

THE DEAD CHILD.
(“I believe in the resurrection of the body.”)
How young you are for such lone ma-
jesty.
Of silence and repose!
That lip was vowed to laughter, and that
eye,
That white cheek to the rose.
What are your spirit hath—who thinks
to say?
If young, or young no more;
But all for merriment—oh, all for play—
That new, sweet shape it wore!
So in His time, to whom all time is now,
From flower and wind and steep
Shall He not summon you to keep your
vow?
Since He has made you sleep!
—Margaret Steele Anderson in The Cen-
tury.

The Kidnapping of Lucy.

By H. J. Wright.

“What perfect stair-steps!” laughed Aunt Lucy, as her six little nephews and nieces stood before her in a row, arranged according to age, the baby steadiest by mamma’s hand. “I’ve gone up the stairs correctly; now let’s see if I can go down again: Robbie is eleven, Bennie is nine, Ellen is seven—” “No, she’s eight!” she exclaimed, chiming several eager voices.
“I had a birthday yesterday,” Ellen announced proudly.
“Oh, I knew there was a break in the series somewhere!” said Aunt Lucy, with a comical pretense of vexation.
“And I’m half past nine,” objected Bennie.
“I can’t possibly undertake fractions the first day, Bennie. Now let me begin again: Rob is eleven, Bennie is nine, Ellen is eight, not seven, Mary is five, Lucy is three, and Bertie is one. There!” Aunt Lucy clapped her hands in triumph, and the children all joined in the applause. Baby Bertie shouted “Pat-pat-pat,” evidently thinking this was “pat-tee” on a large scale.
“Now I’m going to make a mistake again,” said Aunt Lucy. Sitting down in a rocking-chair, she coaxed little Lucy and the baby both into her lap, and caressed the other children about her.
Aunt Lucy was a kindergarten teacher in a city city. She had just come back, after five years’ absence, to spend a summer at the old farm with her sister, the mother of the six little children. She was tired from her long journey, and mamma urged her to send the children away; but she could not be persuaded to let one of them go.
She asked about their books and toys, their work and their play. She told them stories of her kindergarten children in the big city. She knew funny little rhymes to say on the baby’s fingers, and she had to repeat them times innumerable.
At last mamma said positively that Aunt Lucy must go and rest for an hour before supper, so she regretfully released her little captives, and went upstairs with mamma to the spare room.
After supper papa built a big fire in the sitting-room fireplace; for one of those “cold spells,” which often follow the first warm days of June, had come suddenly upon them, and everyone was shivering.
They gathered around the bright fire after the evening work was done, and baby Bertie had been tucked away in mamma’s bedroom, just back of the sitting-room. Aunt Lucy and mamma “visited,” and papa occasionally read aloud an interesting bit of news from his paper brought over the rural route that day. One item was a startling account of the kidnapping of a child in St. Louis. The child had been lured from his home three days before, and carried away. Not a trace of the kidnapers had been found, though threatening letters were received from them through the mails. The poor parents were frantic.
As he read the children drew un-
easily nearer their mother and father. Little Ellen, with an anxious look on her childish face, said, “I hope the kidnapers won’t get any of our children.” They all laughed at her motherly tone.
“They won’t come away out here, Ellen,” papa assured her.
“And if that little boy had stayed in the house and gone to bed, he’d have been all right now,” said mamma with meaning emphasis, taking a lamp and starting upstairs.
“That means ‘bye-bye’ for you children, without a doubt,” laughed Aunt Lucy, sliding little Lucy, from her lap. With a hug and a kiss she bade each one good-night and watched them up the stairs.—Rob and Bennie ahead, then Ellen leading her two little sisters by the hand.
When mamma came back, she and Aunt Lucy had a long, quiet talk together. It was quite late when Aunt Lucy finally went upstairs. She paused moment at the first door and peeped in at Rob and Bennie, rosy and smiling in their slumber. At the next door she went in and looked at the little girls, all three fast asleep in one bed, with Lucy in the middle. They looked rather crowded, Aunt Lucy thought, and she decided to take little Lucy in bed with her.
She went into the spare room, put the lamp on the bureau, and opened the bed. Then she went softly back, very gently drew Lucy out from under the covers, and carried her into the other room without waking either Ellen or Mary.
Lucy half opened her eyes as she sank into the cold bed. But when Aunt Lucy whispered, “Don’t you want to

sleep with auntie?” she smiled and dropped asleep again. Soon all was dark, and Aunt Lucy was asleep, too, with her arms around her little namesake.
The clock was striking one, two, three, when Ellen woke up shivering. The bed clothes had slipped down and her arms were very cold. She drew up the covers, and “snuggled” over to her sisters to get warm.
“There seems to be so much room in the bed,” she thought, and reaching out softly she felt Mary’s long braids of hair. But where were Lucy’s short curls?
“She must be down at the foot of the bed,” thought Ellen, for Lucy often “followed the covers” when they slid away. Ellen felt carefully all over the bed, but Lucy was not there.
“She’s fallen out on the floor!” she’ll catch her death of cold!” whispered motherly little Ellen anxiously to herself. She crept out of bed very cautiously, so as not to awaken Mary, and felt all around and under the bed. Still no Lucy!
She began to be frightened. She crept all over the floor on her hands and knees, never thinking how cold she was. Suddenly a terrible thought made her little heart stop beating for a moment. “The kidnapers. They’ve got her! Oh, my dear little sister!”
Once more she crept around the room in the darkness, feeling in the closet and in every corner; but no Lucy could she find. Trembling with fear and cold, she slowly felt her way downstairs to her mother’s room.
“Mamma, mamma!” she called in a loud whisper.
“What, dearie? Are you sick?” asked mamma, awake in an instant.
“O mamma! Lucy’s gone! The kidnapers have got her!” came the trembling answer.
“Lucy gone!” exclaimed mamma in an incredulous tone.
“Yes, I’ve hunted under the bed and all over the room. She’s been kidnaped, mamma! I’m sure she has!” and Ellen burst into shivering sobs.
“Have you looked in Aunt Lucy’s room?” asked mamma suddenly. Don’t cry, darling. I’m sure we’ll find Lucy all right.
Mamma lit a small night lamp, and wrapping a shawl about Ellen, they both went softly up to Aunt Lucy’s room. There lay the missing child, fast asleep in Aunt Lucy’s arms!
“Aunt Lucy kidnaped her, didn’t she, mamma?” whispered Ellen, with a nervous little laugh, after they had left the room. “I ought to have thought of that, but I didn’t.”
Mamma covered Ellen up snug and warm again beside Mary, and put a hot brick at her feet. “We’re in more danger of colds than kidnapers, dear. Now go to sleep, my little girl!” and mamma left her with a tender kiss.
Next morning there was great excitement when the family heard from mamma the story of Ellen’s fright and her brave search in the dark. Aunt Lucy was so conscience stricken she could hardly keep from crying.
“You poor, little abused darling!” she said, tearfully, taking Ellen in her arms. “Can you ever forgive your thoughtless auntie? I never dreamed of your waking up before morning, when I’d taken Lucy out without waking you. I’m so sorry, dear. Will you forgive me, if I’ll promise never, never to steal Lucy away again?”
“Yes, I’ll forgive you this time, Aunt Lucy,” said Ellen earnestly. Then she added, with a roguish smile, “You may steal her again if you want to, auntie. I won’t be scared next time, now I know we have a kidnapper of our own right here in the house!”—Christian Register.

LITERARY MECCA OF ENGLAND.
Famous Writers Who Lived in Twickenham.
The place to which the lover of English literature will sooner or later turn his steps is Twickenham. No other small town can boast of having been the residence and beloved abode of so many famous literary lights.
With it are associated the immortal names of Pope, Horace Walpole, Swift, Gay, Lady Wortley, Montagu, Gibbon, Boswell, Johnson, Tennyson and Dickens. Surely this is enough to make any place doubly immortal! Twickenham was well nicknamed by Horace Walpole the Balaie, or Tivol, of England; for it has truly been to London what Balaie was to ancient Rome—indeed, in a far higher degree.
The big red brick house in Montpelier road where Alfred Tennyson lived for so many years of his earlier married life was the one in which many of his earlier poems were written. Here his son Lionel, the second Lord Tennyson, was born, and there the author of the “Idyls” entertained many of his literary friends and acquaintances.
That house should surely be sacred to all lovers of English literature which saw the dawn of “In Memoriam” which witnessed those delightful gatherings graced by Tennyson, Hallam and kindred spirits within its walls. It is today called “Tennyson House” and is now without a tenant.—From the Westminster Gazette.

Isaak Walton Munchausen.
On this subject we cannot refrain from recording the most curious capture of a fish that has come to our notice. A Mr. Richardson of Peterborough, was skating on the dikes when the ice was very clear and he noticed a large pike swimming in front of him. The fish was terrified by the apparition and swam in front of the skater until it stopped from sheer exhaustion. The skater broke the ice and took out the fish with his hand, which proved to be a pike weighing twelve pounds. It is a story difficult even for a fisherman or a local historian to cap.—London Outlook.

RURAL CLEVERNESS.
My cousin Alfred Williams, he ain’t had advantages like me— (My mamma says not to say ain’t because it gives my speech a taint. My cousin Alfred—he don’t know a thing about the latest show, nor any of the latest jokes, because he isn’t city folks! But he knows lots of things to say— One of ‘em rattles on the way:— ‘What’s your name?’ ‘Puddin’ Tame!’ ‘Where you goin’?’ ‘Down the lane!’
An’ one is where you hafta say:— ‘I saw a woolly worm today.’ ‘An’ then he says, ‘I one it,’ then you say, ‘I two it,’ then again he says, ‘I three it’—an’ you go right on ahead, till first you know you say ‘I eight it!’ Soon’s you’ve spoke you see that minute where’s the joke!
My cousin Alfred Williams, he is all the time a-catchin’ me with jokes I never heard of all. But papa says he can recall. For papa, one time, where he grew to be a boy was country, too! But Cousin Alfred’s jokes is smart— I’m goin’ to learn them all by heart: An’ best of all the lot o’ his is this:— ‘Where you goin’?’ ‘In my skin— I’ll jump out! An’ you jump in!’ —Harper’s Magazine.

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM

“Your son’s studying medicine, isn’t he?” “Yes.” “Army or navy command?”—Life.

Old Beau—Williams are my eyebrows on straight, and is my wig properly crumpled? Valet—Yes, sir; but your chest has slipped down a bit.—Life.

Patience—I have taken a great dislike to those new neighbors of ours. Patrice—What’s the matter—phonograph or chickens?—Yonkers Statesman.

Loanstein—I got a terrible bad cold in my head. Isaacs—Why don’t you take something for it? Loanstein (absentmindedly) How much will you give me?—Puck.

She—What is the proper formula for a wedding-announcement? He—I know what it ought to be. She—What? He—Be it known by these presents.—Baltimore American.

Dolly—Pardon me, dear, but you cut a ridiculous figure on the street yesterday. Polly—Oh, forgive me, dear! If I had seen you I should have spoken.—Cleveland Leader.

Goodman Gongrong—You never was sick a day in yer life, an’ you know it. Wot are ye shammin’ now fur? Tuffold Knutt (in a feeble voice)—I’ve had ‘leven offers o’ work this mornin’ shovin’ snow!—Chicago Tribune.

Country Editor—I’m glad you brought these spring poems in early. Spring Poet—Yes, sir? Country Editor (putting them in the stove)—Yes, sir! Most spring poets wait till the weather gets too warm to use them.—Judge.

Little Willie (reading)—Say, pa, what is a franchise grab? Pa—A franchise grab, my son, is something that occurs when the guardians of the people’s interests keep their hands open and their eyes closed.—Chicago Daily News.

“Did you ever spend any money foolishly?” “Sure, I was engaged to a girl once myself.”—Detroit Free Press.

“We ain’t got no ruins in Ameriky.” “But we will hev. Some o’ these state capitolis ain’t built none too well.”—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Things That Might Have Been Put Much More Nicely.—Charming Hostess (to dyspeptic guest, who has been refusing dish after dish)—I am so distressed. You’ve had no dinner at all! Guest—Thank you—but I have to be very particular about my food.—Punch.

“Speaking of matrimony,” said the portly passenger, “this car couldn’t hold all the women I have married.” “What!” exclaimed the hardware drummer. “Do you mean to say that you are a bigands?” “Certainly not,” rejoined the p. p., “I’m a minister.”—Chicago Daily News.

“Yes, the editor scanned my poem and seemed surprised. He said that it was fortunate for the world that I hadn’t turned my peculiar talent into other channels. Rather a neat compliment, wasn’t it?” “Perhaps. It depends entirely on the point of view. It is quite possible, you know, that he meant to convey the impression that your poem was stolen.”—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not a Mere Man.
A well-known captain of one of the Hamburg-American liners, while on a recent visit to New York, was talking of pride of birth, and he told this anecdote of a certain brother captain in the transatlantic service:
“A German passenger once fell from the deck of his ship into the sea, and a sailor, seeing him disappear with a splash, cried: ‘Man Overboard!’
“‘What do you mean with your ‘Man Overboard?’” shouted the captain, who heard the call. ‘Graf Hermann von Finkenstein, Duke of Subala and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, is overboard.’”—Pittsburg Press.

Correct.
Collier Down: “Some women use idiotic expressions. For instance, some women will rave about a ‘duck of a bonnet!’”
Cutting Hints: “That’s proper. A duck has a pretty big bill attached to it, you know.”—Boston Record.

Germans are less in a hurry than Americans. Their printing presses are built much heavier, the machines being constructed to last a long period, even at the sacrifice of speed and efficiency.

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING

New York City.—The pretty and becoming breakfast jacket is always in demand and this one designed for



Pretty Coiffure Ornament.
A charming coiffure ornament worn with a pale green evening frock consisted of a narrow fllet of dull silver with a cluster of green and white gooseberries on one side and knot of green velvet.

Charming Dish Aprons.
Pretty, fancy aprons are much used just now for the fashionable chaffing dish functions, and also for the hours given over to fancy work and similar employments. Here are two that are charmingly attractive yet perfectly simple withal and that can be made from embroidered Swiss, plain lawn, the pretty striped muslins and all materials of the sort. The tucked apron is prettily shaped and tucked to give the girle effect, while the princess apron is made with full side portions and plain front and is scalloped at its lower edge. In the illustration both are held by sashes of the material, but those of ribbon can be substituted if better liked.
The tucked apron is cut in one piece and can be finished in any manner preferred. The princess apron is made in three pieces and is attached to a belt while as illustrated it is finished with a gathered frill at the lower and side edges.



young girls is both simple and graceful. There is the big collar that is always becoming, while it leaves the

throat comfortably free and there is a choice allowed of three-quarter or long sleeves. In the illustration dotted challis is trimmed with lace but the model suits not alone the wool materials of the present and the pretty thin silks that are used for the purpose. It also is adapted to all the washable ones; and just now there are a whole host of inexpensive printed wash fabrics that are singularly attractive while their cost is trifling in the extreme.
The jacket is made with fronts and back. The neck is finished with the collar and the sleeves, and whether in three-quarter or full length are joined to narrow bands to which the cuffs are attached.
The quantity of material required for the sixteen-year size is four and three-eighths yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and three-eighths yards thirty-two or two and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide with two and three-quarter yards of banding and four yards of lace.
Touches of Rose.
Faded blondes, who always seem to love pale blue, should be encouraged to introduce touches of rose and poppy red into their costumes.
Ruffles on Hats.
Many of the new hats have ruffles of lace sewn inside just where the crown and the brim are fastened together. This ruffle is allowed to fall over the hair, and it makes an attractive and becoming addition.
Modish Frocks.
Sheer frocks of rose-petal pink mousseline de sole or chiffon, trimmed in lace and hand embroidery, are modish.

and three-quarter yards each of insertion and lace for the princess apron.

For a Lingerie Blouse.
As fillers for the large petals in the design of some of the new lingerie waists, Turkish toweling is used. It sounds like an impossibility, but the effect is really very good.
The toweling takes the place of French knots.

Braiding and Embroidery.
Braiding, combined with heavy embroidery, is particularly effective on broadcloth or velvet.

BORAX, NATURE'S DISINFECTANT, CLEANSER AND PURIFIER.

Everybody realizes the necessity of some method of purification of sinks, drains and utensils in which may lurk the germ of a dreaded disease.
Health is a question of cleanliness and prevention.
Most people are familiar with the use of disinfectants in their ordinary sense—all of which are unpleasantly associated with disagreeable odors, on which are depended to kill the contagion (which disinfectants must of necessity be of a more or less dangerous character) and must be used for this purpose and for no other, and in consequence kept from children and careless handling.
There is, however, within the reach of all our readers a simple, safe and economical article that will not only answer for every disinfecting purpose—but can also be used for a multitude of domestic cleansing and purifying purposes.—Borax.

Borax is a pure, white harmless powder coming direct from Nature's laboratory; in fact Borax has often been called “Nature's Cleanser and Disinfectant.”

Two tablespoonfuls of Borax in a pailful of hot water poured down the grease-choked pipes of a sink, or flushed through a disease-laden drain, cleanses and purifies it, leaving it clean and sweet.

Bed clothing and clothes used in a sick room can be made hygienically clean and snowy-white, if washed in a hot solution of Borax water.
Kitchen and eating utensils, used during illness will be kept from all possibility of contagion if Borax is used when washing them. Pure as snow and harmless as salt, and because it can be used for almost every domestic and medical purpose, Borax must be considered the one great household necessity.

Candy Foully Slandered.
Cheering words for lovers of sweets were spoken by Dr. Charles A. Brackett in a recent lecture at the Harvard medical school. He said that the evil effect of candy eating on the teeth was much exaggerated, a reasonable amount of sugar being needed in the system for the production of heat, especially in cold weather and for hard working people. Dr. Brackett commended the scheme of a Philadelphia dentist who takes a contract to preserve the teeth of his patients, charging them a nominal sum to keep their teeth clean by a monthly scouring with pumice. So effective is that simple treatment that the dentist agrees to treat without charge any decay that appears. 16

Austrian Icicle Factory.
In Austria “ice sticks” are manufactured at a profit. A series of poles are arranged so that the water will fall slowly over each one in the series. Of course, the water in the winter time freezes, forming large icicles. When the icicles have attained the proper size the employees of the “ice plant” come around with carts, break them off the great sticks of ice and haul them away to a place where they are put in storage. Of course it is much easier to handle a large quantity of ice in this way than it is to cut it from some stream and then pack it away. There may, however, be a difference in quality between stick ice and lake or river ice.—The Pathfinder.

Plea for Porto Rico.
Becoming citizens of the United States, the inhabitants of Porto Rico should be earnest co-operators with us in the development of the great American influence in the West Indies. The 200,000 citizens of Hawaii are citizens of the United States. Why should not the million Porto Ricans be the same? The Porto Ricans, when under Spanish dominion, elected representatives to both houses of the Spanish cortes. They have, in other words, possessed the prime political privileges of an advanced civilization. It cannot be said that they are unprepared for American citizenship.—New York Globe.

LOST \$300
Buying Medicine when Right Food Was Needed.
Money spent for “tonics” and “bracers” to relieve indigestion, while the poor old stomach is loaded with pastry and pork, is worse than losing a pocketbook containing the money.
If the money only is lost it’s bad enough, but with lost health from wrong eating, it is hard to make the money back.
A Michigan young lady lost money on drugs but is thankful she found a way to get back her health by proper food. She writes:
“I had been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for six years and spent three hundred dollars for treatment in the attempt to get well. None of it did me any good.
“Finally I tried Grape-Nuts food, and the results were such that, if it cost a dollar a package, I would not be without it. My trouble had been caused by eating rich food such as pastry and pork.
“The most wonderful thing that ever happened to me, I am sure, was the change in my condition after I began to eat Grape-Nuts. I began to improve at once and the first week gained four pounds.
“I feel that I cannot express myself in terms that are worthy of the benefit Grape-Nuts has brought to me, and you are perfectly free to publish this letter if it will send some poor sufferer relief, such as has come to me.”
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, “The Road to Wellville,” in pkgs. “There’s a Reason.”

