

HOW DICK STOOD BY HIS MOTHER

"We never have pancakes now," sighed wee Daisy, looking mournfully across the table at her brother. "But we have oatmeal, and it's so nice and hot," answered Dick, pressing his fingers to the outside of his bowl by way of warming them.

"Bessie Warner has pancakes every morning, with lots and lots of maple syrup. We used to have good things when daddy was home. I wish he would come back." And Daisy drew a mite of a handkerchief from her apron pocket and held it to her blue eyes.

"If that's all you want father home for," Dick began indignantly. Then he stopped suddenly. "We've got mother," he added, lowering his voice. "But she's so sick."

"Dick, come here, please." The boy pushed his chair back from the table and entered an adjoining room. "It was such a good breakfast you brought me, dear," his mother said with a tender smile as he stood beside her bed. "I don't see how you manage it, Dick."

"You needn't think I am going to give you my recipe, ma'am," laughed the boy as he lifted the tray from the coverlet. "You're such a comfort, Dick," his mother answered. Then she added as he turned away, "I shall be thankful when I am able to make things count again for you and Daisy."

"Maybe I won't think it jolly, too," Dick declared, his face fairly beaming. "I am going to ask the doctor if I may sit up awhile today. And Dick, you won't forget to go to the postoffice this morning!"

"Dick did not answer immediately. But, the threshold reached, he paused and said slowly, "You won't count too much on getting a letter, mother?"

Then Daisy danced out of the bed room to meet him. "You've been so long, Dick!" she cried. "There is a letter from daddy. Mr. Thompson gave it to Dr. Hall to bring to mamma. There's money in it, and daddy is coming home, and mamma says we'll have 'pan'!"

But Dick had fled past Daisy to his mother. "Mrs. Thompson said there was no letter, and I was afraid to tell you, and it's been so long since we saw father, and, oh, I'm so glad!"

Here Dick stopped suddenly and hid his face in the coverlet. But mothers don't tell, and Dick was only ten, you see, and sometimes it had been pretty stiff work keeping a brave front.

But by the time Daisy tiptoed back from the pantry, whether she had been to make sure that the griddle was quite ready to fry pancakes on, Dick's face was sunshiny again, and he hummed a bar of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again" as he made the big armchair ready for his mother with pillows and comforter and thought how good it would seem to have his father home again. Marie Deacon Hanson in New York Herald.

CONSTANCE'S CANDY.

Why Troublesome Marshall Threw the Spoon Down in the Tub. "Marshall, come away from the stove!"

"No, want to see tandy?" "Somebody do take that child away! The next thing we know he'll be sitting on the stove!"

Constance had her lap full of nuts and could not go to the aid of her small brother, so Arthur Conway picked that young man up in his arms, much to the latter's disgust, and set him on the tubs. Marshall immediately began to howl, and his sister threw him a handful of nuts to pacify him.

"Keep still, Marshall, and when the candy is done you shall have some." "Have lot o' tandy?" "Yes, yes."

It being a rainy afternoon, Constance Ward was having a candy frolic in the spacious kitchen with half a dozen friends.

"Constance, that candy has got to be done. It's been cooking for five hours." "More or less," added Jose Everard.

"You certainly do exaggerate dreadfully, Florence, for it has been on just ten minutes," said Constance. "If you have nothing else to do, just help me shell these nuts."

Florence pulled a chair over near Constance and for awhile was very industrious shelling the nuts.

"Just look at Dan!" exclaimed Virginia Ross. "Isn't he polite?" All eyes were turned upon Dan Ross, who was sitting by the window, with a book within four inches of his nose.

"Exceedingly so," said Arthur Conway; "but it's nothing unusual. I believe if Dan went to an evening ball he would take his book along."

"Who?" inquired Rob Allison, who had been down collar getting some apples. "Daniel, my lad," replied Arthur.

Just then came a thud, followed by a howl. Marshall had fallen off the tubs. "Say, Marshall," said Arthur, "run up stairs and see if your mother wants you."

"My muzzer has gone to see Tuzzin Tate," replied Marshall, with dignity. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Arthur, returning Marshall to the tubs. "I'm going to take that candy off," announced Florence.

"Well, I guess it's done," said Constance, "and so are the nuts." The candy was poured into the buttered tins, the nuts laid over it and the spoon given to Marshall to suck. Then all the girls and boys adjourned to the parlor with their apples to wait for the candy to harden.

"It's waiting," said Marshall. "Chestnuts!" said Rob. "Say, Arthur, run down stairs and see if that candy is hard," said Constance.

Arthur, used to doing whatever Constance said, obeyed. In a few minutes he returned with the pan and a knife. Evidently he had tasted it, for he was making a very wry face.

"Taste it, Constance. See if you like it. It seems to me you have mistaken the salt box for the sugar box." "Constance took a piece." "Why, Arthur Conway, I do believe I have."

The girls and boys crowded around Arthur to taste the candy, and, strange to say, none of them took a second piece. Constance seemed very unhappy about it, but she felt better when her guests assured her that they didn't care, and it just gave them something to laugh about.

"Funny Marshall didn't say something when he had the spoon," said Jose.

AN EXPRESS PACKAGE.

Why the Shipper Would Not Designate Its Value. "What is the value?" asked an express agent in a Broadway office of a keen eyed customer who had handed him a package to be sent to a western city. The man addressed did not answer at once, but glanced at a printed card on the wall that reads, "Always state the value of your shipment."

"If I state the value, will your company pay me that amount in case the package is lost?" asked the man in his turn.

"Certainly not, unless that is proved to be its value," answered the agent. "If I state the value, can I prove a greater value if it is lost?"

"You will have to ask a lawyer that question," replied the agent. "That isn't necessary, for I happen to know the law," said the shipper. "Your company is trying to establish an unfair rule, because it works only one way. You are right when you say that my statement cannot bind you, for in case of loss you can prove the value, but my statement would bind me, for the court would say that I was 'estopped' by my declaration as to the value."

"If a shipper should undervalue his shipment, thinking that thereby he would reduce the charges, he would have to stand by his statement, and your notice is calculated to make him do that very thing. You can mark my shipment 'No value stated,' and then if we meet in the courts it will be on an equal footing." New York Herald.

The Miles We Walk.

How many miles a man walks in his lifetime depends naturally upon how much he walks a day on the average, but the man who walks the least covers a vast number of miles before he dies. Some men walk two miles a day, some four or five and some as many as ten. If a man walks two miles a day and lives to be thirty years old he will cover 21,600 miles. At the same age a man who walks three miles a day will have walked 32,400 miles. Almost every man walks between two and three miles a day just in going about the house, the office, the shop and in going to and from the cars, etc.

A man who walks five miles a day finds that at the age of thirty he has covered 54,750 miles and at the age of sixty 109,500. From this should strictly speaking be subtracted the few months of a year when he was a baby unable to walk, but the result would not be affected materially.

Now, the circumference of the earth at the equator is only 24,860 miles, so therefore a man who at the age of sixty has averaged five miles a day since he was able to walk has walked around the earth four times and have a good many miles left over toward the fifth lap.

A Clever Witness. At the N. quarter sessions a petty case was being tried. A well known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross examining a witness, had an odd looking genius upon whom to operate.

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir, 'cause why she confessed it."

"And you also swear she was employed by you subsequent to the confession?" "I do, sir."

"Then" (giving a sugarcous look to the court) "we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you even after their resentities are known?"

"Of course. How else could I get assistance from a lawyer?" The counsel only said, "Stand down."—London Tit-Bits.

Making Alloys Is an Art. Great art is requisite in making alloys. It is true that they are readily formed by melting metals together in a crucible or in properly constructed furnaces, but it is necessary to insure perfect fusion and to prevent loss. Zinc is a volatile, inflammable metal and easily catches fire. Indeed it is not at all uncommon to find that two alloys of exactly the same component parts differ very materially in properties in consequence of a difference in the mode of preparation or in the care bestowed upon them.

A Curious Funeral Ceremony. It is said that when Marie, the conqueror of Rome, died that a river was turned aside to make place in his bed for his grave and when he was buried the water was again led into its former channel, and the prisoners who had helped to bury him were killed so that no one might find out where the conqueror of Rome was buried.

The river thus turned was the Busento and the place near Cosentino, Italy.

Origin of Domesticated Dogs. The Eskimo dog is derived from the wolf. Doubtless the first dogs which were trained to serve mankind were the jackals of Asia, which are to this day very intelligent and docile when tamed. There was a kind of dog kept by the ancient Egyptians which was evidently obtained by breeding from slenderly built species that is wild in Africa at the present time.

Fitting Remonstrance. Cholly—When he told you, dear boy, you hadn't sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole, what did you do? Fweddly—I told him, baw Jove, I hoped I had too much sense to pound sand in a wat hole! Why should any body do so ridiculous a thing as that, don't you know?—Exchange.

The first city incorporated in this country with a charter and privileges was New York, which was granted its papers in 1624.

REVISING A PROVERB.

Whom the Gods Love Die Not Young, but in Old Age.

Wisdom appears to age, while the shallow Grand Old Man grows half conscious that their weak minds would sink into senility beneath the burden of years. Praises of praise are paid to youth in forgetfulness of the fact that only the aged can contrast the varying phases of consciousness during the different decades of a century of life. Verily it was a wise poet who sang,

"Whom the gods love die young" Nay Father say With bated breath, Whom the gods love die old Shall the mourn pale ere it hath eared its old.

The sage down while yet it is full day, The stage set up unrolled in the day, The parchment crumpled ere it is unrolled.

The story end with half the tale untold, The song drop mute and breathless by the way.

Nay, nay, nay. Broken lives are surely not the perfected human product of God's great plan. The prophets of the remotest recorded time, the grandeur of whose thought has been the theme of preachers and writers for thousand of years, lived to ages which seem miraculous to moderns. The man who grows old grandly, with grace and good nature, really retains his youth. Troy Press.

An Accommodating Negro. A story is told of a priest's experience in a small New England town. The clergyman was just about to retire for the night when he heard a knock at his door. He called "Come in," and a negro presented himself and said rather shamefacedly,

"Father, there is a girl outside. May I bring her in?" Assent having been given, he disappeared for a moment and returned with a white woman and informed the scandalized priest that they wished to be married.

He was shown the door with promptness, and the girl was severely admonished on the course she was pursuing. Fifteen minutes later there was another knock, and on opening the door the priest found himself again face to face with the would-be colored bridegroom.

With great indignation, the priest said, "I thought I sent you about your business before?"

The darky paralyzed him with this reply: "Yes, I know you did, Father James, but Mary and I have talked it over, and we thought maybe you would look at the matter differently if you knew I was willing to turn Irish." New York Times.

Rivers Which Traverse the Ocean. In the ocean the longest way round is oftentimes the shortest way home. For instance, if a United States transport were to leave San Francisco for China the most logical course would seem to be straight west across the north Pacific to the land of the Boxers.

But in reality the ship would be steered to the southwest along the equator and past the Philippines to the Asian coast. This course would be several hundred miles longer, yet it would take the vessel to her destination much quicker than the straight course. In the one case she would be going with the current, in the other she would be going against the current.

The ocean is not a simple, pathless expanse over which short cuts may be made, but a system of highways, cross ways and even blind alleys, which have been surveyed and laid out by nature herself.—Ainslee's Magazine.

The Mark of the Hand. When the hand touches anything, it leaves upon the object touched a representation of that part which came in contact with the object. This impression is not visible to the eye. It is made by the acid of moisture exuded from the skin. If you place the palm of your hand flat on a sheet of blank paper, you may not see the faintest trace of the hand, and many people will be angry at the suggestion that there is any excretion; their hands are perfectly dry, they do not suffer from perspiration. Nevertheless if a metal plate covered with a certain chemical preparation be passed over the paper the representation of the hand becomes visible in great detail.

A Little Exchange. "One day," says an exchange clerk in a Philadelphia department store, "an old fellow from the country came up to my desk and, laying down a package, said,

"Young man, here's a suit of underwear that I bought here seven years ago. It is too small for me, and I would like to have it exchanged."

"I was thunderstruck at the nerve of the man, but I managed to say something about the time limit on such transactions."

"Well," said he, "I know that, but I've never had 'em on, and this is the first time I've been in town since the day I bought 'em."

He Could Prove It. "My wife," he said proudly, "can keep a secret as well as any woman on earth."

"Why, man," exclaimed the other fellow, "you know she tells everything she knows?"

"Well, isn't that what I said?"—Baltimore News.

One of Many. Mr. Gillis—Surely, Miss Gray, you haven't forgotten me already? Why, I proposed to you at the seashore last summer!

Miss Gray (much puzzled)—Can't you recall some other incident?—Judge.

No man can appreciate how another man can be busy when he wants to talk to him.—Atchison Globe.

The Camera That Gerald Bought

It was Gerald's big brother, Harry who began it all. Gerald never thought of photographing till Harry wrote from school and said that he had given Carter Major his second best racket and half a crown for his old camera, as Carter's uncle had given Carter a new one. Harry went on to say that he was looking forward tremendously to going with pater and mater to Normandy for the holidays and that now he would be able to photograph all the jolly places and he enclosed his first attempt, taken all by himself. It is true that father thought this was the photograph of a turnip field and mother thought it was a senhouse with bathing machines or it, but Gerald thought how grand it was to be able to make a real picture like that.

Before long home came Harry, camera and all, and the days before he started for Normandy were spent in photographing every person, place and thing, from Gerald himself to the rabbit bits and the flower pots. Gerald felt as if he could have gone on forever helping Harry and now and then being allowed to take one photograph himself.

But the days flew by, and soon Harry was off for six weeks, and Gerald and Kitty, the baby, went off, too, with nurse, to stay by the sea.

Of course it was very jolly by the sea. There was a great big stretch of sand where one could dig trenches and build forts and write names in huge letters for the waves to wash out again. There was bathing, too, and paddling, and the rocks all warm with the sun, with wonderful pools on top of them where anemones opened out their scores of tiny arms and baby crabs scuttled away under the seaweed. But again and again ever so many times a day Gerald remembered Harry's camera and longed to be able to take photographs of all the places and persons he saw. It would have been so jolly to have had a whole lot of pictures to take home just as Harry would have to bring back from Normandy.

And then one day it really seemed as if his great wish might come to pass. It happened that nurse had bought him a magazine to read, and his mind being full of cameras, his eyes quickly lighted on the advertisement of one of the last pages.

It was a most wonderful bargain, and as Gerald read his heart went thump, thump, with excitement, for there, plainly written down in big print, he read that Mr. Georgius Jenkins of London sold real cameras to take beautiful photographs for only sixpence.

In his delight Gerald rushed to nurse, chattering so fast that she could not understand what he was saying. When he had given her time to read about it, she laughed kindly at his eager face.

"It sounds very fine, Master Gerald," she said, "but you haven't got six pence, have you?"

That was a sad recollection. It was hard to face the truth. He had not a penny in the world, and even by saving all his money, without buying so much as a chocolate all the time, he would have to wait three weeks before two pence a week would become six pence.

How he wished he had not spent the shilling his father gave him on that silly little boat! Of course it was a jolly enough boat, and he had liked taking it out to sea when he bathed. But now as he looked at it, faded and scratched, he would have given anything to have been able to put it back in its place in the toyshop window and feel his shilling in his hand.

"Oh, I must have it, nurse, I must!" he said after a few moments' reflection. "What can I do to get sixpence? I wish Kitty would buy my boat. I don't want anything but the camera."

"Miss Kitty has spent all her money too," said nurse. "But don't be in such a hurry, dear. Let me have time to think."

"Yes, do think, nurse! Think hard as hard as ever you can—and quickly tell me some way."

Before very long nurse had thought hard enough to have found a way by which Gerald might really earn the money. She reminded him how often in the winter, when playing games they had to collect old buttons and things to get enough to play with. Gerald remembered it, too, but he did not see how that could help him.

"Well," said nurse, "if you will find some of those little yellow shells, such as you picked up yesterday, all alike so that they will do for counters, I will give you a penny for every twenty."

Gerald squealed with delight and scarcely waited to hear the end of nurse's offer, he was in such a hurry to begin. The boat was left floating in a pool, the magazine was left lying down on the sand, Kitty was left to play alone, and Gerald paced about as if his eyes were glued to the ground, eager to earn the six pennies which meant so much to him.

The first twenty shells were not so very hard to find. He had them tied in his handkerchief before an hour had passed. The pity was that then it was time to go to dinner, and nurse would not let him go without, although he pleaded very hard.

Oh, how he hunted for those little yellow shells! Nurse was very kind in wandering far along the beach that he might seek in fresh spots. But not of that day was he able to earn the six pence. Indeed he had only twopenny halfpenny in his pocket when bedtime came.

Things were more hopeful next day

never, for Mrs. Bland, the landlady, told them of a good place to find shells, and nurse said they would take their dinner and picnic there.

Mrs. Bland was right. It was a splendid place she had told them of, and before dinner time Gerald, hot faced, but joyful hearted, brought the full quantity to nurse.

That night, with nurse's help, he wrote his letter to Mr. Georgius Jenkins and sent off his six stamps to London.

There was a whole day to wait, of course, and it seemed the longest day in Gerald's life, but on the morning after when he came down to breakfast there was a parcel beside his plate sure enough.

"It's rather small," he said as he rushed forward to seize it. "Perhaps it isn't out at its full size," suggested nurse.

With trembling fingers Gerald tore open the wrapper, and then— Well, then he very nearly cried with disappointment.

It was such a funny looking little paper thing that was inside! Not a bit like Harry's camera.

"It isn't a camera at all!" he exclaimed. "It isn't a bit like Harry's."

"There are different sorts, you know, Master Gerald," nurse suggested. "But they said it was a real camera," he declared, half inclined to sob and yet so surprised that he could do little but wonder. "They said it was splendid and would take real photographs."

"Perhaps it will," said nurse contentedly. "At any rate you can try after breakfast, for I have to go out, and Miss Kitty will go with me, and if you will promise not to leave the garden you may stay home alone. Cheer up, Master Gerald, for even if the camera is a cheat there is another surprise coming for you today. It is a secret, but you will like it, I'm sure."

After trying in vain to make nurse tell the secret Gerald hurried over his



EAGER TO EARN THE SIX PENNIES.

breakfast and rushed into the garden. There for quite an hour he pulled and twisted the silly little sixpenny thing, which looked much more like a Jack in the box than a camera, and at last, angry, impatient and bitterly disappointed, he felt he must try to make a start. Dragging Kitty's wooden horse, Dobbin, on to the step to face him, he fixed his camera up on his spade and a couple of Mr. Bland's walking sticks and began.

He slid in the little pieces of rough glass and tried to pretend he was Harry, with Harry's camera, and that everything was right. Then, putting his coat over his head, he called out, "Now, please!" to Kitty's Dobbin, and—

With a rattle and a rumble a cab had drawn up at the gate. A boy jumped out and ran hurrying in to the small figure with his head under the coat.

"Hello, 'Gerry, old boy!" he cried, catching the young photographer's a hearty slap on the back.

With a shake and a jump over went the camera, and out came Gerald from under the coat.

"Harry?" "We've just come, old man. Pater and mater wanted to be home a week earlier. Here they are, all of them!"

In another minute father, mother, nurse and Kitty and all were in the garden talking and laughing together, and Gerald's camera and his disappointment were both forgotten in the excitement and joy.

Later on Gerald told Harry all about it. "It's a jolly cheat, old chap," declared Harry. "But never mind, I'm to have a new one on my birthday, father says, so I'd planned to give the other to you. Let's hurry up and unpack it, and you shall photograph Dobbin after all."

There was no need to tell Gerald's portrait was taken, and Mr. Georgius Jenkins' camera lay unnoticed on the ground.—L. Quiller Couch in Cassell's Little Folks.

Bijou. I had a little donkey once. With hair so gray and glossy; One ear stood up, the other down, Which made her look quite saucy.

Whichever way I wished to go, The donkey would not budge, sir; It seemed as if she really had, Which makes her follow awful mad, If anybody sees you.

One day we went along the beach, A-driving o'er the pebbles, And Bijou he-bawled loud and long In bassos and in trebles. But when I wanted to go home The donkey would not budge, sir; It seemed as if she really had, Against me quite a grudge, sir. When I said, "Go!" she only barked And backed right in the water. The moral's this: Don't reason with A braying donkey's daughter. —Olive Frost.