Joan lay together in the hammock on some time when nobody's looking." the back porch, but, alas, they were twins had quarreled over the new St. said. "That's much easier." Nicholas, which now lay between them. Each had refused to leave to the other said Jack. The argument was unanthe possession of the hammock and swerable, and so the three trooped off they could be.

at the hammock, begging his "sisser dress. twinnies" to let him in, b t the twins would not speak to the little fellow. So Bill stood there in perplexity, his out, the bottom and sides ripped open round eyes filling with tears and his mouth spened for a long wail.

At the sound of his mournful voice Faith rushed from the kitchen and strove to comfort the little chap.

"Jacqueline! Joanna! I'm ashamed of you, acting in such a ridiculous way. ready for tonight, and why couldn't you take care of baby better?"

Then she carried Bill into the house and came back, hot and flushed. "Girls, get right out of that ham

mock this minute and go into the house and a muse baby."

When Faith spoke in that firm tone. the twins knew they must obey, so they rose up, a cross looking pair the twins gathered up their "toggers" enough, with nair tossed and tumbled and eves sulky and red.

They looked at each other, and the sight was too much for either. They



"T'M GLAD IT'S OVER, AREN'T YOU?" were used to falling in and out of quarrels easily, and the ache of dis | do." agreement had lasted long enough. Both burst out laughing, and Jack gave Joan a bear hug, which Joan returned, whispering, "I'm glad it's ever, aren't you?"

Faith had gone back to her baking, knowing that the girls would do as she had told them, and now a merry struggle took the place of the real quarrel, while each twin insisted that she would "mind" Bill.

At last Jack, who was a little the stronger, forced Joan into the l.um-

mock, laughing all the while. "Now, Twinnie, you just stay where you're put, and I'll take care of that baby." said she, and was off in a

flash. Joan lay there idly swinging, thinking what a dear Twinnie she had after all, when a whistle from the

hedge made her sit up very straight. "All right, Howard; come up here," she called. Howard tramped across the lawn,

dragging a string of fish behind him. "Hello, Twin," he said. "Which one are you anyway? Let's see if I can guess. Hum-now, Jack's hair is a little straighter than Joan's, I know that, and Joan's eyes sometimes are more blue than Jack's, so I guess, ma'am, you're Jack!"

"Wrong again! My, what a bad guess! Jack's busy nursing the kid. What's that?"-with a kick toward the

"Brook trout, mum. Caught 'em this morning. What'll you give for 'em?" "Pooh! I don't want your trout. Why didn't you come and ask us to go with you?" Joan was huffy.

"Couldn't. Ned Webster went with me and you know he hates-I mean, doesn't care to have girls around."

"Humph! 'Sif we were sissies!" Joan turned her back and would have no more to do with him. So Howard picked up his catch and went into the house to present the fish to Faith. When he sauntered out again, Jack also was in the hammock, for baby had soon gone to sleep under her

"Hello, Jack, shake! Glad to see vou've been useful for once," said Howard gravely, using Joan's arm for a pump handle.

The twins giggled, and then Howard saw he had mistaken them again. "Villains," he cried. Then they

rushed upon him. All three struggled in a heap on the porch, ending in rolling down the steps upon the grass. When they arose, Joan's dress was torn across the front.

"Jimmy, what shall we do now?" she said.

Jack's fertile brain worked quickly. "It's a good thing we aren't dressed for tonight." she said. "Mamma's coming home then. You know she's

A Talent

been visiting at granuma's, floward. Let's go down to the barn and get some of those old grain sacks and each put one on; then we'll parade upstairs and if Faith sees us it won't matter. Then we'll change our Such a sultry afternoon! Jack and dresses-see? And we'll mend this one

Howard thought that was a fine plan. back to back, and an ugly scowl in the "But why not go right around the eyes of each showed the reason! The house and in at the front door?" he

"But that wouldn't be any fun," the new magazine; so there they were, to the barn. There they petted the both as cross and uncomfortable as horses and tumbled on the hay and got very dirty, indeed, and it ended Bill ran out and pushed and pulled with Jack's ripping the sleeve of her

"Now we'll have to have those sacks," she said. So they were routed with Howard's knife, and each girl wrapped one around her.

With great display they paraded up to the porch. Howard doubled up with amusement at the queer spectacle they made. "Don't we look like the Rummans in their toggers?" asked Jack You know how busy I am getting triumphantly, and Howard had to lie on the ground and choke his laughter. for the twins would have been insuited to think that they did not resembled the "togaed Romans."

"Why -why--who's that coming in at the front gate? I do believe it's mamma!" cried the two. Sure enough it was, several hours before she was expected too! With shricks of delight and rushed to meet the tall, sweet faced woman who was advancing to the house.

What matter if the sacks were in the way and Jack tripped and Joan fell over the clumsy things! The twins cast themselves, "toggers" and all. into the arms of their nother. And she- well, she was used to their plays and was not alarmed, and even when the sacks fell off, showing the ripped sleeve and torn skirt, she did not scold, she was too happy to see her twimies again

They led her around to the kitchen, Joan carrying her jacket and umbrella and Jack lugging her suit case and both chattering all the while

Faith came to the door, blessing her stars that the cake was done, and her flushed cheeks grew roster and her bright eyes brighter as she welcomed mamma home

* And Howard mamma here's How ard Winship You know, his fathers bought New House, clamored the twins They had forgotten Howard till that minute and now as they turned to introduce their new friend he was gone

"Never mind, I'll see him soon," said Mrs Arnold, but the twinnles could not understand why their Howard had run away -Brooklyn Eagle

Her Father's Profession.

Jean was four years old when she began to go to kindergarten. The first day she had a beautiful time, and when she got home at night she announced proudly that "tomorrow teach er wants us to tell our whole names, our whole ages and what our fathers

Mother proceeded to instruct her lit tle daughter on these points, and before long Jean could rattle off quite proudly

"My name is Jean Anderson Abbott I am four years and three months old, and my father is a produce and commission merchant"

She said it over to herself all the way to school, but when she was real ly standing before the teacher somehow it did not seem so easy. The teacher asked each little girl in turn, and they answered glibly, but as it came to Jean's turn a great fear came over her. She could not remember what her father's business was.

Finally the teacher asked Marjorle. who stood just beside Jean. Marjorie answered rapidly enough:

"My name is Marjorle Rolfe Bldwell. I am five years and one month old, and my father is professor of history in Harvard."

Her answer gave Jean an inspiration. If Marjorie's father was a professor, of course her father was a professor, too, and he had eggs and butter in his store. She knew that, so when the teacher asked her the question she replied promptly:

"My name is Jean Anderson Abbott. am four years and three months old, and my father is a professor of butter and eggs!"

Saving Up. I'm savin' up. Ma bought a bank With a sojer on it that turns a crank Fer ev'ry penny I drop in, An' nen he doesn't move again 'Tell another cent comes clickety click! An' nen the sojer does his trick.

I got it day 'fore yesterday, But jest already I've put away A bran' new nickel an' seven cents. Mother says I'm doin' immense An' purty soon that I kin buy A shirt like pa's an' a regular tie.

But pa says: "Don't be gittin' gay. You're goin' to be a man some day, An' now you'd better save your tin, So's nen you kin buy a house to live in. With a barn an' a hoss an' a kerridge,

An' a cow what'll give good milk fer

An' Uncle Bill don't believe in banks; He says they wuz only made fer cranks; Besides, they wuz bustin' every day, An' half the time they wouldn't pay. "An' ez fer me," he says, "my sock Is bank enough fer Billy Rock!"

Late that night ma sez: "Now, Josh, Don't listen to Uncle Billy's bosh! He'll loaf all day an' set an' chat; He never got married nor nothin' like

He ain't a model fer you." But still I got the nickel from Uncle Bill.

I'm savin' up, but how I'd thank My ma fer a gun instead of that bank! A bank's all right fer a man, I guess, 'Cause he's got folks to feed an' dress, But a gun that'll shoot an' make some

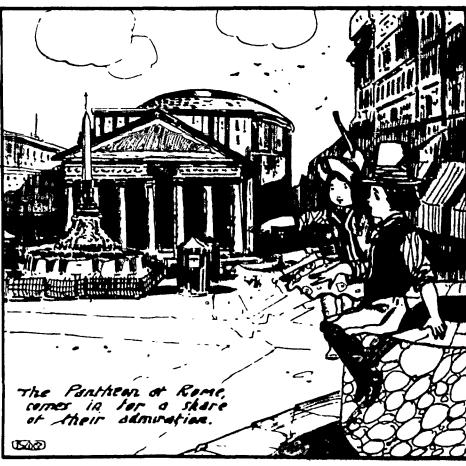
Ah, that's the gift to give to boys! -Maurice Brown Kirby in New York

THE WEELITTLES IN ITALY.



FIND THE TWO BANDITS.

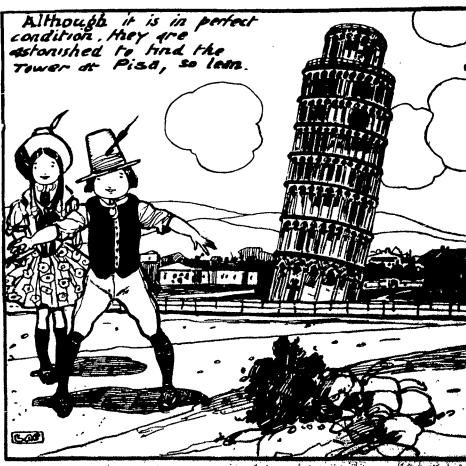
THE WEELITTLES IN ROME.



FIND THE ROMAN AND HIS WIFE,



FIND THE WATCHMAN. THE WEELITTLES IN PISA.



FIND THE HINDOO AND ITALIAN

The Foodle Reserved a Leaton for last Ma

Disposition A large Newloundland dog belong ing to a physician gives evidence of the intelligence generally alleged of the canine race, says Rev. A. H. Noll in Our Damb Animals. He is the mail carrier for the household, and is deeply impressed with the confidence reposed in his fidelity in the performance of his duty. This fidelity seems to be recognized by his canine neighbors, and one of them, at least, has shown a mean disposition to take advantage of it, and to annoy the Newfoundland when thus engaged. This teasing poodle is of spotless white, belonging to a lady of means, who employs a colored servant whose duty it is to give the poodle a daily bath and comb its hair. Gyp never attempted to molest the big Newfoundland when the latter was free to prevent it. Nor did he ever molest his giant neighbor but twice when he was carrying his master's mail. The first time the Newfoundland treated Gyp's jumping up and snapping at his tail with dignided contempt. This emboldened Gyp to repeat the indignity the next morning, as the Newfoundland was returning home with a large bundle of lat-

ters in his mouth.

The Newfoundland never paused in his errand. He laid the package of letters on his master's desk and then turned back in the direction of the turned back in the direction of the post office. There was in his movements, as well as in his intelligent face, an air of quiet determination. But no one could guess his intentions until he reached the bisce where Gyp was standing, fresh from his morning toilet. He then turned quickly, selzed the spotless poodle by the neck and carried it across the sidewalk to the gutter. There Had been a rain the night before and the gutter was filled with muddy water. The Newfoundland dipped the poodle into the dirty water twice, then deposited the mudbedraggled and humiflated dog upon the sidewalk and returned to his home quietly, without so much as a backward look at his victim.

Deg That Committed Suicide. I have myself investigated this story of a dog that committed suicide, and found it true.

The dog's name was Dewey. But he was only a mongrel, with some sort of resemblance to a fox terrier.

One day Dewey wandered into the produce store of C. Walters & Co., on Commerce street, Newark. He stepped on a kitten. The kitten squalled. its mother, who was snoozing on the reservations or information regarding top of a barrel, leaped on Dewey's back and gave him one of the most Office, so State street, corner Cor thorough trouncings a dog ever receiv- (Telephone \$50-A), and Central Average of the state of th ed from a cat.

Dewey rushed from the store, made for the Morris Canai, and leaped into A. H. SMITH, the water. Though he was an expert wimmer from long practice, he allowed himself to sink. He was a great favorite with the laborers about the produce store and the market, which latter spans the canal immediately above where he made his plunge. George Warren, without stopping to remove even his coat, plunged in to save the dog, but although he could not prevent his body from being taken from the water, Dewey refused to be

saved. And I am convinced that Dewey 18 not the only quadruped that has deliberately sought death. There are trials too great even for dogs to bear. -Rev. Charles Josiah Adams.

Now Two Boys Ran a 'Rus A very pretty story of Yankee enterprise comes from abroad. According to this tale, two high school boysone from New England and the other from Illinois-were "doing" the Paris fair together and having a beautiful time.

One evening in a restaurant they were commenting unfavorably on the manner in which the cumbersome oranibuses were handled in the more crowded thoroughfares. It so happened that a high official of one of the bus lines overheard the conversation, and turning to the American lads, he observed with sarcastic politeness, "I benefits Daily except Sensity, suppose you young gentlement, think you could teach us how to run a bus, eh?"

"We do, indeed," was the audaclous reply of the New England lad who

reply of the New England lad, who had horses at home and knew how to pany are on all through trains to the contract of the con manage them. Then a bold idea striking him he added: "If I could get permission to run a 'bus for a couple of days I'd do it." "Ho, ho!" chuckled the Frenchman.

"I can arrange that for you if you are as good as your word."

Well, the long and short of it is these two boys were not going to be "dared," and two days later their hus started out on its first regular trip. Chicanati, Chicago and polars We Each boy, as driver and conductor, Each boy, as driver and conductor, had supplied himself with a hand-some uniform, and on the side of the Bradford Express Connects for S rehicle appeared the logend, "For Am- Lake, Perry, Carille, Honelleville," ericans only."

positively identified as an American before he was allowed aboard. In place of the custormary exchange of 7:40 A. M. Dilly from Particle Centimes for colored tickets the conductor offered each passenger a little 7:05 P. M. West Days from Phoses. book, in which he had to register his or her name, and this document is now a much cherished souvenir of the three days those two Americans ran a Paris 'bus.

Ukamels Bags for Jewals. Every woman should own a little chamois-skin bag in which to carry her rings and other jewelry. It is upwise to stow them away in a pocket book to be scratched and ruined by loose coin or other rough articles that may be carried there. Diamonds may be cleaned with al-

cohol. This can be distinct thome and will save the expense of hiring I evaluate to do it for you. Boxwood and the last to do it for you.

Trains leave from and artis

EAST BY MAIN LINE. A M.—12.20, 1100, 211 7546 7.5516. 205, 9:31 10:05 12:40 11.40 P. M.—2:21 10.40 7:50 ac, 43.45 *II:15ac.

Trains arrive from the Base.

A. M.—1:e0. "2:05, "4:e0" 5:16, "4.

6 48, 8:10 ac., "9. 20. 40:48, 311 M.

P. M.—12:55 ac., "8:80, \$185, \$18 *5:30; *8:30aC. *9:10, *9:25, *9:44, *Reils

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD. A. M. -5:15, 0:44, *7:45, 9:44 ERICE M. - *2:40, 4.00, 5:10; *6:58 *7:44

*TO:50. Trains arrive from Auburn Read A. M. - 8:17 9:00, *9:40, to:50, F. M 2:10. 4:15. 5.10.7:20.8:40. 0 x03.18 ...

WEST BY MAIN LINE A. M.—"1:10, "a:10, "4:05; "5:56 "6:07:50, "0:52, to:55, "11,42 ", M. 11,42 ", M. "9.30, *9.45 "10:15, 1 1:15, Trains Arrive from the West,

A. M. - *f6.05 *f8:85, f10:30. P. M. - +8:30 *f5:40, *f1:06. Trains Arrive From Falls Road.

A. M.— †7:30, †0:80, 11.30 P. M.
†3:00, †4:151 *†7:45 *9.20,

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH Leave-A. M. - \$7.00, \$8.30, \$8.30, \$6.31.15. P.M. - \$1.00, \$2.40 \$13.30 *18.40, *14 20. *15 07, *15:30, *16:30, *17:30 107.95,48 20, "0:00, "0:46, "Inime, "Inime Arrive—A. M.— *18.05, *10 25, *120;56 118.15 P. M. - 12 05. 18.40 13.20 14 40 14.40 15.20 16.00, 16.30 17 80 16.00

8.35, 9.25, *10.00, *18.40, *[1.35, *[2.60 R. W. E O DIVISOR Trains arrive and depart from the ention: East Bound-A M .- 8,10, 10, 10, 10,00

M.-3:20, 5.80, "5.50, West Bound-A.M." ** \$.0, 1.20 F.M. Arrive from East-A. M. 7 De. 100 ** 11:35. P. M .- 3:45, 7:49, #9.35; Arrive from West-A.M.-*1045.P. M

6-45.*0 35.
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through to destination, Gen'l Supt Gen'l Agt.

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*6:05 A. M.—Continental Limited.

*8 40 A. M.—Local Express.

*10:57 A. M.—New York Express.

*5:48 P. M.—Newark Local.

6:20 P. M.—National Express. *9:18 P. M.—Atlantic Express. LEAVE GOING WEST *12:07 A. M.—Continental Line *4:38 A. M.—Chience Unite

16:00 A. M.—National Exer. *1615 A. M. Pacific Express. *4:55 P. M.—Buffale Local. TRAINS ARBIVE.

From the East, A. M.—1896. 4187 15-59, 7:10, 10:10. P. M.—4:18, From the West, A. M. *6:00, 8:37, 10:50 P. M.—8:44,6(10, 9:15.

gage and angage cab or carriage out.

C. R. Lembett,
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A pair of mettlesome steeds drew the bus and the way they bowled through the congested traffic horrified the timid actives of "gay Parce."

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