From the little red schoolbouse adown in the glen. The day has been weary--has this first day at school, With its meaningless book and its bothersome rule. He's been buffeted sore, and the dear dirty face. Wears a woe-begone look and tears' recent trace. How woes come in a throng!

Oh, the way still is long! But he hears with glad heart-leap his mother's dear song;

Oh, it's hame, hame, sweet hame! It's ower guid to be there, An' sae, chiel', the' the road may be weary we gang, Nobody need care,

An' nae heart need despair. "Gin the road leads to hame, wha cares gin it's lang!"

A pilgrim is pressing toward home! And the way-ah! the way Has been loveless and long; but the pilgrim to-day.

Tho' the burden of years weighs him heavily now, And the snow of life's winter lies thick on his brow, Wears the beauty of youth, youth immortal, youth blest, For he's entering home he is entering rest. All unbeeded life's pains,

And forgotten its gains, And an angel-song floats out in rapturous strains:

Like a bairn to its mither come to sweet hame an' licht. Noo naething mann ever frae hame mak' ye to gang. An' then oot o' the nicht

In the hance lan' sae bricht, "Gin the road leads to hame, wha cares gin it's lang!"

-Woman's Home Companion.



Jule came around the house wheel- ! "May go, too," said the Sick Gentle ing the baby in the bagg). She stopped man, magnanimously, when she saw the Sick Gentleman sit- "I'll go right new and ask Mrs. ting on the porch and blushed a little. Wayne," declared Jule, joyfully, fearing that he gal, ht have heard her! At three o'clock the Sick Gentleman Bitt) F.K.

Just then the Si k Gentleman sighed. It happened to be the third sigh that Jule had heard from him briefy. Site! His won lers to perform." stole a glasse at his paie, fired face,

Fou?" The Sick Gent'etann looked amused, walk to the gate,

Jule being about as big as a infance. "You are always singing that," sold "You?" sold he "What could you the Sick Gendeman; then he frowned do, you little what of a thing?"

of her half ther would curl over her; "give her to me; here, climb up!" forehead, no man or they saw they hair, "It was Mrs. Tausome's favorite

"Well," soid the Slek Gentleman, yellow Jasmine," "suppose you do. I am lonesome if the this drive was only the beginrou must know, and think I might bave; bing. Hefore long the Sick Gentlestared where I was for all the good, men might have been thought to have Florida is doing me."

some, I can do that. Huby here, and There were walks and more drives



I, can star and talk to you awhile, and she sat down on the step and began to pull the buggy to and fro, "for really, you know, it isn't right for you to feel that way.

"No," said the Sick Gentleman, "No," said Jule, "that is not the was to get better."

"But if I don't want to get bet ter?" suggested the other, to see, perbaps, what she might say.

"Dear me," said Jule, "but every body ought to want to. Think how 'ad you would make your family feel. "But if there he no family?"

The Sick Gentleman shook his bend "Nor father, nor-"

"No mother?"

"inyb dy." "Dear me," said Jule again, "then

you are an orphan every way you look sister, might have parted with , her at It." The Sick Gentleman laughed.

"So am I, you know," said Jule, retarding him gravely. "You?"

It was Jule's turn to not, "Of course, I can't say I've nobody There was Mrs. Tansome-"

"Yes," encouragingly. "She took me when my mother and father died, and kept me until I was nearly grown."

"Grown?" repeated the Sick Gentle-

"Most seven, you know," explained Jule, picking up the buby's orange for the fourth time. "Then Mrs. Tansome died and they tried to get me into the orphan asylum, but there wasn't any down in this part of Florida, and the doctor's wife, she let me star with her till I was nine. Then she moved

away." "And then?"

"Mrs. Wayne, here, took me to play with baby, because the boarders kept her so busy. Of course, I can't say I've nobody, for baby, she seems like she is almost mine."

The Sick Gentleman gazed at Margaret Constance's fat face and speckled

"And you are fond of her?" he asked. "Of baby? Why, yes, and I s'nect I must wheel her in the grove awhile

"Come back," begged the Sick Genfleman; "I am better already for your company.

"You ought to make friends," commanded Jule, "and walk and drive, That's the way you have to do down here to get well."

"I am making friends," replied the Sick Gentleman, neekly, "with you. And I will take a drive this afternoon if you will go with me. "Me?" said Jule, breathlessly. Then more,

her excitement faded. "But the bahy?"

she added.

sat in a phacton at the gate, waiting

"Got moves in a mysterious way

"Is it the congu ties time, sir?" sung Jule, hardly conscious that she she asked. "Can I do anything for sing as she fied Margaret Constance's trajestrings and started down the sandy

to see how her little body swayed and Jule twisted for objects to the lock beat beheath the burden of the baby

was kept clipped, and decoked discont house," explained Jule, "and I just certed. "I could tall you know," she picked it up. And may I truly choose where to go? Out to the lake, then, for

adopted Jule and Margaret Constance, "Dear me," said Jule, "if it's lone, so inseparable did the three become very ! f and solls on the lake, and picules under the orange trees, and parties on the telligence. We hear of plant physifront porch.

> "And yet, Jule," said the Sick Genleman, one afternoon, "you are not really Jule Wayne, nor yet Jule Tansome as some call you; have you not a name of your own?"

"Julie Devereans Piquet Maynard. said Jule, prompely, but she said it as if the third name spelled Pickett Mrs. Tausonse wrote it all out for me before she died."

The Sick Gentleman grew gulle white and caught Jule's little gingham sleeve as he fell back against the chair "Jule Devereaux Plquet Maynard." be said, but his tongue gave it a twithat here did not, "don't you know that is my name, too?"

Jule shook her head, "Yours is l'iquet. At first I couldn'

remember it till I thought of croquet "Julian Devereaux Piquet," he said. and drew her quite close and brushed the curly look off her forehead and gazed down into her grave eyes, "Never alone again, Jule, do you realize that? We belong to each other, you and I Never alone again. Jule, never alone any more, you or 1."

But Jule could not realize it, even after it was proved to her again and again. That a man's sister, this man's brother in anger, and have married against that brother's wish, to drift at last with her husband, friendless and poor, to Florida, to die, one of fever, one of the hing trouble that had brought them there, and that all these years after, this brother should find his sister's child-it seemed too impossible for Jule to understand.

"For," said she, "It's too good to be true and hard to believe."-Chicago this country," remarked a teacher of Dally News.

## The second secon He Approved That Plan.

It was said in the Norton family that I'ncle Hiram had no ear for mysic, as he failed to appreciate the vocal I had explained to the class the meanefforts of his niece, Margaret. But if Ing of the word 'ambiguity,' and then, his ears were defective, his pocketbook left nothing to be desired.

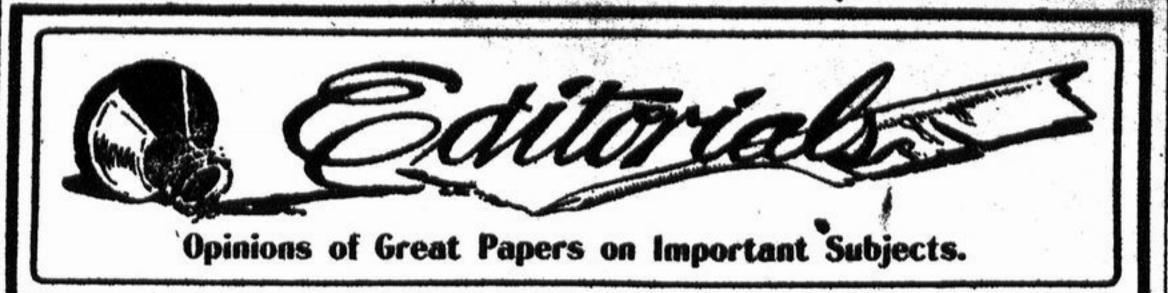
"We's been talking over Margaret's roles." said a danniless and tactful relative who had been delegated to approach Uncle Hiram on the subject, "It really seems as if she ought to take essons and practice regularly. Her mother talks of selling a little of her mining stock for Margaret's sake." Uncle Hiram's keen old face wore a

mutinous expression. "Have to practice two, three hours a Sun. day, I suppose?" he said, dully,

"Oh, res." said the venturesome relaive; then she had a sudden inspiration. "It would be best of all if she could i go abroad for two or three years," she murmured, thoughtfully; "but of course that is out of the question-the ex-

"Never mind about the expense!" broke in Uncle Hiram, joyfully. "If she can go abroad-a good ang ways abroad-to take her lessons and do her practicing. I'll foot the expense."

A Hap at ame. don't sing 'Fair Harvard' ans "What do they sing?" pare Harvard."-Yale Record.



### TRAGEDIES OF THE MINES.

BULLETIN of the Geological Survey makes by its cold statement of facts a powerful indictment against the murderous methods of coal mining permitted in the United States.

The great increase in the production of coal in this country is not responsible wholly for the shocking number of lives lost in the mines. There has been a great increase in coal production in Europe also, and there the deaths have diminished, owing to the enforcement of laws for the protection of the men working underground.

There is certainly criminal neglect of some sort in our methods when the death rate of miners by accident has increased here from 2.67 per thousand in 1895 to 3.40 per thousand in 1966, the death rate from the same causes steadily declining in European countries during the same period.

Our coal mines kill nearly four times as many men per thousand as do those of Belgium, more than four times as many as the mines of France and nearly three times as many as those of Great Britain.

In no country of the world are the conditions for the safe extraction of coal so favorable as in the United States, and yet this murderous record stands against us as a result of neglecting the safeguards that ought to be enforced. We are not so strict as we should be in making compulsory the use of safety lamps. We do not limit as we should the charges of explosives that may be fired. We are not so careful as the Europeans in shot-firing at times when the mines are unoccupied except for the presence of the expert shot-firers.

Taking this bulletin of the Geological Survey as a guide, the laws of every coal-mining State should forbid many of the practices tolerated in our own mines, and command the observance of the rules and precautions quoted from the laws of European countries. Our list of criminal tragedies is already too long.-St. Louis Re-

#### ----THE VALUE OF PREACHING.



the state of the s

NDIVIDUAL cases, at least, the breaking down of the preacher by the cares of the administrator, seems clearly traceable. It may have buppened in the old days that a clergyman was invisible all the week, and incomprehensible on Sunday; but to-day the trouble is apt to be that he is only

too visible all the week, "running" the church, and exhausting his nervous energy in serving tables to such an extent that he is in speech contemptible on Sunday. You cannot plow with a race horse and expect him to keep his speed. A man absorbed in business for six days cannot emerge as an uplifting speaker on the seventh. An orator must be plus who hopes to be a true master of assemblies not one whose thoughts and spring have been drawn down to minus by exacting la-

THE TREE'S BOOTS.

Something About What In Called

Plant Intelligence.

the vegetable, so is animal intelligence

bearer akin to our own than plant in-

ology, but not yet of plant psychology.

When a plant growing in a darkened

room leans toward the light the lean-

ing, we are taught, is a purely mechan-

lent process. The effect of the light

upon the cells of the plant brings it

about in a purely mechanical way.

but when an animal is drawn to the

light the process is a much more com-

plex one and implies a nervous system.

It is thought by some that the roots

of a water-loving plant divine the

water from afar and run toward it.

The truth is the plant or tree sends its

roots in all directions, but those on

the side of water find the ground moist-

er in that direction and their growth

is accelerated, while the others are

checked by the dryness of the soil. An

ash tree stands on a rocky slope where

the soil is thin and poor twenty or

twenty-five feet from my garden. After

a while it sent so many roots down into

the garden and so robbed the garden

regetables of the fertilizers that we

cut the roots off and dug a trench to

keep the tree from sending more. Now.

the gardener thought the tree divined

the rich pasturage down below there

and reached for it accordingly. The

truth is, I suppose, that the roots on

that side found a little more and bet-

ter soil and so pushed on till they

reached the garden, where they were

at once so well fed that they multi-

plied and extended themselves rapidly.

The tree waxed strong and every sea-

son sent more and stronger roots into

the garden. John Burroughs, in Out-

Little Mamie Rose Rose.

children long to catch on to things in

the Educational Alliance, "When one

explains a word to them they never

forget it, and they are always ready

with an illustration of its meaning

as the custom is, I turned about and

"'Now, is there any one.' I asked,

"A grimy little mechin at the back

made them explain the word to me.

who can give me an illustration?

"Here's a ambiguity fer ye."

cried. 'Little Mamie Rose sat on a

"Oh, no," concluded the teacher,

"you don't have to explain a thing to

the east side child twice."-New York

Ominous Pose.

"I bear ron've got a new minister

" Cause whenever he talks to me he

The novel-writers have a nice way

always holds his hand behind him."-

The Catholic Standard and Times.

that her hair was frower.

generation ahead of it.

must 'a' been a school teacher onct."

"Why do you think that?"

of the room stuck up his hand.

tack-little Mannie Rose. See?

I remember that some time ago

"It doesn't take those little Russian

ing Magazine

As the animal is pearer to us than

bors as a collector of funds and a manager of clubs. The great preachers have been seers who were given leisure through the week in which to dream thir dreams and shape their prophecies. But the institutional church leaves the clergy no time even to think.

The church cannot afford to still the voice of her prophets. Christianity has been pre-eminently the preached religion. Its Founder sent forth the Apostles to preach. All through the history of the Christian church the living utterance of spiritual men has been the great corrector and quickener. Inspired preaching has in it the greatest power known to man-that of a kindled personality. It is the most potent fascination which anything exterior in the church can wield-more vivid than music, more direct than even grand architecture and fit adornment of the temple. With the right man in the pulpit, allowed time for brooding thoughts , ud careful choice of form, nowhere else can speech be so 'lothed upon with power.-New York Evening Post.

# AM TRICANS WORK FAST AND DIE EARLY.



HYSICIANS have long been preaching the doctrine that American business men live too fast. With the telegraph, the ocean cable, the telephone and other modern facititles the man of affairs can do in one bour work that formerly would have occupled six. It might be thought his work-

ing day would be correspondingly shortened. Nothing of the sort has occurred. The speed with which trade can be effected has simply accelerated his pace, and he not only works faster, but more hours than ever, with corresponding increase of business and responsibilities. To keep up this energy he eats too much-sometimes drinks too much-for a man who spends most of his working hours at his desk and takes no open air exercise. Physical deterioration is inevitable, and when a period of more than usual stress and anxiety arrives be is liable to succumb.

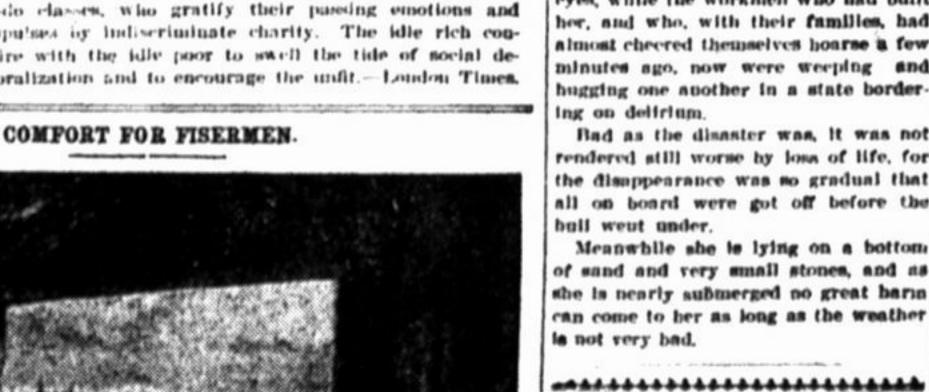
What American business men must learn is to slow down, take wholesome recreation, and, above all, quit worrying, even over real troubles when they come, whereas most of them now worry over troubles that never come.- New York Herald.

## INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY.



HERE are thousands who need every incentive to bonest labor that can be found, and they are readily demoralized by the spectacle of men enabled to live in comfort without any labor at all. Maladministration of the poor law is largely responsible for this state of things, but it is power-

uily reinforced by the self-indulgence of the more wellto-do classes, who gratify their passing emotions and impulses by indiscriminate charity. The idle rich conspire with the idle poor to swell the tide of social demoralization and to encourage the unfit. - London Times.





FISHING THROUGH THE ICE UNDER SHELTER.

In the winter the fishermen on the great lakes of Canada build little cabins on the ice. In these buts they take up their quarters, and fish through a hole chopped in the ice in the center of the cabin floor. The fishermen sit close to their little stoves. These men can make quite a good living at a time when they would be frozen out if they did not go into these fishing camps. They can make from four to five dollars a day.

# AMBROSE CHANNEL

Why Gotham's New Harbor Waterway Received Ita Name.

The name of Ambrose channel was given the new waterway by an act of Congress passed in May, 1900, one year after my father's death, says Catherine Ambrose Shrady in the New York Son. The action of Congress was inspired by the Legislature of New York from which the following is quoted:

Providence has seen fit to call from the produce and maritime exchanges and midst of us the late John W. Ambrose the leading representatives of the large of the city of New York, whose life of steamship companies. Senator Depen unselfish public service has proved of introduced the bill in Congress to name her child. Overcome by the simple such inestimable advantage to the citi- the new waterway Ambrose channel, zens of that city and of the entire State | In conclusion I would say that my by reason of his securing new and ade father was born in Ireland and came quate channels leading from the ocean to this country with his parents when of eight other small boys, and led them "Yeh, an' I don't like him at all; he into the port of New York, for the ac- a very young child. commodation of our rapidly increasing commerce, he having for that purpose secured from the Federal government during the past eighteen years approaggregating the enormous sum of \$8,-000,000; and

of saying that a girl's face was framed "Whereas Mr. Ambrose having held in wayward curis when it is means no public office, but animated solely by patriotic motives, to which he gave his Every succeeding generation sees its pre-eminent abilities, by arousing genyoung people giving advice a few years | eral interest in much earlier than the young folks of the ments, not only of the harbor facilities

ways of the State at large, we now desire to give pronounced expression in this manner of our appreciation of his services; now, he it

"Resolved, That the State of New York recognizes with gratitude and warm appreciation the efforts of the late John W. Ambrose, and commends his unselfish labors for the advance ment of trade and commerce." At the instigation of many influen-

tial members of the Chamber of Com-"Whereas, During the last year merce, the Merchants' Association, the

Wanted Company. "Madam," said the doctor who had

been called at 2 a. m., after examining priations for the harbor of New York | the patient, "send at once for the clergyman and also for a lawyer if you want to make your will." "Good gracious!" exclaimed the horrified patient. "Is it as bad as shot?"

"Oh, there is no danger at all," replied the M. D. "But I don't want to be the only one who has had his simm ! Ro maked for nothing." -- Ch

LAUNCHING WAS UNLUCKY

Stenmohip Ever Built in Italy. A feeling akin to consternation has been spread through Italian shipping circles owing to the mishap in launching the biggest passenger steamer yet constructed in Italy, says lingineering.

The day fixed for the launch was a typical Italian day-bright sunshine, cloudless sky and delightful temperature. The trains from both directions of the Riviera took hundreds of eager spectators to the place, and many steamers, large and small, took other visitors down from Genoa, and the sea being quite smooth these were largely patronized.

Shortly after midday the naming took place in due form and the bottle of sparkling asti, decorated with flowers and the Italian colors, was broken in the traditional manner. Twenty minutes afterward the signal was given that all was clear and the vessel gradually began to move, quickly increasing her rate of speed, and amid the cheering of thousands, the hoarse tones of the whistles and the shricking of sirens the launch was quickly and triumphantly completed.

But no sooner was the vessel fairly afloat than she was seen to heel over in an alarming manner; the cheering Me for a spike-tailed scabbard ceased in an instant and a dead slience followed; the effect of this and the buge mass of the vessel slowly going over was so horrifying to the spectators that they started to flee from the

The tugs had at once got held of the vessel, and she was pulled around parallel to the shore. The inclination was to port, and by this time the water had reached the portholes of the main deck, ome of which had been left open, and the cabins quickly filled. She was soon on her beam ends, her funnels being about two meters clear of the water and parallel with its surface, and in that position she gradually subsided until all that was to be seen of that great steamer was a portion of her side, looking like the back of a whale, about a meter and a half above the surface at its highest point.

The effect on the spectators was in tense. The shippard is so situated in the corner of the bay that the vessel seemed to dominate everything. That she should have entirely disappeared In such a fashion was horrifying to the onlookers; it seemed as if some terrible nightmare had got hold of them, and they could hardly speak. The officials who had been responsible for the construction stood there as if turned to stone and remained gazing at the spot as if they could hardly believe their crea, while the workmen who had built her, and who, with their families, had almost cheered themselves hourse a few minutes ago, now were weeping and hugging one another in a state bordering on delirium.

Bad as the disaster was, it was not rendered still worse by loss of life, for the disappearance was so gradual that all on board were got off before the buil weut under.

Meanwhile she is lying on a bottom | boxers and fighters came to of sand and very small stones, and as | the old days of Greece they she is nearly submerged no great barm can come to her as long as the weather is not very bad.

# A PIONEER HEROINE.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

~~~~~~~ An instance of unusual heroism, connected with the burning of Royalton, Vt., by the Indians in 1780, is recorded by Zadoc Steele, one of those who were taken captive, in a book published in 1818. A Mrs. Hendee, with her little son, seven years old, and a daughter with thongs and supp who was still younger, was trying to small knobs of lead or from to a make her exape, when the Indiana overtook her and captured the boy Anxious for the fate of the child,

she inquired what they were going to do with him. They replied that they should make a soldier of him, and hastened away.

She determined to get possession of her son, and proceeded down the fiver She soon discovered a large body of Indiana stationed on the opposite side of the river. Wishing to find the chief and supposing him to be there, she set out to cross the river, and just as she arrived at the bank an old Indian stepped ashore

He could not talk English, but requested by signs to know where she was going. She signified that she was going to cross, when he, supposing she intended to deliver herself up to them as a prisoner, kindly offered to carry her and her child across on his back but she refused to be carried, He then insisted upon carrying he

child, to which she consented, The little girl cried and said "she didn't want to ride the old Indian. She was, however, persuaded, and they all set out to ford the river.

Having proceeded about half-way across, they came to deeper and swifter water, and the old Indian, patting the mother upon the shoulder, gave her to understand that if she would tarry upon a rock near them which was not covered with water, until he had carried her child over, he would return and carry her, also. She therefore stopped and sat upon the rock until be had carried her daughter and set her upon the opposite shore; when he returned he took her upon his back, lugged her over, and safely landed her with her child.

She hastened to the chief and boldly sured her that her son should be given all away. She carried two of the children across the river on her back, one | asked his wife. at a time, and the others waded through the water. After crossing the fuses to analy river, she traveled about three miles | kee Senting with them and encamped for the night. The war day she made her way to a y safety.

Needed a Smoke Badly. Once upon a time, d

faced track was were beart-break

his nerve. Sta he shouted beatile pro tempore engine "Arrah! Mister runner ye are dutel to be throublin' ye to "What's the matter, I

"Divvie a wan bit am I think I'll have to be along. I did be l'avin' me i der at th' camp, and I'm dead for a shmoke!"

The Car Conductor's Next week the marriage bells For I'll be there, I guess,

And Pansy's Ma, she won't he

To see the Reverend Mr. pull the A shell-back shirt, femouth I'll be the daintlest brid

Nothing to do but take the Love in a cottage run on union pay-

Can Teddy Roosevelt do a sum

Two can eat cheap as one, perhaps, but You've got to beat a quarter pretty flat To cork three squares, make Little Two

And keep the wolf from chewing up the Methinks I'm tagged to join the Worry

To chase the fleeting rhine through the To bag the boodle, trap the wild And scratch for corn when Pansy ho

They say I'll turn as sickly as a chul-When on the First, with dull and dea The Rent comes round and walks

Remarking, "Peel, or else file out. But when your arms are full of girl and You hide your nerve behind a yard o

A flock of dragons with a enfety-p Life's a slow skate, but Love's the dog That puts a brewery horse in racing trim

You'd spit into a wild-cat's date or him

Wallace Irwin in Success Magazine. THE GREEK MYRMEK.

It Was the Deadliest Weapon of the Ancient Pagillet. The four-sunce glove was unknown to the ancient pugilist. When their hands the centus, which itself a terrible adjunct to any But Dr. Daniel G. Briton dis that there was sometimes attack

the centus a deadlier weapon.

ing of a three-propped fork of h This was known as the myrmen. Dr. Brinton, who found this a gave it to the museum of arch in the University of Pennsyl Classical literature has erences to the myrmex, which scribed on the deadliest wearon ancient pugillet. The right band swathed in tough hide, bound in was affixed the myrmex. Dr. B made his discovery in Paris amining the Greek and Rome bles in the Louvre. groups represented a fighter i on his right fist the ceetus and

Combats in those days were more brutal and dangerous than of the modern prize ring. It seen that a single blow of the mex might cause death of

Her Purse and His Hand "The thoughts of youth are thoughts." The other day woman who had dropped he full of pay money for the girls under her charge, or thoughts of youth to be re

ment stores, and as her hand occupied she let her purse II few moments where it had falls her eye was on it. In the m bright little fellow not more or 10 years old left his pares by and deftly covered the pr a handkerchief. The woman, who is a per

possessed young person, believe her eyes, but she w what the boy would do. was stooping to his prize, s her foot quietly on it. The slipped back without well dressed "respec

Then the woman picked and, taking the handk the lad, handed it to you didn't get my pur

"That box of dura as he laid down the