A YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

a fibbing, many a lad, ne doubt, in feit the sting of hickory sprout, iphalet Pense, a pleasant youth, as birched because he told the truth.

II. day, from school Eliphalet came, sought his mother, comely dame. Mother, have you heard the news? was passing Parson True's,

ш.

"Down is ladder, from the top, Full twenty feet, without a stop, Head over heels, did Parson go, And landed on the rocks below."

IV. "Alack a day!" the good housewife cried, And swiftly to her gossips hied. And soon throughout the village, all Had heard the tale of Parson's fall.

Men dropped their fishing nets and creels; The women left their spinning wheels; The broth was burned within the pot, By wives and maids alike forgot.

VI.

The rumor grew, as swift it spread, And declared the Parson dead. And many fainted from the shock; For he was loved by all his flock.

VII.

But see! amidst the tumult, where A form appears, erect and spare. The Parson's self, benignant, calm, And humming soft, a favorite psalm

VIII.

Before the wondering crowd, he halts, And soon declares the rumor false. Backward, the story, then they trace, Bevere and frowning, every face;

IX.

Until, with unexpected ense, Tis brought home to Eliphalet Pease. "I did bat tell the truth," quoth he, "The parson was up in a tree.

X.

"And down the ladder, round by round, He came until he reached the ground. Head over heels, he came; 'tis true; Pray, tell me, how else would he do?"

XI.

Silence ensued that might be felt; And Usen the crowd began to melt. To melt away, with sheepish grin. Which didn't save Eliphalet's skin.

For this is when that luckless youth Was birched because he told the truth. -Pauline Frances Camp, in St. Nicholas.

THE MIDNIGHT SONG.

By ALVA MARIE PATERSON.

X—X—X—X—X—X—X—X—X—

The March moon, shining resplen-Sent, revealed the somewhat abject by an unconscious being who was guspare of a man strolling lazily along knowingly nestling a cherished hope the country road. His black derby in a forlorn breast, had begun to ashat and the unmistakable modish cut of his tweed suit told that he was not a resident of Marshville-only a visitor, or wanderer perhaps. His slow gait and general attitude expressed gloom and his lonely sojourn at the inte hour of twelve suggested mystery or uncasiness of mind.

Suddenly he stood erect, listening, He raised his head; as he did so, his hat fell off, and the light of the moon shone full upon a very characteristic countenance that, despite its lofty brow and unusual intelligence, besrayed a life of heavy dissipation. At the present time, every feature expressed intense emotion: the high. pale forehead was knitted together in deep lines of pain; the dark eyes be- the chest, the larger and more sutook a cavernous expression and the sensitive nostrils were dilated. His thin, colorless lips were partly opened as if about to utter a word.

Major Hepworth. A son was born to Before he was two years old that son was stolen. You searched for five years, but no trace of him could be found. At the end of that time your husband died; then you went mad. Yes, do not shudder, for your recent illness has banished that fearful maindy forever. But even in your madness you cherished the Lope that you would some day find your boy. That hope has kept you alive and young, even in your demented state, these long years. Not a hair wrinkle spoiled your lovely face, and you retained your wonderful voice. but you became blind. Blindness was hereditary in your family, but your mental distress brought it on prematurely and I fear you will never regain your sight. Several times you have slipped out in your night robes and been found singing by the lake at midnight. One night, not long

ago, you went-" 'Yes! yes! I know! I stood by the lake and I felt that he was near meyet I could not see-I-could not see I sprang forward to reach for him and I fell into the lake. Yes, doctor, I remember, and do you know, I seemed to feel his arms around meonly he had grown a man!"

"Mother!" The stranger's voice was an uttered prayer. "Speak! Speak! Do I hear my

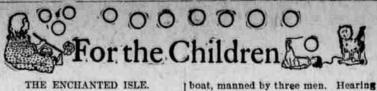
son? "Yes, mother, for you are my mother-listen! Ever since I was a little child, your face has been stamped on my memory; always I hear the lullaby you sang on the night you nearly drowned. You must have crooned it to me when I was a mere babe! I spoke of these child-like fancies, as I thought they were, to my guardian, but he laughed them away, telling me they were only whims. Several years ago he died. having confessed to me that he was not my father as he had made me believe, but that Major Hepworth was my father, and that he-my guardian - had kidnaped me because he was jealous of my father's promotion in the army. He could not tell me if you were living or dead. I forgave him because he had been good to me, but a great gloom fell upon me, clouding my young manhood, for, strangely enough, I feared that you were mad. That thought has driven me to the extremes of terror and dissipation till now, at the age of twenty-five, I am an old man, and worn. But Providence has been merciful at last and brought me to where you nre!

A long silence followed. The mother lifted her face to her son's; the last hour had seemed to age it. for the weight of years, held in check sert itself and leave its imprint on her features in the moment of realization .- Boston Post.

**************************** **IS DEEP BREATH-**ING BENEFICIAL?

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in Outing, questions it. He says on this point:

'Another fad of physical culture which, though beneficial in moderation, falls far short of the claims made for it, is deep breathing. Air is of course, the breath of life, and as this breath of life is 'eaten' with perbly expanded chest you have, the more life you get; so runs our popular logic. Moreover, it can be dem-



THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

The beautiful way to Fairy-land Is always within your reach. It leads to the happy Enchanted Isle, With shining shells on its beach.

11.

It leads to the fairy grottees there, And the caves where the treasures lie; And never were breezes so soft and sweet And never so blue the sky.

III. There fairies, giants, and dwarfs and

gnomes Disport in a friendly way; There mermaids lovely arise to view, Engaging in graceful play.

IV. And when you are lost in enchanted woods, Each bird and beast is a friend; You never suffer a pang of fear, For you know twill happily end, —Anna Moore, in St. Nicholas.

BESSIE LACKED SLEEP.

Grandma-"Well, Bessie, how are you feeling this morning?" Small Bessle-"Not very well, thank you. I don't believe I slept twenty-four hours the whole night."-Philadelphia Record.

BUTTON HOOK BALL.

An old croquet ball which has served its usefulness in the game might still be of value to the handy little girl who likes to make pretty things for her room. After scrubbing and drying the ball gild it with gold Then screw into it small paint. brass hooks, so that they will be in line right around the large part of the ball. At the top fasten a bow of ribbon which has many loops that cover the top of the ball. One loop should be made longer than the rest so that this button hook or key rack might be suspended. In order to have this rack match the color used in the room select ribbon for it the same shade as that used on other fancy articles hanging near .--- Washington Star.

ROMAN WEATHER IN ENGLAND.

When the Romans did us the honor of living in England they seem to have enjoyed better weather, than their successors of to-day. For Mr. Clement Reid assures us that the fig and grape seeds which he has dug out of Roman dust-heaps at Silchester. Caerwent and Pevensey were the offspring of fig trees and vines that grew on our native soll. Of the plants introduced by the Romans these ancient dust-heaps reveal the pea, the mulberry, the apple; but the peach, the apricot and the almond seeds are all missing. The fact that all the fruits and spices found are only such as could be grown in Britain now seems to show that the Romans were not importers of fruit in the dried state, and that the mulberry seeds represent a native growth. --- Washington Star.

ANCIENTS' IDEA OF THE COMET. As we are so often visited by com-

ets-those tramps of the universeit may be interesting to the young folks to know something about the theories held by the ancients regarding these mysterious bodies, with their streamers of light extending across the heavens. The following extract is quoted from an exhaustive and authentic work, a "History of the Universe."

"The term 'comet,' derived from

A Package Malled Free on Request of POWER OF THE IMAGINATION. MUNYON'S

Illustrated to Mr. Billtops by His Experience With a Thermometer.

"I don't know when I've been so put out by a little thing," said Mr. Billtops, "as I was by the discovery that our cries, they had set out to save us my thermometer was four degrees from a watery grave. We had a cat wrong; it gave me a real hard little on board and tried to get her, but jolt for one thing, and then it made me realize that for two years I had she spit at everybody who came near her, thinking that she was going to been making myself uncomfortable be thrown overboard. At last we sucover nothing.

"Out of doors I can stand the cold ceeded in getting her, and kept her as well as anybody, but indoors I like After we got a short way from the to be warm; 72 is about what suits houseboat it sank. The wind was me in the house.

blowing such a gale that we were al-"Two years ago I bought a new thermometer which I hung up in my room, and I haven't been warm there most upset. The waves tossed the boat to and fro, but we finally arrived at the dredge that the men had come in winter since.

from. The superintendent invited us "Other parts of the house seemed all right; in the parlor and in the to stay there, and, as we had nothing better to do, we ancepted his offer. dining room they got it up to 72 ap-There were two Japanese on the dredge, a cook and a waiter. They hustled around, getting us hot coffee parently without any trouble, but in my room it never seemed to get above 68. I didn't shiver, but I never could get really warm, and one day I said to Mrs. Billtops: "'Elizabeth, why can't you get the We stayed on the dredge until the

heat up in my room? Why should my room be the only cold room in the house?'

"Mrs. Billtops comes in and stands around a minute and then she says: "'Why, Ezra, it's just as warm here as it is anywhere else.'

"'Nonsense!' I says to her. 'Look at that thermometer! It's only 68 here, and it's 72 at this minute in the parlor.'

"But Mrs. Billtops insisted that it was as warm in my room as it was anywhere else, and she said that probably the trouble was with my thermometer; that my thermometer didn't mark correctly, and I said it did, and I'd show her conclusively that the thermometer was all right, I'd prove to her that my room was cold. I'd put my thermometer right alongside the one in the parlor, and

she'd see it go up in no time to 72. "So we put it out there, but it didn't budge, that is upward, but it did go down one degreee. Standing side by side with the parlor thermometer marking 72 mine went down to 67; they were five degrees apart.

"The temperature in the parlor, actually one degree colder than my own room, had been entirely agreeable to me, while in my room, though it was actually warmer, I had, misled by my thermometer, never been able to get thoroughly and comfortably warmed up. Another Illustration of

the power of the imagination. "Now I've got a correct thermometer and I don't have any more trouble over the heat."-Sun.

Old Style and New Style.

The errors in the Julian Calendar long attracted the attention of astronomers, and finally Pope Gregory XIII .undertook the revision of the calendar. The change made by him in 1582 is what is commonly called the "New Style." After great consideration, Gregory published his new calendar, in which ten days were deducted from the year 1582 by calling what, according to the old calendar, would have been the fifth day of October the fifteenth of October. The change thus made by Gregory was gradually introduced into other European countries, England being among the last to make the alteration, the change not being adopted in that country until the year 1751 .--New York American.

Complimentary Reply.

Of Miss Margaretta Drezel, the Journal. beautiful Philadelphia heiress, who

Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Billousness, Sour Stom-ach, Headache, and all allimous arising from a 101 MUNYONS Ach, Headache, and all ach, Headache, and all aliments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concen-trated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I un-hesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic hesitatingly recommend these plifs as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal or letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMOEO-PATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PAW-PAW PILLS

Man and Brute. The leading distinction between dog and man, after and perhaps before the different duration of their lives, is different duration of their lives, is that one can speak and the other cannot. The absence of the power of speech confines the dog to the de-velopment of his intellect. It hinders him from many speculations, for words are the beginning of metaphy-sics. At the same blow it saves him from many special constants, and the d from many superstitions, and his al-lence has won for him a higher name for virtue than his conduct justifies.— Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25e a bottle.

Educational Helps.

We talk much of education, but, make little real progress. Why is this? It is because we are taking our cue for education from without instead of from within, Scheme follows scheme, subject follows subject, but the development of any natural bent the child may possess is almost an impossibility. Conferences with the teachers with a view to taking their opinions upon how best to introduce a system more truly educational and giving them power to classify their scholars into sections with the approval of parents or guardians should go a long way toward attaining a more desirable state of affairs. This, se-quent upon or concurrent with more attention of the right kind to the child in the home, wherein much assistance can be obtained from the wonderful books for children written by the few who understand them well, may bring hope where at present reigns some-thing not unlike despair.-London T. P.'s Weekly.

This Year's Crops. With the beginning of May field Nork throughout the country contintwo crops for the current year probably will represent 145,000,000 acres. Spring wheat seeding is well out of the way, and covers another 20,000,-000 acres. We do not yet know how much abandoned acreage there may be of winter wheat, but certainly there should be no less than 30,000,000 acres for harvest, with due allowance for the portion which is plowed under for corn or other crops on account of poor prospects. These four crops of 195. 000,000 acres constitute the chief sources of income of the American farms. By the end of the month of farms. May 165,000,000 acres of spring crops will have been planted and sown, mainly the result of 60 days of field There will, of course, have to work. be some replanting of corn. The soil is rather dry, but that is much better than the other extreme.-Wa'l Street

the New York Tribupe. Ernest was five years old when he

and water.

until we got into the rowboat.

ins on the farm. ing together, and the two country

boys were proud and happy to show their city cousin all the wonders of the hillside. The big garden, which had just been plowed and made into beds ready for the planting, interested

garden. "Oh, I'm going to ask papa if] can't have a garden!" cried Ernest. "Ho! in your little cooped up back yard!" laughed James.

"I guess you'd raise about one cu-Ralph.

tle grieved.

"There's isn't room enough, chicken! It takes room for corn and beans and such things, don't you know? Besides, you aren't old enough to take care of them, that's why!"

"I'm going to have my cabbages called Ralph. here." "Where will you have yours, James?" So Ernest followed his cousing around the patch that had been set

aside for them and listened to their happy planning, his heart disappointed and sore. But, when they were home again, and he ventured to ask papa about

the coveted garden, papa seemed to be of an altogether different opinion from his cousing. "A capital idea!" papa said. "It will be good for you, even if nothing more comes from it. And who knows but you can raise enough for quite a

taste! I'll have the ground spaded right away-' "And you'll got the seeds and me plant them?" broke in Ernest. excitedly.

the city, and were glad to be on dry land once more. Our boat was not severely damaged, so it was fixed up the next spring. It is as good as new now, and we have had many pleasant summers on it .--- Lillian K. Minton, in A FIVE-YEAR-OLD'S GARDEN.

went with papa and mamma to spend the Easter holidays with Aunt Jessica and Uncle William and the cous-Ralph and James were older than Ernest; but they had fine times play-

storm abated, and that was about

three days later. We then went to

Ernest very much, especially when his cousins told him that this year they were going to have a garden all their own, and were to raise radishes and lettuce and peas and beans and corn, and all the other good things that go to make up a fine vegetable

cumber and two peas," chuckled

"Why, I don't see why I can't," replied Ernest, his face sober and a lit-

is the blind singer of whom the village folk talk in whispers! What a wonderful voice! And why is the singing at this unearthly hour?"

As he spoke a trentulous melody floated to him on the breezes. It was like the tinkling of silver bells on the water in moonlight, so musical and low, and yet it stabled the heart of the listener with its unconscious appeal for sympathy. The stranger elenched his hands; the voice grew louder and sweeter and more appeal-ing. "Good God!" he muttered, gazing about him with agonized looks. "Shall I forever hear it?" And then he ran-ran in search of the volce. In five minutes he was facing the singer. She stood on the opposite of Bloomsbury. bank of little Lake Myriad, a tall, stately woman, robed in white garments, loose and flowing, and her to drive four miles from the station feet were unshod. She held her head lifted toward the sky; the skin of him, and he reproached the ticket arm, face and bosom was like daz- agent sling ivory, so pure and faultless, and a veritable halo of tresses, goldenhued, enshrined her beautiful face. The eyes were unspeakably lovelyblue, like the bluest heavens of a perfect summer day! Yet they did not to have it down here near the railmove, only stared fixedly into space. To the bewildered beholder she seemed an Aphrodite come to earth. Still her song soared on and on, reaching a climax of heavenly sweetness, which slowly lost itself in the softest cadence of a most entrancing Jullaby,

Then there was a splash, followed by another, and the strange wanderer was swimming to the rescue of the singer.

The only competent doctor the town boasted attended the singer and the wanderer through long months of fliness, and from the sick man's mutterings the doctor gathered a story.

One glorious June morning when nttle Lake Myriad was, sparkling in the sunlight, Dr. Morse took his two patients to a spacious grape-arbor erlooking the lake. He seated himalf quietly and held the woman's hand in his, speaking solemnly,

"Madeline, my dear, some years o-you were the handsomest lass miles 'round-you married rich Baltimore Sup.

"Ah!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "It been cramped up over desk or book for hours, it is an inspiring and exhilarating thing to stand erect, throw back your shoulders, and draw three or four big, deep breaths. Ergo; if a little of this pouter pigeon perform-

ance is good, more of it must be better.'

The Answer.

"Ah, well," sald Wilbur Wright, "there's a plausible answer, you know, to every charge.

Mr. Wright at a dinner in Dayton was discussing the defense put up by an infringer of his biplane patents.

"The most defenseless charge," he said, "has its defense. Take the case

"A gentleman visited Bloomsbury. Cetting off the train he found he had to the town. This naturally angered

'You are fools on this line.' he 'What made you build your said. station so far away from the city?

"'Because,' drawled the agent, 'we thought it would be more convenient road." "-Washington Star.

Traces Origin of Aztecs.

According to W. D. Westervelt, of Honolulu, an admitted authority on Polynesian archaeology, the civilization of the Toltecs and Aztecs of Mexico is not directly connected with that of ancient Egypt, but had its origin with the Polynesians of the Pacific. He is of the opinion that the effort to establish connection between ancient Mexico and old Egypt is an error, and cannot but lead to confu-

Mr. Westervelt visited and carefulexamined many of the Astec ruins in the vicinity of the City of Mexico. and is convinced that what he saw is the work of people who had been under the influence of Polynesian civilization .- Washington Herald.

So far nobody has invented a balloon that will really behave itself .-

the Latin coma, or hair, applied to celestial bodies, which appear to have a hairy appendage, goes back to the time of the Romans. A similar word. 'cometa,' was used by Cicero, Tibullus and other ancient writers.

"While the ancients distinguished between comets and meteors, yet they believed them to be of the same nature, and to be found in the earth's atmosphere not far above the clouds. or, at all events, much lower than the moon. The earlier and Pythagorean view, however, was much more correct, according to modern doctrine with long periods of revolution. which idea, like others of Pythagoras, probably came from Eastern philosophers of unknown nationality. Apollonius, the Myndian, believed that the Chaldeans were responsible for this notion of the comets, for they spoke of them as travelers that penetrated far into the upper or more distant colestial space. Aristotle even believed that the milky way was a vast comet which perpetually reproduced itself.

"The comet could not be regarded otherwise than as a divine omen to announce some remarkable event or to forbode evil, particularly pestilence and war. Indeed, for many years the deaths of monarchs were believed to be announced by these brilliant messengers in the sky."-Washington Star.

ADVENTURE IN A HOUSEBOAT. One year we stayed out on our houseboat much longer than usual. As the weather had continued warm, we delayed going in to shore and stayed out in the middle of the bay. One day there came up a severe storm and, as there were only women on board, we were very uneasy. We became more uneasy as the storm be-

came more severe and were continually watching to see if the boat had sprung a leak. It was my turn to take watch. Looking into the hull, saw that it was fast filling with water.

haul them. After gathering up a few of our most precious possessions, we went on

the upper deck and called for help. consists of a force of 3000 persons. After a while we saw a small row-Ten years ago it was only ten men.

"Sure, boy! You shall have all the eeds the yard will hold."

Those spring days were full of joy. Papa showed Ernest how to handle the small garden tools that he bought for him, and told him how to plant and how to take care of his little seedlings when they were up. Oh, how much Ernest did learn! And what a faithful little farmer he wast One day before frost time the country aunt and uncle and cousins came down for a short visit. Of course. Ernest had to talk about his garden the very first thing.

"Yes, I'm glad you stirred up my boy on gardening," added papa. "He has really done wonders this summer in our little back yard. We have had lettuce and radishes and peas and beets and bush limas and corn-' "Bantam corn," put in Ernest. "and patty-pan squashes!"

"It is a great garden," laughed papa. "The tomatoes are coming on finely now; we can have some for dinner, can't we, Ernest?'

"Oh, yes!" he answered. "Perhaps they aren't so big as yours," turning toward his cousins, "but they're good. You've got a beautiful garden, I sup-Lose.'

Ralph and James did not answer. They wriggled uneasily in their chairs.

Their father laughed. "You ought to see their garden," he said. "They have got the best crop of weeds on the place, but-not much else. T heard them trying to discourage you last spring, but you can laugh at them now."

But Ernest did not laugh. Instead he said, "I'm sorry."

"Anyway, we'll have a garden next year," declared Ralph. "See if we don't!"-Emma C. Dowd, in Little Folks.

Railway passengers in and out of New York now average 654,000 daily, and it requires 3369 trains to

The United States forestry service

is to marry Viscount Maidstone, a Philadelphian said:

"Miss Drezel at a dinner in London once sat beside a famous sociologist. She said to this sociologist.

" "There is very much more poverty and wretchedness in London than in Philadelphia or New York. Look at the tragic figures huddled on the embankment every night. What is the cause of this great misery?' .

"'I will reply,' said the sociologist, with a line from the poet Wordsworth-

"'Drink, pretty creature, drink.'" -Washington Star.

A Monster Dam.

The recent announcement was made of the completion of the Shoshone Dam in Wyoming, which forms the most important feature of one of the most important irrigation projects contemplated in this country. The dam is of concrete and measures 328.4 feet from foundation to the crest. It is 175 feet long at the top and eighty-five feet long at the bottom, where its thickness is 108 feet. The reservoir back of the dam, which has a capacity of 456,000 feet, will serve to irrigate 130,000 acres of land, situated about seventy-five miles east of the Yellowstone National Park.

Fatal Theatrical Fires.

The following are among the most notable theatrical fires in the United States: Richmond Theatre, Richmond, Va., December 26, 1811, number of lives lost, seventy; Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., December 5, 1876, 295; Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., April 28, 1892, six; Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, Ill., December 30, 1903, 575; Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., December 8, 1895, twenty-three; Rhoades Opera House, Boyertown, Pa., January 13, 1908, 170 .- New York American.

Civilization.

Civilization is nothing more than politeness, industry and fairness. Savages are always thieves; always loafers and always impolite and upfair .- Atchison Globe.

A Menelik Trick

One of the favorite, pastimes of Emperor Menelik of peror Menelik of Abyssinia, is to mount a tower of observation, which he has constructed for the purpose, and watch his subjects going about their duties in the streets and open spaces through a powerful telescope. One disadvantage of this method of spying is that it is perfectly well known to the people themselves, who consequently do not give their "king of kings" much opportunity for dis covering any deed worthy of punishment.

HARD ON CHILDREN When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will even live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously.

"One cap of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation.

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room.

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavour, and nourishing.

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer.

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to tin They are genuine, true, and full human Interest