Everything is ready-made in this progressive day.

The hats and shoes, all that we use, are sold in such a way
That all you need to do is walk along and take your pick;
It only takes a very little while to do the trick.

When some fond youth would send a lass a captivating line, He doesn't waste his mental force; he mails a valentine; And when he fain would leave some small impression as a wit He buys a comic postcard and a stamp, and makes a hit.

The dealer small need not compute the profits he shall take, The trust will tell him just how much he is allowed to make. The statesman for opinions need no longer rack his brain; He can go straight to headquarters and secure them, brief and plain.

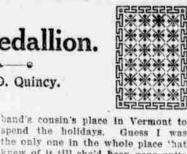
So what's the use of sighing in a prosperous time like this, When all is neatly prearranged and cannot go amiss? It's a very simple program, and we point to it with pride. There is not any doubting, life is vastly simplified.

-Washington Star.



## Lace Medallion.

By Louis D. Quincy.



Graham wrinkled into a troubled frown as, standing first on one foot, then on the other, like a schoolgirl caught in some misdemeanor, she surveyed her handlwork, hanging limply against the small glass window of the new front door, Lucella put down the pink mus-

lin waist she was finishing and came out into the hall, her dainty prettiness contrasting strangely with the dull, old-time surroundings. Bits of coarse netting lay on the floor, and she stooped to picked them up before answering.

"I guess we might as well give it up," she said, after a hurried glance, I spent all day yesterday and day before on it. It's not fit to be seen." she burst out; then, as if ashamed of her petulance, "It's of no account, anyhow. The house'll be fine enough without lace medallions. I'll just roll the thing up, and put it back in and all. the drawer, and no one'll ever know we thought of the door."

Mrs. Graham pulled the lacy failure this way and that, trying to bring the medaliion to its proper place in the centre. A little pang smote her at the thought of asking assistance, yet the task was clearly beyond her powers. She made a last stand for independence with the deprecatory

"It's not in the middle exactly, Lucella, but it's pretty good. Anyhow, I've seen worse.

'Well, I don't know as I have, said Lucella. "Everybody'll be looking at it, and maybe criticizing, just when I want everything to go off especially well. My land!" she said, the lovely color sweeping up to the roots of her soft, brown hair. wouldn't have Tom see it for the world!

"Well, I should think not!" her mother upheld her, loyally, your engagement party, too." "And

A figure of indecision she stood perplexed for a moment; then the lines of care were swept away by a saving thought.

"I'll tell you what," she said. "Now," and her voice grew more cheerful with each word, "we'll ask Mrs. Blumm to tea, and maybe she'll help out. I don't know as I like to do it just that way, but the time's so short. You run right back to the sitting-room, Lucella, and I'll get my things on, and go see Mrs. Blumm. Sakes alive!" she ejaculated, looking up into the girlish face, grown suddenly radiant with expectation, should think Tom'd run off with you to-morrow, instead of waiting till Christmas

She stepped into the kitchen as Lucella went back to her work. She looked at the fragrant loaves of cake lying in a row on the pantry shelf, and gave a sigh of satisfaction as she tested the hardening frosting with her finger.

She drew the steaming kettle to the back of the stove, pulled the windows, and put her husband's up. rocking-chair in its place beside the weekly papers, where it would comfortably invite him, should he happen to return before dinner.

"I'm more than thankful I can do everything but the medallion," she said, brightly, taking a last look round the room before going for her bonnet and shawl.

"I may be gone quite a spell," she said, looking into the sitting-room on her way to the front door. your pa comes in before I come back, tell him where I've gone."

She walked briskly along, her mind intent on her mission. morning sun shone brightly down on the snowy road as she climbed the hill toward Mrs. Blumm's. "I declare," she gasped, pausing to rest beside the Carters' hitching post, "if it had been anything but th' medallion that Lucella's got her heart so set on, I don't know but I'd let it

A pung came over the hill, with jangling bells, and stopped beside

"Well, if it's not Mrs. Graham sure's you live!" exclaimed the loud voice of Mrs. Walker, the village grocer's wife, and, incidentally, the gossip of the town. "I said to myself when I saw you standing here, Some one to get poor Mrs. Blumm again to help out.' Then, 'No,' I the matter at your house? Nobody sick, or anything?"

"No," said Mrs. Graham. "Just a friendly call on Mrs. Blumm, that's

"Now isn't that too bad!" lamentnd the shrill voice from the seat.

**凯米米米米** "I don't know as I can ever fix this | band's cousin's place in Vermont to right, Lucella. It's upside down spend the holidays. Guess I was now." The large kindly face of Mrs. the only one in the whole place that knew of it till she'd been gone quite a while. Hop right in," she continued, affably, tossing the bundles cumbering the seat into the straw

on the floor of the pung, "and I'll

take you down home. "Going to ask her to tea, were you?" she questioned, as she guided the horse down the slippery incline. "Now isn't that just like you, Mrs. Graham! Most folks want her just to help out, or something, she's so handy. I shouldn't wonder if you and I are about the only folks in town that haven't had her in the

house to work." The pink spots on Mrs. Graham's cheeks turned a dull red as they neared the house. "I'm not going to ask you in, Mrs. Walker," she said, a bit shakily, as she climbed out of "We're upset this forethe pung. noon, getting ready for to-morrow

"Well, if you aren't the kindest person, Mrs. Graham," said the other, with wondering envy, "to think of asking Mrs. Blum, who everybody knows isn't much to talk to, to tea, when you look tired to death, and about ready to drop. I declare," she added, looking searchingly into the face of her victim, "I don't know's I noticed you were looking so tired when we started! I'll come to-morrow night," she announced, cheerfully. "I declare, it makes me fell real young again!" She slapped the She slapped the reins on the back of the big sorrel and went on her way.

"Did you get her, mother?" asked the girl, anxiously, taking off the bonnet and smoothing the tumbled hair.

"Well, if you haven't gone and fixed the sitting-room up real nice, Lucella!" said her mother, in pleased surprise, as she looked into the changed best room.

"Pa did it," said the girl. "He's been indoors all morning, helping round. He did all the lifting." "Did he ask what I went for?

questioned her mother, quickly. "No. He looked troubled, and said you were working too hard."

Well, I'm thankful he didn't ask," breathed Mrs. Graham, fervently. "Your pa's overworked, Lucella, and I've had no time to help him. What with that good-for-nothing man's leaving last week, and the gray mare's breaking her leg, he's got all he can carry, let alone two hysterical women."

She turned to go up-stairs, followed by Lucella's questioning gaze.

"No, I didn't get her," she said. The next morning Lucella, puttin the freshly washed vases on the mantelpiece, heard her father's heavy

step in the hall. 'Where's your mother?" he asked. "She's up-stairs, pa," answered Lucella, not turning.

"You're not feeling sick, are you?" he asked, watching the flushed cheeks anxiously. "Twouldn't do to happiness sprang to their faces and get sick now, with all the pretty rested there. "Here, Tom!" called shades to the middle of the south things in the bureau drawer to fix

> "It's .not that, pa," she began, haltingly, then stopped, ashamed be-fore the loving patience in the deep-We'll come right along with the set eyes. She threw her arms im- cream."-From the Youth's Compulsively about his neck: "Don't you worry about me, daddy."

"There, there!" he said. "I'm none too clean, with these barn clothes That you, mother?" he called, going to the foot of the stairs.

"What's the matter, pa? Anything wrong in the barn? I'll run cataracts in the world. They are right out and help," she answered, particularly interesting on account cheerfully, as she came down. "You stay where you are, Lucella!" she called from the kitchen door.

Hiram shut the door. "Now, Moria," he said, quietly, as he led her to his own particular chair, "you #1 of 100 feet each, while between the right down here; I want to talk, two series of falls there are cata What's the matter with Lucella?"

"Why, there's nothing the matter with her; only a little tired, maybe. She'll be all right to-morrow. She's worked up over so much company. "She's not had any falling out with Tom, has she?"

"Land sakes, no!" "There's nothing she wants, is there, that she ought to have?"

"She has everything she ought to have." Hiram looked out of the window for a time. Suddenly he turned to tends the primary grade, is the vichis wife. "It's not on account of tim, and at first the teacher was the lace thing you were fixing for said, 'If it's not Mrs. Graham!' What's the front door, is it?" he asked, abruptly. "Seems to me I haven't

seen it round lately. Maria gasped. "Well, if that isn't the shrewdest ever!" she ejaculated, wonderingly. "My goodness, Hiram, I don't know as I can tell how you ever guessed the truth! We agreed the copy is surprisingly plain .-Mrs. Blumm's gone to her dead hus- to keep it to ourselves, Lucella and Springfield Republican.

I. just to give you a rest from the We've been worried about you, pa; you seem to have more than

The tired look fell from Hiram's "Well. I'd like to know if we aren't willing to do all we can for Lucella," he said, warmly. you what we'll do. You get your best things on, and tell Luceila we're going to Pitman. We'll maybe get one of those things all made up.

"All right, Hiram. I'll just tend to the cream before we go, in case we shouldn't get back till late," she answered.

The dusk was beginning to settle when the colt came to a stop by the front steps.

"Well, if I'm not glad to have you back!" Lucella greeted them, joy-"Just see what Tom sent ously. over.

"O my! A whole dozen pinks! Just like the color of your dress, too, Lucella!" exclaimed her mother, hiding the large package leaning against the front of the sleigh as she steeped out.

"There's nobody come yet, is there?" she questioned, apprehensively, hurrying into the darkening hall. Her cheeks were abloom with their old time freshness, and the sunken, gray-blue eyes shone with a light that made her face look young. The pleasure of going from store to store during the long, busy afternoon, in eager search, had driven her cares from her mind.

She pressed a long, slender bundle into Lucella's hands.

"What is it, mother?" Lucella asked. "Something for the barn?" "Maybe you'll use it in the barn Lucella," answered her mother, "and then again, maybe you'll use it outo'-doors about the time I get the new black silk made that your pa bought for me to-day."

Lucella's trembling fingers tore the paper from one end of the bun-"My gracious, ma," she faldle. tered, hastily unwrapping it all, "if it's not a new pink parasol! How did pa know I wanted one more than almost anything else for next summer?

"I don't know. Perhaps he just knew it, the way he did about the silk.

Mrs. Graham turned briskly toward the kitchen with a tremulous laugh. "I declare," she said, "if I'm not sniffling over getting a thing I've wanted for ten years. Now you run up-stairs, Lucella, and lie down a spell. I have a lot of things to do here before the folks come, and you'd only put me back, child. I declare, I don't know what Tom'll say if he sees you looking pale," she added, as Lucella hesitated.

"Oh, well!" said the girl, and reluctantly obeyed.

A moment later Hiram cautiously thrust his head in at the door. "She gone, ma?" he asked.

"Yes, she's gone. We must hurry!" was the reply.

A moment later two figures stole guiltily through the dark hall, and paused beside the new door. One coughed dutifully loud and long, while the other wrestled with tacks, hammer and the fruit of the afternoon's quest.

Late that evening, when the guests were beginning to enjoy the good things Mrs. Graham had prepared, Lucella burst into the kitchen.

"Where did you get it, and when?" she questioned, eagerly. "They're all talking about it, and I only just saw it," she added, rue-"Tom and I've been so taken up with the folks and all. I declare, I don't know as I'll ever be as happy again as I am to-night!" she cried gaily, her words tumbling over each other in her eagerness. 'Twas the only thing needed to make it all complete. I don't know as any girl ever had so much as I have this night. Taking all together, I mean, pa, ma and Tom and all."

Her father and her mother glanced at each other in shamed embarrass ment for a moment; then a light of her father to the smiling young man in the doorway. "Suppose instead of standing there grinning, you help

ing-place of Brazil, Argentina and Paraguay, seldom visited by foreign ers, are among the most wonderful particularly interesting on account of their greater extent and far more

Wonderful South American Cataract

The falls of Iguazu, near the meet

varied character than those of Niag ara. They are also much higher than Niagara, their first plunge being 210 feet, followed by two others racts and rapids covering a vast expanse and surrounding picturesque islands. It is estimated that the horse-power represented by the falls is no less than 14,000,000 .- Youth's

Writing Backward.

Companion.

A case of mirror writing has been brought to light in the Great Bar rington public schools which is at tracting considerable attention. Vera Coster, a five-year-old girl who atunable to make out just what the child was doing. When any copy is given to her to write she starts at the right hand side of the paper and when she finishes one would think thet the work was a mere scrawl. Placing the writing before a mirror, it cal be easily read and



What does it take to make The birthday cake?

THE BIRTHDAY CAKE.

The birthday cake?
"Sugar and spice, and everything nice,"
And snow-white frosting as smooth as ice
And little pink candies all round the edge—
Oh, who wouldn't like a generous wedge
Of the wonderful birthday cake!

How many candles all alight
Must stand on the cake to make it right,
To make it a regular birthday cake?
Two of pink and two of blue,
And one little shining white one, too,
Right on the beautiful tip tip top
Of the wonderful birthday cake!

Whom does it take to eat this cake? Father and mother and Grandma Gray And Robbie and Rosic and Eleanor May And the dear little girl next door, And a piece for teacher in basket small. And a piece for Norsh—I think that's all Who eat the birthday cake.

Gray—
The beautiful birthday cake!
—Harriet Crocker LeRoy, in Youth's Com

THE LOST MONEY.

to a big bank and asked if they

could give her smaller money for it

four quarters or ten dimes-or twen-

to carry, so she said she would take

two quarters, three dimes and four

a paint box with two little saucers

in it, for ten cents; that left her

ninety cents; and then a big rubber

ballon for twenty-five cents; that left

sixty-five cents; and a little one for

ten cents; and then Doris bought a

whole pound of candy for thirty

she had left, it cost ten cents to go

her paint box. What do you think?

that they would not paint at all

balloons got wrinkled and soft in the

night, because the gas went out of

them. Dorls cried when she saw

nothing left of my beautiful dollar

"I'm sorry, Dearle," Doris' mam-

ma said, "but it's bad enough to

have wasted one dollar without cry-

ing about it too. When you and I

go out we'll try to get such good

things for the next dollar that it

will make up for our mistake about

this one." The next bright day they

went to the bank and got another

Now Doris' mamma was a pretty

wise person (mammas often are), So

they went to a store where there were

some books that had been wet a

little by the firemen when the store

caught fire. There they found a

large, fine book of animal stories with

pictures in it, that had been fifty

cents, but the bookstore man sold it

for ten cents, because the back cover

and a little bit of the edge were

That left-how much? Ninety

would teach her to play marbles, so

she bought six glass marbles for five

cents and a hoop with a stick for five

thought she could buy a pair of roller

skates. Her mamma said they could

ask how much roller skates cost, but

the shopman said they were a dollar

a pair. So Doris said she would save

up the eighty cents that was left of

her dollar and wait until she had

However, a little boy was look-

shop and he looked so sad and so

longingly at the tops that Doris spoke

to him, and when he said he wanted

one of the red balls she bought it

for five cents and gave it to him.

When they got home they told

papa about the skates and he said

he could get then downtown for sev-

So Doris learned by losing her

first dollar to get a lot of good

things that would be more useful and

would last longer with her second

dollar.-Bolton Hall, in St. Nicholas.

OLDTIME CELEBRATIONS.

The files of old newspapers are a

priceless record of the history and

nanners of their times. In the Bos-

ton papers of 1736, and, indeed, in

any papers of the time, the accounts

I public rejoicings show that these

./ere few in number, and that the

method of keeping them differed

That left seventy-five cents,

enty-five cents, and he did.

enough for the skites.

Then Doris asked if her mamma

Doris' brother had told her he

stained with water and smoke.

more. That left eighty cents.

"Now," she said, "I have

When Doris got home she opened

Out of the twenty-five cents

pennies.

cents.

in the car.

but fifteen cents.'

dollar.

cents.

five-cent pieces.

Doris' papa gave her a five-dollar

For the Younger Children ...

> Washington's Birthday was perhaps the greatest holiday.

"Industrius citizens," we are told, appropriated the hour of noon for the congratulations of the day. Each family enriched the domestic meal with bountiful provisions, and gay spirits and temperate and undissembled joy pervaded all classes."

There were speeches and processions and illuminations for the less industrious, who were willing to give something more than the hour of noon to celebration, but the most memorable observance of the day was that of the Harvard students:

"Saying to each other that it would be disgraceful to pretend to honor Washington with riot and disorder, they retired to their chambers There's a little gold ring inside the cake, And, strange to say, it is Eleanor May Who wins the piece with its golden prize— For Eleanor May is five to-day. And the birthday cake with its little surbefore 9 o'clock, and by the time the pells ceased ringing there was not a light to be seen in any of the buildings. Was made and trimmed by Grandmother

This is equalled by the summing up of the celebrations of Fourth of July for the same year, a day observed with great rejoicings. No accidents are reported, and the editor concludes: "In short, in every place we heard from, happiness was the order of the day, tranquillity of the biff, such a lot of money! Doris went night."-Youth's Companion.

TOAD'S HATCHING PLACES.

The banker said he thought they Every tiny tond lays a stupendous could. So he gave her two two-dolnumber of eggs. Dr. C. F. Hodge, of lar bills and a big silver dollar. How Clark University, in Worcester, much did that make? Doris wanted Mass., received 11,545 eggs from one the dollar changed again; so the toad, a necessary fertility, since the banker asked if she would have two chances of an egg developing into a fifty-cent pieces, or one fifty-cent toad are less than one in a thousand. piece and two quarters-or perhaps

Within two weeks after the eggs are laid the young tadpoles being to ty five-cent pieces-or a hundred appear and feed first on their gelatinous envelope. Next the slimy Doris thought a hundred pennies deposits common to ponds and swamps are attacked. Steadily grow would be a good many to count and the young wrigglers until their bodies enlarge to the size of thumb nails by the end of June. The long tall She laid away four dollars in the now is absorbed and the legs develop. bank, those were the two bills, and They begin to hop on the bank and put the change in her purse. When disperse, never to return save in the she went to the shop, she had such breeding season. a lot of money that she thought she never could spend it. So she bought

It is at the spring of the year that the toads awake from their winter sleep below the rocks and scrub. They often have been literally frozen stiff, but they return to life as healthy as ever and on the first balmy night migrate toward the nearest breeding pond. Usually this is the old homestead where they were born. For the toad is a domestic animal and will travel a mile or more for the sake of returning to the place of its hatching.-Chicago Tribune.

Of course it was only a cheap paint box and the paints were so hard INDIAN PAINT LANGUAGE. When an Indian paints his cheeks Doris cut out the dolls, but they were in scarlet lines and daubs a yellow no better than those in any newssquare on his forehead the world paper's colored supplement. Doris' knows that he is in love. mamma said that the candy was too When he covers his face with zigbad to eat at all, and the rubber

zag black lines upon an ochre base it is his purpose to get just as drunk as he possibly can. When red circles are on each

cheekbone and a rectangle of blue is on the forehead the young brave is going to steal a paleface horse. When he paints white rings around his eyes he is running for office, he is a candidate for medicine man or

councilor, and the white rings signify that he ought to be elected because he has the wisdom of the owl. -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BLUEJACKETS' MASCOT.

Bluejackets of the Monitor Nevada have turned their backs on the billy goat and game cock as mascots and are now devoting their loving attentions to a kingsnake, which has become the pet of the ship's crew.

It is asserted that the new mascot eats out of the hands of the sailors and can brave the roughest seas without getting seasick, just as though it were a hardened old salt. The Nevada was recently placed in reserve at Annapolis, and the sailors during one of their jaunts down along the Severn discovered the snake and taking a fancy to him took him aboard in captivity. The snake is said greatly to enjoy his new life on shipboard .- Washington Star.

DRIVERS CARRY CANDLES.

In Mexico all vehicles, be they handcart, automobile or anything between, must carry a light at night. This rule or law is rigidly enforced. Even the drivers of the poor little burro or mule carts, on their two ing in at the window of the top wheels, must carry a candle.

So, rather than buy lanterns which cost money, they take a dip candle, and, wrapping it in a bit of newspaper to shield it from the wind, carry it in their left hand as they drive along homeward from work after evening has fallen. The effect is striking, as the light, falling strongly on the Indian driver, throws the face of the man into strong relief against the darkness. -Modern Mexico.

TEACHING THE PARROT.

He who is condemned to this penance is supposed to be a parrot. He has to go round to all the rest of the players and ask each one "If I were your parrot, what would you teach me to say?" says Home Notes. The inquiry is answered as the players think best, and the parrot has to repeat every answer before putting the question anew. Should the lady say "Kiss poor Polly," the parrot will widely from our ideas of festivities. at once act upon the suggestion.

## Farm Topics.

CARE OF HEDGES.

Where there is a box of privet hedge, or hedge of any sort, any gaps or uneven places should be made good immediately. Otherwise a very unsightly appearance will be presented all summer.

PLANTING WALNUTS.

Those who are tempted to plant English walnuts as an experiment in the Northern States will be interested in the statement of a writer in the American Agriculturist to the effect that English walnut trees were planted in Niagara County, N. Y., in 1876, and that at the present time some of the better trees give an annual yield of twenty bushels of nuts.

ACTION OF LIME ON SOIL.

The Ohio station gives this simple explanation of one action of lime: 'if the lime is mixed with manure an odor of ammonia will become apparent. This means that the lime is liberating the ammonia from the manure and that it is escaping into If lime is mixed with the the air. soil similar action will take place. If a crop be growing upon soil it may absorb part of the escaping ammonia and a larger crop will result; but this larger crop is made at the expense of the soil stores of plant food. and if these stores are not maintained by manuring or fertilizing, the soil will soon refuse to respond to lime, because all the material in it upon which lime can act has been drawn out, and the soil is poorer than if no lime had been used."

PRODUCING CERTIFIED MILK.

A New York producer of certified milk gives these requirements for the production of high grade milk. Clean stables that are easily kent clean, a healthy herd and careful, cleanly men. He says his cows are always fed after milking. Just before the milking the cows are brushed, and floor, walks and air of the stable are sprayed. A man with warm water then washes the sides and udder of the cattle. A second man repeats the operation, after which the cows are milked into cans covered with sterilized cheese cloth covers and the milk immediately removed from the stable to the cooling room, after which it is bottled. This man gets twelve cents a quart for his milk, thus being handsomely paid for his extra care and expense .--Weekly Witness,

ABOUT CHARCOAL.

Charcoal is used to keep poultry and pigeons in a healthy thriving condition, and this is done by the charcoal absorbing all the foul gases and sourness that may arise in the digestive organs, and preventing diarrhea.

When the dropping are too soft is the time to guard against diarrhea by giving more charcoal in the mash: then you will notice that the droppings harden and the bowels resume their natural and healthy condition. Poultry is frequently overfed (even by practical poultrymen) and in nine cases out of ten this will result in bowel disorder, which is guarded against in a measure by the use of charcoal. More little chicks die of diarrhea than any other complaint; the use of charcoal is of assistance in rearing the little ones, and if kept before them constantly it will help them to reach maturity at an early

Charcoal is not a drug; it is a natural purifier from which no bad effects can result. Feed in the mash and in the hoppers same as grit and shell.-Farm Poultry.

A TALK BY THE HORSE.

The following "Don'ts" which the horse gives to his owner are well worth heeding. We reproduce them direct from the Farm Journal: Don't leave me hitched in my stall

at night with a big cob right where I must lay down. I am tied and I can't select a smooth place. Don't compel me to est more salt than I want by mixing it with my

oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need. Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You

would move up if under the whip. Don't think because I am a horse that weeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trou-

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the truck and my-Try it yourself sometime. self, too. Run up hill with a big load.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured. Don't say "whoa" unless you mean

Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break and

save a runaway and smashup. Don't forget to file my teeth when

they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean it may be a sign

my teeth want filing. Don't run me down a steep hill.

for if anything should give way I might break your neck. Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great scre on me before

you attend to it. Don't forget the old book that is a

friend of all the oppressed that says: "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."-American Cultivator.