

HE ALWAYS TOLD THE TRUTH.

He was not very quick to learn,
Nor "promising," 'twas said;
He was not of a brilliant turn,
Nor one to "go ahead";
Defects—if they must be confessed—
In plenty had the youth;
But this one virtue he possessed—
He always told the truth.

In every way he seemed below
The average of boys,
In intellect, and "push," and "go,"
And all that youth enjoys;
But no one ever doubted him,
Because they knew, forsooth—
Yes, even those who flouted him—
He always told the truth.

Anne H. Woodruff.

"Uncouth" and "awkward," how it hurt
When on his ears it fell!
Who could the fact not controvert,
Was sensitive as well.
But one there was who sympathized,
Who knew right well the youth—
His mother this great comfort prized—
He always told the truth.

A slow but steady plodder, he,
Along the path of life;
In business ever seemed to be
Behind-hand in the strife;
But then he won his fellows' trust,
They honored him in sooth—
The man unlearned, but noble, just,
Who always told the truth.
—Ram's Horn.

For the Sake of David.

By Grace Terry.

ON DAVID, it strikes me that you are out of a great deal of late. I don't approve of boys of your age being out evenings; it leads to bad company, and bad company leads to all kinds of badness. I hope you don't spend your time at the tavern?

"Son David," a broad-shouldered six-footer, smiled a little, and colored a great deal at these words, which were delivered with a precision and a solemnity of look and tone that made them doubly impressive.

"There's no occasion for any alarm, father; I keep very good company. And as for the tavern, I haven't set foot in it for six months or more."

About the usual hour, David laid aside his book, and putting on a clean collar and a linen coat, fresh from the hands of Aunt Betsey, sauntered down toward the village. This had been his custom for several weeks past, and the old deacon shook his head with a perplexed and somewhat troubled air.

"I suppose the lad finds it rather dull here," he mused; "the house is lonely."

And, as he recalled the light of a certain bright eye and a sunny smile, what he had thought of doing "for the sake of David" seemed a not unpleasant thing to do for his own.

"I think I'll go and consult Parson Dunlow," thought the deacon, who, like the generality of mankind, having fully made up his mind on the subject, determined to seek advice, not for the purpose of gaining any additional light, but to strengthen and confirm his own opinions.

The worthy deacon bestowed quite as much time upon his toilet before leaving the house as did "Son David." And if a glimpse of the sprinkling of gray in the hair that he brushed so carefully away from his temples made him somewhat doubtful as to the result of his mission, it was but for a moment. Ought not any woman to be proud of the honor of becoming Mrs. Deacon Quimby, wife of one of the most wealthy and influential citizens of the place, even though his hair might be a little frosty and his form not so erect as when he departed on the selfsame errand thirty years before.

In the weekly prayer meetings, of which he took the lead, the deacon often called himself "the chief of sinners," "an unprofitable servant," and the like, confessing and bewailing the depravity of his heart. But, like a great many other self-styled "miserable sinners," he had a tolerably good opinion of himself after all, making the above confession with an air that seemed to say: "If I, Deacon Quimby, a pillar of the church, and a shining example to you all, can say this, what must be the condition of the majority of those around me?"

He found Parson Dunlow in his study, hard at work upon his next Sunday's discourse. But he was used to interruptions, and had a sincere liking for the worthy deacon, who was his right-hand man in every good work; so, laying down his pen, he shook him warmly by the hand and bade him be seated.

But somehow the deacon found it difficult to get out what he came to say—the words seemed to stick in his throat. But at last he managed to utter:

"I—I have called, parson, to—to see you about my son, David, whose conduct has occasioned me a great deal of uneasiness of late."

"You surprise me, Brother Quimby; I consider him to be an unusually steady and exemplary young man."

"He has been, parson, very steady indeed—at home every evening, busy with his book or paper. But now he's out most every night, and sometimes don't return until quite late."

A faint smile flickered around Parson Dunlow's mouth, but it was unobserved by the deacon, who resumed:

"The fact is, the boy wants a mother."

"He wants a wife, you mean," was the parson's inward comment, but he said nothing, for he hadn't filled his sacred office a quarter of a century without learning that some things are better thought than spoken.

"It is a very important step," resumed Deacon Quimby, after waiting vainly for the parson to speak, "and—as I think of taking to myself another companion—for the sake of David, I thought I would come and—

and consult you about it."

Here the deacon wiped the perspiration from his forehead, betraying so much hesitancy and embarrassment as to quite astonish the good parson, who, to reassure him, said briskly:

"To be sure, Brother Quimby. And a very good idea it is, too, for yourself, and, no doubt, for your son, David. And I shall be very glad to assist you

in the matter. There are many very worthy ladies in the church and vicinity, so that you cannot fail to be suited. There's the Widow Bean; her sons are now men grown and quite off her hands. A most excellent and worthy woman is the Widow Bean."

But the deacon did not seem to receive his suggestion with much favor; he shifted one leg uneasily over the other.

"As you say, parson, the Widow Bean is a most excellent and worthy woman; but—but the leadings of Providence don't seem to be in that direction."

"Well, then there is Miss Mary Ann Pease, a member of the church for many years, and an ornament to her sex and profession. Now that her brother is married again, she is quite at liberty, and will make you a very desirable helpmate."

"True, very true, parson; I have the highest respect for Sister Pease. But—but the leadings of Providence don't seem to be in that direction, either."

The good parson looked puzzled, but, honestly desiring of assisting his visitor, he made another effort.

"Brother Jones has a number of daughters, and either of the two eldest would be—"

"Yes, yes, parson," interrupted the deacon, rather impatiently, "I know that very well. But I think that—that, for the sake of David, I had better marry some one younger and more lively, and who would consequently be more of a—sort of companion for him."

A sudden light broke in upon Parson Dunlow's mind.

"Perhaps you have some one already in view, Brother Quimby?"

"Well, yes, parson, I have sought Divine light, and the leadings of Providence seem to be in the direction of your family; in short, toward your daughter, Miss Emma, whose staid and discreet behavior, I am happy to say, would do honor to more mature years."

It was not the first time, in Parson Dunlow's pastoral experience, that he had known people to mistake the leading of their own hearts for "the leadings of Providence," but if he had any suspicion that this might be the case with the worthy deacon, he prudently kept it to himself. So, without evincing anything of the dismay and consternation at his heart, he said:

"I cannot fail to realize, Brother Quimby, the high compliment of such a desire. But you remember the words of Rebekah's parents under like circumstances: 'We will call the damsel and inquire at her mouth.' I don't know that we can do better than follow their example."

"Willie," he added, going to the window, "run and tell Emma that father wants to see her in his study."

"She's dot company," said the little fellow; "and is doing to give me a new ball if I'll stay out in the yard."

"No matter," said his father, smiling; "you shall not lose the new ball. So run along."

Miss Emma, though very pleasantly engaged, dutifully obeyed her father's summons. She blushed as her eyes fell upon the deacon, to whom she dropped a pretty, deferential courtesy.

"My daughter," said the parson, gravely, "Deacon Quimby informs me that, for the sake of David, he has concluded to take to himself another wife, and that his choice has fallen upon you, but you cannot fail to realize the value of such an offer, and I trust you will give it the consideration it demands."

Emma opened her brown eyes widely at this announcement, and then the long lashes fell over them, and lay quivering upon the rosy cheeks. By unexpected as was the position in which she found herself placed, her woman's wit did not desert her.

"I should be very happy to become Deacon Quimby's wife, papa," she said, demurely, "if I had not already promised, for the sake of David, to do my best to be a daughter to him."

Deacon Quimby was so accustomed to consider his son as a mere boy that it was some minutes before his mind took in the sense of these words.

"Do you mean to say, Miss Emma," he said, at last, regarding the blushing girl with a bewildered air, "that you are going to marry my son?"

"With your permission, sir," responded Emma, with a smile and glance that would have softened a far harder heart than the deacon's. "I have already obtained that of my father."

Deacon Quimby turned his eyes upon Mr. Dunlow, who had been a quiet but interested listener to this.

"Why, David is nothing but a boy, parson!"

"He is a year older than you were when you married, deacon," was the smiling response.

True; so he was.
"I dare say it does not seem possible," continued the parson. "I can hardly bring myself to realize that it is eighteen years ago since my little girl, here, was laid in my arms; but so it is."

As the good deacon looked at the blooming maiden, and remembered how often he had held her, a smiling babe, in his arms, the conviction was suddenly forced upon him that that he had been making an old fool of himself.

The rather embarrassing silence that followed was pleasantly broken by David's cheery voice and pleasant smile.

"You seem to have quite a family party," he said, pushing open the door. "So this is where you spend your evenings, young man?" said his father, shaking his finger at him, with an air of mock displeasure. "Ah, I see very plainly that I shall never be able to keep you at home, unless I can persuade Miss Emma to come and live with me. What say you, my dear?"

"That I will come very willingly," returned the smiling and blushing girl, "for the sake of David."—New York Weekly.

A Traveling College.

The farmers in Illinois, as well as those in other States, last year were taught scientific farming by rail. The train consisted of two cars, arranged to allow speakers to make their talks aboard, was a sort of itinerant agricultural college, sowing knowledge at every stop. The project was under the supervision of the University of Illinois, and was fostered by the Burlington on the grounds that the more grain the farmers raise the more there will be to ship over its lines.

The first stop was at Aurora, where Dean W. A. Henry, of the University of Wisconsin, talked a half hour on the way to tell good seed, and the kind of soil it ought to be planted in. Ten minutes was used in inspecting samples of earth and seed aboard the cars. Eleven more stops were made before the train reached Polo for the night. The next day Dean Eugene Davenport, of the University of Illinois, was the speaker, and on the day following Dr. F. H. Hall, State Superintendent of the Farmers' Institute, did the talking. Every town of importance on the Burlington lines in Illinois was visited.

The next trip of the "Seed and Soil Special" will be through Missouri, and then it will visit Iowa, Western Nebraska and Wyoming.—Chicago Tribune.

Twenty-four Messages on One Wire.

The invention of new methods for sending a number of messages simultaneously over the same wire continues, and one of the most recent of these is due to Professor Mercadier of the French High School for Post and Telegraph.

In this method an alternating current is employed whose frequency depends upon a tuning-fork having a certain definite number of vibrations. The current of such an interrupted circuit can be broken by an ordinary key, and signals transmitted over the line wire by an induction transmitter. On the line at the distant station are a number of so-called monotelephones which respond to current of one frequency, and are turned to the forks in the circuits at the sending station.

Thus each particular circuit has its own telephone, which is connected by tubes with the ears of the receiving operator, and responds to the signals made at the sending station. In all, twelve transmission circuits are provided, so that twenty-four messages can be sent over the line simultaneously. A double line, or metallic circuit, is required, but otherwise the apparatus is comparatively simple, and involves merely the adjustment of the tuning-forks and suitable condensers and inductance coils.—Week's Progress.

Children's Love.

Happiness in marriage is a good deal like happiness in work; it goes far deeper than mere gratification. While gratification fades, happiness remains, and becomes, as it were, a part of one's nature. When my wife and I had passed the youthful period of our love, we knew that we had experienced an intensity of happiness that we could never know again; but the great compensation was to know that we had no wish to experience it again, because we had found something stable and better, a happiness associated with our most serious interests, with our responsibilities toward society and toward our children. Moreover, with nearly all intense gratification there is the accompaniment of pain; but the love of children is, in its very nature, an unalloyed delight. With the coming of our children my wife and I knew that we had been given the greatest incentive to good living that human being can have. If children cannot make parents live to lead fine lives, nothing can.—From "The Autobiography of a Married Man," Everybody's Magazine.

The New George.

Johnny was worried about Washington's greatness. He turned to his mother and said: "Washington's all right, but Grant's more like me."

"How is that?"

"Well" (throwing out a diminutive chest), "he could tell a lie when he had to."

"But, Johnny, you never tell lies, do you?"

"Why, mamma, you know I do. You always find me out."

A moment of silence. "Mamma."

"Well, Johnny?"

"When you were a little girl didn't you ever tell a lie?"

Mamma was stamped. Then she answered: "I always tried to tell the truth."

"Well, why don't they celebrate you?"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



WONDERINGS.

I'm oft inclined to wonder if
An anglerworm, when frozen stiff,
Would meet with any luck at all,
Supposing that it tried to crawl.

Then, too, I often wonder whether
A man who set about to tether
Ten tigers in a field like cows,
Could make the striped creatures browse.

And then again I wonder which
Is stickiest—tar, glue or pitch.
Perhaps each, all or either are;
But I should say pitch, glue or tar.

And, furthermore, I wonder why
A normal person such as I
Can't walk about upon one hand—
Some things we never understand.

But most of all, I wonder how
A man can tell just when he Now,
For Now keeps going back to Then,
While Soon is straightaway Now again.

'Tis useless, though, to wonder what
Life is meant by this impressive rat.

THE GAME OF BOB MAJOR.

Two of the players sit down, and a cloth large enough to prevent their seeing anything, is put over their heads. Then two other persons tap them on the head with long rolls of paper, which they have in their hands, and ask, in feigned voices, "Who boos you?" If either of those who have been tapped answers correctly, he changes places with the one who has tapped him.

THE GAME OF HANDBALL.

Handball is the oldest game known. Millions of boys and girls play it the world over, yet never give a grateful thought to its inventor. Most of them will be surprised to learn that so simple a thing needed "inventing" at all. Herodotus and Homer, two famous Greek writers, have preserved the inventor's name, and it is a feminine one. Yes, a woman made the first toy ball, and her name was Anagalla. She was a noble lady of Coreya, and she gave it when finished to the little daughter of the King of Achaia.

No other toy has furnished so much amusement, nor is there another so necessary in many games, as is this simple article. It is strange, too, that so few of these games are for girls. Do not forget that the ball was invented by a woman for girls, although boys may be grateful for all the fun they have with it.—Indianapolis News.

HOME-MADE JEWELRY.

A handful of beads in every color of the rainbow may be had in gay tarleton bags. It is a good idea to pick out the beads that match—say, all the pink ones, all the blue ones and those of any other color that resemble pretty jewels. These may be strung into necklace lengths for dolls, serving as pearls, corals or turquoises, according to color.

This makes most economical jewelry. The whole bag of beads costs but five cents.

These beads also serve in other ways, in addition to the beadwork that is done on frames.

A row of small white beads, with one larger pink or blue one in the centre, does very well for a bracelet.

An entirely quaint watch fob may be made with a string of small beads an inch in length, with one larger fancy bead or other pendant at the end. If the color be chosen in harmony with dolly's dress the effect will be pleasing.

Lorgnette chains are easily made, too. For these tiny beads are most elegant.

A hat for a grown-up doll is of brown silk, with a row of bronze beads around the edge of the brim in the approved style.

These beads may be used also to fine advantage in making quaint leather moccasins for dolls out of old kid gloves.

A TEA TABLE TRICK.

Here is a tea table trick that will astonish every one. You will need two forks, a pitcher and a toothpick. Interlace the tips of the prongs of the forks, so that they hold firmly together in V shape. Then insert a toothpick through these interlaced prongs just far enough to secure it firmly. Sometimes the pressure from one or at most two prongs is sufficient for this.

The toothpick should be inserted from the inside of the V, like a tongue, between the fork handles. The other end of the toothpick should then be lodged in the mouth of a pitcher which is high enough to allow the handles of the dependent forks to clear the table.

With nothing to hold it, the single toothpick will then support the two forks without tipping or breaking, a test most puzzling to the ordinary

spectator and a most fruitful source of speculation and animated discussion.—New York Evening Mail.

THE ANIMALS IN THE FIRE.

Walter had been out skating, and the cold wind which swept down over the frozen lake made his toes and fingers tingle, so that when he got home he hurried to get warm. Kneeling down close in front of the coal fire, which flamed and crackled in the open fireplace, while his brother and sister looked over their portfolio of pictures, he gazed into the glowing coals in the grate. By and by he climbed up into an armchair. The heat made him sleepy, and he closed his eyes. He opened them in great astonishment, a moment later, when he heard a shrill "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" which sounded very close to him. He knew there were no chickens in the room, because the chickens were all out on the farm in the country, and he was just beginning to think that he had been dreaming when he heard the "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" again. This time it seemed to come from in front of him, and he looked into the fireplace, though how a "cock-a-doodle-doo" could come from the midst of the fire he did not know. As his eyes fell on the fire he gave a jump in the chair and started as hard as he could. There, in front of him, perched on a piece of coal, was a comical little rooster.

"Well," said the rooster, "you are the slowest boy to get awake that I ever knew, and I have wakened all kinds of boys in my life. I am the Cock that Crows in the Morn'."

"Did the Priest all Shaven and Shorn wake up?" asked Walter, eagerly.

"Of course he did," answered the rooster; "else how could he marry the Milkmaid to the Man all Tattered and Torn?"

"Of course," said Walter, "I might have thought of that."

"We thought of it," said another voice. "We were at the wedding." And a big black-and-white cat crawled out from a hole in the coals and stood beside the rooster. "I am the Cat that Caught the Rat," said he. "Once upon a time I wore boots, and helped my master to marry the Princess."

"Bow-wow-wow!" barked a little dog, which came running from a corner.

The cat jumped nimbly to the top of a big piece of coal, where she put up her back at the dog and made a great hissing noise.

"Oh!" said Walter. "I guess you must be the Dog that Worried the Cat, aren't you?"

"I thought you would know me," barked the dog. "I am the same dog right along; I never belong to a witch. If a witch came around I would bark at her. Hello! there's the Ugly Duckling. I guess I'll bark at her." But the wary old duck scampered off.

"How is it that you all are here?" asked Walter. "I thought you all were dead a long time ago. And I do not see how you can live in the fire."

"Oh, the fire does not hurt us," said the Cock that Crows in the Morn, before any of the others could answer. "And we live in the fire; not always in this fire, for we like to go about from one place to another, but some of us are here most of the time. You can see us in any fire if you look carefully. The best time to see us is in the evening, just before the lights are lit; then we come out to see what is going on."

"And you'll see something going on now," snapped a red fox, jumping from behind a pile of coals and dashing at the rooster. The rooster dodged to one side and gave a derisive crow.

"Just let that old rooster alone," growled a deep voice; and Walter, looking into a corner of the fireplace, saw a great bear. "I am the Big Bear who lived in the wood," said Bruin. "Here comes my son, the Little Bear."

"Whatever became of Goldenlocks?" asked Walter of the Little Bear. "Would you have hurt her if you had caught her when she came to your house in the wood and sat in your chair?"

"No," said the Little Bear, laughing. "I would have played with her, and told her where the best berries grew that summer."

"And what fun we do have in summer!" said the Sly Old Fox. "Do you know, Little Bo-peep was watching her sheep one day when—"

"Walter, Walter! come to supper," some one called suddenly, and at the sound of the voice all the birds and beasts scuttled for nooks and crannies in the coals. "I'll tell you that tale another time," said Sly Old Fox, and dodged into his hole just as Walter's elder sister came into the room.

"Wake up, Walter; supper is ready," she said, shaking him by the shoulder; but Walter declared that he had not been asleep at all, but was just watching the animals. "After supper he went back to the fire, but there were too many people in the room, and although he caught a glimpse of one or two of the animals, none of them came out and spoke to him."

But Walter hopes that some time, in the twilight, he will see them all again, and that then the Sly Old Fox will finish the story of "how Bo-peep's sheep all ran away."—Henry Holcomb Bennett, in St. Nicholas.

HOW TO KEEP BOYS ON THE FARM.

An Experiment Made by General Sheridan With Indians That May Solve the Problem.

It is often a question how shall we keep our boys on the farm. The Rural New Yorker publishes the following article, the last sentence containing their idea of a good solution of the problem:

The value of the American hen to society is usually given in terms of meat or eggs. She fills the dinner pail and provides the groceries, pays the mortgage, or shingles the house—but this is not all. Many stories could be told of the way she has held society together. In the early history of Plymouth it was the broth made from a choice hen that saved the life of a friendly Indian chief and prevented the ferocious King Phillip from starting out with the scalping knife at a time when he could have cleaned out the whites! Another instance of the power of the hen to soothe the savage breast was given by a member of the New York Farmers:

Many years ago I was talking with General Sheridan, in Chicago. He told me that when he was a major of cavalry, in Arizona, he was in charge, on behalf of the Government, of a tribe of Indians, the Colorados, and his duty was to confine them to their reservation. His principal difficulty was on account of their nomadic character; no matter what effort he made to make their homes comfortable for them, still they would leave them and travel away, and had to be brought back by the cavalry at short intervals. He finally decided that if he could give them some interest in the way of live stock, it might be an anchoring influence, so he succeeded in having the Government give them a stock of horses. That, however, did not answer the purpose, for they drove the horses, and continued to travel with the horses and mares and colts, as they had before. Then he tried the experiment of giving them cattle, but after the cows had produced calves in the spring of the year the Indians traveled, and the stock traveled with them. Finally he hit upon the idea of giving them a stock of poultry, and the squaws promptly realized the value of the product of the hens in the domestic economy, became attached to the eggs and attached to the chickens, and when the bucks proposed that they should make their summer migration the squaws said "No." The result of the poultry experiment was that for the first time he was enabled to anchor these Indians to the place where the Government desired to keep them.

There are many boys on the farm today who could be anchored to the old home if they could be interested in a good hen.

The Cut Flower Market.

Floriculture has become an important commercial industry in the United States since 1825, when it was started according to the census reports, in Philadelphia. It now cuts an important figure in the local trade of all cities.

In 1900 the wholesale value of floricultural products in the United States was estimated by the Census Bureau at \$18,422,522, and the retail value of these products was placed at \$30,000,000. The annual income from cut flowers was then estimated at from \$12,000,000 to \$14,000,000. An average of \$6,000,000 is spent on roses alone, and the traffic in carnations amounted in the last census year to \$1,000,000. The annual production of roses and carnations to supply the market is estimated at 100,000,000 each. Violets and chrysanthemums, in the production of which California at present excels, come next in the order of popularity, the annual sales of the former aggregating \$750,000 and of the latter \$50,000.

Floriculture has thus become a great industry, which gives employment to a vast army of workers, and the production of any rarity means a bonanza to the owner, for everybody loves flowers and buys flowers, and the wealthy classes will pay almost any price for the choicer varieties.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An English Novelist's Mission.

We note with satisfaction the announcement that Mr. H. Rider Haggard has been nominated by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to proceed to the United States to inquire into and report upon the conditions and character of the agricultural and industrial land settlements formed there by the Salvation Army for the reception of immigrants from the great cities of the United States. Mr. Rider Haggard has for several years devoted his energies in a most public spirited manner to most exhaustive inquiries into the conditions of agriculture in this country, his competence for the task intrusted to him is above question, and he is sincerely to be congratulated on this well merited official recognition of his patriotic and disinterested exertions.—London Spectator.

He is the Emperor.

The general allusion to the ruler of Russia as the "Czar," is, strictly speaking, incorrect. His official title is "Emperor and Autocrat." "Czar" is the old Russian word for "Lord" or "Prince," and was abandoned by Peter the Great on his triumphal return from Potava, his crowning victory over Charles XII. of Sweden. Since then the Russian monarch has been officially entitled "Emperor," and at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, his right to the imperial term was admitted by the Powers, with the proviso that, though he was Emperor, he had no precedence over the Kings of Western Europe.—St. James' Gazette.