

THE MAID.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Dust of racing squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The white maid and the white horse and the flapping banner of God.

TOM

The Story of a Kindness That Was Remembered.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The old man looked at the stranger. Then he looked at the letter in his hand.
"Friend of Edgerton's, eh?"
"Yes," said the stranger.

"That's good," he said. "I accept your hint only to tell you it is wasted. I'm not in any present need of money. In fact I've got a little I want to get rid of. I invite you to be my guest at dinner tonight."
The old man suddenly shrank back. "No, no," he said.

"I'm afraid," he laughed, "that the fairies cut my acquaintance long ago."
And then the dinner was at an end, and the child kissed father and mother "good night," and came to the old man and put out her hand.

A PRAYER.

God keep us through the common days,
The level stretches white with dust,
When thought is tired, and hands upraise
Their burdens feebly since they must,
In days of slowly fretting care,
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

-Margaret E. Sangster.

decorations, and were taken up in the luxurious elevator to a floor high above the noisy street.
The stranger led the way to a door and pushed it open. In the center of the apartment a table was laid for four, a table that gleamed with silver, backed by snowy napery.

tion of a man—a business man of kindly impulses. He offered him work. Tom came to the man's place of business the next morning. The man set him to work. Tom didn't like work. He stayed a day or two and then ran away. The man found him and coaxed him back. Then he ran away again, and again the man coaxed him back.

MEXICAN OIL FIELDS.

Their Product Very Large, but the Quality Rather Poor.

Within the last year or two an exceedingly abundant flow of petroleum has been reported from several places in Mexico. Some of the new wells are near Tampico, and others are further south. As a good deal of oil has been imported by Mexico from the United States, there has been a desire to learn whether the product of the recently opened wells was likely to rival that of this country.

Not That Kind.

Apropos of examination time, Prof. Carl C. Peterson of Dubuque, related at a recent dinner some examination stories.
"Once, in a Bible lesson," he said, "I repeated the text 'Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.'"



At Grandma's,
At Grandma's, when I go to tea,
They are so nice to little me!

Hold Up the Earth.
"Now, Richard," said the teacher, "can you tell me who Atlas was?"
"Yes, ma'am," answered Richard. "He was a notorious footpad."

Jerry's First Mouse.
Our cat caught a mouse the other night, the first one he has ever caught so far as I know in the two years I have owned him. Jerry, for that is his name, has worn since he was a wee tiny kitten a little bell which seemed to bother him very much.

A Few Nuts to Crack.
These riddles will delight the hearts of many of the younger readers who are interested in such things:
What are the lightest hats made of?—Of material that is not felt.

How Bertha Became a Heroine.
"May I take Rosabelle, and go over to Gracie's, Aunt Kate? If Gracie's mama says so, may we go walking together with our dolls?" A very sweet little face lifted itself to Miss Tracy—so sweet that the aunt stooped and kissed it.

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The most recent church census of the country shows 40 denominations, with 161,731 ministers, 210,199 churches and 32,883,156 members.

we could get cold if we sat down on it."
"Let's," Gracie repeated. She usually agreed with Bertha. The children sat down. They hushed their babies, and laid them in little beds which they hollowed out in this dry sifting earth. They piled it in heaps over the dolls, all but their faces, and pretended it was blankets.
"I'm going way in, and lean against the wall," Gracie said. Bertha was about to follow her when something dreadful happened. The wall caved in, and there wasn't any Gracie there; she was all out of sight, hidden in the sand heap.
What could Bertha do—not a person near! Bertha was a brave child, she set right to work, digging the sand away with her small hands. Didn't she make it fly! In two minutes she felt the top of Gracie's head, and in two minutes more she had freed her face.