THINKING AND CHEYING. "Captain, what do you think," I ask-

"Of the part your soldiers play?" The captain answered, "I do not think-

I do not think-I obey."

"Do you think you should shoot a patriot down And help a tyrant slay?" The captain answered, "I do not think-

4 do not think-I obev."

"Do you think that your conscience was meant to die. And your brains to rot away?" The captain answered, "I do not

think-I do not think-I obey."

"Then, if this is your soldier's code." I eried.

"You're a mean, unmanly crew. And with all your feathers and gilt | and braid

I am more of a man than you,

"For whatever my lot on earth may

And whether I swim or sink, I can say with pride, I do not obey- on the third floor. I do not know I do not obev-I think!" -ERNEST H. CROSBY.

# BASHFUL

7<del>4000000000000</del> If I had been caught in such situation by anybody but John Benton I should have been terribly annoyed. There I was sitting on the floor of the nursery with hair tumbled, my face red, and a great rent across the front of my shirt, where k had been caught by a nail a few minutes before during a fierce biladman's buff

scrimmage. My little sister Alice was having a party and of course I had to assist in entertaining the guests. There were just twelve, seven boys and five girls. When John B. nton tapped at the door I said "come in." carelessly, supposing it was one of the servants.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Latour, They said I should find you here. But perhaps I have made some mistake."

"Not at all, Mr. Benton," said I, as I scrambled to my feet, "We are pleased to see you. Sit down on-on the piano stool. The chairs have been taken into the other room. We have been playing blind man's buff. "I-I received this invitation," went on Mr. Benton, taking an envelope from his pocket.

The gfit-edged card within read; "Miss Latour requests the pleasure of your company on Tuesday, December 29, at five o'clock."

I looked reproachfully at my sevenyear-old sister, Alice. She had sent one of the printed invitations, which the printer had neglected to insert the name "Allce," to John Benthe great booby had taken at for granted that I was the Miss so he had come in full dress -a nice contrast to my torn dress and disheveled hair.

I did not care much what I said to John Benton. Ever since I had met Warren's ball; three months ago, my brothers all decided was in love with me, but

was too bashful to tell me so Not that he was backward where concerned. My brother Will took me to the Stock Exchange one morning, and I saw John Benton. with his hat on the back of his head. grasping a brass railing with one hand and shaking the other, holding some papers in the face of a savage looking man, and shouting at him at the top of his voice in the most de-

But Mr. Benton was not thinking about the market as he walked over to the piano stool in his dress coa: and white necktie, and sat there with killed!" I acreamed. "What shall I one of the most sheepish smiles I do?"

ever saw on a young man's face. "Now, Lou, you must sit down on the floor again, so that we can play

Come on," said Alice. John Benton blushed and looked at

Most of the penalties were in the shape of kisses, and I felt nervous until my turn came. Alice held forfeits over the head of a particular friend of hers, a girl of her own age and it was the duty of the latter to say when what should be done with the owner of the article. There was my handkerchief held up threateningly.

heart heat quickly when Alice repeated the familiar nursery jargon, and it fairly jumped when she with a mischievous glance at Mr. Benton and myself stepped and whispered to her friend. Then she went on with the

"What shall be done with the own-

Clear cut and distinct came the answer:

"She shall kiss Mr. Benton."

"Oh, it's Lou-it's Lou?" shouted There was silence as everybody ex-

the operation performed, when a baby voice at my side said: "I'll tiss him for you, Lou." So Stella climbed up to Mr. Ben-

ton's neck, with one of her hand: on his white shirt front, and, as she said herself:

and it tittled my nose!"

I proposed that we should all sing."

one all by hersif." So she commenced deliberately:

"Little bir-die, on-the-tree (a long Tahoe," said Tanner recently, "but of ideas and commodities which breath) on-the-tree! (another long I have never seen it fall so rapidly encourages, the American people have breath) on-the-tree!"

window, while the company tawaited was the fall.

her pleasure. "Oh, loot-loot at the big birdle on the lake, without any apparent cause, close to the house.

ion, for I saw him jump as his eyes followed the direction of her finger. He controlled himself at once, however, as he replied quickly: "I think that is the shadow of a

birdie, Stella." "No, no, I saw a birdie on the tree,"

she persisted. He put her down and she ran over to me. As I took her on my lap I heard the door close, and that John Benton had disappeared.

announced Stella, imperiously, room," I said.

"Well, do down. I'll be dood." Of course I had to go. I left Stel- Sacramento Bee. la to Alice's charge and ran swiftly down the stairs. The nursery was what induced me to open the door of my paren's' bedroom as I passed it I did so, however. It was quite dark save for one narrow bar of moonlight forcing its way through the branches of the poplar outside the

window. I glanced carelessly into the room, with my hand on the handle of the door, and was about to continue my journey to the dining room when I felt a current of air from an open window, and saw something white gleaming in the moonlight for an instant and then disappear.

band," I thought, as an indescribable feeling of terror passed over me and left him shivering.

There was not a sound to be heard in the room save the rustling of the curtains as the light wintry breeze blew them from the window; but I was certain some one was there.

He was inside the room by this time, and I noticed that his footsteps were noiseless, as if he had no shoes on as he moved across the bar moonlight toward the bureau where my mother always kept her jewelry I saw a round patch of bright yellow fall on the keyhole of the top drawer, and then heard a metallic rattling. The thief was picking the lock.

If I could only scream or call Will! The drawer opened; the man was fumbling at its contents, whencrash! The yellow flash of light, disappeared and, with a fearful word, I saw the man faff, another man holding him! Then a pistol shot rang through the room and echoed up and down the stars, and the room was flooded in light. Somebody had switched on the light.

For a few seconds my eyes were so dazzled that I could not see anything. Then I saw two men rolling on the floor in a desperate struggle, while a pistol lay just outside of their reach. The man underneath, with his closely fitting plush cap, was scowling at me, as he tried to release himself and I thought I could see murder written on this thing lips and short. turned up nose so thinly that abould have been in favor of hang-

ing him on the spot In the battle, just as Will and my father reached the room and rushed past me, the combatants rolled over; a very red face, which, however, was anything but sheepish now, was turned toward me. The face of -John

skirt front. It was blood.

Will, mr father-everything, as I threw myself down by the side of John Benton and pressed my

handkerchief over the red stain

I will never believe again that John Benton was ever bashful, for he just put one of his hands on the back of forfeits. And you, too, Mr. Benton, my head, pulled my face down to his and whispered:

> and as you have commenced to call me John do it all the rest of your life and let me call you Lou.

There was a sudden disturbance. The thief had broken away.

"It is not serious," said John, sitting up. "That fellow cut his hand in some way while opening the burean and he rubbed the blood all over my shirt, that's all."

I bit my lip and gave John a look that should have frozen him. It did not have the proper effect, however for he followed me upstairs to the nursery, where the racket of play had rendered the children oblivious to the disturbance below.

As he took Stella on his knee he

"You must sing Birdle on a Tree" for us again, will you?" "Ess, I will sing it for you, you mus tiss Lou for me now. She has l diven me lets and lots of tandy." "Yes, I think so," said John, "And

I'll tiss her for you." And he actually did ft.-American cept Mr. Benton looked at me to see Cultivator.

### LAKE TAHOE'S ANTICS.

Mysterious Rise and Fall of a Body of Water on Crest of Sierras. Lake Tahoe, that mysterious jewel on the crest of the Sierras, is again "I tissed him right on the mout, attracting attention because of its strange antics. John K. Tanner, who "I did not want to play at forfeits has spent years on the borders of the, there, arrived in Reno recently with to knit to itself with steel the far-"Yes, Stella, let us hear you sing ner is not able to give an explana- and East, diverse in interest and tion for this stronge condition.

or to such an extent as in the last been able to build up a great em baughty disregard of the desires or we first noticed the waters were re- firmly founded upon national unity.opinions of her audience that would peding. It was gradual at first, but From Ray Stannard Baker's "Deshave been worthy of a petted prima within the last week it seemed as if they and the Western Railroad" in forma, turned carelessly round on Mr. the lake had found another outlet and the Century.

"Two years ago, instead of falling,

the tree out of the window," she began to rise, and at one time resisaid, suddenly, pointing downward dents of Truckee were organizing to toward where I knew a tall tree grew prevent, if possible, the destruction of their town in the event that the dam at the mouth of the lake gave Mr. Benton was apparently startled way. Just when the danger seemed it by this evidence of Stella's keen vis-

greatest the waters began to recede." in places the lake bottom never has been found. The claim has often been made that it has a subterranean outlet which contracts and expands, cloud in the moonlight, and not a this condition being brought about by volcanic action. The lake itself is claimed by some scientists to be the crater of an extinct volcano.

In the mythology of the Washoe Indians it is related that the lake was emptied by some great force, the waters falling upon the valleys on the "I want some more sugar candy," least side of the mountains and drowning many people. The matter has "I shall have to go downstairs for been called to the attention of Prof. it, Stella. It is all in the dining Church, of the University of Nevada, who may visit the lake to study the phenomenon.-Reno correspondence

#### A LITTLE STUDY IN TIPS.

Young Men Going Courting the Bar

ber's Best Customer. "More from young men before they are married than after," said the communicative harber, talking about tips "and most from young men who are going courting. This doesn't mean you understand, that single young men are more generous with tips that married men are, but simply that they come in oftener when single and so leave more money,

"A young unmarried man who is going courting goes to see his girl two or three times a week, or very likely "What is that? It looked like a oftener, and of course he must always go spick and span and clean shaven Now very probably this young man shaves himself and does this commonly after he gets home at the end of the day before he goes out in the eve-

"But now suppose he should be detained at the store or the office so that he wouldn't have time to shave at home before going out, for it wouldn't do for him to be late where he is going. He knows how his work is running and whether he is going to be detained at that or not, and if he finds he is going to be, why then, he sneaks out in the course of the day when things let up a little, time enough to run in to the barber's and get shaved before he goes home. Or for that matter it may be that he is going out with his girl that evening and so wouldn't have tried to shave after he got home even if he got there at his regular time.

"So the young man who commonly would shave himself may, when he is going courting, run in to the barber's to get shaved two or three times a week, and of course he leaves a tip every time, but after he's married he doesn't come in so often. Not that he takes any less care of himself then is less careful about his appearance, but then he is going to his own home. where it is permitted to him to shave at such hour as may be most conven-

"Of course whether single or mar ried a man can't cut his own hair I and so the man married still comes in regularly to get his hair cut, but not nearly so often as before to get shaved, and so it is from the young unmarried man, and this when he is going courting, that we get the most tipa,"-New York Sun.

### In Forbidden Places.

A very large mastiff at one end the other end formed a combination which attracted the attention of a saw a great red stain on the white casual pedestrian in a quiet side

the The little girl doubtless thought that she was taking the dog out for an airing, but the big animal himself appeared to have the impression that he was the leader of the expedition. "John, John! What is it? Where | and, beyond question, the balance of are you hurt? Oh, father, he is power was entirely on his side. He dragged the girl along, despite her scoiding and expostulation, at a pace

which kept her breathless. Suddenly, either from a whim of his own or because somebody had been in the habit of taking him there he darted through the swinging doors "Do just what you are doing now; of a corner saloon. The girl looked horrified, but, clinging determinedly to her end of the leash, she followed her charge, and as the doors swung shut behind her the casual pedestrian heard this exasperated re-

"Oh, darnfound it! Don't you know ladies don't go there? It's only a place for mens!"-Philadelphia Led-

### The Reward of Faith.

Bret Harte had bushy hair, very piercing eyes and a moustache which soon became white. He was apparently deeply attached to his children, and he told me a very funny story about one of them, which I fear has appeared in print, but not with the names attached. Anyhow, it worth retelling. Harte was sitting in his study half asleep, when he heard a small voice say, in very small tones, "Does on love Dord, fly?" Then, in a still smaller voice, the fly was supposed to reply. "Yes." Bret Harte turned round, and as the youth gently squashed the fly on the window-pane, he heard him say "Then oo s'all see Dord, fly."-From "Leaves from a Life," Anonymous,

### A Word For the Railroad.

Great as is the power and promin itself only the instrument by which a sentiment, never could have been "I have spent ten years around Lake | held together. With the interchange

## TWO FOMO

MUYAMUYA THE BANTERER WAS HARD TO SLAY

He Even Survived the Attacks of Grizzly Bears, but at Last His Concealed Heart was Discovered\_The Old Frog Woman and the Floating Log

B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B-Among the recent publications of the University of California is one dealing with the ethno-geography of the Pomo and neighboring Indians, by S. A. Barrett. The territory included in the investigation lies immediately north of San Francisco Bay, and includes several counties. It extends about one hundred and thirty miles north and south and about one hundred miles east and west. I reaches from the shoreline of the ocean to the Sacramento River, thus lying chiefly within what is known to geographers as the Coast Range

Mountains. This portion of the Coast Range, however, consist of two fairly distinct ranges, and between these mountains flow several streams, one of which is the Russian River, on whose banks were several village sites. One of these was supposed to have been the home of Muyamuya, a mythical be-

"There is considerable doubt," says Mr. Barrett, "as to whether this site was ever inhabited by the present indians, but it is given by some as an ordinary village. By others, however, it is given as the site of a village occupied by the mythical people only. According to one informant, Muyamuya was a great, ugly-looking, hairy, man-like being, nine or ten feet in height, who lived alone near a spring called kapasit, spring brush.

"As any one passed by he would al ways make fun of them and invite them to gamble. No one ever paid any attention to his bantering, but passed on, and as his back was turned Muyamuya would run up and steal whatever the person was carrying and make off with it. On account of his strength and size the people were afraid to attack him at such times, but they eventually gave a big dance and feast to which he was invited, and there they endeavored to kill him. He warned them repeatedly that if he were killed some great calamity would befall them, but said that if they wished to dispose of him they must dress up in a certain very rich costume and throw him into a big pool in the river at the foot of the cliff

just north of the village. "They, however, paid no attention to his warning, and proceeded to pinion him and allow the women to pound him to pieces with pestles. They then threw the mangled remains away and rejoiced that they were at last rid of this vicious tormentor. But no sooner had they returned to the village than he also reappeared, the pieces of his body having come togeth-

"At other times he was known to have been attacked by grizzly bears while hunting and to have been chewed to hits by them, and still to have survived. Finally, after the people of this village had endeavored a number of times to kill Muramuya, they determined to again try mashing him. They accordingly caught him and took him to the top of the cliff just north of the village and mashed his body completely, this time not overlooking any parts, and particularly the great toe of his right foot. Under the nall of Mayamuya's great toe on the right foot there was a small hard kernel which when cut open and examined

was found to enclose his heart. "It was the overlooking of this heart that had formerly baffled their attempts to kill him. This time, however, they cut out the heart and rolled the fragments of the body over the cliff into the pool below; also rolling large boulders after them. The boulders may now be seen at the foot of this cliff. The people then celebrated the occasion with a great dance, at the end of which all were transformed into birds, which flew away, and the village has never since been inhab-

Mr. Barrett also tells about a lake which in aboriginal times was surrounded by a dense growth of shrubs and briars-a place viewed with some awe by the Indians.

"There is a story told of a super natural log which formerly floated about in this lake," he says. "In appearance it was like an ordinary log five or six feet in length and eight or ten inches, possibly a foot, in diameter. It floated about the lake as an ordinary log might, but when people, particularly children, approached the lake the log would be seen to float toward them and come to the shore where it would remain until they either stepped upon it or moved away. If they did the former the log moved rapidly out to the middle of the lake and there floated about for a long

"So far as informants could remeraber the log did not roll or in any way seem to try to throw off its cargo, and no one was ever known to have been killed or injured by such a ride. Never heless, no one except the most daring ever ventured to stop upon the log and it seems to have been particularly forbidden to children by their parents to undertake such a risk.

"Another strange thing in connection with this lake is the fact, which any longer-it was too dangerous, so lake, and who owns timber land near | The road was the effort of the East | is attested by some of the oldest settlers of the region, that every even-"Ess, I tan sing." I know lots of the statement that the lake has fallen outlying Rockies and the Pacific ing there was to be heard coming nearly six feet within the month. Tan- coast. Without the road, the West i from the lake a deep and very loud sound resembling somewhat that of a locomotive blowing off steam or the loud bellowing of a bull. This was said to be the sound made by the old frog-woman who lived in and controll. ed this lake and all things surround-Then she stopped, and with a four weeks. Before Christmas time pire, holding together vast territory, ing it. She is not represented as at all inclined to viciousness or as having injured Indians, nor was there formerly thought to be any direct connection between her and the miracul-

"However, not many years after the settlement of this section by the Mexican rancheros there came a very wet season which raised the river so high that it flowed into and out of this lake, taking with it the miraculous log; and never since has the sound of the o'd frog-woman been heard in the evening. It is now believed by the In-

ously moving log above mentioned.

they were formerly unaware."-New York Evening Post.

HE DIDN'T GO HUNGRY. Neither Did His Partner After Their Scheme Worked Out All

dians, therefore that there was some

connection between the two, of which

The man who once was down and out but is no longer was telling the other day of one of his poverty time devices.

He was travelling with another chap just as much down and out as he, and both were hungry. Their capital was insignificant and they didn't intend to spend any of it. But they had a revolver which suggested to the first man a scheme. It worked out something like this;

"I went into a pretty good looking restaurant," said the prosperous one, taking a long draw at his cigar, "and as my clothes looked pretty good wasn't an object of suspicion. I had an overcoat which belonged to my

"As the overcoat and the revolver were chief characters in the ensuing drama, they have to be mentioned prominently. I got a seat right near the door and hung up my coat so that it was only a step away from

"Then I sat down and ordered square one, a meal that it would be impossible to describe, it was so good It was flavored with the sauce of abstinenc -- from food.

"I ate and ate and ate, and by and by my partner came along. Without his overcoat-and it was a cold day -he didn't look good. He hung around the door for a long while, looking like a hobo getting up his nerve to come in and beg.

"Just about the time he made signal to me that showed he about to enter I got up to go to the cigar counter to pick out a nice after dinner smoke. In came my partner and slunk up to the desk to ask for a bit of food,

"Nothing doing. He was turned down cold. Then to make the thing work better, he came up to me and asked, 'Say, boss, won't you give me | eat down upon a big stone and wrote a lift? I'm down and out.' I repulsed him sternly, and after looking her sheet,

around he started out. "I said to the proprietor in a vir tuous way, 'I don't believe in helping presently Caro write:those bums, to which he answered with a smug shake of the head, when my partner grabbed the overcoat, I knew what he was doing, but I pretended to be very much interested in was to nibble at the grass. the cigar until the proprietor yelled

out: 'Hey, he's stealing your coat!' "I held on to the cigar, wheeled around and started for my partner. He was half out of the door, I yell at you, and they have horns to let ed. 'Drop that!' and for answer he down the bars with, when they go drew the revolver and flourished 4t. home at night. Our cow is reddish, of English sparrows that huddle

"The proprietor dropped behind the and isn't funny at all." counter and the waiters fled to the Just then the cow walked off un- story is about the dear dittle Britis kitchen. From his place the pro- der a tree, and lay down chewing blue butterflies." prietor called out: 'Look out! He'll her cud. shoot you!' and taking my cue I let

"Then when the excitement clear ed off I raised an awful row about chew!" So she wrote down her die losing the coat, and the proprietor finally came up with the money for that way, but mamma makes me ches a new one, say about \$30. Well, dil as I go along." that meal pay me? What?"-New

News Over Great Distances. The hope that the movement of troops against the Zakka Khels will away toward the fence. Safely on erring tribesmen leaves out of account | back. the mystic Oriental power of rapid. The cow was inspecting the comly and secretly communicating news position. over vast distances

was furnished during the Indian fron- | vanished in her mouth! tier expedition against the Waziris in files and 120 miles by mountain roads | she added this to the first part:from their base at Shelk Budin the British troops defeated the Waziris. | ate mine up." Heavy mist prevented the news of The next Friday afternoon, when this success being heliographed until all the twenty compositions were read the following day, when, communica- the scholars voted Caro Clyde's the tion being opened up, the British of very funniest one there.-Emma O ficer at Sheik Budin anticipated the Dowd, in Sunday School Times. news of the victory by stating he had been informed of it by natives on

the very evening of its occurrence. The most famous instance of this sort is associated with the assassina- The claws are cooked and people Andaman Islands Within a few hours Simla was told by his Pathan ser-

arrive until the next day. ted is hidden from Europeans, but again and again in India, as also in a sait water crab, the Gelasimum tan- a lion's skin and went around bran-Egypt during the Sudanese campaigns | geri, which lives along the shores of ging about it, but the other donkers and in South Africa during the Boer war, the authenticity and speed in little crab, with his one little wife, much. That showed he was a donker such native telegraphy were proved. has a little cave for a home, and -Dundee Advertiser.

hat ripen the slowest last the long-

Slow Mental Ripening.

Net infrequently those mentalities

est and often the history of these great men has been persistent neglect and worldly coldness until forty or more years have passed before their greatness has been conceded by their contemporaries. Truly, "the life hisfory of a great genius is almost invariably one of a sad and somber path." Such are the words of one asherman cuts of his retreat may, it is now recognized that many of the finest achievements in bustness, statesmanship, literature and in all activities have been wrought by men long past sixty. Writes one: 'No strong man will accept sixty as the arbitrary limit of his ambition and working ability."-From W. A. Newman Dorland's "The Age of Mental Vitality" in the Century.

One-tenth of the carth's surface i



FALLING LELAVES, The sentimental poet always grieves When he beholds the falling autumn

leaves: But I think their importance very Compared to other leaves that swift-From my big calendar, as day by

The months of glad vacation slip but all of the corners are

for trout. There the three days the boys and

To think how fast the summer pleas-

There goes the day we spent down out into the summer night. by the sea-The day we cut our names upon a

I camped out-

The day we waded in the shady then comes school!

COW THAT LIKED COMPOSITIONS Caro had never written a composition. At the city school nothing had ever been said about them. But here in the country, where they had before?" flately come to live, every Friday was composition day, and Caro was expected to write something on the before." "Cows," she read, and felt perplex. father?"

"Make your composition this week humorous or funny, if possible," the teacher said, which sent Caro home in a puzzle. What was funny about

After school the little girl took a terrible here: it is beautiful." paper and pencil, and went out into the pasture back of the house to study their cow, and to write her composition. Billy Carpenter had told her that

cows sometimes chased people, but this cow that her father had just bought looked too clumsy and too lazy to run after anybody. So Caro "Cows" in big letters at the top of and he was sitting cross-legged on

side to side, to drive off the flies, so

tails that go wigglety-waggle." Then she watched to see the cow do something funcy, but all she did Pretty soon this went down on

Caro's paper: "Cown cat all the time and never stop. They have big eyes that stare

"Ob," thought Caro, "that is funny! They do their eating first, and then they go and chew and chew and for the rest of the story.

covery, adding, "I wish I could do A railway passed near the farm, ly not far away. It frightened the OBJENTAL SECRET TELEGRAPHY. | cow, and, getting on her feet in a

hurry, she came bounding in Caro's of Communicating direction at a lively pace. prove "a regular surprise" to these the other side, she ventured to look

"Oh!" cried Caro again, and then An instance of this strange faculty | louder, "Oh, my!" for the paper had

Care went sadly home, to rewrite 1895 Seventy-five miles as the crow her composition in a safe place, and "Cows like compositions, for ours

A KINDLY LITTLE CRAB. Visitors in Seville see women car-

rying baskets full of crabs' claws,

adopting the Arab estimate of the other sex, he usually keeps his wife shut up inside the cave, meanwhile staving about the threshold himself and making a brave show with his big claws. When the tide runs out the crabfishers prowl along the beach looking for crab holes. Either the crab is stalking up and down seeking what he may devour, and thus showing whether he has fine claws, or he is still at home, and the size of his doorway indicates the size of topo a walk apart from the beaten the householder. In one case the who should know what the "doers of blocking his front door with mud deeds" must endure. Be this as it In the other case be digs him out Anyway, he deprives him of his pincers, and sets him at liberty—to grow

> Right here appears the happies feature of the whole affair; for the pincers are not torn away from the crab at all. Instead he presents them to the fisherman-perhaps even with his compliments. It is a fact easily demonstrable, that the crab can detach his claw, by a muscular on effort, thus making no hemorrhage,

man naturally takes it home and it.—American Cultivator. THE STARS.

A dear little child lay in its of the dark. And its father, room below, heard the sobs up and said. "What alle dearle, and why do you cry

And the little child said, "Oh, er, I am afraid of the dark. N says I am too big to have a t dreadful blackness, and I think are things in them, with ever would look at me if I looked at them and if they looked at me, I should die. Oh, father, why is there such There goes the day I fished the brook a terrible thing as darkness? Why cannot it always be day?"

The father took the child in his arms and carried it downstairs and

"Look up, dearie," he said, in his strong, kind voice. "Look up, and see God's little lights." The little one looked up and saw

the stars spangling the blue vell of Oh, dear! Just six more days-and the sky; bright as candles they burn ed, and yellow as gold. "Oh, father," cried the child, "what are those lovely things?" "Those are stars," said the father.

> "But why have I never seen them "Because you are a very little child. and never have been out in the night

"Those are God's little lights."

"Only at night, my ohiid."

"No: they are always there, but we cannot see them when the sun ts shining." "But father, the darkness is mo

"Do they only come then, father?"

"Yes, dearle, the darkness is all ways beautiful, if we will only look ap at the stars instead of into the corners."--Laura E. Richards, In The Golden Windows."

BEDTIME

The short hand of the clock had

crept round to seven, and Aunt Adice was a nice, snapping log on the grate the rug, watching it burn. He bee The cow switched her tail from | ged hard to sit up a little longer although his eyes blurred, often and

"Cows are by animals, with long his head upright. But he said he was not eleepy. "I will tell you a story," said Aunt Alice, "about some little people who have to find themselves a place to sleep every night instead of having

his neck ached from trying to hold

a rice warm bed, as you do." This made the little snaris leave Haroff's face, because he loved the stories Aunt Alice told. "I have told you about the floor

a bush near my window, but th Harold followed Aunt Aflee up the stairs, and was not long in cuddling

down in his own little bed, waiting "These butterflies," continued Aunt Alice, "have gray spotted wings, and are seen flying over the downs all day, and when it comes night they go in great numbers to a shelters and just then a whistle sounded shril. place, where the grass is tall, and each one chooses a separate blade of grass on which to make his bed Each butterfly turns his head downward and folds' and lowers his wings "Oh!" screamed Caro, and, dropping | so that he looks exactly like a see

blows the grasses to and fro are rocked to sleep." Harold, sleeplly, "but I am gind that I have a bed-and an Aunt Allen." And while he was thinking about the little butterfly brothers, all sleeping together, he made his journey to

dreamland, -8. H., in Youth's Class AS TOMMY SAW IT. Tommy's teacher had taken him to the zoological garden with his class mates. Upon their return the teach er asked that each should write an easay on some one of the animals he had seen. Here is a sample from

a bright-minded eleven-year-old: "Lions always walk except when they eat, and then they growl. Then roar is most terrifying to men and other beasts when heard in the for est, but when they are in cages in sounds like they were sorry noons tion of Lord Mayo by a convict in the nibble at them, more for fun than something. Their tails are not so for sustenance, just as the Russians long as the monkeys' according to of this murder an English official at | nibble sunflower seeds. But what is | their size, but keep switching all the this crustacean? What becomes of time, and the seals can make just as vant that the Viceroy was dead. Tele | the rest of him especially if a loud a noise and have more fun in grams approuncing the news did not crawfish, of his tail? As a matter the water. They are cars, no matter of fact, the crawfish has no part in what you think, and their size has How such messages are transmit- the business. The carrasquenas as nothing to do with it, and they think the claws are called—are taken from without talking. Once a donkey stole Morocco, Spain and Portugal. Each got onto him because he talked so Keep still when you are thinking

> An Inspiring Type. Taylor, Stoddard, Aldrich, Stedman-chief figures in the group of American poets have al passed to the unseen. Among them none stood more strenuously for the purity of his art and the disalts of the profession of letters, than he was was the last to go. To those write who for these many years have the habit of turning to him for sel, who have been helped by discriminating and encouraging ism, who have worked with movements for the honor and h of literature, who have been es of his devotion and his h durance, Edmund Clarence His life was gener

Filled to the brim