

TOUCH YOUR LIPS WITH GLADNESS.

By Nixon Waterman.

Are you growing tired of the long and rugged road,
Weary of the burden, oh, my brother!
Men have found the surest way for lightening the load
Is just to try to lighten it for others.
Hearts still hold the most of love that most their love bestow
On lonely lives of those who are forlorn-
ing.
Roll the stone from out the path where tired feet must go,
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

Touch your lips with gladness and go singing on your way,
Smiles will strangely lighten every duty;
Just a little word of cheer may span a sky of gray
With hope's own heaven-tinted bow of beauty.
Wear a pleasant face wherein shall shine a joyful heart,
As shines the sun, the happy fields adorning;
To every care-enclosed life some ray of light impart,
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

—Success.

TWO RESCUES.

By Ewan Macpherson.

"M! H! Hold on there, partner!"
Jack Norton, with hands buried in the pockets of a heavy winter overcoat, came striding over the hardened snow, down the slope of a dark and deserted side street that led to the East River. He had just caught sight of another man passing through the yellow patch of light that marked a squalid runshop in a basement, and some instinct had prompted him to hail as "partner" this man whom he then saw for the first time.

The strange man checked an impulse to look back, but only went on all the more doggedly. Norton also quickened his pace. After a few more strides he could see, in the faint light which the snow reflected from the last lonesome gas lamp on the block, that there was no need of swiftness to catch up with this man; the street ended right there in a sort of platform with an iron railing at its edge, and immediately below this railing was the East River, where cakes of ice swirled out of the darkness into stray beams of light, and on into darkness again. The stranger—a strongly built man in a thick peajacket—stood there, grasping the head of an iron rail in either hand, staring out beyond.

"It's no good, old man," said Norton, crunching over the fresh snow on the platform to reach the stranger, "no good! Thought of doing it myself. If you'll hold on a minute I'll tell you why."

"The man in the peajacket turned and glared at this intruder with the tall hat and the air of another class. "Who in thunder are you?" And then, as if a new thought had suddenly occurred to him, he leaned forward and peered into Norton's face.

"That's all right," said Norton, standing up to the scrutiny as if he had quite expected it. "I'm not off my head—not altogether. I only want to keep you from a mistake I nearly made myself. A few minutes ago I started to come down here and—well, disappear in that darkness out there. See those chunks of ice racing each other? If you and I jumped this railing now, we'd be racing like that next moment, and with no more idea of where we were racing to. It's all like that, the other world is. Chap named Hamlet settled it all long ago."

"Well, say, if you ain't crazy you've got more gall than anybody's got a right to and keep their senses. What you got to do with my affairs?"
Norton laughed aloud. "Your affairs! Don't you see we're in the same boat, you and I? You just listen to me—"

"No, I won't just listen to you," the other man growled. "And if you know what's good for you, you'll get away out of here."

This threat to a man who had all but resolved on suicide struck Norton so suddenly and sharply as comical that he broke into a roar of laughter, awakening the echoes of the winter night. His mirth instantly roused the resentment of the man in the peajacket, who, backing away from the railing, struck violently at him right and left.

By instinct and long habit Norton put up his hands. He was the taller man of the two, active and more skillful in self-defense than the other; but a long winter overcoat is an awkward garment for boxing in, and the gloves proper for a gentleman's afternoon calls are not at all the prize-ring type. Handcuffed like this, he was less difficult for the smaller man, whose furious drives and swings fell short of his face, but reached his chest and ribs.

The two clinched and stamped up and down in the dry snow, their steps so muffled as to be soundless, even in the stillness of that deserted nook. They fell, grappling fiercely, and the street lamp blinked down at them, like a solitary and impartial witness for both sides, while a river steamer went puffing and groaning past, as if intent only upon its own struggle with the tide and the floating ice. Over and over they rolled together, the man in the peajacket fiercely struggling to wrack his exasperation on Norton's face whenever a chance offered. It was a bizarre struggle, what with its comical aspects, and what with the threat of tragedy that increased every moment, as Norton realized his opponent's terrible earnestness.

At last it seemed that the greater suppleness and length of limb had triumphed; Norton was on top, the other man's arms securely held down in the snow. But then arose the difficult question how to dispose of this man safely and yet humanely. If positions had been reversed, Norton would have been in perilous case; an evil light was glaring out of the two eyes that met his, a reckless demon of hate against the whole world. Norton, on the contrary, had no general grudge; in particular he had no quarrel against

the stranger whom he held pinioned in the snow. Only one person had been in his thoughts as he came down that lonely side street, and her he would not have harmed for all that life could afford. It had seemed, though, that death would be for him a happy escape from the agony of his meeting with her that afternoon, finding her so affectionately intimate with that supercilious middle-aged Professor What's-his-name, and his just resentment met with what sounded to him like a heartless sneer, and all this after years of absence in constant love and hope. By all logic Norton ought to have been glad to let the man in the peajacket get up and kill him, but somehow his impulses had all been changed by this chance meeting with a fellow creature to whom life seemed as unbearable as to himself.

The solution of the problem how to release the desperate man came to Norton when the panting still was feebly broken by the distant voice of a child calling. The man on the ground raised his head, as if from force of habit, to listen. The voice came nearer.

"Papa! papa! Mamma wants you."
"Let me up. That's my kid."
Norton jumped up delighted.
"Papa! Mamma wants you to come to her."
"Here, Connie!"

The man in the peajacket sat up on the snowy curb, trying to rid himself of the marks of his rough-and-tumble in the snow. Norton was picking up his tall hat when a little girl in a pink frock emerged from the darkness of the street. The little girl appeared to forget that it was a cold night, and that her black woolen shawl thrown over her head was a very slender protection. The shawl was trailing behind her as she ran to her papa, and, sobbing, threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, papa, she didn't mean it—mamma didn't mean for you to go away and never come back! Won't you come to her now, please, papa?"

Norton, brushing his silk hat, felt once more moved to laughter—perhaps not the laughter of a merely humorous appreciation, but still laughter. Taught by his late experience, he moderated his laugh to a hardly audible chuckle, and then, as that excited no fresh outbreak on the part of Connie's papa, he spoke up:

"Yes, Connie—he had caught the little one's name—papa's going home. But you mustn't catch cold, little girl. Here!"

He was taking off his own overcoat to throw over the child when her father, still sitting in the snow hugging her to his peajacket, looked up and caught him in the act.

"If you take off that coat, you'll catch your death of noomy, mister," he said.

"I shall not have time for that, partner. Why not? Because I'm going to send you home with Connie while I go the other way." He nodded in the direction of the river. "I have no home where I'm wanted, and no little girl to run about in the snow looking for me."

Connie looked up at him over her papa's shoulder. "Ain't you got—nobody at all?"
"Nobody at all, Connie. Here, let me see if the coat's too long for you."
Her papa rose and gathered up the trailing black shawl. "Run on home, baby," he said, wrapping it tight about her. "Run on now, just as fast as you can, and tell mamma I'm coming right away—soon as I get through talking to this gentleman on business."

Norton took something out of his pocket, stooped, and transferred the something to Connie's hand, whispering to her, and she, after one puzzled stare, disappeared up the street. He looked after her a moment, and then, turning away with a chuckle, said: "You must have been clean off your head, partner. And you tried to make out I was. I wish you'd tell me what the trouble is. But, anyhow, I know now you hadn't half my excuse for wanting to jump into the river."

"Think so, eh? How would you like it if you had worked hard for ten years, and then had to see your things all sold out—horse, and wagon, and everything—and your wife saying you're no kind of use—"
"That's enough," Norton interrupted. "It's only money with you. By the way, what's your name? McCorkle?"
All right, McCorkle. I just want to tell you that you don't know when you're well off. Come on, McCorkle; I'm going to put off that swim with the ice cakes until to-morrow night. Ugh! It surely is a good deal more comfortable with this coat on. Hope I didn't seriously hurt your arms just now."

The two late combatants began to plod together through the snow in the roadway. "Now, see here, McCorkle, I'm putting off my plunge just for one thing—just to write a check to your order. You agree to take that check

and use it? You won't? All right, then. Good night." He turned back and began to unbutton his coat again. McCorkle was really doubtful about the suicidal intention of this top-hatted man who had interfered with his own impulse in that direction. He had to acknowledge himself conquered on this line, too, for the sake of his own peace of conscience, and having had sufficient proof of his inability to save the other man by physical force. Besides, he longed to be back with his wife and Connie. So he solemnly promised to accept the check and consented to show Norton the little tenement just around the corner on the avenue that was his home. And so Norton had the good fortune to meet Mrs. McCorkle.

Norton was young in years, and still younger in general experience. Much of his life had been spent on a Western cattle range, in a region where Mrs. McCorkle's sex was scantily and not favorably represented. Pondering the situation revealed by Connie's sobbing message, and by the scene at which he assisted in the McCorkle home, he began to think that a woman's word needs much interpreting and patience. And that other person was of Mrs. McCorkle's sex, though in unlike circumstances. Upon which Norton resolved to wait for the interpretation of events.

The following note reached him at his hotel next morning:
"Dear Jack: If you had not gone off in a huff you would have learned before now that Dr. Breerton, who seemed to be the cause of your outrageous behavior, is going to be my step-papa. It was not for me to tell you, but mamma says I may—now. She would have told you herself, if you had come up and had a cup of tea with her. You may thank her for this note; I would never have written it. I could have shaken you. He thought your tantrums so funny!"—New York Times.

Fatal Temperature.
At what point does life begin? So far as regards space of time, the question is unanswerable. Only a few years ago it would have been said that in regard to that seemingly essential condition of life temperature we did not know pretty nearly a superior and inferior limit. Little of life is there below the freezing point or above the boiling point of water, and far above or below these critical points we should expect even germ life to be destroyed. When our greatest physicist in 1871 suggested that seeds of plants might have been born to this world in a far distant age, the hypothesis seemed incredible, because the temperature of space, being at least as low as minus 40 degrees Centigrade would be fatal to life in any form. This is not so. Recently at the Jenner Institute bacteria have been frozen in liquid air, and even in liquid hydrogen, and on the application of heat, and placed in proper media have germinated. The process of life was arrested, but the nascent life energy was not destroyed at 200 degrees Centigrade, 350 degrees Fahrenheit of frost. Experiments are now being made to find whether long continuance for months or years in such cold takes away the vitalism of those lowest forms of life.—London Telegraph.

Women Elevator Operators.
From Boston comes the news of an innovation in the form of the woman elevator operator. An official in a company that makes elevators was asked if he thought there was any likelihood of elevator girls for New York.
"There aren't any yet," he said, "but I see no reason why there shouldn't be. Of course a girl couldn't run the sort of car that has to be hauled up and down by main strength with a rope, but many of the cars these days travel through eighteen and twenty more stories under the control of a man who doesn't use any strength at all. A metal crank does the work, and a child could do the physical part of it as well as anybody. The operator simply has to have a level head, and if the head's a girl's, it is just as good as though it were a man's, isn't it?"—New York News.

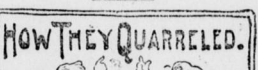
How He Saved Himself.
A distinguished French novelist, whose works are extremely popular with the fair sex, recently found himself traveling in a railway carriage with two very talkative women. Having recognized him from his published portraits, they both opened fire upon him in regard to his novels, which they praised in a manner that was unendurable to the sensitive author. Fortunately the train entered a tunnel, and in the darkness the novelist, who understood women, lifted the back of his hand to his lips and kissed it soundly. When light returned he found the two women regarding one another in icy silence, and, addressing him with great suavity, he said: "Ah, mesdames, the regret of my life will hereafter be that I shall never know which one of you it was that kissed me."

Listen to the Mocking Bird.
The story told by Septimus Winner of how he drew the inspiration for his famous songs, "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "What is Home Without a Mother?" is touching. A mother was wont to stand on a piazza holding her babe "in the mild September" to hear the "mocking bird singing far and wide." Years afterward he saw the child standing on the piazza scarcely realizing that her mother lay dead. From the one incident came the inspiration of the popular melodies that have not yet been relegated into oblivion by "Come Back, Bill Bailey," and his relatives innumerable.—Pittsburg Post.

The Globe Fish's Peculiarities.
The globe fish—scientifically known as the tetradon—is said to be the only fish capable of swimming and floating back downwards.



GIRLS WITH BOYS
Captain Leonard.
Oh, I will be a sailor bold,
And sail the stormy sea;
I'll be an admiral, I think,
I'm sure it would suit me.
Perhaps I'll be a pirate, too,
And hoist a flag so black;
Or, perhaps, I'll stand and hold the wheel,
And "bring her round" or "tack."
Of course, I'll find some hidden gold
In some far desert isle;
I'll often "sail before the breeze"
In quite the proper style.
Then, when I've made a fortune great,
I shall, of course, retire,
And "spin long yarns" about my deeds,
Beside a roaring fire.
Perhaps you'd like to know just why
I'm going to do all this?
It's 'cause I've got a model boat
From my dear Uncle Chris.
And if I've such a splendid ship,
Why, then, it seems to me,
That I must be a sailor bold
When I'm a man, you see.
—Chicago Record-Herald.



Betty and Joan had quarreled and made up and were now looking at each other with glowing faces.
"Isn't making up awful nice?" said Joan, giving her friend a rapturous kiss.
"Isn't it, though, just?" agreed Betty, returning the kiss enthusiastically. Then they stood back and gazed at each other. Suddenly Joan clapped her hands softly together.
"What is it?" asked Betty.

Missing Husband and Sister Puzzle



An American woman protects the American flag. Find her husband and sister.

"Let's quarrel and then make up again. It's lots more fun than 'Catch me, Robin, and 'Run Round, Rossy.'"
"Good! good!" cried Betty. "It's just splendid! But what'll we quarrel about, and who'll begin?"
"Oh, anything. Call names, and we must start even. I'll drop my handkerchief."
They stepped back and made their faces as serious as possible. As the handkerchief touched the ground they began to call the most terrible names they could think of. But, curiously enough, neither of them appeared to get very angry; one could almost im-

been from time immemorial associated with what is generally termed a "sunshiny shower."
Although it is said to be of short duration, it is an indication that it will rain on the following day about the same hour.

Among the numerous rhymes, this one is current in some of the midland countries of England:
"A sunshiny shower
Never last half an hour.
There is a popular fancy that rain on Friday insures a wet Sunday, a superstition—embodied in the familiar couplet:
"A rainy Friday, a rainy Sunday;
A fair Friday, a fair Sunday."
Another version of this rhyme says:
"As the Friday, so the Sunday;
As the Sunday, so the week."
Sunday's rain is in many places regarded as the forerunner of a rain week.
In Norfolk it is commonly said:
"Rain afore church (church),
Rain all the week,
Little or much."
Rain in springtime is regarded as a good omen.

"A wet spring, a dry harvest."
The possibility of foretelling rain by observation of the sky is referred to in the following rhymes:
"By rising red and morning gray
Will speed the traveler on his way;
By rising gray and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head."
"A red night is the sailor's delight;
A red morning is the sailor's warning."
"A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight;
A rainbow at morning is the shepherd's warning."
The duration of rain is supposed to be governed by the following rule:
"Rain before seven, quit before eleven."
Many of the charms used by children to avert rain are curious. This one is current in Northumberland:
"Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day;
When I brew and when I bake,
I'll gie you a little cake."

The Funny Side of Life.

The Ship's Dizzy Moccasin.
A young lady in crossing the ocean
Grew ill from the ship's dizzy moccasin;
She said with a sigh,
And a tear in her eye,
"Of living I've no longer a moccasin."
—Chicago News.

Quite Natural.
"Do you think the photographer flattered her?"
"I suppose so. Everyone does."—Detroit Free Press.

His Oversight.
He—"Why didn't you answer my letter asking you to marry me?"
She—"You didn't inclose a stamp."
—Town and Country.

The Exception.
Attorney—"Ignorance of the law excuses no one."
Client—"Except, of course, a lawyer."
—Town and Country.

Just So.
Little Clarence—"Pa, how many senses have we?"
Mr. Callipers—"Six, my son—five senses and a nonsense."
—Puck.

Disappointed.
"So you were held up by bandits?"
"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it. They simply took my money without detaining me long enough to give me a start as a magazine writer or lecturer."
—Washington Star.

Slang Phrase Illustrated.



On his own hook.—Scraps.

Compensations.
Madge—"It must be just lovely to be a millionaire."
Marjorie—"Oh, I don't know. There isn't half as much pleasure in buying things when you know you can afford them."
—New York Times.

Very Much Settled.
She—"Really, now, aren't you a married man?"
He—"No. Why?"
She—"Oh, you have such a settled look."
He—"Yes; I've been refused by thirteen girls."
—New York News.

In the Depths.
"He is trying to get a reputation as the worst pessimist in town."
"He is the worst already."
"Oh, no; he's only trying to be."
"But he declares he knows it will just be his luck not to succeed."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Her System Upset.
Mamma—"You must be awfully careful, darling. The doctor says your system is all upset."
Little Dot—"Yes, I guess it is, mamma, 'cause my foot's asleep, and people must be terribly upset when they go to sleep at the wrong end."
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

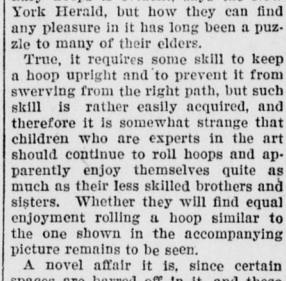
A Martyr to Vogue.
"Wealth has its annoyances," said the man who keeps dispensing ready-made philosophy.
"That's right," answered Mr. Cumrox, in a tone of deep confidence. "If I hadn't got rich, mother and the girls wouldn't insist on my eating olives."
—Washington Star.

As Usual.
"Good morning, sir," said a stranger accosting Rip Van Winkle, as the latter came down out of the mountains from his twenty-year sleep, "and how are you feeling this morning?"
"I am feeling bum—very bum," replied Rip in the usual grumbling way of mankind; "why, I never slept a wink all night."
—Boston Post.

An Unkind Cut.
A prominent man was chaffing a certain town councillor the other day about the doings of the Council, and said:
"I'd sooner put up as a candidate for a lunatic asylum than put up for the Town Council."
"Well, you'd stand a much better chance getting in," dryly responded the town councillor.—Tit-Bits.

In Scotland children are often heard apostrophizing rain as follows:
"Rain, rain, go to Spain,
And never come back again."
In Durham a charm prevalent to insure a fine day consists in laying two straws in the form of a cross and saying:
"Rain, rain, go away,
Don't come back 'till Christmas day."
It is said that this mode of procedure is seldom known to fall.—Washington Star.

A Musical Hoop.
That children delight in rolling ordinary hoops is evident, says the New York Herald, but how they can find any pleasure in it has long been a puzzle to many of their elders.
True, it requires some skill to keep a hoop upright and to prevent it from swerving from the right path, but such skill is rather easily acquired, and therefore it is somewhat strange that children who are experts in the art should continue to roll hoops and apparently enjoy themselves quite as much as their less skilled brothers and sisters. Whether they will find equal enjoyment rolling a hoop similar to the one shown in the accompanying picture remains to be seen.
A novel affair it is, since certain spaces are barred off in it, and these



A Musical Hoop.

contain little balls or trinkets, which make a pleasant jingle whenever the hoop is set in motion. Here, at any rate, is a genuine toy, not a mere circle of wood.
In a matter of this kind, however, children are the sole arbiters, and consequently with them rests the fate of this new hoop.

A Dainty Lunch.
That word "dainty" never being used to describe the lunch spread for men, we have decided that it means that there is not enough to eat.—Atchison Globe.

Many Items of weather lore have