"The world is mine," cried the eager

youth,
"Though never a penny of wealth have I!
All doors stand wide and all roads are free.
I have youth, youth, youth—and you cannot buy!"
—Isabel E. Mackay, in Youth's Companion.

**************** Bupid and Gray Sairs ***************

HE pretty gray-haired lady sighed. "I never really had a fair chance at partridge before," she said, in dicating her well-filled plate with a pathetic smile.

"I have a fellow-felling," she con tinued, "for that old gentleman who said that the wing of the chicken was ubtless the very nicest portion of all, but that he had never tasted it. en he was young the old people were supposed to monopolize it, and now that he had grown old, he said, 'My dear,' he lamented, 'I have never tasted the wing of the chicken!' Trag-1c. wasn't it?"

"It was dastardly!" The fine-looking white-mustached gentlemen on her right hand stifled a snort of indigna-

"Nothing gets away from the young-sters of to-day," he growled. "I'm only a bare fifty-nine, as you know-

"Yes-I remember you were always just five years ahead," the sweet-faced little lady smiled sympathetically.

"Fifty-nine years, Mrs. Merrydew! and to judge from the attitude of the young fledgelings in this hotel, one would say I was a relic of the stone -belonged somewhere, unclassified, with the pyramids and Rameses II."his genial face took on a sudden mulberry hue; "dastardly, I repeat! You can't plead the most trivial sensation of indigestion nowadays, even just a plain, ordinary headache, but it's put down to incipient senility-I meet it on all sides, I can tell you!"

"I know-I know!" responded his tair listener, appreciatively. "And that rosy-cheeked girl from the acad-"And emy prefaces every other remark to me with 'In your day—!' It does come hard, certainly, when one is still In a fair state of preservation, and can yet maintain ordinary conversation.

'Conversation, humph! merely the tast expiring efforts of a once powerfu llect, my dear madam," quoted the elderly gentleman, savagely.

The pretty little widow giggled outright at this-she could look very charming when a smile dispelled her natur ally pensive expression. "Really, it's mfort to meet you again, after so y years," she confided, "let's go ver to that window seat, where we can sympathize. I feel quite as young as I did twenty-five years back-and younger; but there is always such an inreasoning prejudice regarding gray hair-it's public opinion concerning it that harrows up your soul."

"Gray hair is most becoming over a youthful face," put in the gentleman. with a gallant bow, while they both withdrew to a friendly alcove. "Oh. thank you for not saying 'still' youthfull That 'still' is such a paralyzing word" the little lady shuddered. "They might as well say: 'Mrs. M. still re-tains her intelligent expression.' It is

He chuckled, and moved his chair a

"I say, this judging of age by years is the most outrageous procedure ever. dsn't it now? I maintain that it is primitive and unworthy of our socalled civilization. One might as well Judge by rheumatism, of which babes in arms are our most prominent expo nts in these days. Why, that young cub out yonder at tennis is barely elf-confessed twenty-four, and yet his mamma (the stout, be-diamonded person, with three chins) is sore put to it to extricate him from his considerable and flourishing crop of wild oats (regular horse-chestnuts they are, too, I believe!) My dear young friend, you and I might be styled mere babes in the wood by comparison with this youth! And yet"-the thite mustache went upward with a twist of fierce exasperation—"he want-ed to know what colleges they had in my day, and were telephones and horse cars invented."

The lady laughed so heartily that the trate speaker joined in perforce after

"I'm so glad you came," she re-marked prettily; "I am getting demor-alized here alone by myself. Of course my daughter comes at times, but then I am more than ever guilty consciou of my shortcomings. If I as much as mention wearing my brooch or tor toise-shell comb down to dinner I feel that it is almost a personal insult to her, and sometimes I just long to take the baby and soothe and pet him when he is hungry or fretful, but I am omptly informed that the best andmothers do not do it. Of course it is all for my best good, for she says all in love, and it hurts her more than it does me (as she thinks it does) As for an eardrop, an eardrop is an anachronism! I don't mind any of se things so much, but in my little parlor at home there are my pretty colored wreaths, and that quaint shell work father made, and the tidies I orked long ago when mother wa

ve—all unhygienic, I suppose— "Unhygienic!" ejaculated her listen hotly, "and I've an old red silk dressing gown, reeking with germs, no doubt, that's been the chief prop and stay of my declining years; it's got to of course, as soon as my folks

"And the motoes my little Emma

worked when she was Ill, before the -"I can't let them go, even if for their own sakes: 'The Lord Will Pro-vide,' 'Welcome,' 'No Cross, No Crown' -I cling to them all, even if they are old-fashioned." Her voice ended in a little sob.

The elderly man cleared his throat with a mighty noise and patted the plump little hand in wordless sym pathy

"Anyhov, when it comes to the old drama we're all right!" he ventured at last. "Think of those good old names, and the old standard shows they gave Plays that hurt nobody, and gave our imaginations some small chance for exercise." (A tacit but vigorous opinion of the modern stage was conveyed in the repressed growl with which he concluded.) The pretty color deepene a little in the lady's face; she looked

up, smiling brightly.

"I have a certain tassel from the old museum." she said softly; "I had to have something."

"And I have a gilt cherub from one of the upper boxes," he chuckled. "Jove!" he went on, his voice sinking to a confidential whisper, "it's good to meet some one who has things to re member! Mrs. Merrydew-Anna!" he said softly, "do you ever recall a piece that answered to the name of the 'Carnival of Venice' or the 'Blue Danube Waltzes?

"And the 'Last Hope,' and 'The Maiden's Prayers' and the 'Battle of Sebastopol'? Can I ever forget them, you mean? And yet, if I want them nowadays I have to steal away and ock the doors like a criminal! Andwhat's the matter?"-she broke off suddenly as some memory of past wrongs darkened his face for a mo-

"Matter?" he echoed: "perhaps you noticed that at my parlor chat last evening nobody listened or appeared to care a straw for my modest remin iscences of Holmes, Longfellow, Low-ell and Emerson? I was a doddering old imbecile to have undertaken it, of ourse. Everybody simply yawned until the lady monologist came on-the

"Humorist!" ejaculated the little widow, warmly. "There was nothing humorous about her except her bonnet-and our \$20 doubtless went for that 'creation!' If that be creation, give me chaos!"

"I was a little lower than the janitor." he continued gloomily. the worst is yet to come. A sweet young freshman from Yale, addressing me as 'In your day' (why is that innocuous observation so unfailingly exasperating?) said he supposed I was acquainted with all the leading lights of the early nineteenth century? I effaced myself before he could ask bout Washington and Lafavette, and did I sign the Declaration of Independence. It was blood-curdling?" speaker mopped his brow in fevered retrospect. "But the limit was reached this morning, when some youngster of fered to read me the war headlines in the morning papers. I made up my mind then that I was considered in the

advanced stages of paresis." "It's fearfully aging, I think meet such things," sighed the little lady pathetically. "And then—some of the old ways I simply cannot get over I don't want to try! The old hymns I lived by, and shall die by-that have brought me through so much sorrow and loss: there have been crises never could have survived without the help of those old tunes"—she was weeping softly into a delicate film of a

"Never mind, dear little womanthese things are our for keeps, and no-body can take them away." His voice was full of sturdy optimism and sympathy, but it was very gentle, and a

bit unsteady, too. "Ha!" he exclaimed, suddenly, sitting up straight as though struck by joyful inspiration. "Cheer up! I can ee where we get ahead of the new dis pensation of things, after all! Haw! I just happened to bethink my self of some old wine, inches deep in cobwebs, that these infernal young sters would give half their possession to attain! The spoils are not always to the young-ha! ha! great joke, isn't

it, er, my dear?' Milady dried her eyes and smiled faintly at his new-found exuberance

"I have some almost priceless old laces, and some china such as those osy maidens have never even dreamed of in their philosophy," she affirmed, "and a highboy and sideboard that are worth their weight in gold, and some andirons-you remember those an dirons of mother's, don't you, Ste She blushed slightly as she spoke-it had been a quarter of a century since she had called him Stephen

"And possibly you forget the waffles I made you one day-"Waffles! say no more! I may be a past, a pluperfect, but there are some memories that tell me I have not lived

"That soup to-night," he interrupted breathlessly, "Mrs. Merrydew-Anna! didn't it seem to you that it lacked a faint touch of something-something impalpable, inexpressible, soul-satisfy

ing-almost psychological-"It did. indeed; also the steak and the croquettes! As you say, a some

"Onions!"

"Onions! The word burst forth from both si multaneously-they gazed at one another in speechless ecstasy.

"I just love them in everything, she faltered in sweet confession

"Everything-everything! Mrs. Mer rydew-Anna! Dearest!" The Yale "fledgling" who was jus

entering the door closed it softly again, and reflected that there are some things that youth does not monopolize, after all.-Boston Transcript.

The history of coal is comparatively

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT:



USING UP PETER'S PUMPKINS.

USING UP PETERS PUMPKINS.
Peter, Peter Pumpkin-eater,
He will hungry go,
For Joe and Ed and Bob and Ned
And Phil and Fred and John and Jed,
And even little Tom and Ted,
And every boy I know.
Has made a Jacko-lantern
(And some are making two).
Poor Peter, Peter Pumpkin-eater!
What will Peter do?

—Youth's Companion.

THE TARDY MARK. It was the first day of the month, and the reports for the month just closed were brought home by the children, and a dreadful cross appeared on

for the last Monday. Papa always examined the reports and the children knew that all marks were considered and the reason for them demanded.

Margie's report on the "tardy square"

Margie's face was very red when she handed her paper to papa. Papa could understand that a little girl might miss in spelling, or might not do an example right when she was sent to the board, and sixty pairs of eyes watched every motion of the chalk, but papa could never understand why any one need ever be tardy.

Margie watched papa "out of the corner of her eye," as she would have said herself, while his eyes traveled down the paper. At last he came to that dreadful black cross, and glanced had any idea of; and then Miss Gard-

up at her. Well, how was this?" he asked.

Margie was slow. Her best friends and she Lad many of them, always had to acknowledge that she was slow So now she stood in front of papa, curling the corner of her apron round a lead-pencil, and trying hard to think just which of the many things that had happened last Monday morning would be likely to impress papa the most, for it would take such a long time to tell them all, and the noon hour was most gone.

"Well," said Margie, "I couldn't seem to find but one blue and one pink hair ribbon, and I had to hunt a long time to find mates to them.'

If she had said that Sister Beth had sent her upstairs twice for a book, whose title was so long she had had much difficulty in remembering it, or reading it when she did come to it, or if she had said that she had played with baby while mamma had curled Beth's hair, or if she had said that papa himself had told her to go round by Mr. Ford's with a note, all of which had been equally true, she would just have been told to start earlier next time; but she unfortunately chose the thing that seemed of no import ance to her father, while it had remained in her mind because Margie was an orderly little soul and usually knew where her belongings were, and the errands and the baby were such every-day events that they did not seem really worth mentioning.

But papa had said such a dreadful Margie opened both eyes and mouth wide; she really could not say a word, and papa had gone out of the house and down-town without giving the matter another thought.

An hour later mamma, going through the room, had found her all in a heap on the floor, just where papa had left her, sobbing gently to herself.

"Why, my deary," said mamma, like another.
"what has happened?" And little by Now distri little Margie told her story, although even then she forgot the errands and the baby, until she came to the dread-

ful thing papa had said. "He said," she sobbed, "if I was late again this month I should have to wear a blue and a pink or a red and green ribbon, one on each pigtail, for a whole week! O mamma, do you think he would disgrace me so?"

Margie was slow, but what she lost in slowness that month she made up by starting early. It never entered her head to refuse when the other chil-dren claimed her time to do errands which they should have done themselves. Margie noticed that now quite frequently mamma interfered. When Philip said, "Here, Margie, run up stairs and get my history. I've just time to finish this story before school," mamma said, "Philip must get his history himself. I want Margie to start for school now."

· I have spoken of Margie's many One of her best was Miss Gardner, the second-grade teacher, who had found out that she really did know things, even if she was so slow about letting you know she did, and had pro-

moted her to the second grade. Miss Gardner was the very nicest eacher, Margie thought, so the next night after papa had said "that dread-ful thing," Margie waited after school to walk home with her, and had told

Now Miss Gardner liked Margie as much as Margie liked Miss Gardner, and a little girl who always knew what she was talking about and who always tried to "'commodate" was a pleasing variety in that busy schoolso Miss Gardner made a plan to help Margie, although she said noth-

ing about it. It was really amazing how many people watched the outcome of that nonth. Margie had confided in the grocer at the corner, while he was tyng up a bundle for her one day, and the milkman who brought baby's milk, when she had ridden down to school one morning, but refused a more extended ride. "You see how it is," she had ended her explanation. "I don't had ended her explanation. "I don't medicated boots."

League, at Anatom have to have the still has money in his city have resolved to "have the enough left to bay \$1500 a pair of ing to do" with boys who smoke. when she had ridden down to school

about those ribbons, 'specially the red

Papa, on his part, had heard considerable about those ribbons. First mamma had taken him to task. His part ner, who was one of Margie's friends, wanted to know "what he meant by abusing that child so." And asked to explain himself, he had brought up the story of the ribbons.

Even Miss Gardner had stopped him on the street, but by that time papa had heard about the errands and the baby, much to his surprise. "Can you tell me why on earth she did not tell me about those and not about those absurd hair ribbons?" he gasped.

"Why, yes, I can," said Miss Gardner, with the came smile that made the children love her. "You see, the errands and the baby are so much a matter of course that she didn't think about them, and for such a dreadful offense she felt as if she must have some especially important excuse, and the ribbons had made the most impression on her from the fact of its seldom occurrence.

Papa thanked Miss Gardner, and ex plained that he had thought that he was letting Margie on with a very slight punishment, but that he had found out his mistake, and he had also found out how many more friends his little girl seemed to have than he ner and papa had laughed.

When the month ended Margie brought home her report with a smil ing face. The spaces for the tardy marks were all blank. Papa took the paper, and in his most impressive style congratulated Margie upon her success, and then assured her that in fu ture he could trust her to take care of her own tardy marks, and that whether tardy or not, he should know that she had done her best.

Margie felt that the month of anxiety had been well spent if she had gained such a boon as that, but still she felt that she must make it thoroughly plain that she had had a great deal of help, "specially from Gardner. You see," she enaed, "Miss Gardner didn't want me mcrtified, so she never rang the bell it I wasn't there without coming to the door to see if I was coming, and once she waited until I ran into the yard, and then when I couldn't pos'bly be called rate she rang it."

"H'm!" said papa. "I wonder it Miss Gardner knows the meaning of the word partiality?"

"I think so," said Margie. Gardner knows about everything."-Martha Durant, in Youth's Companion.

TO MAKE PINHEAD DRAWINGS. Take as many sheets or paper of the same size as there are to be players, and lay them on the table, with all the edges evenly placed. Now take five pins or five grains of rice, and holding them between the thumb and forefinger a little distance above the table,

drop them on the top sheet of paper. Put pencil dots where the pinheads or the grains of rice lie on the paper, and holding the sheets firmly so that they do not move, thrust a strong pin through them all. This will result in having each sheet of paper pierced in five different places, one paper being

Now distribute these papers, one to each player, and give also to each a pencil, telling them to write their names in one corner of the paper, and then to draw the figure of a person, using one dot in the head, one in each

hand and one in each foot. No talent in drawing is required, as the more ludicrous the results are the more fun the drawings afford. A prize should be awarded to the player making the best drawing, and a consolation prize to the one making the poor-

The picture shows the five dots



where the pinheads touched the paper, and three drawings made from and in-

cluding them. Instead of a human figure, you may have the players draw animals, if you wish, varying the number of dots. But in each case the dots must be in like position on the different sheets of paper, and the same animal or bird should be drawn by each player, as this shows the variety of imagination that can be used by different people in the same simple game.-Good Literature.

It seems that after payinw \$1500 a

NEWSPAPER PRINTING.

Call For Better Presswork and Smaller Sunday Papers.

John A. Loring, printer, of Springfield, Mass., writes to the Republican of that city on newspaper typography. He thinks that the so-called comic supplements are a debauchery of journal-ism. The ablest and most influential papers are generally examples of typographical good taste.

After touching upon the laborious processes by which a book is made letter-perfect, Mr. Loring continues:

There is no time for this sort of leisurely procedure on a daily paper, where, by the inexorable limitations of the day, hours must be compressed into minutes and every second beomes a treasured interval. Frequently during my employment upon evening newspaper the last telegraphic copy came in as late as 4.50, we rushed the forms down to the pressroom at 5, and caught the mail train a quarter of a mile distant at 5.10. Everything had to go on the jump like lightning to do it, but we always "got there."

So, as a practical "book and job" printer, my views on the improvement of daily newspaper manufacture are influenced by an appreciation of the limiting conditions governing production. Here are three suggestions: The first is important, possible, and the public is entitled to it; the second is desirable; the third relates to a luxury. 1. Better presswork is wanted; clear print with ink that is black, not dirty gray mud.

Make a few copies of each day's principal edition on permanent all-rag paper, for the office bound files and public libraries. To leave no daily history of our time except upon wood-"news" paper is a crime against civilization.

3. Reduce the ordinary Sunday papers to the same number of pages as on week days. For the Sunday plement use super-calender book pa-per, upon which fine half-tone cuts and high-grade typography may appear in

their perfect beauty.

Modern photography and photo-me chanical engraving give the live newspaper a splendid opportunity, which, if fully exploited might result in adding a regular feature of great educational, historic, artistle and financial value and strengthen infinitely the prestige of the journal in its home field.

Some of the metropolitan dailies have advertised "art supplements" this nature, but the performance fell far short of the promise, generally on account of inexcusably poor all-round workmanship and material.

WISE WORDS.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.-George Elfot. The scorn of genius is the most ar-

rogant and boundless of all scorn.-Ouida. Among all the fine arts, one of the

finest is that of painting the cheeks with health.—Ruskin. Time is the greater comforter

grief, but the agency by which it comes is exhaustion.—London. One may dominate moral sufferings

only by labor. Study saves from dis couragement.-Duchess d'Abrantes. Earnest discussion is commendable; but factious argument never yet pro Re

duced a good result.-Scottish You will always find it a safe rule to take a thing just as quick as it is

offered, especially a job .- Old Gorgon Graham I find friendship to be like wine, raw

when new, ripened with age, the true old man's milk and restorative cordial. -Jefferson.

of it; enthusiasm signifies God in us.-Madame de Stael. Struggle with the outer world keeps up and increases the elasticity of an or ganism: internal conflict lames and

wears it out .- Carmen Sylva. Love and friendship are stronger than charity and politeness, and those who trade upon the latter are rarely

accorded the former.-Seton Merriman No great thing is created suddenly any more than a bunch of grapes or If you tell me that you desire fig, I answer you that there must be Let it first blossom, then bear fruit. then ripen .- Epictetus

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger .- Phillips Brooks.

Relief For Earache.

Earache is one of the most distress ing ailments of childhood. Heat, perhaps, gives as much relief as any ap The ear may be gently plication. filled with water as hot as can be borne, poured in with a teaspoor The child should lie with the affected ear uppermost and after a short time turn on that side and let the water Sometimes a small mustard plaster behind the ear stops the pain. It should be left on only a few minutes.

Cosmopolitan Household.

A typical South African household described by Olive Schreiner had an English father, a half Dutch mother with a French name, a Scotch governess, a Zulu cook, a Hottentot housemaid and a Kaffir stable boy, while the little girl who waited on the table was a Basuto.

Down on Smoking.

The Rev. W. Mayo, of Bristol, in formed the annual meeting of the Britsh Anti-Tobacco and Anti-Narcotic League, at Manchester, that 600 girls in his city have resolved to "have noth-

MAKKKKKKKKK Farm Topics

When selecting your seed corn ai-ways bear in mind that the plants from kernels with the largest germs gener-ally withstand drouth much better than would otherwise be the case, because of the simple fact that they are nour-

A SEED POINTER.

The time for purchasing seed to be used for this year's crops has about arrived, and probably we could give no better advice than to say that seed of the best quality is invariably the cheapest in the end. Poor seed is costly at any price, and should not be used by any one under any circumstances.

PLOW DEEPLY FOR CORN.

The cutworm often destroys whole fields of corn, compelling replanting, which makes the crop late and less able to stand dry weather. The corn land should be plowed deep and left rough, so as to permit the frost to en-When cutworms are exposed to alternate thawing and freezing weather many will be destroyed, though cold without dampness may not injure them.

SHEEP GREAT FORAGERS.

It is claimed that a farmer can keep one sheep for every cow without feeling the additional expense, as sheep consume much that other stock will not eat. The use of sheep is most appreciated by the fact that they are great foragers, and destroy a large number of weeds. A flock of sheep confined to a limited area will also add considerable fertility to the land.

USELESS AS MANURE.

There is always a large amount of coarse material in the barnyard that has little or no plant food in it, especially if it has been exposed. Such manure is not worth taking to the fields, and if turned under it will make the soil dryer in summer. Such material should be made the foundation for a new heap, so as to rot it down to less bulk, and also to use it as absorbent material for fresh manure.

GOOD SEED POTATOES NEEDED.

Good seed potatoes are necessary if a large crop is expected. Never attempt to economize on seed. Get the best, as any mistake made will last into the harvest. Use whole seed, if possible, and give more room in the rows. While the sprouts from single eyes are breaking the ground the tops of whole potatoes will be large enough to plow. Many farmers have lost money by cutting the seed potatoes into small pieces in order to reduce the cost, but for every dollar thus saved they lose much more in the crop

DESTROY POTATO BEETLES. In the potato the most important constituent is starch. Thousands of bushels of potaces are used in the starch industry, which assists in maintaining prices. Bakers also use potatoes in the making of bread, and potatoes are also used largely for food in various ways. It is through the agency of the leaves that the starch is elaborated in the tubers, hence it is necessary. that potato beetles be destroyed before they damage the vines, instead of allowing them to consume a large portion of the growth. The best potatoes are produced early when the vine growth is vigorous.

BETTER WAIT.

When the weather becomes warm there is a temptation to plant early, The sense of this word among the recks affords the noblest definition a mistake to do so, however, as there is liability of frost at any time. If the ground is not well warmed the see may never germinate, and plants that are tender, and which come up early, may be so checked in growth on a cool night as to seriously interfere with their progress during the season. has often been noticed that late plants which come up from seeds make more rapid headway than some grown in hotbeds and then transplanted. This is due to the fact that they get abundant warmth at the start, and are not checked at any stage of growth. It is well to get the plants out as early as the weather will permit, but it is better to wait a week or two rather than incur the risk of loss from late frosts, as time thus lost cannot be regained.

REMEDY FOR TICKS.

I find a good many of my lambs are badly infested with ticks since the sheep were sheared. The sheep are quite clear of them. What can I do for the lambs?

The American Sheep Breeder answers this question as follows:

The best thing that can be done is to dip the lambs in any good dip which is used for the scab. There is only one sure remedy against this and the scab insect as well, which is to dip properly the whole flock twice every year, one in the spring before shearing-when the fleeces will be much improved in appearance by it-and the other in the fall before the cold weather arrives. This will be found not nearly so troublesome as one dipping only in the year, and in fact will pay the whole expense of it in the improvement of the fleece, and again in the clearing of the lambs-and the sheep as well-from all kinds of parasites such as these ticks and fleas, as well as that most troublesome disease—the sheep scab. If the flock is once freed completely from all these parasites there will be no future trouble, and these regular dippings will be a very easy matter, costing only a trifle to then insure complete comfort to the sheep as well as to their owner. and a great economy will result.

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W. L. MEN' MANU

If I coat Brocare with would cost me fit bet Intrins W. L. Men Dre CAL las showithou Fast Co Write