

TOUCH YOUR LIPS WITH GLADNESS.

By Nixon Waterman.

Are you growing tired of the long and rugged road, Weary of the burden, oh, my brothers!

Touch your lips with gladness and go singing on your way, Smiles will strangely lighten every duty;

TWO RESCUES.

By Ewan Macpherson.

"M! HI! Hold on there, partner!" Jack Norton, with hands buried in the pockets of a heavy winter overcoat, came striding over the hardened snow,

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.

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.

"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.

"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.

"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 talking 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 noomony, 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—no body 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.

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.

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. Brereton, who seemed to be the cause of your outrageous behavior, is going to be my step-papa."

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.

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.

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.

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.

The Globe Fish's Peculiarity.

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



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.

HOW THEY QUARRELED.

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.

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, Rosy'."



agine they were using all their self-control to keep from laughing. "Why don't you get mad, Betty Lav-ton?" asked Joan at last, desperately.

Rain Lore.

The weather is a most important consideration, but, owing to the fact that science has not yet discovered the laws of rain, men are unable to foretell it for any considerable period.

been from time immemorial associated with what is generally termed a "sunshiny shower."

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."

"As the Fridays, so the Sunday; As the Sunday, so the week."

"Rain before seven, quit before eleven."

"Rain, rain, go away, Come again another day; When I know and when I bake, I'll gie you a little cake."

"Rain, rain, go away, Don't come back 'till Christmas day."

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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;

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

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

The Exception. Attorney—"Ignorance of the law excuses no one."

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

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."

Slang Phrase Illustrated. "Rain, rain, go away, Don't come back 'till Christmas day."



On his own hook.—Scraps.

Compensations.

Madge—"It must be just lovely to be a millionaire."

Very Much Settled. She—"Really, now, aren't you a married man?"

In the Depths. "He is trying to get a reputation as the worst pessimist in town."

Her System Upset. Mamma—"You must be awfully careful, darling. The doctor says your system is all upset."

A Martyr to Vogue. "Wealth has its annoyances," said the man who keeps dispensing ready-made philosophy.

As Usual. "Good morning, sir," said a stranger accosting Rip Van Winkle, as the latter came down out of the mountains

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

contain little balls or trinkets, which make a pleasant jingle whenever the hoop is set in motion.

In a matter of this kind, however, children are the sole arbiters, and consequently with them rests the fate of this new hoop.

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