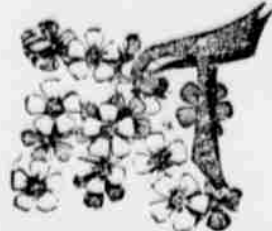


BY THE WAVES.

Crisp and curling, soft unfurling
Caps of silvery foam,
Haste the breakers, frolic makers,

ASTREA.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



HE big clock in the City Hall cupola pointed to the hour of twelve, the chimes of Old Trinity had just caule their mantle of music to the winds, and the roar and tumult of Broadway rose to the open windows of room No. 19 in the Nutley buildings like the hum of a monster beehive.

Help his girls—Elaine and Barbara—with the housework!
As he thought of those radiant young belles at Bar Harbor, he had difficulty in repressing a laugh.

"Then I'd hire out as a hand," said Jack, rebelliously. "I'm good at breaking horses."
"Then I'd make the butter and feed the chickens," said Astrea, joyfully.

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.

Why He Was Silent.
"Pray tell me why you keep so still," inquired the Jansares.



"Oh, hush," the Wazze answered: "my tail's asleep, you see, and if I made a noise I'd surely wake it up," said he.

In the Homestead Barn.
In a barn we know, where the light stole through,



The shadowy distance, magnified,
To our wondering eyes seemed vast;
There we loved to hide from the world outside

When our sunny plays were past,
Half lost in the hay, we would laugh and leap,



'Twas cool and quiet and deep as a thought,
Unguessed in the mind of a child,

With rich hues wrought and rare odors caught
From clover and lilies wild.

These the pigeons murmured in tender strain,
To our wondering eyes seemed vast;

And carpeted the floor with soft, downy fare,

Or the bee inured there by such peerless fare
Mistaken for meadow ways.

No traveler will find such a resting-place,
Though the quest be summer-long;

No such dreaming-place can a poet trace,
Wherein to fashion a song!

—Farm and Home.

The Cow Did the Work.
In a little Mexican town on the south bank of the Rio Grande there is a good-sized church with a flat roof.

A large number of cactus seed had lodged in the dirt on the roof, and in the course of time there was quite a crop of cactus up there.

Now it is the custom in Mexico when they want to destroy cactus to first burn off the thorns, and then the cattle will eat the plant.

The people became tired of seeing the plants on the church roof and he'd a town meeting to deliberate.

Finally a man climbed up to the roof and in two days had burned off all the thorns from the roof, and in less than a week the cactus was all eaten and the cow was lowered to the earth again.

The people were delighted with the result and now point with pride to their church.

Facts as to Curve Pitching.
There are some people still left who refuse to believe that a baseball can travel out of the straight line between the pitcher's box and the home plate on its way to the catcher.

It has been proved again and again that a ball can be "curved" by a now well-known experiment.

Two stakes are set up so that the pitcher standing behind one cannot hit a mark on the left side of the other in a straight line, the ball passing to the right of the first.

Indeed, a short while ago a noted college pitcher was offered \$1,000 by an old gentleman of his acquaintance if he could prove to his satisfaction that a baseball could be pitched in a curve.

The pitcher at once set up two stakes in his back yard and curved the ball around them in fine style. But the old gentleman insisted that the whole thing was an optical delusion, and is no more convinced than ever.

written on it, which, after all, would not help a man to toss a tennis ball.
The final twist given the ball as it leaves the hand makes a spinning motion, so that there is more resistance by the air on one side or the other, and the ball is forced out of a straight line by unequal pressure on one of its sides.

A Lively Burro.
Next to a cat there is nothing so tough and tenacious of life as a Rocky Mountain burro, and some of the tales told about this little animal are marvelous.

One day as the express train was running into Santa Fe, N. M., the engineer spied a burro walking on the track.

He whistled and slowed up, but the burro ignored all signals, and in consequence was knocked about thirty feet ahead of the train.

One hoof still lay on the track, and the engineer, coming to a stop, got out with his fireman to push the carcass into the ditch.

Each seized a leg, but before they could heave the burro scrambled to his feet, planted a couple of kicks on the two men, jumped the ditch and was off.

On the next trip the burro was seen, a little stiff in one leg, but otherwise uninjured.

The Prince's Gold Inlaid Cot.
England's new baby prince has a gorgeous layette. The queen has made a historical addition to it in the shape of a delicate basinet covered with rich white satin, having over it a filmy veiling of fine honiton lace.

It is the ordinary old-world shape, not hanging and without rockers.

There is an inscription on a silver plate giving the history of this interesting item in the outfit. It reads as follows: "This basinet was made for Princess Victoria Royal in 1840 and was used by all her majesty's children and was given by the queen to the Duchess of York in 1894."

Couldn't Fool Her.
A young man just home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said:

"Do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world."

"No, 'tain't," said she. "Yes, it is," declared the young collegian.

"Then why don't it keep off the rain? The triumphant rejoinder.—London Tid-Bits.

THE OLDER BOSTON.
The English Town After Which Our Modern City Is Named.

Few of the thousands of people who look upon Boston, in Massachusetts, as one of the finest cities on the continent (and therefore as one of the finest in the world) are aware of the existence of a much older town of the same name from which our modern city took its name.

Is is over in England, and though now but a sleepy town, was at one time one of the foremost cities of England.

It was founded in 657 by St. Botolph, a Saxon priest, and was named St. Botolph's town, which was subsequently corrupted into Boston.

In the thirteenth century it paid more taxes than any other town in England, with one exception, and it continued to prosper until Queen Bess' time, when the mouth of the river Witham, which flows through the town, dried up and as a consequence its commerce was destroyed.

The oldest edifice in town is St. Botolph's Church which was built early in the 12th century. At the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, this church was presided over by Rev. John Cotton, an ecclesiast of great learning and much loved by the people.

Believing that in the new country offered him a better field for work Cotton sailed hither with several other good Englishmen and landed in Massachusetts bay. Here they founded a new town and

named it Boston, out of respect for John Cotton, the first pastor of the first church to have an existence in the Boston of the new world.

Mr. Cotton lived to a good age, dying in 1652, honored by the whole colony. His old church in Boston, Eng., still stands and is an object of much interest to travelers.

In 1855 the people of the American Boston restored the old church to a good condition and placed in it a tablet commemorating the virtues and services of John Cotton.

CUSTOMER—What do you charge for arsenic? Drug clerk (suspiciously) What do you want it for? Customer —I'm a French candy manufacturer. Drug clerk (suspiciously) Oh, I beg pardon, sir; I thought perhaps you wanted it for yourself.—New York Sun.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Portraits of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Satire.
A KANSAS farmer refers to a blooded goat as his bread and butter.

For a book agent to sell his own autography is "taking his life in his own hands."—Richmond Dispatch.

"TRULY," said Witticus, when he saw ox-tail soup and tongue on the free-lunch counter, "extremes meet"—Life.

The boy who eats all the melons he sees, whether they are green or old, is what we call a painstaking urchin.—Galveston News.

"Is CHINCHER making any money out of politics?" "Not a cent. He is perfectly satisfied with what makes in it."—Buffalo Courier.

He heard them kissing on the sly and peeked in through the door. And then he cried in accents high, "Wahy, sister, what's the score?"—Detroit Free Press.

The fellow who kicks an' squirts a tew git a front seat at a circus is one who takes a back seat in a peer-meeting.—"Ol' Nutmeg's" sayings.

"Oh, Mr. Longhead, I just saw Charley Greene eloping with his wife." "Good! Now I'm even with him. He sold me a horse last week."—Life.

AFTER a man passes fifty he should watch himself with great care. Nearly every man does something ruinous after he is fifty.—Atlantic Globe.

"HAVE you ever been around world?" "No, but my arm is." "What do you mean?" "Well, I've been all the world to me."—Harvard Life.

Judge—"How old are you, my Elderly female?" "I am—I am—Judge—"Better hurry up; every moment makes it worse."—Elletts Blaxter.

He—"Do you usually take a walk with you when you go climbing the mountains?" "No, yes; you like to go along to-day."—Yale Statesman.

BACON—"Does Penman make anything out of his writings?" "Eggs." "I don't know. I never could see anything out of them."—Yale Statesman.

FATHER (visiting at college)—son, these are better cigars than can afford." Son—"That's all right; take all you want; this is my father's."—Yale Statesman.

TOMMY—"Say, paw." Mr. F.—"Now, what do you want?" "What is the difference between the sea horse and the navy?" Indianapolis Journal.

FAT—"Be jabbers, yez shot me away from this." Mike—"How could I, when I report av ye frightened both av thim av me." Frank Leslie's Weekly.

"DID the new cook bring satisfactory recommendations?" Mr. Style—"N-no-cr-yes, she is just what I want; she is too large to wear."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ANGELINA (to her new bet)—"Oh, Edwin, there's such a looking girl just behind you." "Edwin—"Ah, I've got good looks now, darling!"—New Ledger.

SHE—Bixby appears to be a bright young man. I hear he has enough money by writing to his education at college. He is writing home to his parents."—Saw Traveler.

He would have confessed, waved him in silence. "No." "I prefer to be kept in the dark." After a moment's thought and turned the gas yet low.

troit Tribune.

GWENDOLINE—I'm at a account for the fact that Mollie has more enemies than I know. Seward—I think go through life acting the candid friend.—Vogue.

CHAPTIE—"What is the art they are talking so much about?" Sappie—"I haven't given them much study, but I presume the plate they serve the art the soldiers, don't you know?"

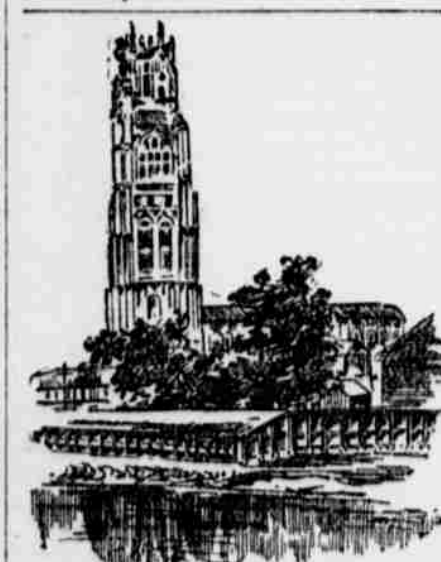
DOCTOR—"Don't be alarmed sicker than you are a year with the same trouble. To well and hearty. Patient"—O. Doctor, tell me who your physician.—Browning's Illu.

"AND what's your reason for increasing the servants' wages?" his friend asked. "Because band complained that my millinery bills equalled the expenses, and I want to see they do not."—Flegende

MISTRESS—"What in the matter with the twins?"—"Sure, I don't know; but way they've been frettin' all day, it's my opinion that mixed themselves up and which is which."—Good N.

"Dog days, says an excuse so called because they fall time of the "hellical red dog star," Sirius or Caniculus, the word meaning "little of the hellical hot weather that makes the dog days able."—Pleasure.

"I NEVER saw any sign of great meanness in Hobbs' don't know him. Why, wife a life insurance policy in her favor as a Christmas year, and ever since I've been practicing a regimen to longevity."—Chicago I



THE OLD BOSTON CHURCH.

Table listing various churches and their seating capacities. Columns include church name, location, and seating capacity.

The Morgue Push Carts.

The Paris morgue is all surrounded at the sides and back by a high and rusty iron grating. There is a gate at each side of the building large enough to give entrance to the police station push carts, which bear so ghastly a resemblance to the Paris bakers' vehicles.

Washington Star.

Advertisement for 'The Eastman' featuring a portrait of a woman and text about a 'Success' product. Includes the name 'EASTMAN' in large letters.