

GETTIN' READY FOR THE BIG FAIR.

A CRUMB OF BREAD.

POPULAR SCIENCE

HOW WAGNER BEGAN HIS BASEBALL CAREER.



My ma, she sets the clock for four. To get us out of bed; And pa cuts short his sweetest snore...

And sunbonnet to match; Of water, fill a can to pour. It o'er my melon patch.

From weeds and things that's bad. When pa, at night, would go to bed. Ma grabs him, though he grunts.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Center of All Things. Jesus Christ is both the condemnation of what we are and the promise of what we can be.

Art of Living. The greatest thing in living is in knowing how to get along with other people.

Personal Success. Our personal success in work for God depends much upon our methods.

Need of To-day. The need of to-day is a creed with a God in it big enough to worship with all your heart and soul and strength.

Dumb Need. Need is never so desperate as when it is dumb. It is never so apparent to the eye of God.

Christianity's Future. If Christianity falls as a world power it will fall because the individual fails as a Christian.

Humility. To serve is not mean. It is Christ-like. It is not to cringe.

Knowledge of God. That knowledge of God may be yours and mine if, with all our hearts, we seek it.

Loyalty. The noblest word in the catalogue of social virtues is "Loyalty."

Singing About. The best time and place to hear a medley of national airs is sailing day on the pier of a steamship bound for some European port.

Had No Legal Existence. When a young couple at Brest, France, Yves Calos and Cecile Carion, requested the authorities to publish the bans of their marriage.

A Western Epitaph. The queerest epitaph in the West was found on a pine board marking a newly-made grave near Tombstone, Ariz.

Preferred Prison to Work. John Dix, of Marysville, Mo., convicted of burglary, was offered his freedom if he would go to work in a livery stable.

A Boy hates to have visiting women kiss him; it makes him ashamed, and the other boys hear about it, and laugh at him.

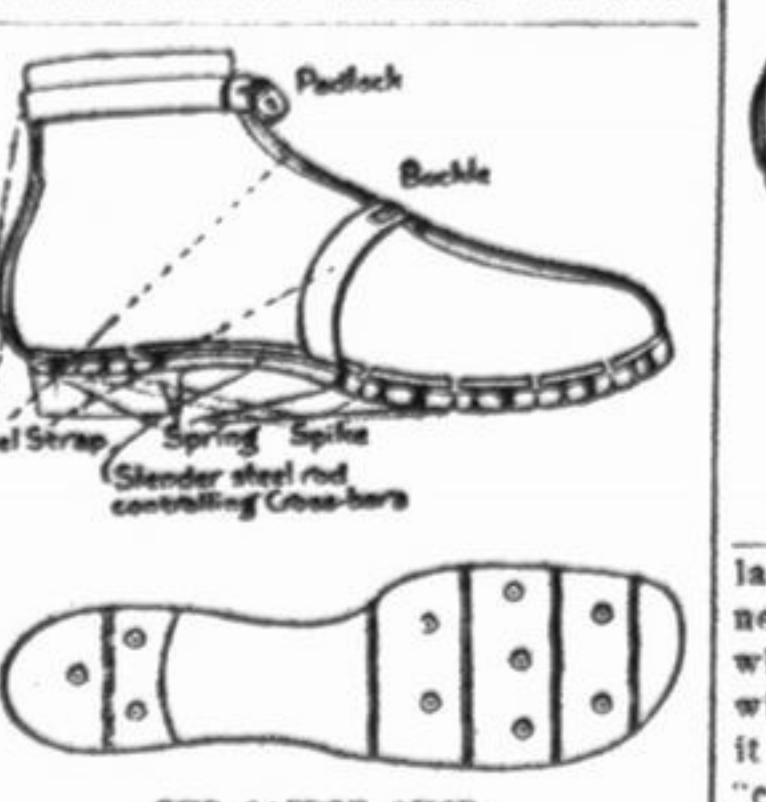
What most churches need is ministers who are able to waken men.

Freudenstadt, a German town of 7,000, pays all its municipal expenses by lumbering from a publicly owned forest, which is systematically replanted as the trees are cut.

The Japanese government will ask the next Diet to appropriate \$175,000 a year to improve the breed of native horses, the money to be expended by the country's racing clubs.

Readers of old narratives of exploration in the South Seas will recall the frequent references to the heavy swells of the ocean, which impressed the navigators with the idea of their remoteness from land.

Invention Which Makes It Impossible for Persons to Escape. A shoe which will make impossible the escape of convicts while being transported from one point to another has been invented by a Californian.



THE SAFETY SHOE. The perforations of the leather sole, but kept from ordinarily doing so by crossbars with a series of steel springs on either side.

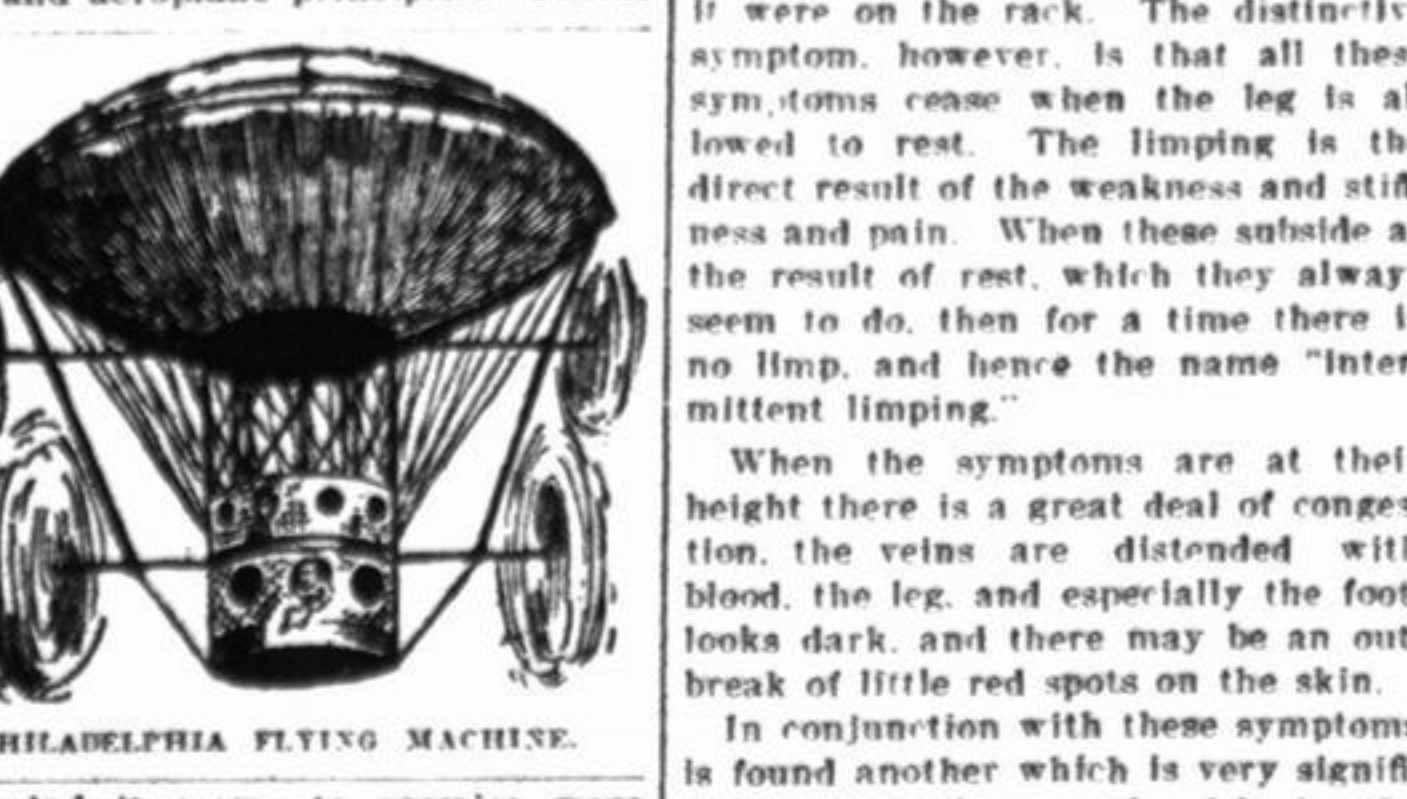
The whole contrivance is fastened to the prisoner's foot by means of metal straps, held secure by a padlock. With the crossbars in position, the prisoner can walk in the shoes as in ordinary ones.



When Barney Dreyfuss, president of the Pittsburg club, sends out his contracts to his ball players he mails one to Hans Wagner that is free from ink except that placed on the paper by the printer.

A "COMMON SENSE" AIRSHIP. New Machine Combines the Gas Bag and Aeroplane Principles. There are in the world, it is estimated, something like 1,000 different types of flying machines.

Intermittent Limping. This is a disease, or rather a symptom, occurring in man, which is sometimes compared to spring-halt in horses.



Philadelphia Flying Machine. lay mind it seems to promise more nearly absolute safety than any other, while simplicity of construction joins with facility of operation in making it what the inventor has called it, a "common-sense" flying machine.

Killed by Hailstones. A terrific hailstorm ravaged northern Romania recently. The hailstones in some places were as large as a man's fist, and many peasants and hundreds of cattle were killed by them.

Clergymen on Strike. The Protestant clergyman at the provincial prison at Liegnitz, in Germany has struck, the magistracy having refused to raise his salary from \$100 to \$150.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth Enough for great and small. The oak tree and the cedar tree.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made. All dyed with rainbow light. All fashioned with supremest grace.

Our outward life requires them not— Then wherefore had they birth? To minister delight to man.

NOT ON THE BILL OF FARE. Travers sat alone at a little table in a corner of the cafe.

buried his face in his hands. "What am I doing, what am I doing?" he moaned, softly.

After a time, Travers knew not how long, he pulled himself together and looked up. He glanced at what had been the empty chair, rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Nan, Nan," he breathed. "It's you, yes, you, my own little Nannie. I—I can hardly believe my eyes."

"Do you know, I—" he began, hesitatingly. "Yes!" she murmured, leaning forward, her eyes never leaving his face.

"Do you know, I was just thinking of you—wondering where you were, what you were doing, whether—you were happy or not; tell me, you are happy with him, are you not?"

"With him? With whom?" "Why, your—husband."

"My husband? I have no—why, Bobbie, I'm not married!" "You're not—married! But Saunders, what about Saunders? You know, after I left, I thought you would—"

"Yes, yes, I know you thought, you thought—oh, Bobbie, you thought too much—you had no right to think that I would marry him. You thought you would go away and let me enjoy my uncle's bounty, but you had no right to think that I wanted—"

"But, Nan, I did it for the best, don't you see?" "No, I don't see at all. You men always do everything for the best. You never think what a woman wants, how much a woman may care—"

She stopped and drew back, crimsoning, the tears creeping into her voice and her eyes.

It was now Travers' turn to lean forward. Trembling, he reached into his breast and pulled forth a tiny lace handkerchief, crumpled and dark with pocket grime.

"Do you recognize that?" he asked. "Why, it's mine," she quavered. "It's the one you stole from me at the Martin dance and then wouldn't give back."

"Yes, that's it. And I've kept it with me ever since—always."

thought suddenly striking him. "Your mother?"

At this she seemed suddenly to remember her position. Stiffing a sob she caught at her cloak, and, hastily rising, looked across the room. Travers reached over and gently pushed her down.

"You're not going just yet," he said, quietly, "not for all the mothers in the world."

"She looked at him, searchingly, the trouble in her eyes slowly giving way to a look of happiness, of contentment, the sight of which brought a smile of exultation to his face.

"I don't know why I came over here, Bobbie," she murmured, nervously twisting the handkerchief around her finger. "Mr. Saunders took me to a table over there and then went out to look for mother, who was coming behind with Mr. Burdick; and when I looked around and saw you I was so glad I didn't even stop to think, but just—"

"Saunders!" he interrupted, roughly. "I thought—"

"Yes," she said, hurriedly, "he never seems to give up. It's impossible to make him understand that we can only be friends, and mother won't understand." Closing her eyes wearily, "Between them both I almost go crazy sometimes."

A look of ineffable longing came into Travers' eyes as he gazed at the drooping form of the girl before him, and this was quickly followed by an expression which no small number of men had learned to fear.

"Hang Saunders and his whole crowd," he choked out, grasping her hands and kissing them again and again, this time utterly oblivious to his surroundings. "I loved you once, three years ago, Nan Weatherby, but, by heavens, I'm not going to lose you now! Listen to me—"

"Oh, Bobbie," she gasped, "everybody's looking at us!" "Never mind that," he smiled, still holding her. "Rev. Charles McCracken lives just around the corner from here and he is a good friend of mine. Shall we call on him?"

"You said once my eyes told you I would go anywhere with you," she said, looking up at him; "what do they tell you now?"

And from the size of the tip which Travers shoved into the hands of the astonished waiter, we may safely conclude that the light in Miss Nan Weatherby's eyes illuminated a pretty straight road to the abode of Rev. Charles McCracken.—Columbia Monthly.

Had No Legal Existence. When a young couple at Brest, France, Yves Calos and Cecile Carion, requested the authorities to publish the bans of their marriage they learned to their astonishment that the girl had no legal existence.

A Western Epitaph. The queerest epitaph in the West was found on a pine board marking a newly-made grave near Tombstone, Ariz. Six playing cards found in the hand of the grave's occupant by a fellow poker player were tacked on the board.

Preferred Prison to Work. John Dix, of Marysville, Mo., convicted of burglary, was offered his freedom if he would go to work in a livery stable where he was offered a place at \$15 a month and board, but he refused and was sentenced to two years in prison.



FIXED HIS EYES ON THE VACANT CHAIR.