A MODERN LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar has come out of the In all the wide country his airship is best.
To save his good dollars, he chauffeur had none.
He rode unafraid, and he rode all alone.
So plucky his flight and so elever his car.
Have we der heard of Smarty like young Lochinvar?

He stayed not for wind and he stopped not for rain.

He new straight along in his aeropiane. But ore he slighted at Bocks-by-the-heat, Has get had consented another's to be. For a man with a 25 H. P. touring-ear Wan to wet the fair Gladys of brave Lockingar.

When holdly be entered the pink onyx "Mong dimbers and walters and family Then sooks the bride's father: "My word! CPor Med. I as you (Por the poor enven bridegroom just faded away).
"Did you come for a match to light your olgar.
Or to unner at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar."

"I hard to court Gladys, you gave me
the sackI went away vowing I'd never come back.
But now, pussing by I've Just dropped in
the plane of purch.
The markets in Denver, more wently by far.
Who wand glads be bride to the young Lachinuar."

One wink or his eye and one word in her car they reached the hall door, for his already was mear the fair lady he swang. Into the small seat beside her he *Right into the small heat beside her spring;

*The property of the property o as could be.
There was reving and chasing and yelling like pind.
There was weeking by mother and swear-ing by dad.
While awar overhead, like a luminous The of the light on the straint of young Locality at

-Carolyn Wolls in Harper's Magazine.

SENORITA ROSALIA.

Fy Ella M. Bangs.

Stuart Dudley had been five days in Mexico City, but he told himself that a lifetime would not be long enough to become indifferent to his surroundings, the oriental-like scenes and far horizon mountains rising rose or violet hued against a turquoise sky. It was Sunday and the young man took his way moward the old cathedral anticipating still other new sensations, nor was he disappointed, for hardly had he entered when his attention was caught by one of the figures kneeling around him, one that was girlish and graceful, with a lace mantilla falling over her head and shoulders. As he moved neares the girl arose and turned toward him a face so darkly beautiful that he forgot all else and gazed in admiration. Two duennas accompanied her, middle aged women, stout, dark-skinned and common, while between them the brilliant young genorits sparkled like a jewel. In the confusion of leaving the church Stuart lost sight of her, but for the remainder of the day wherever he went that one

He was in Mexico in the interest of a business investment, and the man with whom he had most to do was senor Don Jose Riverol, who with charming hospitality invited him to dine at his home. So it came about that one evening Stuart found himself being presented to the members of the Riverol household, Senora de Sato and Sanorita Riverol, then after the two cider ladies, "My daughter, Rosalla" sald Don Jose, and the young man found himself for the second time looking into the face of his dreams, for, yes, it was she, and more beautiful than ever in her rose-colored draperies. The older ladies, sisters of Don Jose, who acted as duennas for the motherless Rosalia, spoke no English and the girl but little, so as Stuart's Spanish left much to be desired be began on the following day a vigorous sludy of the language of the country.

face seemed to come between him and

His calls at the home of Don Jose became frequent. He blessed the fact that a business transaction is hardly the accomplishment of one week or two in this land of manana, and if often he found the senor not at home he was only too glad to call upon the beautiful senorita who seemed not averse to it herself. One or both of the aunts was always present at there times, but they were not so quick as their niece to understand the faulty Spanish of their guest, so the young man made the most of these occasions with a clear conscience, for had not Don Jose with the effusion of his countrymen assured him that the house and all it contained was his? So Rosalis sang to him, accompanying herself on the mandolin, , will sing 'La Golondrina,' the song of Mexico,' she said in her soft voice, "you will be pleased with it."

In his turn Stuart sang college songs, seated at the plane, where he presented not a had figure himself, with his shapely head, and brown hair and eyes. The words being English mattered not so long as the musle was tuneful; so he sang "Fair Harvard" and "Take My Love to Rosalie," smiling over at Senorita Rosalia with the last word, and the girl responded with one of her own slow, bewitching smiles, as she recognized the similarity in names. When, however, he sang "I Know a Maiden Pair to See, Beware," he turned to find be early eyes regarding him with so grave a glunce as to cause a query to flicker through his mind as to whether she really understood as little English as she pro

fessed. Several times, when entering the patio, Stuart met a young man who returned his glance with one so flerce that he wondered what he had done to merit it. The days went on, while more and more the young American fell under the spell of Rosalia's sparkling eyes and red lips parting with a smiling flash of white teeth. The business upon which he had come was completed, still he stayed on till one evning he resolved to call upon Don Jose and make a formal proposal for the band of his daughter. The gentleman was out when he reached the house, but he inquired for the ladies, and win soon listening to the soft lisp of Rosalia, with only Senora de Sato as duenna. At length he rose

"I have stayed too long, I'm afraid," he said, laughingly, "but I must go from Mexico so soon.

"Is it soon?" the girl asked, 'It must be."

"Oh, but the senor will wait for my party, it is to be but the evening after "I did not know-" "Si, my

trothal party." "Your betrothal," faltered the young

man, while the room seemed to grow dark around him.

Yes, has not my father told you? You cannot have failed to meet Senor Don Antonio, he comes often."

"Yes," with sudden enlightenment, "I must have met him, but I didn't

the eyes of blue, whose pleture you have shown me?"

Stuart shock his head. "I cannot tell," he answered.

For a moment neither spoke, The Senora de Sato was asleep in her chair. Suddenly, impulsively, the girl reached out both her hands. "It has been a happiness to know you," she enid, softly.

"It has been something more than happiness for me," he returned. Rosalia bit her red lips and avert-

ed her face, then she drew her hands away and a few minutes later Stuart was going out through the picturesque patio for the last time.

The following day he started homeward, but even the novelty of a new route failed to lift the cloud that had settled over his life.

His business investment he never regretted, and a year from the time of his return he married pretty, pinkcheeked, blue-eyed Edith Farley. Life has been kind to Stuart Dudley, bringing him as much of prosperity and happiness as a man can expect to have, but now and then, he lives in memory that visit beyond the Rio Grande, and at these times he seems to see once more the dark beauty of the Senorita Rosalia,-Boston Post,

NEW OATH IN ENGLAND.

Kissing the Book to Become a Thing of the Past.

If the oaths bill is passed-and it has obtained a second reading in the House of Lords-"kissing the Book," the present insanitary and undignified form of oath taking, will practically become a thing of the past. Every witness will be sworn with his hand uplifted, unless he voluntarily objects to eing sworn in that fashion or is phyically incapable of so taking the oath,

The witnesses who will avail them-Book" will be even less numerous insanitary oath, have been unwilling to make themselves consplcuous in a court of justice by making an unusual request.

With the abolition of "kiasing the will practically disappear from the civsays: "You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" and the witness, lifting up his right hand, answers, "I swear." Austria the witness says, with uplifted hand, "I swear by God the Almighty and All Wise that I will speak the truth, and answer to anything I the Bible has its appointed place in the ceremony it is touched by the hand

and not held to the lips. In Italy the witness placing his hand upon an open Bible says, "I swear to tell the truth, the whole Spain the ceremony is similar, though one to walk down to the barn with rather more elaborate. Even among less civilized peoples the ceremony of oath taking is destitute of the kiss. A Mohammedan witness, holding the Koran in his right hand, bends down until his forehend touches the sacred volume. Breaking a sancer is one method with the Chinese, slicing off a fowl's head another, blowing out a lighted candle a third, all representing, of course, the awful fare that awaits the Chinese witness who does not tell the truth.-From the Law Journal.

Salt Is Corresive.

Many railroad mechanical engineers are now struggling with the problem of preventing the corrosive drippings from the refrigerator cars on the steel and iron. It was found by examination on one railroad that the damage of that sort amounted to over \$4000 per mile per year. The plan now is to make the refrigerator cars drip-proof. Physicians have advanced the statement that if salt will have such an effect on iron and steel it is also very injurious to the human stomach.— Washington Herald.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A is for apt little Annie,
Who lives down in Maine with her grannie.
Such pies she can make!
And such doughnuts and cakes!
Oh, we like to make visits to grannie!
—Carolyn Wells, in the Christian Regis-

A Statesman's Confession.

For all his caustle wit, Thomas B. Reed of Maine was as tender of heart as large of frame. He was not much of a hunter. "I never shot but one bird in my life," he once confessed. "I spent a whole day doing that. It was a sandpiper. I chased him for hours up and down a mill stream, When at last I potted him and held him up by one of his poor little legs, I never felt more ashamed of myself in all my life. I hid him in my coattall pocket for fear somebody would see how big I was and how small the victim, and I never will be guilty again of the cowardice of such unequal battle."-Christian Register.

His Arithmetic.

A member of a school board was visiting a public school not long ago when he encountered a small boy in the hall.

"What are you studying, my boy?" the visitor asked.

"Arithmetic and geography," answered the boy. "And what are you learning in

arithmetic?" The boy thought for a minute, then he replied: "Guzinta,"
"Guzinta?" said the surprised offi-

cial. "What's that?"

"Why, don't you know " said the boy. "Two guzinta four, three guzinta six, four guzinta eight, five guzinta ten."-Lippincott's.

Ants Have Combs. No creature is more tidy than an ant, who cannot tolerate the presence of dirt on her body. These little creatures actually use a number of real toilet articles in keeping themselves clean. No less an authority than Dr. McCook says their tollet articles consist of coarse and fine tooth ed combs, hair brushes, sponges, and even washes and soap. Their saliva is their liquid soap, and their soft tongues are their sponges. Their combs, however, are the genuine article and differ from ours mainly in that they are fastened to their legs. The ants have no set time for their toilet operations, but stop and clean whenever they get soiled .- St. up Nicholas.

Adventure of a Baby Boy.

A person who lived some years in South Africa tells the following story: The infant son of one of the Dutch settlers had strayed away. After some time a search party discovered little footprints leading in the direction of the bush. Following up these, they came upon a large open space, at the farther side of which they discovered the object of their search sitting hugging a little wooden doll and munching a piece of bread and butter.

Before they could make their way through the thick, tangled undergrowth a large lion sprang into the clearing. The little boy, far from being frightened, ran to meet the lion, holding up his bread and butter, and selves of their option to "kiss the said: "Take a bite, doggie." The father stood powerless to move or than those who have been accustomed speak through fear, expecting each into exercise their right to be sworn stant to see the child crushed under wheeled, sprang over the dog's head with uplifted hand. The right has not the lion's paw; but, instead of doing and headed for the pelican house. been exercised, our contemporary as he dreaded, the lion turned himself adds, because the majority of witness- over and lay on his back at the child's es, however great their dislike to the feet, looking up in his face as a cat to squeeze through. would do, at play,

Watching his opportunity, the father raised his gun and fired, hitting floor of the pelicans' domain. Hidalthe lion in the leg. The animal sprang up and, leaving the child, Book" in England the insanitary oath rushed on the party, injuring two of the number before it was finally killilized world. In France the Judge ed. From this circumstance the child was immediately christened by the "Daniel."-San Francisco, settlers Call.

The Lost Turkey.

Six years ago, my mother, father and I were at my grandfather's farm one autumn. He owned pigs, horses, may be asked by the Court." Where ducks, chickens, cows, cats and dogs galore, while his daughters was the possessor of six fine turkeys. Well, one afternoon toward 5 o'clock, the time when the turkeys were put to bed (or rather escorted to bed), they gathered outside the farmhouse door. truth and nothing but the truth." In as they always did, to wait for some

This afternoon we heard a "gobble! gobble!" outside, and the family came out to see what it was. There stood five of the turkeys huddled on the doorstep. But where was the sixth? Auntie called and hunted for this bird, but not a sign could be seen of him anywhere. In the mean time grandpa had built a fire in the kitchen range, as it was cool. Just then we beard a queer noise in the direction of the roof, and looking up we saw a dark form on the chimney. Some one cried: "It's the turkey gobbler!"

We procured a ladder and, my father, laying aside his clerical coat, also his dignity, climbed up and proceeded to rescue the "gobbler.". We expected to see him take a toboggan slide down the slanting roof, but fortune favored him, and he did not slip, and came down triumphantly with the turkey waving its long neck and gobbling gently under his arm. I reliev-ed my father of his burden and carried the trusht to the barn, accomplaining by his five noisy and complaining relatives. There I placed him on his roost, and the others, and killed it.-Inter-Ocean.

their brother, flew up beside him. Gladys Smiley, in the New York Tribune.

Is A Bird Superior?

What is the bill of a bird and what

does it mean? asks a writer in the Strand Magazine. I do not refer, he continues, to the bill of a hawk, or a heron, or an owl, or an ostrich, but to that which is the abstract of all these and a thousand more. I hold, regardless of anatomy and physiology, that a bird is a higher being than a beast. No beast soars and sings to its sweetheart; no beast remains in lifelong partnership with the wife of its youth; no beast builds itself a summer house and decks it with feathers and bright shells. A beast is a groveling denizen of the earth; a bird is a free citizen of the air. And who can say that there is not a connection between this difference and other developments? The beast, thinking only of its appetites, has evolved a delicate nose, a discriminating palate, three kinds of teeth to cut, tear, and grind its food, salivary glands to moisten the same and a perfected apparatus of digestion. The bird occupied with thoughts of love and beauty, with "fields, or waves, or mountains" and "shapes of sky or plain," has made little advance in the art and instruments of good living. It swallows its food whole, scarcely knowing the taste of it, and a pair of forceps for picking it up tipped and cased with horn, is the whole of its dining furniture. For the bill of a bird, primarily and essentially, is that and nothing else. In the chickens and the sparrows that come to steal their food, and the robin that looks on, and all the little dicky-birds, you may see it in its simplicity. The size and shape may vary, as a Canadian ax differs from a Scotch ax; some short and stout and have a sharp edge for shelling seeds; some are longer and fine-pointed, for picking worms and caterpillars out of their hiding places; some a little hooked at their points, and one, that of the cross-bill, with points crossed for picking the small seeds out of fir cones; but all are practically the same tool. Yet the last distinctly points the way to those modifications by which the simple bill is gradually adapted to one special purpose or another, until it becomes a wonderful mechanism in which the original intention is quite out of sight,-Ledger.

The Pelican and the Rat.

Hidalgo Pete, who halls from the Spanish Main and is the most sedate of all the pelicans in Central Park, was pecking idly at the wire cage of the pelican house, pausing now and then to glance suspiciously at his cage mates, Signor Gomez and Sanchez Hoolihoo, for they had been abusing him of late.

Everything was very quiet in the park menagerie. Bob Hurtin, one of the keepers, was busy cleaning out a drain near the corner of the tiger house, when a rat suddenly darted from the mouth of the drain, ran between the keeper's legs, and darted for the tiger house. Jack, the frisky little fox terrier and official rateatcher, ran after it, barking wildly. Jack was nearly upon it, when the rat

The meshes of the petican wire are just large enough for a rat The rat selected a mesh, and dived through, pausing an instant as it landed on the gravel go Pete and his two relatives were nouiver with excitement. They are nervous birds, in spite of their sedate appearance.

The rat had scarcely recovered its equilibrium when Hidalgo Pete, with one ungainly hop and a couple of flaps of his broad wings, reached the rodent and pecked victously at it. But he missed the rat by an inch and his beak buried itself in the gravel, Hidalgo Pete toppled over in a heap, and gave an angry squawk as he regained his feet and tried to shake the gravel out of his pouch.

The two other pelicans were also in action by this time. Sanchez Hoolihoo was close behind Hidalgo Pete, and he, too, made a lunge at the rat, with mouth wide open.

Then the rat disappeared for a moment, Hidalgo Pete and Signer Gomez looked quickly around for it. But the rat was inside the pouch of Sanchez Hoolihoo, as became quite evident very quickly. In describing the affair afterward, Keeper Hurtin said:

"It was about the funniest thing I ever saw. I baven't stopped laughing yet. That Hoolihoo pelican got more than he bargained for, I guess. Surely he didn't want to swallow a live rat. He only wanted to give it a peck hard enough to kill it. But I guess that in the excitement he went at the rat with his mouth open, for the rat certainly got inside that two foot pouch of Hoolihoo's.

"I am not quite sure what happen ed inside the pouch, but the rat must have hit Hoolihoo some, for all of a sudden that pelican raised straight up in the air, his mouth came open and out jumped the rat. The way Hoolihoo squawked was a caution. He kept beating his wings and running around in circles for five min-

"The rat hit the gravel floor and got out of the polican house in its time. Jack was waiting for it outside

Who Gains Most By Marriage?

By Harold Owen



S to the comparative tribulations of the married state, does the man who marries gives no hostages to fortune beyond those provided by his collaborator? Is it for his own seinsh creature comforts that he bolts his breakfast, rushes for the morning train, and stews in the city-all to earn an income of which he personally spends only a fifth or a tithe? Are dressmakers' bills merely part of his unholy, sellish joy? Once a man becomes a husband, has he nothing to bear and

forbear? Has the compound word "henpacked" crept use-lessly into our language? Has no many's "individuality" been sapped or overwhelmed by an overpowering personality in petticoats? Though it be true that a wife has no "wages," is a husband allowed to husband his? Though a wife may be "a slave to her husband," has the converse phrase no sanction from experience? And though a mother be "a slave to her children," has a father no parental cares? Are there no households in which a father has to sink his "individuality" and preferences and wishes-allow his meals to be fixed, where he shall live, when and where he shall take his holidays, and even how long he shall remain in harness-"for the sake of the children?" Is a "devoted husband" merely a contradiction in terms? Is marriage always peer and skittles for the husband, and never cakes and ale for the wife? And as to the comparative losses and gains of entering the marriage state, does the man standing at the altar surrender nothing and incur no resposiblenes from which he would otherwise be free, and does the woman acquire nothing but the burden of fresh duties and a gold ring of asomewhat monotonous pattern?

I apologize for the elementary and homely character of these interrogatories. But the fact that they arise out of a current controversy shows where that controversy is taking us. And so I put the question, as a matter for timely discussion. Who gains most by marriage, man or woman? And that question cannot be answered without answering the deeper question; "In the interest of which sex (apart altogether from the institution of home and the entity of family) is it most necessary that the institution of marriage should be preserved?"

(3) money Put Your Heart in Your Work Ey Jerome Flieshman Conson

success. For this thing called Success is simply the realization of ideals we have formed, and striven to materialize.

HE man who succeeds in any line of endeavor is he who has worked whole-heartedly, whole-souledly, whole-selfedly for

Don't have a "grouch" against the firm that supplies your bread and butter. Better work for ten dollars a week and work then be employed at twenty-five dollars a week and shirk.

Coming down to the office in the morning with a desire to make the day pass as quickly as possible, and with the little real work performed is absolutely necessary, is a dead sure way to oblivion.

There's no exhibaration that can equal the feeling a man sensates after a particularly hard job has been got out of the way, and got out of the way by being done right.

The difference between enthusiasm and half-heartedness is the difference between a big, fat envelop on pay-day and a salary that gets smaller in the eyes of the man who is always looking for, but never working for a raise. Enthusiasm! That's the thing that builds bridges and tunnels through

mountains. One enthusiastic employe in an organization is worth an army of wishers for six o'clock and Saturday afternoon. And there can be no enthusiasm unless you are heart, head, and hand in

league with your work. The man who views his daily work as part of his daily self is the man who accomplishes things. The man who performs his duties in a spirit of

let's-get-rid-of-these-pesky-matters is the man you never hear of as making Put your heart into your work .- Profitable Advertising.

The Slump in Dukes By David Lloyd-George

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MPORTS and exports have gone up during the last few months by millions. Industrial investments have been steady. There has been, on the whole an improvement even in brewery shares. The only stock that has gone down badly-there has been a great stump in dukes. They used stand rather well in the market, especially the Tory market; but the Tory press has discovered that they are not real value. They have been making speeches, one specially expensive duke made a speech and all the

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Tory press said: "Well, now, really, is that the sort of thing we are spending £250,000 a year upon?" Because a fully equipped duke costs as much to keep up as a couple of Dreadnoughts and they are just as great a terror, and they last longer. So long as they were contented to be more idols on their pedestals, pre-

serving that kind of stately silence which becomes their rank and intelligence all went well, and the average British citizen rather looked up to them and said to himself, "Well, if the worst comes to the worst for this old country, we have always got the dukes to fall back upon." But then came the budget, and they stepped off their perch. They have been scolding like omnibus drivers purely because the budget cart has knocked a little of the gilt off their stage-coach.

The Dream Book of Modern Science By H. Addington Bruce.



ODERN science is writing a dream book of its own to take the place of the unauthorized and mischlevous manual in vogue among the superstitious. When completed it will be a remarkable production, wonderfully interesting and thoroughly practical and helpful.

Science, of course, does not assert that all dreams are significant. A good many dreams-and especially the commoner dreams of falling, flying, and the various forms of nightmare-merely testify to some trifling disturbance of

the physical organism of the dreamer. This has long been recognized, and the text-books are full of anecdotes showing how dreams may be made to order, so to speak.

One experimenter, by tickling a sleeper's nose, caused him to dream that tar was being plastered over his face and then violently pulled off, causing agonizing pain; uncovering his knees gave him a dream of traveling in a stage-coach in the dead of winter and suffering frightfully from the cold; putting a hot-water bottle to his feet made him dream that he was walking over the lava of an active volcano.

But while appreciating the inconsequential character of dreams induced by such means, as also by indulgence in late suppers, the cramping of a muscle through lying too long in one position, or the slipping off of the bedclothes, science insists that there are times when even the most trivial of dreams may be profoundly portentous.