

SCHOOL DAYS

Every morning, just about 8, Little Pink Sunbonnet opens the gate, And a tin bucket upon her arm, Tramples away from grandpa's farm, There are cookies, and apples, and butter and bread, Tucked away beneath that shining lid; And a dear, little, childlike, curly head Under the sunbonnet's crown is hid.

The saucy kitten refuses to play; Oh, it is lonesome at home all day; Nobody singing about the place; Nobody coaxing the dog to race; No little feet on the fresh-scrubbed floor, Breaking to pieces grandpa's rule. Oh, it is sad when summer is o'er; Little Pink Sunbonnet starts to school.

Little girls grow, of course they should, Soon to a beautiful womanhood, Then from the door, some happy day, Dear little maiden will go away. It is not strange we should think of this, When in the morning, bright and cool, Not forgetting a good-bye kiss, Little Pink Sunbonnet goes to school.

—Good Housekeeping.

THE RUNAWAY ENGINE



"I never, never will marry you unless papa consents." She said this so often that I began to fear that she meant it, and her father was one of those hard-headed men who take pride in the fact that they never change their minds. "Then I'm going away," said I, hesitatingly. "Where?" she asked. Her incredulous tone maddened me. "You think it an idle threat, Nell, but unless you decide by this day week to become my wife, either with or without your father's consent, I will go to the farthest place in the world—to New Zealand."

Her eyes filled with tears. She beseeched me to have patience, but I refused. When the week was up she still was obdurate and I made all my arrangements to go to New Zealand. Her father was glad to see me go, I believe. Nell was at the station the day I left. Once more I pleaded with her, but in vain. She loved me, but she could not believe that any happiness would come to our marriage unless she obtained her father's blessing.

It happened that the train was late. We waited at the station with other passengers, including her mother and father. I think the old man had come down to be sure that Nell did not weaken and go away with me the last minute. But I began to think that his adorable daughter was as obdurate as her father.

As we waited on the platform for the train that was to bear me away from the girl I loved a switch engine pulled up on one of the farther tracks and my wandering eyes noticed that the engineer and fireman left the locomotive alone while they went into the restaurant for their dinner.

"O, Will," murmured Nell, in my ear. "I always have wanted to get in an engine. Do you suppose they would care if we should look at that one while the man is away?"

"Yes, they would be sure to care," I said, gloomily. "Besides, it is against the rules for passengers to be on the tracks."

"Couldn't you get permission for us to look at it?" she asked. "Come on, we'll not ask for permission," I said. It occurred to me that the engine cab would give me an opportunity for one final and tender goodbye.

"Where are you going?" cried Nell's mother with a little scream, as we stepped down and across the tracks. "What are you doing?" roared Nell's father.

But we pretended not to hear them. We went to the locomotive and inspected its drivers and cylinders, and at last I helped Nell into the cab. She looked at the quivering monster with little exclamations of delight and amazement.

"I'm going to make it whistle," she cried, daringly as she climbed upon the engineer's seat. "If they arrest us and send us to jail, then you can't go away."

She seized hold of a lever and gave it a jerk. Instead of whistling the engine coughed. She laughed like a pleased child. "Why, it's moving," she cried. "So it was. I saw the engineer running from the restaurant door and wildly waving his arms. I saw her father shouting and running across the tracks towards us, and I looked at him and smiled. There was no use in his becoming so excited."

"O, I can't stop it," cried Nell, in dismay. I looked at her and saw that she was pulling and pushing at all the levers and knobs within reach. Presently she struck the whistling apparatus, and the engine gave two short, sharp whistles, the starting signal.

We ran off the sidetrack on to the main line and the switch engine was picking up speed amazingly. Nell was about to leap out, when I caught her and held her.

"It is too late for that," I said, as I pressed her in my arms. She clung to me in fright. As I looked back toward the station I saw that her father was shaking his fist.

"Don't you know how to stop it, Will?" she sobbed. "No, indeed. But don't be frightened. They will telegraph ahead and clear the track for us, and it will stop when the steam dies down."

running away. They will believe I did it on purpose.

"Didn't you?" I asked innocently. "You know I didn't," she declared, withdrawing from my arms.

"It looks much like you are running away with me," I said. "If you are, I can't help it, can I?" "You are ridiculous," she laughed. "Any way you can't start to New Zealand today."

"Unless you go with me," said I. By this time the engine was going so rapidly and the racket was so great that we could not converse. I made Nell sit on the engineer's seat and to be sure that she did not fall out I held my arm about her waist.

There was a crowd of people lined up at the first station to see us go by and now I had no further fear of a collision. The train dispatcher would be sure to clear the track. I saw by the gauge that the steam was dying out and after we had passed the third station the engine ran perceptibly slower. It stopped dead still on the outskirts of Cherrydale.

I helped Nell from the engine and we walked to the station house. The telegraph operator met us at the end of the platform. He had a condescending grin on his face.

"It's all right," he said, as he thrust a yellow envelope in Nell's hands. I looked over her shoulder and read the message. "Come back home and be married with our blessing. All is forgiven."—Chicago Tribune.

A QUAKER ROMANCE

The Wooing of Katherine Hollingsworth by George Robinson.

Valentine Hollingsworth accompanied William Penn in the good ship Welcome and settled in Delaware upon the banks of the Brandywine. Katherine, his daughter, "a delectable Quaker maiden," the pride of the little settlement, was wooed and won by big George Robinson. But George was of the Church of England, and Katherine "must be married in meeting."

"George," writes the author of "Heterologues in Miniature," "was willing to join the society, be a Friend and be married in meeting or anywhere else that Katherine said. Accordingly he and Katherine made their first declaration fifth day, first month, 1688."

The elders, however, had "scruples," seeing that George's conversion was very sudden, and they asked him this searching question:

"Friend Robinson, dost thou join the Society of Friends from conviction or for the love of Katherine Hollingsworth?"

George hesitated. He prized the truth and he did wish to marry Katherine. So he answered: "I wish to join the society for the love of Katherine Hollingsworth."

The Friends counseled "delay and that Friend Robinson should be persuasively and instructively dealt with." Shrewd men as they were, they allowed Katherine to deal with him, and within a year George joined the society as a true convert.

An old manuscript reads: "He and Katherine were permitted to begin a long and happy married life together, being for many years an example of piety and goodness to those around them and retaining their love of truth and loyalty to the society to the last."

The Last Step.

When we reach the higher studies of foreign languages we are told to seek diligently to learn to think in the alien tongue, as well as to read and write it. That is, we are expected to catch the meaning of the strange words without any connection with English or English speech.

From this one may come to appreciate the experience of a certain Portuguese negro. He was asked, not very long after his arrival in the United States, if English was very difficult for him.

"Oh, no," he said. "I learn her ver' quick."

"So you could understand it and talk it?"

"Oh, yes, ver' good. But I have one trouble ver' long time. I speak good, an' I hear good, but cannot dream in English. I always dream in Spanish. An' I feel ver' bad, an' I try so hard to dream English. An' one night I do, I dream English when I am asleep, an' I wake an' I cry, an' I weep for joy. I am happy. I can now dream in English."

A Chance.

Bacon—I see the possibility of one person's finger tip being identical with that of another one is one chance in 64,000,000.

Egbert—Well, that's one of the chances I'm willing to take.—Yonkers Statesman.

Until they come, most any man will tell you how he would get the upper hand of burglars.



IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO A MALE, SAY IT TO HIS FACE.

—Chicago Daily News.

Anthropology instructor—What effect has the climate on the Eskimo? Student—Cold feet.—Harvard Lampoon.

Officer—Seen anything of my baggage, sentry? Sentry—She's waitin' round the corner for ye, sir!—Regiment.

"Did I tell you the story of the old church bell?" "No. Let's hear it." "Sorry, but it can be told only on Sunday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—So they got married and went off in their new motor car. She—And where did they spend their honeymoon? He—In the hospital.—London Tit-Bits.

Footie Lighte—Has your sister a strong part in the new piece? Miss Sue Brette—Why, yes; she has to carry around one of those heavy spears.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Keily—Tis another of them sootyneer post cards from me darter Maggie—the fourth this month, berry! She sinds me wan every toime she changes her place.—Puck.

Anxious Mother—I hope you are not thinking of marrying young Clarkson. He spends every cent he earns. Pretty Daughter—Oh, well, he doesn't earn very much.—Chicago Daily News.

"Do you ever talk back to your wife?" asked the solicitous friend. "Sometimes," answered Mr. Meekton; "a very little; just to show her that I have not gone to sleep."—Chicago Daily News.

Tommy—Does it make any difference if baby takes all his medicine at once? Baby's Mother (in horror)—Good heavens! Of course it does! Tommy—But it hasn't made any difference.—Punch.

Mrs. Wickwire—If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear? Mr. Wickwire—I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you.—Illustrated Bits.

"Any accident in your motor trip through Italy and France, Morgan?" "Nothing worth mentioning. My wife was thrown out and bruised a bit, but the machine never got so much as a scratch."—Life.

"So Jack's been made secretary and treasurer of the company, has he?" "Yes. He has to copy all the letters, and take all the deposits to the bank, and, oh, Mary, I'm so proud of him."—Harper's Bazaar.

Church—I like to see a man who can forget an injury. Gotham—Well, there's that neighbor of mine; he's suing the railroad company for an injured leg, and every once in a while he forgets to limp.—Yonkers Statesman.

A kind old gentleman, seeing a small boy who was carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?" "Naw; I don't read 'em," replied the lad.—Canadian Courier.

"But to my mind," said the clerical tourist from the East, "a plurality of wives is unpeppable." "Hub," moaned the good-natured Mormon. "I never even heard of one wife that was unpeppable."—Philadelphia Press.

Young Lady—You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear. Professor von Splendor (hired for the occasion)—I play accompaniments sometimes. "Accompaniments to singing?" "Tut-tut-tut!"

Waiter—Mr. Brown's left his umbrella again, sir. I do believe he'd leave his head if it were loose. Robinson—I dare say you're right. I heard him say yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs.—Ally Sloper.

Church—See that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose? Gotham—Yes; I know him. Church—I suppose he believes in taking his head, pure ozone? Gotham—Not in his hunting for an automobile garage, I believe.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I cracked a lawyer's house the other night," said the first burglar, disgustedly, "and the lawyer was there with a gun all ready for me. He advised me to get out." "You got off easy," replied the other. "Not much I didn't! He charged me \$25 for de advice."—Philadelphia Press.

"In the summer," remarked the obese passenger with the big diamond stud, "people should eat nothing but cold food and drink the coldest water obtainable." "Ah!" exclaimed the railway detective, "you are evidently a doctor?" "Not me," replied the o. p. "I'm an ice dealer."—Chicago News.

Parson (on a bicycling trip)—Where is the other man who used to be here as keeper? Park Gatekeeper—He's dead, sir, Parson (with feeling)—Dead! Poor fellow! Joined the great majority, eh? Park Gatekeeper—Oh, I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man, as far as I know.—Punch.

The Names of Tea.

We talk glibly about Pekoe, Bohoa, etc., but few people have any idea of what these names signify.

"Pekoe," in the dialect of Canton, means "white hair," for the tea which bears this name is made from the youngest leaves, so young that the white down is still on them.

"Soochong," in the same dialect, is a quite unpoetic name; it merely signifies "small kind."

"Flourishing spring" is the meaning of "Fyson."

"Conzo" signifies "labor," much trouble and toil are expended in its preparation at Amoy, and these are commemorated in its name.

"Bohea" is called after a range of hills.—Portland Journal.

Considerate. "Were the critics kind to Scribbler when his last book appeared?" "Exceedingly."

"What did they say about it?" "Nothing."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Every old timer will tell you there isn't much grace in the modern dance.

THAT BOY JIM'S RELIGIOUS TRIP. (Continued from Page One.)

Jesus Christ, being a young man, is especially fitted to be the Saviour of young men. For he has met and conquered the temptations which a young man meets and can therefore help him to conquer. Jim's Saviour is the Man of Galilee.

"The religion of Jesus Christ is the greatest thing in the world. What is the religion of Jesus Christ? Let us be sure we understand what it is to be a Christian, to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. A true disciple is a learner. Christ told his disciples, 'Follow me.' It is not difficult to understand what it means to become a Christian. It is taking Christ into the heart; let him into full possession of the life. It means to be a follower of Jesus Christ; not a follower of some code of ethics, not some system of theology, not to know the Bible from cover to cover. When we have taken Jesus into our hearts and given him complete possession of our life, then are we truly Christians. To accept him we only need to open our hearts to him. 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him and sup with him.'"

"The Christian life is a life of constant growth. Our education in the Christ life is never finished until the last breath has been drawn. Jim's Saviour is the Lord Jesus Christ. He found the Christian religion to be the acceptance of Christ in the heart and in the life. The greatest joy that comes into the heart, the greatest benefit that comes from the harvest field of the world, is the benefit that comes from turning away from sin and accepting Jim's Saviour."

There is a young man in Boston who can actually trace his family back two generations. His one failing is a desire to be thought a descendant of one of "the old families," and his studio—he says he is an artist—contains a number of portraits. One thing in which he takes particular pride is a Continental uniform, complete in every detail, with flint-lock and powder horn. He was showing this to a young lady the other day. "My great-grandfather wore this suit when he gave his life to his country during the brave days of the Revolution!" he said. The young lady inspected the uniform carefully, but could find neither bullet hole nor sabre cut. She turned to him with a charming smile. "Oh! Was the poor old gentleman drowned?" she asked.

Controller Metz of New York said the other day of a bill that he disliked: "I object to this bill because it would accomplish nothing. It would make no real change. It would be like the case of the actor and the canal boat captain. There was once upon a time an actor who, after an enforced idleness of two months, was lucky enough to secure an engagement in a town twenty-five miles away. The case was a hurry up one. The actor had to reach the distant town that night. If he failed to arrive, then his part would be assigned to some one else. Well, the man patched his worn boots with patent thread, pinned up his few belongings in a newspaper, and set out in the early morning on foot along the tow-path. He had only a few coppers, hence that train was an impossibility. But after the poor fellow had covered some six or seven miles his boots gave out, blisters rose on his feet, fatigue overcame him, and in despair he threw himself on the grass beneath a tree. As he lay there in a bitter mood, a canal boat lay in sight. It drew near slowly, and an idea seized the actor. 'Captain,' he shouted, rising hurriedly. 'By the love of heaven!' 'Well, wot d'ye want?' said the captain, as he stopped the boat. 'Captain,' said the actor, 'I have to get to Quag-to-night to play second heavy in 'The Evil That Men Do.' I am footsore and weary, and can walk no further. If you will assist me I will work my passage.' The captain gave the actor a kindly nod. 'Right y' are,' he said. 'Lead the boss.' 'Thank goodness,' cried the actor, 'I am saved.'"

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SHORT STORIES.

A census-taker made his rounds in an isolated village. He gave one of his official papers to a woman that she might fill in the required answers. One of the questions, instead of reading "Married or single," had it "Condition as to marriage." The woman filled in the answer thus: "Awful hard up before. Wuss after."

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GAS FROM CORNCOBS.

Makes a Cheap and Effective Illumination for Nebraska Towns. A commercial grade in illuminating gas made from cornstalks, corncobs, hay and other vegetable matter is being used in Beatrice, Neb., for fuel and lights and has superseded coal gas, according to the New York Sun. The cost of the new gas is \$1.19 per thousand, the lowest price at which gas is sold in Nebraska. In quality it is as good as coal or oil gas.

John D. Rockefeller is said to be back of the company which is furnishing the gas and the franchise for the plant is in the name of the Rev. Charles Eaton, of Cleveland, Rockefeller's pastor. The company has completed a \$100,000 plant. It is the first plant in the world in which gas is produced in this manner.

The vegetable matter is placed in large retorts and roasted until the water is forced out. This water is then turned into steam and the gases eliminated are very combustible and a perfect substitute for ordinary coal gas. A year ago Mr. Eaton applied for the franchise for establishing a gas plant and it was voted to him. The plant which has just been finished is the result. Absolutely nothing is used in manufacturing the gas except farm refuse.

Because of the cheapness of the raw material the gas can be manufactured very cheaply and sold at much lower rate than coal gas.

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