

I've just been wondering, Bill, if you re- member Massie's Creek—

Remember how we used to throw our hats and shoes down, and the

The sunshine shuddered through the leaves and jewelled all the stream.

I've just been wondering, Bill, if you can hear old Massie's Creek

Call softly through the summer days—and does your heart beat quick

At the Turning of the Long Lane.

By ROSALINE MASSON.

Miss Janet Galbraith took her best black kid gloves out of her corner drawer, and gave the strings of her

ner, across which the afternoon sun struck. Her head was bent and she

was thinking—perhaps of a grave far away under the palm trees on the Pacific coasts,

Yes, her annuity would die with her and so would her race.

Miss Galbraith visited the grave every Sunday at the conclusion of service.

But the speaker was mistaken. The anniversaries that are marked in the calendar are not the only ones in a woman's reckoning.

When Miss Galbraith walked into the graveyard on that May morning it was with an added sense of importance

That he glanced at her kindly. "That is what I was seeking, ma'am," he told her, "but you—" he paused, "look the

embodiment of peace in yourself," was how he ended the sentence in his own mind.

Miss Galbraith made no answer. She thought the conversation ought to cease—it was very irregular.

"I have come home from a wandering, sea-faring life purposely to lay my bones in old Scotland, beside my

And after that it seemed very natural that they should saunter west to- gether to the older graves among the

"And some day we are to have homes next to one another," he reminded her.

After this it became a tacitly accepted custom that he should accom- pany Miss Galbraith after service on

And so May passed into June, and June brought the anniversary with it,

They stood beside her parents' grave, and he laid his hand on it.

"I don't know what made me put it on to-day," he said.

She made no reply; but she shivered a little, as if with cold.

"It was my mother's," he said. "I was not a good son to her—I was a wild, heedless lad, and I ran off to sea, and never wrote."

He looked from the name on the gravestone to the ring that lay in the palm of his hand.

"I should like to make a good woman happy before I die," he said.

Miss Galbraith turned silently to lead the way as usual to the newer part of the churchyard; but he put out his hand and detained her.

"Won't you have it?" he asked, and held out his hand, in the palm of which lay the ring.

"You are surely forgetting what day this is," she said; "this is the Sabbath!"

He laughed outright, in a sudden revulsion of gladness.

That afternoon Miss Janet Galbraith pulled down the blinds and unlocked the old desk, with its contents lying on her lap.

"Oh, laddie—it's not that I forget you!" she said, "but see how young you are by me—you'd maybe expect me to be the lassie you left—and oh, laddie, I've been so lonely!"

Many of the world's most successful men have failed in one or more pur- suits before they finally got upon the

Quonah Parker, the millionaire chief of the Comanches, was discussing in Guthrie a new Indian bill.

"The bill is no good," said the chief. "It would not have any effect. It reminds me of a young French lady in Washington."

"I was dining in Washington at an Ambassador's house, and this young lady was the only female guest. An Italian Duke wanted to tell an anecdote, but he hesitated."

"My story," he said, "is a very good one, but it is rather low in the neck, and before the young lady—"

"But she laughed and interrupted him.

"Oh, don't mind me!" she said. "I'll shut my eyes. Go on."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lightning Dries Up Spring.

During a severe storm on Friday in the lower part of this county near East Prospect, the lightning struck a large chestnut tree on the farm of George Anstine.

The old spring seemed never failing and had quenched the thirst of the people on the farm for more than 100 years.

There are thousands of men in the learned professions defeated and dispirited who might have been successful

Sir Walter Scott's poems are Lord Rosebery's favorite reading. He often sleeps with them under his pillow, so that they may be handy for waking moments.

ENSURES SUCCESS. Advantage of Getting on the Right Track.

By MADISON C. PETERS.

James Russell Lowell tells us that "every man is born with his business or profession in him,"

"Honor and shame from no condition rise— Act well your part, there all the hon- or lies."

The world does not demand that you shall be a famous lawyer, a skilled physician, an eloquent divine, or a merchant prince, but that with a noble purpose, a high endeavor, and a useful end in view you shall make yourself a master in your line.

"To business that we love, we rise betimes, And go to it with delight."

No man can struggle victoriously against his own character, and one of the first lessons of life is to learn what groove we are intended to fill.

Evidences of one's right calling will manifest themselves early in life. Handel, the famous composer, whose father was a physician, was intended for the profession of law, and the father did all he could to discourage the boy's fondness for music, but he got an old

Victor Hugo presented a poem to the Academy at fifteen, Goethe wrote at ten, Pope at fourteen, at sixteen Bacon had successfully pointed out the errors in Aristotle's philosophy, while Pascal at the same age wrote a treatise on the Conic Sections.

Murillo, the famous Spanish artist, filled the margins of his school books with drawings. Michelangelo, whose parents punished him for covering the walls with sketches, declaring he was no son of theirs should become an artist, spent whole nights copying drawings by moonlight, which he dared not bring home.

Galileo, who discovered the principle of the pendulum at eighteen and invented both the microscope and the telescope, was set apart by his parents for a physician, but when compelled to study physiology, he would hide his Euclid and secretly work out difficult problems.

Fathers, don't try to make that boy another you—one of you will do.

The machine which cuts up wood to make matches turns out 40,000 "splints," as they are called, in a single minute.

The larger kind of West Indian fire fly gives a light so brilliant that by it printed matter may be read at a distance of two or three inches.

A Kentucky negro earns double wages as a hodcarrier, because he is able to do the work of two men. He carries from forty to fifty bricks at a time. He places the bricks upon a board which he balances upon his head as he climbs to the tops of high buildings.

The only law passed at the recent session of the Manx legislature, which has received the royal assent, has been proclaimed at Tynwald Hill, in accordance with the custom for 1000 years. The law abolishes the compulsory viewing of bodies by coroners' juries.

Bananas are being ripened in England by electricity. The bunches are hung in airtight glass cases in which the light and heat hastens the ripening, and it has been found possible to make delivery of any desired quantity at any agreed date.

Proverbs of the Arabs place a very low value on women. Here are some samples: "The beauty of man is in his spirit; the spirit of woman is in her beauty." "Always consult your wife, but do as you please."

Teacher—Eddy, what makes the grass grow? Eddy—The grass has blades an' with those it cuts its way through the ground.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It's a long credit that has no dun- ing. A girl learns to swim so that some fellow can teach her.

A woman's age depends entirely on whether her children look it.

More children are trained by being a warning to them than an example.

A nice thing to a boy about school is playing truant from it to go swimming.

You could keep men away from the racetrack if you called it a Sunday school.

Hardly anybody hates his relations enough to be willing to die to get rid of them.

A woman tells her friends what a good husband she has so she will believe it.

The average man is never as big a fool as he would be if he had more chances to be.

A man is impudent if he tries to flirt with a girl and insultingly indifferent if he doesn't.

When a man brags about having a dry cellar it's more likely to mean bottled stuff than water.

When you hear a woman admitting there are such things as freckles it's a sign she hasn't any.

A comfortable thing about being rich is you only get fined when you ought to be put in jail.

A nice thing about being a fat woman is how comfortably she can slip and bang herself in the bath tub.

It makes a woman very proud of her husband's business ability to have him know how to hook her up the back.

If a man is making money he is willing to advertise it to everybody except the tax collector and his poor relations.

A man's idea of being a patriot is yelling himself hoarse because somebody tells him something is against the Constitution.

When a girl has a broken heart over a man she can't marry it's a sign her parents will have to buy her some new clothes before she gets over it.—From "Reflections of a Bachelor" in the New York Press.

SPOONFUL OF BRAINS GONE.

Only Apparent Effect is that Boy Has Forgotten Book Titles.

Cecil Mullins, an eleven-year-old boy, was taken to the hospital recently with his skull badly crushed in the region of the left temple. A sharp broken bone had been driven inward, not only tearing a ragged hole through the delicate brain covering, but actually burying itself an inch deeper in the brain itself, cutting and bruising the fine tissues over a circular space as large as a silver dollar.

Dr. J. W. Shankland performed an operation immediately. Then Cecil was put to bed to die. The case was regarded as almost hopeless, but he lived, and is declared by Dr. Shankland to be practically out of danger. That is a part of the wonder. Another part is the fact that in two operations and in the care of the injury no less than a teaspoonful of the brain has been taken from the boy's head. This strange wound to the brain itself is rapidly healing. Cecil appears all right, bright and cheerful.

The wound was found to be in that part of the left side of the brain which years of experimenting has pretty clearly identified as the "speech zone."

A healthy adult breathes from fourteen to twenty-four times per minute. The rate of the pulse is four times that of the respiration.

A Cruel Will.

The will of Thomas Snell, filed for probate, brought to light a queer exhibition of eccentricity. Snell took advantage of the extreme limit allowed by the law, and was enabled to keep an estate valued at \$1,000,000 intact until twenty years after the death of his youngest great-grandchild, now aged six. The legatees are thus allowed a share of the income only. They comprise Richard Snell, Clinton, a son; Lena Dinsmore, San Jose, Cal., a niece; Thornton Snell, Elkhart, Ind., and Harry Snell, Bloomington, nephews, and seven children of a deceased brother residing in Kansas City. The will virtually orders that the inheritance shall not fall due till the heirs are dead.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Disraeli's Home Life.

After an exciting debate and successful division many of the younger members pressed Mr. Disraeli to return with them and have supper at the Carlton; but as Lady Beaconsfield told me afterward, with manifold pride and joy, "Dizzy came home to me." And she then proceeded to describe the supper: "I had got him a raised pie from Fortnum & Mason's, and a bottle of champagne, and he ate half the pie and drank all the champagne, and then he said, 'Why, my dear, you are more like a mistress than a wife!'" And I could see that she took it as a very high compliment indeed.—Kebbel's Tory Memoirs.

Nature Study.

Teacher—Eddy, what makes the grass grow? Eddy—The grass has blades an' with those it cuts its way through the ground.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.