MAMIE AND ROLAND; THE TWO TRUANTS.

"I hate school!"

The speaker, a good looking, dark haired boy, snapped his book shut as he spoke and leaned pensively upon the desk.

"So do I," came a pretty little voice, and, looking across the aisle, Roland Havens saw Mamie Grey, the prettiest and sauciest girl in school, smiling and nodding at him. "I heard what you said," said Mamie, "and I agree with you. School is a hateful old thing."

"Let's play truant tomorrow."

The words were out of Roland's mouth before he thought, but once having said them he was not going to take them back.

"I'm afraid," said Mamie, looking at him out of the corner of her blue eyes.

"Pshaw, you needn't be!" said Roland. "We can say we went visiting. I will tell the teacher tomorrow that I

"OH, ROLAND!" SAID MAMIE, "I'M SO TIRED."

went to see Sister Sue, and you can tell her you went to spend the day with your grandmother."

Mamie's eyes flashed.

"We can go and gather violets," said Roland. "I know where there's a whole bank of them, blue or indigo and as big as—as—wild roses."

"Is it far?"

"No; only in Hatfield's woods, where we had our picnic last summer. We can start in the morning before 9 and get back by 4 o'clock. They won't say anything to us at home when we bring them all the violets."

The next morning saw a guilty little pair scudding along the paths which led out of the village and trying to avoid observation by climbing the tall fences and walking the other side of the bare hedges.

It seemed so good to be out in the air once more! Roland enjoyed it thoroughly, and Mamie liked it as well as her guilty conscience would permit.

They were the leaders in all the pranks in school, these two children, and when anything went wrong the question was always asked, "Did Roland do it?" or "Was it Mamie Grey's fault?"

Yet neither meant to be naughty, and you may be sure that neither would have gone out that day had they known what trouble the day would bring forth.

"I guess this is where we turned off last fall," said Roland, pointing to two large trees which formed the beginning of a dense woods. In the summer the woods hung thick with green leaves, and a carpet of green lay upon the ground, but now it was bare, and in spots there were muddy pools and bits of marsh.

"Oh, Roland, look, look!" cried Mamie, bending down and pushing back the carpet of dried leaves. "Here is a violet!"

And, sure enough, there it lay, half buried in the ground, yet peeping forth blue and lovely. "And here are others. Oh, dear; oh, dear!"

"Here," said Roland; "put them in my muffler. We will make a bag out of it, so. Then we will fill it with violets."

Deeper and deeper into the woods they went, picking one more violet and ever venturing a little deeper into the blackness.

"What makes it so dark?" asked Roland once, stopping and looking up at the sky through the trees. "Oh, dear," he exclaimed, "it's going to rain!"

"Well, I'm hungry," said Mamie, "and I am going to stop and eat my lunch if it does rain."

So with the drops falling gently around them they sat upon the cold, wet earth and ate their lunch. How good it tasted! There was some gingerbread in Mamie's lunch box and four very fat little sandwiches. Roland had a big apple, a cold sausage and two big slices of roast beef, besides ever so many slices of bread. "I thought we might get hungry," said he, laughing, as he pulled out the contents of his tin pail, "so I helped myself this morning."

"I think," said Mamie, "that we had better go back now. I feel cold, and it is getting late. It must be 2 o'clock."

"All right," said Roland. "Where are the violets?"

"I thought you had them," said Mamie.

"I gave them to you," said Roland.

They were gone, muffler and all, and, disappointed, the two children started back to find them.

How it happened Roland never could tell, but they started in the wrong direction, and after they had walked a good hour they saw that they had made a mistake. "I guess we'd better turn around," said Roland, "and go back."

"Oh, dear," said Mamie, whimpering a little, "I'm so tired!"

Another hour's walking brought them no nearer the outskirts of the woods, and in a dilemma they sat down to think it over.

"I'm afraid we are lost," said Mamie, rubbing her eyes.

"I don't know," said Roland bravely, "but if you don't feel too tired, Mamie, I guess we'd better walk a little farther on. It isn't much farther."

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile all was excitement in the village.

When Mamie and Roland did not appear at school, the teacher sent home for them, and when it was found that they were gone search parties were sent out for them. Inquiry was made at the homes of all their relatives, and then, not finding them, the parties searched farther. They scarcely thought that the children could have been venturesome enough to go to the woods, but there was really no telling what they would do.

Finally the searching party found a mitten dropped by Roland at the fence which led into the woods, and with this clew they started on their search in the cold, wet forest.

It was 6 o'clock when Roland's father found his muffler filled with violets, and this cheered them on. At 9 they came across the children nestled snugly against the roots of a big tree, both fast asleep.

The next day Roland went back to school a changed boy. He realized how much trouble he had made his father and all his friends and determined to do better. Mamie took her share of the blame, too, and for awhile at least no one would have recognized the studious boy who stood at the head of his class as the careless Roland of a short time before.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Whistling Yankee Boy.

We like the whistling boy. We like to fall in behind him as we go down the street. He has as many tunes as the mocking bird. If it is Monday morning, the Sunday school tunes follow him. It is the young folks who set the standard in music. The great composer may sigh in vain for recognition until come the whistling boy and girl at the piano; then his success is assured. If whistling is any index, American boys are full of music. Alone as he drives the cows to pasture or rides the horses to water or goes on errands the boy takes up the burden of the latest air and makes his ways melodious. It is not to keep his courage up, as the old proverb implies; it is to communicate his superabundant life to others; it is to bubble over as does the fountain. And these airs go about as by some vocal infection until every other boy has added them to his catalogue of accomplishments.—Christian Herald.

Lamp Roost.

Nellie was much interested in Aunt Mary's chandelier when she went to the city to stay with her, and when she went home she exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I do wish we had a place for our lamps to roost on like Aunt Mary has!"

Saved by a Monkey.

A gentleman who had been traveling in Africa brought a large monkey home with him. The monkey loved his master very much, but he loved his master's baby boy still more. One day a fire broke out in the gentleman's house. Everybody was busy trying to put it out, and no one thought of the baby till it was too late. The staircase was already in flames. What was to be done? Men rushed for a ladder to

DOWN HE CLIMBED.

reach the window, but a ladder was of no use now. As they were looking up with tears in their eyes what do you think they saw? They saw a hairy hand and arm push up the nursery window. Then out came the monkey carrying the baby in his arms. Down he climbed, slowly and carefully, and brought the little boy safely to the nurse. How the faithful monkey was praised and petted for his brave deed! —Chatterbox.

Baby's Feet and Hands.

A baby's feet, like seashells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose hued sea flowers toward the heat,
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.
No flower bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink,
A baby's feet.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close up curled,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clinched hard like tightening bands.
No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

—Swinburne.

MOLLEY'S EYES.

If Molly's eyes would shine for me
I'd give the sun fair warnin'
He needn't rise to light my skies—
For just the beam of Molly's eyes
Would make my mornin'!

If Molly's lips were red for me
In weather sad or sunny,
I'd say to every golden bee:
"You needn't rob the rose for me—
Her lips are honey!"

If Molly's heart would beat for me
So low I just could hear it,
I'd give the world, at least, my part—
For just the beat of Molly's heart,
And my heart near it!

—Frank L. Stanton.

IN MID OCEAN

Mr. Randolph Cummings turned uneasily in his bed and groaned. The trained nurse came and stood beside him.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked.

"What time is it?"

"Half-past twelve."

"And we've got to be at the wharf at two?"

"Yes."

"What made you let me sleep so long?" the sick man demanded irritably. "Prop me up in bed and bring me writing materials. Didn't you know I'd got to write a letter before we start? And see that there is ink in the pen."

Slowly and carefully the nurse raised the invalid to a sitting position and brought him the things he had asked for.

"Now you can go out and leave me for an hour."

The man left the room quietly and Mr. Cummings took up his fountain pen with trembling fingers. Slowly and painfully he wrote:

Mrs. Eliza Cummings.

Dear Sister:—I should have written to you before this, but have been too ill. Now, I take this last opportunity to send you a few words. I do not wish to startle you, but time is short and my strength is failing. I am at Death's door. You know of my abhorrence of post mortem ceremonies and burial and that I always wanted to die at sea. I start for Europe this afternoon and expect to die about mid-ocean and be dropped quietly overboard without any fuss. I have made my will and arranged all my affairs. You, as my only brother's widow, I have made my chief legatee. When you hear of my death, your lawyer can communicate with mine. My strength is ebbing fast. Farewell.

RANDOLPH CUMMINGS.

He was breathing hard, but he addressed his letter, sealed and stamped it, then sank back with closed eyes. In a few minutes the nurse came in and after going out again to post the letter, he began the final preparations for departure.

At half-past one a closed carriage drew up at the door, and in a few minutes the sick man was brought down and he and the nurse were shut inside and driven to the wharf.

The next morning the letter reached its destination. Rachel Cummings came into the living room to find her mother and older sisters with strange expressions on their faces.

"What is it?" she asked, pausing to look at them curiously. "I should say from your faces that you were perfectly delighted over something, but were trying very hard to conceal your satisfaction. Do tell me; I am consumed with curiosity."

"Oh, Rachel! What a dreadful way you have of putting things," exclaimed her mother, and she began to cry weakly.

Rachel took the letter which Dora handed her and read it through quickly. Her face grew pale and when she raised her eyes they were glittering strangely.

"I don't wonder that you are ashamed," she said sternly. "You can't help showing that you are glad. I think you are just as horrid as you can be."

She walked out of the room, her head very erect, ran hastily upstairs, threw herself on her bed and cried bitterly.

After a time Mrs. Eliza dried her eyes and looked at her two elder daughters. Before Rachel came in she had been feeling a little depressed because she had not cried. But now that she had really shed tears and made her handkerchief quite damp, she felt better, and as if she could face the situation calmly.

"I did not think she would take it that way," she said in a subdued voice. "But then, she was always his favorite among you. And she looks like him. Yes," with a little sniff, "she is all Cummings and bears a very strong resemblance to your poor Uncle Randolph."

"Well, mother," said Sophie, "what are you going to do? Shall we keep on just the same as we have been doing?"

"Why, I don't know. It does not seem as if you need to continue working so hard. You have both looked rather pale this spring, and I have worried about you, poor dears. On the whole I think you might give up your positions."

"Good!" cried both girls. "We'll get through Saturday night. And can't we have a piano and take lessons?"

Their mother smiled at their eagerness. "We'll see," she said, indulgently.

So it happened that there were two vacancies in Tillman's dry goods store on Saturday night, one at the ribbon counter and one at the glove counter. But the cashier and bookkeeper, who was a sister of the absent ones, retained her place.

Rachel had tried hard to make her sisters stay. "We've had hard work to get along with what money we could all earn. Now we shall begin to get in debt right straight off. I can't pay all the bills, even if I do have as much as both of you." Argument was useless. "We don't care for debt for a little while," they said, "and you are a goose to keep drudging away in that old store."

One night Rachel came home from work and half way up the walk she paused and listened. She went directly to the parlor and stood in the door confronting her mother and sisters. They looked at her guiltily. Dora nervously fingering the keys of a shining new piano.

"Have you bought that thing?" Rachel asked.

"Yes, ma'am, we have," said Sophie pertly, "and what's more we have made one payment on it."

Rachel made a gesture of despair. "I can't do anything with you," she cried. "Here it is less than three weeks since you left the store, and you have had new dresses, have bought a piano on installments, and I have had to pay out so much for running expenses that the next time I have to go to the city for Mr. Tillman I shall have barely money enough to pay my car fare and get lunch."

Rachel was the one who looked pale these days. Her pay had been increased and she had been given extra work. She had shown such good judgment and taste that Mr. Tillman had intrusted her with some of his buying, and it was on this errand that she went to the city a few days after the purchasing of the piano.

On this occasion, when she returned, instead of going home she went to the store and had an interview with the proprietor in his private office. When she came away she walked briskly and looked so cheerful that people turned to look after her. All during tea she was gay and talkative, and the others thought that Rachel was growing more and more good natured.

When they left the table she said: "Girls, and mother, I want to say something to you before any of you go out this evening." They went into the parlor and Rachel made herself comfortable in a wicker rocker beside an open window. The others settled down and looked toward her expectantly.

"In the first place, Dora," Rachel began cheerfully, "I had a talk with Mr. Tillman and he says he can find something for you to do in the store. Miss Rurgin is to be married before long and you can have her place when she goes. In the meantime there are things you can do, so you will go to work on Monday."

Dora looked amazed. "I won't go to work Monday," she exploded, finally. "The idea of your dictating to me!"

Rachel smiled. "Oh, yes, you will," she said, imperturbably. "So that is settled. As for you, Sophie, I tried to get your old place back, but Mr. Tillman told me quite frankly that the new girl does better than you did so he can't afford to make a change. So you will stay at home and help mother with the housework. She will need your help, for we are going to have two girls to board. They are friends of mine and are anxious to make a change, and I know I can get them, though I have not spoken to them yet."

"And you needn't bother to," snapped Sophie, "I don't propose to do housework for boarders."

"That does not make any difference," said Rachel calmly. "I have also seen the man about the piano. He is coming for it tomorrow and he will make it right about that first payment. You see we cannot possibly pay for it, and besides you won't have time to practice."

"Are you crazy?" demanded Dora, and the others looked at her blankly.

"Not a bit. Not as near it as I have been the last three weeks or so. I will tell you something that happened today and then you can see that there is nothing else to do but what I have planned."

"Hurry up then," said Sophie. "I was going down town this evening."

Rachel clasped her hands behind her head. "I met a friend of mine in the city today," she said slowly. "I had not seen him for some time. He took me to lunch and we had a good talk. He had been on a sea voyage and it had entirely restored his broken health. Not only this, but in mid-ocean he became acquainted with the lady who is to be his wife. She is very charming, of course, and I am to go with him to call on her next time I am in the city."

Sophie interrupted impatiently. "I don't see what all this has to do with us."

"You don't?" said Rachel in surprise. "Then I will tell you. This man who took me to lunch and whose health is restored and who is to be married soon, is—Uncle Randolph Cummings."—Portland Transcript.

Opposed to Ball Valves.

"I never had but one prisoner escape from me," said an old railroad detective, "and that was under very peculiar circumstances. In 1882, when I was working for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, I captured a fellow named Jim Lake, who was wanted for robbing freight cars. I got him near Trinidad, Col., and after securing the requisition papers started East with him for Kansas City. Lake was a little, consumptive chap, as frail as a woman, and I didn't consider it necessary to even put the handcuffs on him. With one twist I could have broken him in two. Besides, I didn't care to cause him needless humiliation by exhibiting him before the other passengers in the role of a prisoner, so we simply sat side by side, like two fellow tourists, and nobody in the cars had any idea he was under arrest.

"Naturally we did a great deal of talking, and at about dusk of the first evening out Lake turned the conversation to curious mechanical contrivances, and described several remarkable machines he had seen. He had been a skilled engineer earlier in life, and, being a good talker, soon got me deeply intersted. Among other things, he told me about an air pump with a singular ball valve. "The ball lies in the socket," he said, "and the greater the air pressure behind it the tighter it sticks.' To illustrate, he twisted an old envelope into a cone, and dropped a paper wad into the mouth. 'Now, when I blow,' he continued, 'you'll see that the wad stays right where it is.' Like a fool, I stared at the thing, and he blew violently into the little end. At the same instant I felt as if a raging furnace had suddenly belched its flames right into my face. I couldn't see, I couldn't breathe, for a moment or two I couldn't even move. My throat and nostrils were on fire, and I felt sure my eyes had been burned literally out of their sockets.

"What had happened was simply this: The envelope was full of red pepper, and I had received the charge, point blank, at about a six inch range. While I was gasping the scoundrel ran to the other end of the car. 'My friend has a fit!' he shouted; 'I'm going after water!' Of course, he jumped off, and that was the last of him. He was never caught. The other day a man tried to sell me a lawn sprinkler. 'It has a patent ball valve,' he said. 'I don't want it,' I replied.—New Orleans Picayune.

Railroads

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R.R.

THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1:00, *3:18, *5:44, 6:45 ‡7:15 ac., *9:02, *9:38, *10:05, 10:40, ac. P. M.—1:24, *3:00 ac., *3:05 5:15 ac., *7:50 ac, *8:43, *9:50, *10:30, *11:15 ac.

Trains arrive from the East.

A. M.—*1:15, *2:17, *4:00 *5:35, *6:45, 8:10 ac., 9:35 ac., *9:45, ‡10:00 ac.

P. M.—*12:50 noon ac., *2:20, 3:25, 5:05 ac., *5:30, *9:00 ac., 9:30, *9:45, *10:00, *12:35.

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.

A. M.—5:35, 6:44, *7:45, 9:40, 11:45. P. M.—*2:40, 5:10, *6:50, *7:45, *10:10.

Trains arrive from Auburn Road.

A. M.—8:17 9:00, *9:40, 10:50, P. M. *1:50, *4:20, 5.10, 8:40, *9:00, 11:50.

WEST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1:00, *2:20 *4:05, *5:35, *6:35, *7:50, ac., *9:52, 10:55. P. M.—*2:05, ‡2:40, ac., 3:25, ‡5:15 ac., *5. 35, ‡7:30 ac, 9:27 *9.50, *10:05, *11:49.

Trains Arrive from the West.

A. M.—*12:56, *3:18, *5:40, 6:37, ‡9:10 ac., *9:00, *9:55, *10:00, ‡10:35 ac., ‡11:20. P.M.—*2:10 ac., 2:28, *5:00, *7:35 ac. *8.40, *9.45, *10:25.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD.

A. M.—*‡6.10 ‡*8:30, ‡10:30. P. M.—‡2:30, *‡5:40, *11:00.

Trains Arrive From Falls Road.

A. M.—‡7:40, ‡*9:30. P. M.—‡*1:00, ‡4:25; *‡7:45 *9.30.

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH

Leave Rochester Daily.

A. M.—‡8:25, ‡10:20. P. M. ‡3:00, ‡5:30.

Arrive from Charlotte Daily.

A. M.—‡9:25, ‡11:20.—P. M. ‡4:00, ‡6:50.

R. W. & O. DIVISON.

Trains arrive and depart from State street station:

East Bound—A. M. —*3:00, 9:00. P. M.—3:30, 6:45.

West Bound—A.M. 8.10 P. M.—4.00.

Arrive from East—A. M.—*8:10, 9:00, P. M.—3:45, 7:05.

Arrive from West—A. M.—*9:50, 10:35. P. M.—7:25.

* Denotes daily. ‡ Sundays only. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Trains marked ‡ stop at Centre park, ac. denotes accommodation train.

For rail or ocean steamship tickets and reservations or information regarding Thos. Cook & Son's tours, apply at City Ticket Office, 30 State street, corner Carlisle, (Telephone 359-A), and Central Avenue Station. Baggage called for and checked through to destination.

GEO. H. DANIELS, Gen'l. Pass. Agt., New York.
J. C. KAILBLEISCH, Dist. Pass. Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD

IN EFFECT JUNE 3, 1900.

All trains and depart from N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station. Trains for Syracuse, Utica, Albany, Boston, New York, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points east, west, north and south, as follows:

LEAVE GOING EAST.

*6:05 A. M.—Continental Limited.
*9:10 A. M.—Local Express.
*10:18 A. M.—Boston and New York Express.
*5:58 P. M.—Newark Local.
6:05 P. M.—National Express.
*9:25 P. M.—Atlantic Express.

LEAVE GOING WEST.

*12:07 A. M.—Continental Limited.
*4:38 A. M.—St. Louis and Chicago Limited
‡6:05 A. M.—National Express.
*7:15 A. M.—Buffalo Local.
*10:15 A. M. Pacific Express.
*4:25 P. M.—Buffalo

TRAINS ARRIVE.

From the East. A. M.—*12:05, *4:55, ‡5:50, *7:20, *10:10. P. M.—*4:15
From the West. A. M.—*4:00, *9:07, *10.05—P. M.—*5:45, ‡7:55, *9:00.

* Denotes daily
‡ Denotes Daily except Monday. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Tickets sold, sleeping car berths secured and baggage checked to destination at City office. Telephone 859-A, 30 State street, corner Cornhillan, or at Amsden's under Power's bank, also at New York Central Station. Agents of Westcott Express company are on all through trains to check baggage and engage cab or carriage, etc.

C. E. Lambert, Gen. Pass. Agt., New York.
J. C. Kalbleisch, Dist. Pass. Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg

Trains leave West Ave. station as follows:

7:45 A. M. Week Days, Pittsburgh Vestibuled Express, for LeRoy, Warsaw, Perry, Hornellsville, Salamanca, Bradford, Butler and Pittsburg. Has cafe car and elegant day coaches. Connects at Salamanca for Jamestown, Cambridge Springs, Cincinnati, Chicago and points west.

4:10 P. M. Week days for LeRoy, Warsaw, Perry and Hornellsville and intermediate points.

8:35 P. M. Daily, Pittsburg night express for LeRoy, Warsaw, Bradford and Pittsburg. Pullman sleeper Rochester to Pittsburgh.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

8.45 A. M. Daily from Pittsburg.
11.30 A. M. Week days from Perry.
7.50 P. M. Daily from Pittsburg.

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