tire for a motor car wheel thirty-six inches in diameter, if the tire itself has a five-inch diameter, will cost \$67.50 per wheel, or \$270 for a set of four. This covers the cost only of the casings or outer portions, to which must be added the expense of the air chambers, amounting to \$15 each or \$60 for a complete set, thus increasing the entire cost to \$330. Besides this high initial expense is the trouble due to puncturing, which robs the sport of much of its pleasure; more important still is the danger of the car upsetting if traveling at a high rate of speed when a tire punctures.

Alcohol-Engines. Professor Elihu Thomson says that

experiment has proved that alcohol, provided it can be made cheap enough, is entirely suitable as a fue! for internal combustion engines. though the heating value of alcohol are going to meet, just recall the fact | is much less than that of gasoline, yet a gallon of alcohol will develop substantially the same power as a gallon of gasoline, because of the greater efficiency of operation. Less heat is thrown off in waste gases from the alcohol, and a mixture of alcohol vapor with air stands a much higher compression without prema-ture explosion than does a mixture of gasolene and air. In fact, Profesof gasolene and air. In fact, Professor Thomson says, the efficiency, or the ratio of the conversion of heat units into power, is probably higher in the alcohol-engine than in engines operated with any other combustible.

—Youth's Companion.