PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE All day long they come and go—Pittypat and Tippytoe,
Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the flow—Fingermarks along the wall,
Tell-tale streaks upon the door—Ay these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytos.

How they riot at their play!
And, a dozen times a day,
In they troop, demanding bread—
Only buttered bread will do,
And that butter must be spread
Inches thick with sugar, tool,
Never yet have I said: "No,
Pittypat and Tippytoe"

metimes there are griefs to sooths metimes ruffled brows to smooth Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth
For—I much regret to say—
Tippytoe and Pittypat
Sometimes interrupt their play
With an interneoins spat;
Fiel oh, fiel to quarrel so,
Pittypat and Tippytoel

Oh, the thousand worrying things
Every day recurrent brings!
Hands to scrub and hair to brush,
Search for playthings gone amis
Many a murmuring to hush,
Many a little bump to kiss!
Life's indeed a fleeting show,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

And, when day is at an end,

And, when day is at an end,
There are little duds to mend;
Little frocks are strangely tor.,
Little shoes great holes reveal.
Little hose but one day warn,
Rudely yawn at toe or heel! i'
Who but you could work such woe,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!
But when comes this thought to me;
"Some there are that childless be*
Stealing to their little beds,
With a love! Cannot speak,
Tenderly! I stroke their heads,
Fondly kiss each velvet cheek
God help those who do not know!
A Pittypat or Tippytoe!
On the floor, along the hall,

On the floor, along the hall,
Rudely traced upon the wall,
There are proofs in every kind
Of the have they have wrought,
And upon my heart you'd find
Just such trademarks, if you sought
Oh, how glad I am 'it's so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!
—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

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A GIRL'S WAY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



mandment, Martha!"

"Well, I can't help fit!" sputted Matty. "We are cramped and cornered and hardworked enough already, aren't we, without taking boarders for convention week? And it is bad enough to have pieced carpet and mended curtains and broken-edged crockery without other people finding it out. No, I won't!"

won't!"

"Martha, hush!" reiterated Mrs. Mills.

"We don't get a chance to earn money
every day. Four gentlemen, at three
dollars a week apiece, makes twelve
dollars. And twelve dollars is twelve
dollars. It's 'just as I tell you, Martha.

You must give up your room—"

"My room isn't fit for a squidel to
sleep in."

"And go to Aunt Betsy Billingses to
sleep while Mr. Belford is here."

Matty tossed a pretty head, all a glitter with short-cut auburn curls.

"I won't!"

"I expect," composedly went on Mrs.

for going to sleep at Aunt Betsy's, I simply won't!"

When the moon rose, orange-gold and glittering through the branches of the butternut tree, Matty was still sitting in there, her elbws resting on her knees, and two bright tears on her cheeks.

Poor girl! She fantied herself the most miserable being in the world.

"Mr. Belford, ch!" Mrs. Mills had come to the door in a bewildered way.
"Proud to make your acquaintance, sir, if m sure: but I didn't noways look for you before to morrow morning. Rid hover a horseback, did you! Oh, no, it ain't no inconvenience to me—not the least! I'll get you a bite o' supper dreckly, if you'll just lead your horse down to the barn at the foot of the lane. We don't keep no boy, but you'll find hay and oats handy. Martha! Martha! Where is the child? I do b'lievé she's I gone to Aunt Betsy Billingses a'ready.
Just like Martha. She never was no lealculator!"

Matty Mills, however, was not so far distant as her perturbed mother imag-ined.

distant as her perturbed mother imagfined.

She had slipped in at the back door
of the barn, patted the red cow who
stood ruminating in her stall, made herself a cosy little nest in the fragrant hay
up stairs, and, lighting the old lantern,
sat down to read.

Suddenly there came a hesitating footstep on the threshold outside.

The door opened. Matty started from
her book. She leaned over the big
beam, all fringed with hay, which made
the partition of her impromptu divan.

"Who's there?" she called. "Jim—
oh, Jim! Don't be frightened, it's me—
Matty. I'm hiding from mother. We've
had a difference of opinion. Mother has
taken four horrid, stupid ministers to
board for a week—it's some kind of
convention, Jim—and—Oh, do wait a
minute!"

She swung herself lightly over the

minute!"
She swung herself lightly over the beam and alighted, like a fluttering, bright-crested bird, on the floor of the

barn.

"Oh, Jim, if you only knew—"

"I beg your pardon," spoke a quiet, composed voice, in the deop, well-modulated tones that bespeak much practice, "but I think there must be some mistake. Mrs. Mills sent me here to put up my horse. I'm afraid I am one of the four horrid ministers." But I assure you..."

Matty caught up the barn lantern and held it on a level with his face.
"Why," she exclaimed, "it's Mr. Beresford!"

"Why," she exclaimed, "it's Mr. Berestord!"
"That is my name. And you are Matty Mills," said a stranger, a sudden light of recognition illuminated his face.
"But, if it is an allowable question—how on earth came you here?"
"In the most natural way in the world. I live here. And you!"
"It am here to attend the convention."
"Mr. Beresford!"
"Mrs Matty!"
"Are you a—minister?"
"I have that honor, Miss Matty."
"It can't be possible!"
"Why shouldn't it be possible? Although you, perhaps, were not aware of it, I was a theological student when I met you in Massachusetts. Yes, Miss Matty," with a mischievous nod of the head, "it's an incontrovertible fact. I am one of the four horrid ministers."
Matty lowered her lantern.
"May I ask your errand at the barn!" said she, in an altered voice. "Though perhaps my mother sent you to find me?"
"No. She told me to come here to put up my house; he is waiting outside."
"'Oh, por fellow, he must be very tired!" said Matty, hurriedly, hanging

"Stop a minute," said he. "Why are

you crying?."

"I—I didn't want to cry?" said she, sobbing and defiart. "But you made me—you preached that sermon right at me!"

"I wasn't thinking of you, Miss Matty," said he, quietly, "until my eye fell on your face. All the same, if the cap fits you, by all means put it on."

"I won't be so willful for the future," murmured Matty. "I'll give up my own way. I'll come back this very night and help mother in her own fashion. After all she is older than I am, and wiser."

She spoke partly as if she were thinking aloud, as she added.

"I'had meant to go up north again and teach, but if mother wants me to stay here."

And nobody but Mattie herself—and possibly Mr. Beresford, in a lesser degree—knew what it cost the girl to relinquish her ambitious dreams and take up the humble, homely burden of eyery-day life again. But she did it bravely.

"Martha ain't the same gal she was," complacently spoke Mrs. Mills, "I always knowed if I talked to her long enough I could make her hear reason. And old Doctor Pounce he gave her a lot o' real good advice convention week."

In the gray, soft days of November, Mr. Beresford I'm offul again shostess of the preceding summer.

"Well, I declare?" said Mrs. Mills, industriously polishing her spectacle glasses with the corner of her checkered apron. "I'm proper glad to see you, Mr. Beresford! I'm orful sorry Martha ain't to home! I do hope you're well. My son James, he's here with his wife. They've concluded to settle East and live in this house with me, so I shan't need Martha anyway, and she'll hev her heart's desire of going back to Massachusets to leach. She goes to Mansifield next week."

"No, she doesn't" said Mr. Beresford, smiling. "She will remain here until she is married. on Christmas Day!"

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Mills, "I guess you've heard some of the neighbors' gosstp. Alonzo Whitcomb did sak her to marry him, but she refused."

"No, she doesn't" said Mr. Beresford, smiling. "She will remain here until she is married. To me, Mrs. Mills, I met her as I came across the

smile.
"I think," said he, "that she has changed her mind."—Saturday Night.

Life-Saving Soap.

A cake of soap is said to have saved the lives of five men and a boy off the coast of New Guinea. The story, as told in the smoking room of a steamer going to Brisbane by an old man, the owner of several vessels engaged in pearl fishing, is reported in Mr. Nisbett's "Colonial Tramps."

"It all happened in a moment," said the old man, "The ship struck the reef and went down like a thunderbolt, and we had only time to jump overboard and swim ashore.

we had only time to jump overboard and swim ashore.

"We were at the mouth of Cloudy Bay, which meant slow roasting alive as acon as the natives got a peek at us. We were wet, hungry and miserable, with nothing to stay the pangs of hunger.

"As daylight dawned I saw a case slowly drifting ashore. In a moment we were wading and swimming to secure the treasure. We had it on shore in no time, and prying it open with our fingers found it filled with scap. We bemoaned our hard luck in emphatic language.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Avarice is a greedy egotism.

Morning is the rosebud of day.

Love is an unforgetable emotion What's money without happiness? Marriage is materialized moon Youth brightens as it takes its flight. Stubborn audacity is the last refuge of

No man ever loved a woman while he

was busy.

The hardest headed man was born with

soft spot. No man can be a hero when his liver out of order. Manners are the final and perfect flower of noble character.

It is not always the man who looks like a fool who is one.

There is no time in life when books do not influence a man.

It is gentle manners which prove so irresistible in women.

It is hard to find fault with people who think just as we do.

To endeavor to forget anyone is the certain way to think of nothing else.

Little minds are too much wounded by little things; great minds see all, and are not even hurt.

Blessed be mirthfulness! It is one of the renovators of the world. Men will let you abuse them if only you will make them laugh,

The moment a man finds a contra-diction in himself between his amuse-ments and his humanity, it is a signal that he should give them up.

Every man who can be a first-rate something—as every man can be who is a man at all—has no right to be a fifth-rate something; for a fifth-rate something is no better than a first-rate nothing.

How Rivers Are Made.

How Rivers Are Made.

The soil of the Northwest, in which the Mississippi has its sources, is largely a rlayey loam. When it is unprotected by the shade of trees, the heat of a summer sun bakes the surface into a hard crust. Unless the rains are protracted, and they seldom are in the warm months, they fail to soften the crust and penetrate deeply into the soil. If the surface is uneven, most of the water flows quickly into the streams and is borne away from that region. If the surface is level, the intense heat causes rapid evaporating, Moreover, the radiation of a large body of heated land rarefles the air and creates thirsty winds which greedily absorb misture. In consequence of the rapid off-flow and evaporation, comparatively little water is stored in the soil of an unwooded district.

But lands shaded by forests are not sunscorched. The ground remains friabla. Most of the rain is absorbed into the porous earth. Unless the showers are very heavy, the immediate flow into the streams is relatively small.

The cool forests do not engender hot winds, but break those which come from the open plains; the trees ward off the solar heat with their leafy shields, and the exhalation of moisture from the follage lowers the temperature of the woodland. All of these conditions tend to check evaporation from the soil. A large part of the humidity of forest-clad grounds passes into the air by transpiration, but the woodlands, even after they have satisfied the intemperance of the trees, contain a greater quantity of moisture than that which shadeless and sundivided fields absorb; and this water, slowly percolating through the earth, feeds the springs and maintains the rivers.

Doubless tillage tends to counteract the bad effects of cutting forests. The

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