

BRIGHTEST OLD COUNTRY OF ALL.

Ain't it a mighty good country—spite of its troubles an' all—
From the red of the blooms in the May-time
To the crimsonin' fruits o' the Fall!
Then ho, for a song
As we're tridin' along—
For the brightest old country of all!

Ain't it a mighty good country—answerin'
quick to your call,
From the fields that are heavy with harvest
To the clustering vines on the wall!
Then ho, for a song
All the bright way along—
For the brightest old country of all!

Ain't it a mighty good country—from cottage
to garlanded hall,
With room in the hills an' the valleys for
the hearts an' the homes of us all!
Then it's ho, for a song
All the glad way along—
For the brightest old country of all!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

WHY HE PAID.

OLD man Boyne, the boss teamster, was sitting by a coal-oil lamp in his best room. He had taken off his shoes and his coat, and his coarse woolen socks and his lickerby shirt showed that he was not a man of airs. He was deep in his newspaper, of which it was his habit to read every word, including ads., and he had filled his old clay pipe for the third time when a rap at the door caused him to shout: "Come in!" "Good evening, Mr. Boyne," said the stalwart, well-groomed young man who came in. "She's out," growled the old chap, resuming his reading. "I know she is, sir. That's why I called." The old fellow put down his paper and peered over his spectacles. "At least," resumed the young man, nervously, "I came to talk to you about her, sir. We want to get married." He sat down, looking flushed and excited, and the old man stared at him a minute before he began: "Well, suppose you do? Have you the means to keep her decent? How much have you saved? Three hundred; that'll buy the furniture. How long did it take you to save that?" "A little over a year, I—"

"A year! You must be an awful spendthrift. How much do you get?" "Thirty a week since the beginning of this year. I'll get a raise—"

"What?" shrilled the father, putting his hands on his knees and peering at the lover. "Thirty dollars a week—a bachelor, all alone, and have only three hundred left! How the mischief—do you drink?"

"Oh, no; it isn't that, sir; I must live pretty well. You see, I wasn't figuring on getting married till I met Margy, and you see I've always been used to having everything."

"Do you own a place, a house or anything?"

"No, sir."

"You must be daft, then. Where was you going to live? At the Auditorium, maybe?"

"Oh, we could get a neat flat for a little money, and—"

"And pay rent? You're a fool, my boy. I won't give her to you till you get a house—I don't care if it's only two rooms, so it's your own to keep her in."

Margy's voice singing was heard then from the rear rooms. Boyne resumed his paper. Joe Stewart, muttering "skinfint, miser," and other endearing epithets directed against his hoped-for father-in-law, but wisely keeping very quiet, waited for Margy to come in. That was his first but not final effort to get dad's consent. He came again on Saturday evening, while the girl was at market, and the crusty old drayman, with coarse frankness, suggested that he had a "tidy little place" in the West Side, three rooms and a summer kitchen, that he would sell to Stewart if he really meant to marry the girl at all. The meanness of this proffer struck him like a blow, but he said he'd think about it, and he did. He talked it over with Margy, a whole-souled winsome girl who had been trained for a school teacher by the canny old man, who "knew the value of money."

"Let's try it, Joe," she laughed; "it's a rusty old cottage, but we'll fix it up. Dad won't be hard on us for the payments, and perhaps by the time it's paid for we can sell it and get a nicer home."

Stewart, thoroughly despising old Boyne, bought the place on the spot and signed about sixty notes at \$25 each, listening with suppressed hatred to the miserly old man who had thus unloaded \$1500 worth of frame shanty and cheap ground on his own daughter's husband. For the wedding took place within a month. When the cottage was painted and furnished and the young couple was well installed the old man would come around during the day to see Margy, but Joe's hatred of him rose to the top pitch when the first note fell due and old Boyne in person came to the office to collect it. After that the young man quit speaking to his wife's father, and the young wife herself felt ashamed and grieved to observe the grasping eagerness with which he pursued Joe for the payments.

Month after month the efforts to pay Boyne came harder, for there were the painters and carpenters to pay, a bathroom had been built into the cottage, and the plumber's bill was a caution. To make matters harder for Joe, the little Stewarts began to arrive, and when the time came to pay the young husband saw that he'd have to "stand off" either the doctor or Boyne. He paid the doctor. His

father-in-law hounded him at the office, at the house, waited for him at the street corner, and then scrawled a letter in which he threatened to foreclose if the note past due wasn't paid. Margy almost broke her heart when she found out the truth, but when Dad called she pleaded with him to give them a little more time. She showed him her pretty baby and promised that they would now begin to economize in earnest.

Old Boyne promised an extension, but when upon the need of economy until she felt like striking him. It was the same every time a new note came due. He was insatiable, gave them neither peace nor hope of leniency, lectured her, scolded Joe even when the hard-earned money was forthcoming. It was necessary to reduce all their expenses. Joe quit smoking and began to carry his lunch in a collar-box. When he contrived to have the money ready for the recurring notes he sent it by check to avoid meeting the miserly Boyne. By mutual consent they quit mentioning his name. Sometimes when he called during the day to see Margy and her baby she wouldn't let him in, feigning to be out, and thus escaping the everlasting homily about "economy." It was cruel, and she cried a good deal, but she knew Joe would fret and fume if he knew that Boyne had been harrasing her. And so they came to have such a terror of his visits that Stewart bent all his efforts to forestall the impending payments, and thus keep the despised old drayman from showing his grizzled face either at the office where Joe worked or at the little home where Margy toiled with no less patience and far more cheerfulness.

And when the last note was paid and old Boyne and his hateful ways were commencing to be forgotten by the estranged daughter and the unforgiving Stewart, the young pair had a kind of informal celebration. Little Joe in his best blouse and baby Margy in high chair were sitting at table, their pretty mother a-bloom in her pink kimono, when Joe came home with the last note—and a big bouquet of roses for the tea table.

"Well, Margy, we're done with the old skindint, eh? Excuse me, sir."

For the old man was sitting by the fireplace, and when he came over to shake hands the old face was so radiant that Joe couldn't help taking Boyne's bony hand.

"He's given me back all you paid him, Joe," cried the wife, shaking a budget of bank notes at them; "he was only fooling us—fooling us into being economical."

"I tell you, Joe Stewart," began the old drayman when they sat down to supper, "there's no use to make money if you don't save it. When I was your age—"

And then for the first time old Boyne's lecture on economy seemed interesting to them all.—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Died Comfortable.
All the world over, people are attached to the grooves in which the daily course of their life runs, but nowhere perhaps more than among the bourgeoisie class in France. To have "to break with one's habits," "to be rooted up out of one's habits" is thought one of the worst evils that can happen. This love of habit was pushed to an extreme degree by a wealthy grazier near Le Mans, of the name of Chaplain. In order to avoid the uprooting from his habits that in his opinion death might cause he had a little chapel built over the family burial place, and so arranged that he could use it every day as a sitting-room. He used to spend in it the early hours of the afternoon reading his paper, going over his account books, and writing letters. His coffin contained a comfortable mattress, and he used it as a bed. When the cure came to administer the last sacraments, M. Chaplain said, on being asked whether he felt comfortable, "Absolutely so, M. le Cure. In dying, you see, I shall not break with my habits, and in the grave I shall be in a home that I am used to." He begged that his old pipe and tobacco pouch, his pen-holder that he had used thirty-five years, and some other familiar objects should be buried with him.—Paris Correspondence of the London Daily News.

To Cure a Wound.
Attention has once more been called to the survival of folk-lore in rural parts; this time by evidence given in a stabbing case tried at the Essex Assizes. To quicken the healing of the wounds the knife with which they were inflicted was smeared with grease and laid on the bed of the patient. The purpose served by the application of grease or oil to the knife—or to any steel instrument that has inflicted wounds—is to prevent it from rusting. For if the steel is allowed to become rusty, if the wound is affected, and festering and mortification follow the progress of the rust. Another quaint belief is that the application of an oiled knife is a safe, certain and quick remedy for scalds and burns.—London Chronicle.

For Full Value Received.
He was known in the shop to be of a cautious and saving disposition, never taking a holiday, so the foreman was naturally surprised when he approached and said: "Please, sir, might I leave work at 1 o'clock to-day?" "Why, my man?" "Because there is a tea party at the parochial hall this afternoon, and as I have had a shilling ticket given to me I should like to go." "I shouldn't have thought a working-man like you would care to go to a tea party. Couldn't you give the ticket to your wife or sisters?" "Well, not exactly, sir, for you see I must go because I am the only one in our house that can eat a shilling's worth."—Tit-Bits.

The Popular Hero of Spain.

By Richard Harding Davis.

A PERSON could never mistake a bull-fighter for a man of any other calling. He enforces upon himself a street costume the details of which are as immutable as those of a soldier's uniform; his hair must be brushed forward over his ears, he must be smooth-shaven, he must wear a tiny pig-tail, his jacket may not come below his waist-line. His shirt is deeply fluted, and in its front he wears as magnificent a diamond as his earnings and the gifts of his admirers can supply. When he walks the streets on his high French heels, glancing self-consciously from beneath his flat-brimmed sombrero, he is followed on every side by pointed fingers. To sit with him at a cafe table is a distinction, and the youngest of Madrid's fashionable hour in the Prado they give him the seat of honor in the automobile. It is a survival of the relations of the "patron and the gladiator." And in return for this social recognition, when Sunday comes, the matador, before he kills the bull, bows to the box in which his rich patron sits, and throws him his three-cornered hat, and by so doing fills with envy the hearts of 15,000 men. What the effect his fame, his silken calves and the cloth of gold have upon the women of Spain has been sung by generations of poets, playwrights, and novelists of his own country.—From "The Gentle Art of Bull-Fighting," in Scribner's.

Modern Educational Needs.

By Hon. Delos Fall, of Michigan.

WE are on the eve of great and important changes in our educational methods, especially those which apply to the education of the pupils in our rural communities. The farmer's boy is awakening to the thought that, unless he takes advantage of at least a good high school education, he will be sadly handicapped in the race of life.

As a worthy contribution to this idea the farmers of Michigan last year sent 17,772 of their sons and daughters as non-resident pupils to neighboring high schools. For the privilege of crossing the boundary line between their own district and that of the high school they paid in non-resident tuition fees \$87,849. Besides this amount they paid at least on an average of \$50 for each pupil to cover the cost of transportation, books and extra clothing, thus making an extra expenditure aggregating nearly a million dollars, and this after these farmers had paid their regular and ordinary school taxes.

The character of our education must change with the oncoming of the years of this highly practical age. We have educated the mind to think and trained the vocal organs to express the thought, and we have forgotten or overlooked the fact that in about four times out of five the practical man expresses his thought by the hand rather than by mere words. It is time that the calling and labor of the carpenter and the architect were raised to the dignity of that of the lawyer, and this our modern school must do. In other words, manual training must occupy a larger place in our search for better educational methods with which to meet the demands of this new age.

The Beauty of Ugliness.

By Winifred Oliver.

DO not underestimate the attractive qualities of the ugly woman. True it is in life's handicap she is some mile posts behind her lovely sister, but that very fact is her salvation. She realizes Nature has been niggardly in her gifts, and she herself must "make good." She knows she cannot sit back content in her beauty and let other qualities rust for want of use. The pretty woman is apt to place too much reliance on her looks, to assume Nature has relieved her of all responsibility by giving her a lovely face. Up to a certain point she is correct. The lovely face does attract, but it must be followed by equally charming characteristics or even loveliness will pall.

Circumstances are kind to the plain woman, in forcing her to lose all self-consciousness. She is so occupied in trying to make up for the lack of beauty and to cultivate all her other qualities, that she loses sight of self, thus gaining that most charming of all qualities—unconsciousness.

She is generally unselfish. She is often very witty. She does not talk much. She listens. She brings out the best that is in other people and almost invariably she dresses well.

She has her dark hours, for what woman does not long for beauty. It is the gift of the gods and to be desired by all, but she has learned to be philosophical, and emerges from her depression more than ever determined to conquer.

It is not easy work, for no woman is born with all the charms which the plain woman is obliged to strive for. Envy, hatred and malice must be unknown quantities to her. She dare not let herself indulge in envy. She does not know hatred, and she is too wise to traffic in malice. Very often the plain woman possesses that most desirable of all qualities, tact. If she is tactful, she is ahead of all competitors; even beauty is distanced. So do not let the plain woman feel that they are out of it in life's color scheme. They may, if they care to exert themselves, be a very lovely touch of brightness in the general grayness.—New York Evening Journal.

The Unromantic Lover; Good and Bad Points.

By Harriet A. Armstrong.

NE cannot deny that the practical lover is an excellent creature; but he is apt to wax monotonous. If a man is bounded north, south, east and west with level-headed precepts, he can scarcely be relied upon for much else than cast iron dullness.

He is probably well meaning—practical men usually are—and you can safely pin your faith to his dogged devotion. It would be incompatible with his admiration for consistency to love one day and to ride away the next. But he is not one of those charming sweethearts who are always planning sweet little surprises to please their sovereign ladies, for it is not in his nature so to do.

He placidly ignores all the foolish, yet so sweet, little embroideries of which courtship is capable, because it never occurs to him that any reasonable being would extract pleasure from such nonsense. Hard-headed reason, for example, tells him that a buttonhook is of more lasting value than a bunch of violets, so he purchases the former instead of the latter when he wishes to bestow a gift upon his fiancée, and offers it to her with a well-composed speech as to its utilities and capacities for endurance.

If some one were to suggest to him that a girl likes to have flowers given to her because she can read from them a hundred messages of love, and because, too, she can treasure the withered ashes long after life has fled from them as a memento of the sweet hour in which they became hers, he will only look blank. It is something he does not understand.

Can't a buttonhook speak as intelligibly as a flower? he will demand. Well, of course it can, as a matter of fact. But there is a world of difference between the language of the two dumb things, and it is just this difference that the practical man cannot comprehend. The little fleeting, foolish sweetnesses of existence find no part nor parcel in the program laid down by this type of lover.

Girls want romance during their wooing. They know full well that matrimony is not likely to prove altogether a gilt-edged affair for them, so while they are yet unwed they desire with all their might to see the sun shine with supernal brilliancy, and to hear the birds sing their very loudest.

They dote upon the few ounces of chocolate far more than on a four-pound loaf, though a few moments' sensible contemplation would, of course, assure them that there is more sustenance in the bread, and better value for the money expended upon it, than the chocolate can offer.

Then, again, they resent the constantly obtruding signs of prudence with which the practical lover lards his courtship. Girls of all ages—for love knows no such foolish restrictions as birthdays—want just to pretend now and then that there is no such thing as solid sense—only now and then, and in their lover's company. Surely no one would grudge them so much fairyland in a world of stern realities.

Unfortunately, even this much make-believe the practical lover cannot comprehend. To him existence is always intensely serious. The evidence of this conviction is that more than ordinarily galling to the romantic girl is her lover's constant allusion, in one way or another, to the aspect of affairs as controlled by dollars and cents.

Yet it is often a pity when, after all, the engagement is broken off at the eleventh hour. For the man who has been disagreeably practical all through the courting days, usually after marriage, as has been hinted already, outshines his more frivolous rivals as a satisfactory husband.—New York News.

NOBODY WANTS THIS FUND.

It is Held in a Bank For the First of Seven Men Who Dies.

There is \$85 safely secured in the vaults at the German Savings Bank of this city awaiting the first death among seven of the oldest survivors of Hope Assembly, Knights of Labor. The sum will be used to defray the funeral expenses of the next to die. None of the survivors is anxious to claim the amount or to have the honor of being laid away by the six who survive.

The creation of the fund is envied with an interesting bit of labor union history. It was established about ten years ago, when Hope Assembly was disbanded and all its members affiliated with Painters' Union No. 1 of the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators of America. At that time a number of the members of Hope Assembly were too old to become entitled to full benefits in the painters' union, and so it was decided to set aside the balance in the treasury of the assembly, which amounted to about \$700, for the establishment of a fund for the benefit of these old members.

There were nineteen of them at the time. Trustees were appointed, and the amount deposited in an envelope with the bank; instead of in the usual way, so that there would be no possibility of it being diminished in any way except by the amounts drawn from it on the death of a beneficiary.

From time to time the fund was drawn upon, until now but \$85 is left. If the fund had been placed on interest it is thought it would have grown large enough to defray the expenses of all the beneficiaries. The seven beneficiaries who remain are all over seventy years of age. One of them said yesterday that there is absolutely no jealousy as to the eventual disposition of the balance or as to whose relatives may receive it. The condition is regarded by local union men as unique and interesting. Baltimore American.

WISE WORDS.

Who is rich? He who has a good wife.

Go to sleep without supper, but rise without debt.

Whatever is hateful to thee, do not to thy neighbor.

Hold your neighbor's honor as sacred as your own.

Hear sixty advisers, but be guided by your own conviction.

One enemy is too many, a thousand friends is none too many.

If the thief has no opportunity he thinks himself honorable.

He who teaches his son no trade is as if he taught him to steal.

The noblest of all charities is in enabling the poor to earn a livelihood.

How may a man obtain greatness? By fidelity, truth and lofty thoughts.

He who has no inner nobleness has nothing, even if he is of noble birth.

A man is known by three things: by his conduct in money matters, his behavior at the table and his demeanor when angry.

Three names are given to a man: one by his parents, another by the world and the third by his works—the one which is written in the immortal book of his fate.

Do not worry thyself with the trouble of to-morrow; perhaps thou shalt have no to-morrow, and why shouldst thou trouble thyself about a world that is not thine?

What to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things, especially to the young.

Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks, and everything calculated to create friction.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.—Christian Life.

A Four-Cornered Fight.

Jim and Lou Smizer, of near Paris, killed a bald eagle under unusual circumstances a few days ago. It attacked a big turkey. While it and the turkey were fighting, some crows attacked the eagle. The eagle clung to the turkey with its talons while it beat off the crows with its back and wings. The contest was getting interesting when one of the Smizers fired into the fluttering bunch and killed the eagle. It measured seventy-eight inches from tip to tip.—Kansas City Journal.

Dog Life Savers a Failure.

The dogs trained to save people drowning in the Seine have proved absolute failures and have been sold. Four were retained, named Paris, Melidge, Athos and Diane. This last actually saved a man some months ago. Some of these dogs have pups which are being trained to the profession. It is hoped they will turn out greater adepts than their parents. They already show a liking for the business.—Paris Correspondence New York Herald.

The Best Investment.

The best investment any man can make is a judicious compliment here and there.—New York Press.

The Funny Side of Life.

To a Fair Lady.

You bade me hope; you did not say That you would ere be mine. And yet you did not turn away Nor make one hopeless sign.

I know that you may come to me Some day. And yet, intense With fear I murmur inwardly— 'Tis hard to bear suspense.

You bade me hope. You did not smile, Yet earnest was your look. I hope the best I can; meanwhile Alas! we have no cook.

—New York Times.

Decidedly.

"So many diseases end in 'tis.'" "Well, the patient is lucky when there isn't any worse termination."—Puck.

A Numerical Change.

"I see you have given up your old quarters." "Why, yes. I've found a better half."—New York Times.

Man Vary.

Daughter—"I don't want to marry just yet. I'd rather stay at school." Mother—"You must remember, dear, men do not wish clever wives." Daughter—"But all men are not like papa."—Chicago News.

A Sure Cure.

"It was a good thing for Stutterton that he married Miss Gassaway. She's curing him of his stammering habit." "You don't say?" "Yes; she doesn't give him a chance to talk at all now."—Philadelphia Press.

Objection Sustained.

Judge—"The witness told all that happened on the second floor; now, why do you object to his telling what happened on the third floor?" Counsel—"Because, if it please your Honor, that is another story."—New York Times.

Just in Time.



Buster—"See here, young feller, I've got a bone to pluck with you." "I do—" "Good! I'm almost starved."—New York Sun.

How It May Be Done.

She was inclined to be sentimental. He was nothing if not practical. "Would that you could tell me how to mend a broken heart," she said. "I have known of cases where it has been done by splicing," he replied. "That was the remedy tried in this case."—New York Times.

Unsuspected to Publication.

The beautiful young girl read and, reading, glowed. "A sweet love-letter!" she exclaimed, at last. "But it is quite evident he doesn't expect ever to become great and famous. Else why does he write on both sides of the paper?" And a shadow darkened her glorious face.—Puck.

Still a Chance For Him.

"You may as well give up trying to be a lawyer," said the old legal practitioner. "It isn't in you. You might study for fifty years and you'd never learn the first principles of law." "I believe you're right," moodily replied the young man. "I'll have to be a Justice of the peace, I reckon."—Chicago Tribune.

To Reform Him.

Minister—"You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That's noble. May I ask who it is?" Miss Beauty—"It's young Mr. Bond-clipper." Minister—"Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits." Miss Beauty—"Yes, his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly."—New York Weekly.

Hoodoo! Who Do?

"Some people I know," he began in an insinuating tone, "act very much like a hoodoo." "Who do?" asked his indignant and suspicious friend. "Yes, that's what I said, hoodoo!" "Well, answer my question—who do?" "You stupendous ass, that's what I say—hoodoo! Hoodoo! Hoodoo!" "You hopeless gibbering idiot, that's what I'm asking you—Who do? Who do? Who do?" At last their friends found them locked in a deadly embrace, chewing each other's ears, and long before the attempt at explanation was completed each had been placed tenderly in a heavily padded apartment.—Los Angeles Herald.