NO. 5.

THE REMINISCENT MAN.

What would we do for things to read about our public men?
How could we learn their boyhood traits and how they acted then?
How could we know their whims and fads and other little things
About them, were it not for what a certain person brings?
All hail the chap who fills that gap in wise Dame Nature's plan,
The one who's always in our view—the Reminiscent Man.

## VOL. XX.

The scientific dentist in the United States takes his legitimate place as a specialist beside the oculist, the auris and the surgeon.

A tramp was arrested in Chicago for sleeping in a church. Possibly some of the regular members of the congre gation have inadvertently been guilty of a similar offense.

In a recent general estimate on the riches of the millionaires J. Pierpont Morgan's wealth is placed at \$400,000, 000. This may be \$100,000,000 more or less than what he is actually worth. but what's \$100,000,000 to Morgan?

Previous practice of the fire drill enabled the teachers in a school in Cleveland, Ohio, in which a fire broke out, to empty the building of 860 pupils in a minute and a half, without one being injured. The children left their hats, coats and wraps behind.

The immensity of our salmon output this year has played havoe with the British fisheries, for in Canada the law does not permit the use of traps, In Washington and Oregon traps are used, so that the American fisheries are able to furnish salmon to the Canadian canneries for two and three cents a fish, where the canneries used to pay the Canadians from ten to fifteen cents.

Having obtained respectable medical recognition as a purveyor of malaria asserted to be a curative agent in cancer, which at once lifts the celebrity of the insect several pegs, giving it a claim to medical and public attention which it never had before. Its pretensions will, of course, be carefully examined, and many of them very likely rejected, but its fine old standing as a phlebotomist is at ar rate secure.

The stumpage of the old pine for ests in Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin is now selling at \$8 and \$9 per 1000 feet, the price at which the best lumber was once selling in the industry when stumpage was only worth fifty cents per 1000 feet. These three States have been nearly cleared of the pine timber, which almost covered them at one time. Nothing is practically left except the stumpage, and made any provision for reforestation.

There are 80,000,000 people in the United States. One-half of them are old enough to dream. Say they dream 200 nights in the year, then we shall have 8,000,000,000 dreams yearly to be accounted for. Out of that number a few score are reported to the Society for Physical Research, as seeming to have some relation to events that fol low. The wonder is not that so many, but that so few, dreams cross the track of actual occurrences in such a way as to suggest a connection between them, observes the Christian Register.

"We wear nothing to suit ourselves, we wear nothing because it is beautiful, and we wear nothing out," is the pliant of a woman on the subject of clotnes. Therefore she calls for a universal dress that will be fashionable all the time, and that can give the worth of its cost to its owner. The idea is capital; the trouble is that a universal dress for one woman is a perfect fright for all the others. Therefore fashion will have its way, and the only choice for the feminine reformer is between sackcoat and trousers and sackcloth and ashes, observes the Phil-

adelphia Saturday Evening Post. O. P. Austin states in the National that while our exports to Canada have in the ten-year period increased nearly 150 per cent., those of the United Kingdom to British North America show a slight decrease; while our exports to British Africa have increased over 400 per cent., those of the United King-Kinney. His people were scattered all over the Wabash country. Some toiled, some were shiftless, but none as daring or law-defying as he. He knew far removed, and "Tom" had chosen the work of the Meximum as the work of the work dom have increased but about forty per cent.; while our exports to Australia have increased more than 125 per cent., those of the United Kingdom have slightly decreased, and while our exports to Japan have increased 475 per cent., those of the United Kingdom have increased but about 100 per

A movement to abolish prizes, hither to given for excellence in scholarship in Chicago public schools, has so much support that the Board of Education has instructed the Superintendent to prepare a report on the matter as a basis of action. The objections to the practice come primarily from the teachers, who declare that favoritism is always charged by the parents of unsuccessful pupils, and that jealousy is aroused among the children. The objections are puerile, and may be considered largely as an effort on the part of the teachers to escape the annoyance of the protests of unreasonable parents. Emulation is found in every field of the world's activity, and there is just as good reason for inciting it in a public school as in a college. Abolishing the prizes may lessen but will not end it. There will always be a top and bottom to each class, always jenlousy on the part of some who do not get to the top, and always complaining parents, rem

"INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL."

# QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1902.

PLUCK.

EVERY DAY IS THE BEST DAY. Some skies may be gloomy, Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always,
Some souls must be glad;
For true is the saying
Proclaimed by the seer—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

Each day finds a hero.
Each day helps a saint,
Each day brings to some one
A joy without taint;
Though it may not be my turn
Or yours that is near—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"
—Priscilla

The calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was longed for,
Some good that was sought;
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!" No sun ever rises
But brings joy behind;
No sorrow in fetters
The whole earth can bind;
How selfish our fretting,

How selfish our fretting,
How marrow our fear—
"Each day is the best day
Of somehody's year?" Of somebody's year!"

Priscilla Leonard, in Pittsburg Methodist Recorder.



summer's wind would obliterate a trail. So."Tom" McKinney left a stark form and cold face looking up to the

bash and other South streams were big of bone and muscle, hard in their passions, drunk with the license of be-

T was long after John Rice Jones from his first days. Highway robbery. was commissary general at Vin-cennes; long after Pierre Gamelin to his account before, and the father was commander there, but still all had wondered often, dumbly, what the of sixty or seventy years ago that end would be. Now it was in sight. of saxly or seventy years ago that end would be. Now it was in sight. "Tom" McKinney rode the Southern Illinols and Indiana trails, and, having evil intent in his mind, came to where Life and Death neet and turned not hock. It wisht have some More and they're going to have a joilificant not back. It might have gone different tion in Vincennes. They tells me when with "Tom" McKinney if he had chos- I was there that the doctors are all en not to kill his enemy, but the blood-wrath was on him and he was strong they're sure he's dead they're going In his own courage, and what mattered to take it and cut it up, so as to see a life when the law was young and a what made him so powerful strong." "They be?" asked old man McKi

ney.
"Yes. The Sheriff has said they skies and rode away. So, too, we all- might have 'Tom,' and he won't get riding to the Darkness by right or any coffin nor a grave." "I'll be blamed," said the old man. and still held the oxen to the furrow. The men of the early days on the The next day he was back in the field

An ox could not travel fast in those ing masters of a virgin soil, an undays. The roads were only partially a nuisance until the rival drug store touched forest, an ungoverned land, broken trails and if the rains were on becomes a sub-station of the postoffice The Pottawattamies fled before them.

Their place was taken by settlers, and some of these were strong and brave, and many were weak and cowed. "Tom" McKinney rode among them and worked bis will just as "Ar-lated the forty miles to Vincennes and profit. Then he often puts a sign in them and worked his will, just as "An-lated the forty miles to Vincennes and profit. Then he often puts a sign in dy" Graham did and "Gentleman the number of days it would take bis window by which his neighbors Dave" Walker. "Andy" rode his gray his oxen to make the Journey. He may see that he carries a full line of mare, Twilight, and, drunk as the master might be, she never swerved from under him when carrying him over the hills to his home. There a pale form hills to his home. There a pale-faced wagon, climbed in, laid his rifle across woman led the master to his bed his knees and took the Vincennes trail. and stalled the beautiful mare, and He figured he should reach there in sighed, for she too was going her way three days, and if this proved frue he that will soon disappear. Neither State and no hand reached out to turn her would arrive on the day of "Tom's" back. Wild, almost heroic desperadoes death and several hours before his ex-

Car to Maddelline

A COLD FACE LOOKING UP TO THE SKIES.

were these men of the beginning days, ecution. That was all he wished t

the run of the bottom lands, the ways his own way. The scaffold rose h

of the twisting streams, the hidden the square, unprotected by barricade hollow, the densest timber growths. The night before the banging the ox

and there were men here and women teams from the settlement began to

ound him and he was brought into the fed, while the men lingered in the

old Vincennes, where he laughed at taverns, drinking and smoking and

the courts and the people, and he was listening to many a tale of what Me-

the public square-by the neck until Women came with their husbands and

that he was to die until almost the now he had his mare, a gun and an

last moment. The word went out to open road."
all the settlements that hang he must, "Gosh, no," said another. "He's

at his terror and be secure from his of the town. The cattle were fed in wrath. Down to Shawneetown, over the shadow of the scaffold, while the

The old man was plowing in the fields to the scaffold. A grim-faced old man

an instant while he listened, and then knew him. They called out:

settlers inade great prepara- playing pitch and wishing his jig was

tried and sentenced to be hanged in Kinney had been when he was free

come in. The wagons were ranged

little children, and the one topic of

conversation was the coming death.
"I'll bet," said one, "'Tom's' wishing

done. He ain't no coward, 'Tom'

The morning came and the stirring

Sheriff joked with his prisoner and

told him he would make "things as

easy" as possible. By 10 o'clock the

On the west bank of the Wabash

that slowly made its way across by

ferry and then lumbered up the street

"It's 'Tom's' father."

appeared a dusty, foot-sore ox team

there to keep his hiding secret. Yet come in. The wagons were rawhen he killed his enemy the law about the scanool, and there the

and none more bold than "Tom" Me

u.

"Tom" McKinney did not believe

all the settlements that hang he must,

tions to attend. His name had been

e with him where they might hugh

to Albion, south to Mount Carmel, east

to the Muscakituk, traveled the mes-

man McKinney, father of "Tom," re-

ceived the news that his boy had final-

ly been convicted of murder and must

suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

He held the beasts in the furrow for

without a comment said:

a terror to them, and now they would ain't."

Forty miles west of Vincennes, old dangling rope.

he was dead.

there. He kept on until he was dlrectly under the structure, and there he sat looking toward the jail. Then he doors opened and "Tom" came out. tall, rugged, handsome, fearless. His throat was bare, his arms bound. He held his head high among his guards, and laughed at the people's faces. The eyes of father and son met.

"How, pa," said "Tom."

"How, "Tom," said the old map

Standing under the noose, having one moment of life left. "Tom" Mc

"When shall I see Jesus," And reign with Him above?" The old man's voice, dry with dust

"Mighty soon, 'Tom. if eyer." A second of silence and the drag fell, McKinney's body shooting down almost in front of his father's face. The old man sat there fingering his rifle and looking at the doctors crowding about. They, too, noticed his nervous shifting of his weapon. When they pronounced "Tom" dead, they lrew back. The Sheriff cut the body lown and it fell in the dust. Old man McKinney was off the wagon instantly, and had lifted his dead son high in the air and stretched him out the wagon. Then holding his rifle again and looking toward the doctors that had counted on having the body. he said:

"This is my meat. Get up. Buck." And across the Wabash passed fathe and son to be seen no more.-H I Cleveland, in the Chicago Record Her-

## STAMPS FLAVORED TO SUIT. A Druggist's New Way of Pleasing His

When a druggist tells about the un pleasant features of his business he never falls to mention the stamp cus tomers. They ask to be waited upor at times when there is more profitable demand more attention and take up Wabash, Bon Pas, White, Little Wa- and the next, and each day was one more of the druggist's time than people who come to buy fancy articles or to have prescriptions compounded. The stamp customer is looked upon as compounds prescriptions carefully.

One enterprising druggist in the up-

per part of the city has introduced a novel feature in his posinge stamp business. He keeps the stamps in ored in various ways, and when a ustomer asks for a stamp he inquires, out soon discovers that the stamps are really flavored, and the druggist thinks e has hit upon a way to retain his tamp business .- New York Tribune.

Didn't Know a Good Thing. "I put in three weeks this summer Northern Michigan near a small ike," said a Woodland avenue merhant, "and I never saw such fishing n all my life. I simply pulled them ut until I was tired of the sport. There was a summer house there, but it was osed, and I was told that the owner, who was also the owner of the lake Boston. When I was East his fall I hat never to run across bles 'Indeed, but you surprise me.'al aid, when I told him of the five-pound

ickerel and bass. "But you must have known ther as good fishing,' I replied. "'I never even suspected it."

"When did you begin to summer up here? "'Why, about fifteen years ago." "'And you never fished?'

"Never. So they bit freely?"
"They surely did." 'And you caught 'em by the barre

"Almost. I believe I could hav iiled a barrel any day. There was also fairly good hunting in the woods. I ever saw so many squirrels and rab "'Good hunting? Dear me, I never

Ireamed of such a thing." "I beg your pardon, I said, but it you didn't bunt or fish, how did you iss your time up there?" 'Pass my time?' he replied in a ent way. 'Oh, yes. Why, I thin always sat on the veranda and oked out over the lake and wished I

ras frozen over, so I could go skat

ng."-Detroit free Press. "Saw a curious ,hing in California ast winter," said the man who travels about. "I had stopped for a mo nent to chat with a man who plowing, when he called my attention to a large centipede that he had jus

'Come along with me a few feet. ald he, 'and let's see what those crows rill do when they find it." "There were several large carrior

ows that had been following the farmer and picking up the insect that were turned up, and they were low a few feet away, waiting for th plow to start again.

"We went on a few feet and the crows followed. One big, black fellow oon saw the centipede and swallowed pressive slang of the day, there wa something doing in the neighborhood of that crow. With a caw of despair he mounted into the air for perhaps 100 feet, then fell heels over head un "There's to be a hanging' at Vincennes. 'Tom' McKinney's goin' to be strung up."

easy' as possible. By 10 o'clock the left feet then fell heels over head uncennes. 'Tom' McKinney's goin' to be strung up."

easy' as possible. By 10 o'clock the left feet, then fell heels over head uncennes. 'Tom' McKinney's goin' to liking up to the edge of the scaffold. Then he managed to catch himself and fixing many a curious eve on the left withward again and again ag fixing many a curious eye on the flew upward again and away for the more than 300 feet, when he lost all ontrol of himself, and fell like a shot to the ground. We went over to where he had failen, and found him on his ack with his feet in the air, stone

with his oxen when he learned of this, sat on the wagon seat, and a rifle lay dead. across bis knees. Some in the crowd "In a way I know how that crew felt when he awoke to the situation. hadn't forgotten my first spoonful The people made way for the old of tobasco sauce that a joking friend He had no particular reason to feel man and oxen to draw near to the nce talked me into swallowing."-De-The boy had been wild scaffold, but Mckinney did not stop troit Free Press

TALES

Died a Hero's Death. UGHEY O'NEILL, of Telluride, died a hero. O'Nelll was a simple-hearted Irishman,

who worked in the Smuggler-Union mine. He was employed as engineer of the hoister. He could attach to blame to himself for the fire that cost the lives of so many men, and was imperilling many others, but his heart nehed for those who were persent the struggling with death down in the transfer of the struggling with death down in the transfer of the struggling with death down in the transfer of the struggling with death down in the transfer of the struggling with death down in the transfer of the struggling with death down in the struggling with was another thing that appealed to him. The solemn walls of the wife, the sister and the children that broke the still night air.

He can about and asked if anything was being done-could anything be done? All gave him the same reply. Death lurked in the ninth level, he was told. What was the use of adding to the death list? He knew the chances were against him. But there was a bare possibility that he might at least help. He would go down in the cage to the ninth level. He made known his intention to Engineer Cogar. That man, an old miner inured to the dangers of mines, told him not to go to certain death. Enough brave men had al-ready fought against the inevitable. He begged him to desist, for the sake

of those near and dear to him. But no one was so near and dear to Hugher O'Nelll that he could contemplate the wretchedness of the women and children whose wails haunted him. The argument of the engineer did not impress him. What he wanted to know was if there was a bare possibility that his visit to the ninth level would save the life of at least one man. The engineer was forced to admit the

there was a possibility.

O'Neill hesitated no longer. He said in his brusque way:
"Let me down."

He stepped into the case in which my a morn, rosy-tipped with the ris ing sun, he had gone down with his drills about him and refreshed by tired nature's sweet restorer, was at peac with the world. The engineer before the cage went down had an under standing with O'Neill that if no signa was given within two minutes after the ninth level was reached, the cage

"Ready!" said O'Neill in a voice tha showed no sign of fear. "Swish," rounded the great wheel a t turned, and down the cage started slowly, and then more rapidly. O'Nelli disappeared into the darkness and smoke. As the daylight went out of his sight his deathknell was sounded The engineer watched the gauge. Down went the cage, humping and butting the black hole as it descended. At last the ninth level is reached. Engineer Cogar holds his watch ner vously. He sees the minute hand go

round. Two minutes never seemed so long before. No signal. Another few seconds pass and no signal. He sure he has made no mistake. 'swish" goes the engine wheel and the cage starts back. Men lean over the black hole of death and look, look, look for the first sign of the cage. 1 O'Nelll in the cage or has he been suffocated, and is he lying gasping in the throes of death on the fatal level? The eage now nears the surface. It contains a man-at least one man. There are two. One is Hughey O'Nelll and the other the body of a victim of the poison in the ninth level.

"Hughey!" shouts the engineer. There is no answer. The hero of the Telluride disaster is uconscious. But he has found and ought up with him a man whos body is still warm and from whom the last spark of life has not gone out. It is Joe Nelson, the husband of one of the women whose cries had moved him to the point of his terrible work of

Nelson never saw the light of day. He expired soon after reaching the surface. O'Neill had done all that human could do to save the life of one of his fellow men. The effort failed, but the deed was there-a deed which will stand out in the record of man's humanity to man as long as brave hearts beat and unselfishness

When O'Neill was taken out of the age he was limp and unconscious. He never regained consciousness sufficient o tell his story. The supposition is that when he

eached the ninth level he groped about in the darkness until he found the body of Nelson, and then, himself at the point of death, he dragged the dying man to the cage and got in with him. Falling unconscious when his task was done, he could not give the promised signal. The poisonous vapors had already penetrated his system and the pailor of death was upon him when ne reached the sunlight.
All efforts to save him, and they were all that mind and heart could devise, failed, and on the following day he died .- Denver Times.

Bravery of Private Jones. Private William R. Jones of the Hos pital Corps of the Army called at the War Department and was personally ommended by Major J. V. R. Hoff, of the Surgeon-General's office for the in this city a few days ago.

Jones was in charge of six insane to a rear porch, from which an escape oldlers who were being taken in an was made to an adjoining building. imbulance from the Baltimore and Ohio station to the Gevernment Hospi tal for the Insane. When the vehicle reached the corner of First and B. streets the horses took fright and geting beyond control of the driver, dashed madly over the plaza on the country, and there is no doubt that east front of the Capitol. Jones they received instruction which will umped out of the ambulance and run- prove a great practical value to them, ing to the head of the team caught the bit of the off horse and by greattrength and dexterfty threw the strug-

Hand-Sewed Work the Best occupants of the vehicle from almost upon injured persons. But whe would certain death, as the horses were about want to go about with a cheap mato turn down the steep hill of the chine-sewed sear?-Atlanta Journal,

Capitol grounds. The horses were badly cut, and the pole of the wagor broke, but fortunately none of the occupants was infured. Private Jones has only recently returned from service in the Philippines

lery post at Fort Monroe. He has made application to be assigned to duty at Ft. McHeury, Md., near where his parents reside, and it is expected is application will be granted.—Washington Star.

## A Young Protector.

During the Franco-Prussian War Sir Edward Malet was one of the secretaries of the British Embassy at Paris. Many persons, during the dreadful days of the Commune, came to him for help. One day a little boy appeared. He seemed to be about eight years old, and had large black eyes

"If you please, sir," said he, "my mother and I are in great trouble. The shells have struck many of the houses in our neighborhood, and I am very auxious to move my mother farther in town, but we have no money, and we not leave without paying our rent." I mentally began to button up my ousers pocket.

"Has your mother no friends in Paris?" I asked. "No, sir. We live by ourselves. I do not think she has any friends she ould ask to help her."

"How much do you want?"
"Five hundred francs, if you please, I fastened another button, but he

outinued quietly: "Of course, sir, I feel that I am ask ing a very great kindness of you, but I will pay you back as soon as the post

It is true that numberless person were stranded because remittances could not be sent. Banks were closed, and those who had no ready money by them when the trouble began wer in great straits. Still I had no mind to risk 500 francs on the word of a child.

"Why didn't your mother come, herself?" I asked, helplessly.
"I don't think she thought of it, sir." he said. "She doesn't know that

The buttons all unfastened them-"Thank you, sir." said he, quietly; and left the toom. I knew I had seen he last of those 500 francs. About a week after the Commune

was over my little boy suddenly appeared before me. "I am glad to see you," I said. "How your mother?"

"It has been a most auxlous time for nother down to an apartment in the bamps Elysees, but when the fighting egan it was worse than where we were before. "Well," said I, "it's all over now,"

Yes, sir; but my mother's nerves have been greatly shattered. I have leeded to move her to Wiesbaden. I have made all the necessary arrange nents, and we shall go to-morrow evening, I should have come to you directly, but our first letters reached us yesterday, and then I had o go to the bank to get change." With that he pulled out a little pockthook, and took from it five 100-franc

"My mother and I are very much obliged to you," he said. "Good by, sir! Thank you very much!"

# A Close Call.

It was on going down to comp ou vening to fetch water that I had the arrowest shave I have had in the ampaign. I went rather too carls n the twilight, and found the bullets deking up the ground all about the scattered tents and klt. I went on toward the viel just below, with the camp kettle in my hand. The Boers uddenly about a dozen bullets struc the ground, none of them more than few inches from my feet. It felt no if the builets tried to get as near as possible without hitting me, and sev val went singing past my head. Here dearly was a case for wisdom, for t have stayed there would have been t mult suicide; they had got my ange, and were missing me by inch-I therefore cleared off at the double to two wagons covered with sail cloth, the bullets singing past me as I went. However, the Boers had ore bullets came tearing through the canvas; so, as I was not going to be in haste the way I had come, the chirp chirp still continuing unpleasantly close to my head. I filled my ketil from a bucket in the officers' mess. which was well under cover, and can snipers" in other directions .- Chan-Eisked Life to Save Canary.

At the request of a woman Police

ian Theodore Muller risked his life save a canary bird from death in a re the other day. Groping through offocating smoke in a strange house, the man found the cage and carried it triumphantly to its owner. The fire started in the house occupied by Chas. Koenigsburg and family. His wife is a lover of pets, and to this fact the family may owe their lives. Besides the bird, a fox terrier and a cat shared er affections. It was the barkin of the dog which aroused Mr. Keenigs burg. He found the house already energy and bravery displayed by him filled with smoke. With difficulty he aroused the family, and they hastened

> Agricultural Education. The work of educating the farmers s of vast importance. Last year more than 500,000 farmers attended the institutes held in various parts of the

-Cleveland Leader. gling animals to the ground. This A surgical sewing machine has been closed their wild flight and saved the invented in Paris for emergency use

all-four

"Why are you not as fair as I? Why do you wear that green look? Why?" Said the apple green to the apple red; "All in good time shall my youth be sped.

It pierced its heart and nipped its cheek, And bruised its stem which had grown quite weak!

The apple green on the other hand Had met no blight that it could not stand!

And it thought that day, if it thought at That pride goes always before a fall!

—Christian Register.

who tired of the "merry-go-round." The previous summer it had fascinated him, and he could not ride on it too often. This senson a single trip satisfied him, and he declined anothe "No, thank you, grandfather." he said in his quaintly polite way. "You see we ride and ride, but we stay under that old tent all the time. I guess when anybody gets to be seven years old they're too big to care about going and going that doesn't get anywhere."
"Now may the boy hold fast to his wisdom!" commented the grandfather.

Bear in Beaver Trap. When the trappers in the old day set their traps by the Canadian streams they sometimes caught other animals besides beavers. A hunter reurning to see what luck he had had noticed that one trap was missing. He also saw signs that a bear had been in the neighborhood. By and by he heard sounds in the big forest as of a big creature clumsily forcing its

on three legs, the fourth being en-tangled in the missing trap. The bear raised the imprisoned forepaw to examine it more closely, turned it about with a very puzzled look, knocked the trap on a rock, and finally licked his foot as if in pain. Perhaps it was kindly of the hunter to shoot him, as there and then he did, for this put

#### on end to Bruin's troubles. Making a Newspaper. The game of "Making a Newspan is excellent practice for boys and girls in their teens, and has been tried with great success. Either the host who

gives the party, or some one else is appointed editor-in-chief. .To each of the players is given a sheet of foolscap paper, at the top of which is written the heading of a department, or the title of an article, and a lead pencil. It is then explained that it is the duty of each to fill out his department after the manner of a daily newspaper. At the end of half an hour all the papers are athered together, and the results are read by the editor-in-chief. As a mater of course the more absurd the writings are made the greater the amuse ment, and the paper provides an ample opportunity for eleverness, wit and umor. This can be played by any number of boys and girls for an even ing party.-Home Magazine.

It was Gertrude's birthday, and around her plate at the breakfast table were piled bundles of all sizes and shapes. One by one Gertrude

pened her presents, while mamma and papa and brother Harry looked on, smiling at her delight.

There was a silver thimble from mamma, a new doll from papa, a pretty little ring from Uncle George, and a box of candy from Harry. And at the bottom of the pile Gertrude found a box that the postman had brought, marked "from grandma." Grandma lived way off in the country and Gertrude had not expected the would remember a little girl's tenth birthday, but she had. "What is it, mamma," after she had opened the box. "Little creen, and red, and blue sticks, and funny little handle."

"The little sticks are sealing wax dear, for sealing letters, and the little handle is called a 'seal.' See, there's a 'G' on it for Gertrude. After breakfast I will show you how to use the seal, and then you must write grandma a little note to thank her or remembering your birthday." Gertrude did not eat much break fast that morning. Between the moutofuls she stopped to look at the ew doll or to slip on the pretty ring

and thimble. After breakfast was over mamma owed her how to melt one end of the sticks, how to rub it on the paper and how to press down with the "little handle" and make a "G" in the middle of the wax.

Then Gertrude wrote this letter:

"Dear Grandma-To-day is my irthday. I got a doll, and a ring, and a thimble, and a box of candy, and some seling wacks. I like the seling wacks and the little seler. Thank you very much for them, with GERTRUDE." And on the envelope she made three eals, a red, a green and a purple one.-Brooklyn Eagle.

Three Established Facts. There are three business facts which may be regarded as established—that there is no worthy article at a reasonable price which cannot be sold by the right kind of advertising; that the ewspaper which has a large circulaion is the best medium of publicity. nd that an advertisement which is specific and which quotes prices is the nost effective.

The deaf mute may not be an ornaent to a debating society, but he can at least make the motions

# Thildren

The Two Apples "I ripened quickly, and my cheek Is the color harvesters all seek

He tells us of our Presidents, and what they did and said,
Or what they didn't do or say, as we have often read;
He cites remarks of heroes bold, long ere they burst to fame.
Which plainly show they were designed to bear an honored name;
He knows the pages of the past—no other person can

person can
Dig up as many facts as does the Reminiscent Man.

Sometimes he is the man who's styled the Old Inhabitant,
And he can tell when Colonel Biuft went
out and laid a ha'nt;
And then, again, he is the man who battied side by side.
With Major Blood, and now he tells about
it with much pride;
Or else he had a jury seat when Lawyer
Chugg was young—
All this the Reminiscent Man has ever
on his tongue. "Meanwhile I marvel not at fate, For I am a fruit that ripens late!"

Perchance he used to fish along with Mr.

Officeseek,
And when that man's a candidate he tells
it by the week;
He holds the wise reporter up and fills him
full of tales—
The news may stop, but, after all, the R.
M. never fails,
Somebody ought to write a book about
the talky clan— Going Nowhere. It was Johnny, the seven-year-old, the talky clan-bunch of people who make up the Reminiscent Man.

Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

relating the incident .- Wellspring. Granddad-"What makes you look o unhappy, Willie?" Willie-" Cause body never calls me good unless I'm

loing something I don't want to do." -Motherhood. The self-made man is easier known
Than any other snob.
Because he is so quick to own
He's well pleased with the job.
—Philadelphia Record.
Automobilist — "Say, I want this nask changed. It doesn't cover my face enough." Clerk—"But's it's the regular thing." "Can't help that. I way through. Hiding himself, he beheld a great bear come limping along to recognize me."—Life.

The Mother-"My daughter has been used to the tenderest care, to the utmost sympathy, and to unflagging guardianship. I trust this will be con tinued." The Suitor—"I hope so, I'm sure."—Detroit Free Press.

"Mr. Gallant, you are something of student of human nature," began Miss Bewchus, coyly. "Ah, but now," he interrupted, flashing his hold black

The youthful politician is

A man of promise great,
is promises are numerous now;
And still accumulate.

-Washington Star. "I heard a good definition of 'weather' to-day," he suggested casually. What was it?" she asked unsuspi "Weather," he replied, "is clously. the most feminine thing in nature." And yet she didn't laugh. - Chicago

Aunt Hannah - "Oh, I don't think Amanda would do such a mean thing as that. I have always heard people say Amanda was generous to a fault." Unele George-"When the fault happens to be hers, she is; not otherwise not otherwise."-Boston Transcript. Papa - "See that spider, my boy. spinning his web. Is it not wonder ful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?" Johnny-"What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?"-

"I suppose," said the physician. smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady paient, "I suppose you consider me old humbug?" "Why, doctor," replied he lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely eeling her pulse."-Chicago Tribune. "I suppose, of course," remarked the ociety reporter at the Struckoll-Jimp son wedding, "the bride's diamonds and the lace on her walst were handed down from her great-great-grand-mother." "Well, hardly," exclaimed ld Struckoil, indignantly. "I'd have you know everything on her as she stands was bought brand new for the

### occasion."-Brooklyn Eagle Elephant Catcher Needed.

An elephant eateher rather than a ow catcher seems to be needed in ndia. On the railroad between Bengal and Assam, according to the Railond Gazette, as the superintendent of the line was making an inspection trip, while passing through the great Nambar forest, the train came to a stop with a jolt that threw the travelers out of their berths. The train had run into a herd of wild elephants which were trotting down the track, the last of which had both hind legs broken and was thrown into the ditch, while the engineer counted seven others which got away. This is not the first time that wild elephants have got on the track, and ordinary fences and cattle guards are no protection .-- Sel

## The Intelligent Siberlans.

A St. Petersburg dispatch received in Parls states that the arrival of a band of Russian astronomers at Tomsk, in tablish an observatory, has caused an outburst of hostility among the peasants in the neighborhood. The natives are convinced that the astr iers will gather the stars together in bag and take them away, thus causng droughts, since the rain, they leve, comes from stars .- London Daily Telegraph.

# Quite a Difference.

A British Columbia lawyer was passng along the street, carrying under his arm a law book to circuit binding, when he was accosted by a self-rightcous individual: "Da! Mr. Blank, and where are you going to preach to-day?" "I don't preach; I practice," replied the lawyer,-Argonaut.