

REST TIME SONG.

The Sandman comes with his old gray sack. Filled with dust for the little one's eyes; He sifts it out with a lavish hand And he bushes the baby's cries.

The Sandman clasps in his wrinkled palm The soft hands of my baby fair. And baby's frolic gives place to calm As he yields to the Sandman's care.

The Sandman beckons the flying dreams, Bids the sweetest and fairest to stay. And angels watch o'er that baby's rest Till the dawn of the glad new day.

"Nid-nod," he whispers to baby dear Baby knows well what he means; The white lids droop o'er the eyes so blue And they're off to the land of dreams.

—Pearson's Weekly.

"HE'S ALL RIGHT."

It was the fifth day of September. A new school term was about to begin at Renfrew Hall. The boys had been straggling in for a week with trunks, satchels and the usual accompaniments of a student's outfit. But at last all had arrived.

The two boys who interest us the most as the leaders of their classes and the athletic games, Chauncey Wylye and Don Macgregor, were entering their senior year. The final struggle for supremacy was about to begin, both in studies and athletics.

Sometimes one and sometimes the other would forge ahead, only to be displaced by the other. But, take it all in all, they remained about the same in popularity.

This, of course, was their last year at Renfrew Hall. As they took their seats that bright September morning in the classes, they each made a secret vow to surpass the other in everything and to win the much-coveted badge of honor and also the honors of the school in athletics if possible.

As the boys filed out of the school-rooms that afternoon they saw posted on their bulletin-board a notice asking the names of all who wished to try for a place on the team.

For two months the training and practice went on after the team had been chosen. Several games had been played, all with a view to the great game of Thanksgiving—the game with Renfrew's inveterate rival, Morgan Hall, a school some twenty miles away. The rivalry between these two schools in every form of sport had been one of years' duration.

Don Macgregor was the captain of the Renfrew team, and right left-back. Chauncey Wylye was the left half. The friendly relations between these boys, because of their rivalry had become somewhat strained and this was largely due to the irrepressible zeal of their followers, and the speeches which each side continued making about the leader of the other, rather than to anything which the two leaders themselves said.

At last the eventful day arrived on which Renfrew was to try conclusions with Morgan Hall. The great grid-iron field was in perfect condition. The grand stands were well filled. The girls' friends of the schools from the neighborhood and a number from abroad were present in force, each decorated with the ribbons of their favorites.

The girls from Miss Thomas' boarding-school, five miles away from Renfrew, had their colors blended with those of the Renfrew team—red and blue. But the Morgan Hall colors of purple and white were seen fastened to many tasteful gowns.

A number of the spectators had come over, ready to cheer the Renfrew boys from the start with the well-known yell:

"Rah! rah! rah! rah! rah!—Renfrew, Renfrew—tra-la-la!"

"Hoorah—Ren—Hoorah—Ren—Morgan!" came from another set of throats. The Morgans were coming on the field.

As one catches sight of the two teams there seems little difference between them on which to base calculations as to the outcome of the battle. A fine looking set of fellows they are, and the teams, viewed from the grand stand, appeared to be remarkably well matched.

The two teams lined at the sound of the umpire's whistle as follows:

- Renfrew. Morgan.
Thomas... R. E. ... Blair
Smith... R. F. ... Thompson
Jones... R. G. ... Fuller
Turner... C. ... Gilks
Selden... L. G. ... Ward
Roper... L. T. ... Nicholson
Wood... L. E. ... Lawrence
Tucker... Q. B. ... Parrot
Macgregor... R. H. B. ... King
Wylye... L. H. B. ... Sunday
Ely... F. B. ... Daryl

The contest opened with the game in Renfrew's hands.

"6-11-44!" cried little Tucker as he snapped the ball to Ely; and, forming a ring, the Renfrew team dashed into the Morgans.

"Get there, Ely!" shouted a crowd of boys on the side lines, and Ely did "get there," making ten yards.

"You match Macgregor and Wylye to-day, said Tom Knox, a well-grown, fine looking young fellow, attired in foot-ball costume and a sweater, for he was a substitute. "They are each going to try their level best to out-do the other."

"Yes," replied Harry Golden, who belonged to Wylye's clan; "I heard Wylye say last night that he would rather win this game than win the

class rosette in the examinations, and I know he wants that." In the meantime the game was going on furiously. Neither side could gain much ground. First Morgan would carry the ball twenty or thirty yards, only to lose it and be forced back.

Both Wylye and Macgregor were working like young Trojans. To see the set expression on their faces, one would imagine that a matter of life or death rested on their efforts.

By steady gains Morgan forced the ball to Renfrew's ten yards line. The umpire sang out:

"Third down, five yards to gain." Renfrew forced herself. Parrot snapped the ball to King, and shouted: "He is going over the line!"

But no. Don Macgregor rushes through, tackles him, and the goal is safe. They line up. Ely kicks it with a grand punt. The ball is down in the middle of the field.

The umpire's whistle sounds, and the first half of the game is over without either side scoring.

"Was not that a grand tackle of Don's?" said Nell Worden, one of the smaller boys. "Yes," was the reply, "but he could not help getting there."

"But what did you think of that twenty yards run of Wylye's?" asked Bailey Burr, one of Chauncey's admirers.

"Oh, it was just Don's guarding that did that!" replied Nell, anxious to claim everything for his favorite.

And so, all over the field, the respective adherents of the rivals argued in favor of each with great vehemence.

Once more the teams line up, and the last half of the game is on.

The game progresses fairly, but neither side is able to gain much advantage, though both are fighting hard. Little Tucker, the quarter-back, is playing the game of his life—not a fumble nor a mistake.

The Morgans, on their part, are playing a faultless game. Sunday the captain, is a big, cool-headed fellow. By his example, he is showing his merit just what to do. He is everywhere making seemingly impossible tackles, and blocking finely.

The ball is in the middle of the field "Three minutes more to play," says the umpire.

Neither side has scored. Then comes Chauncey Wylye's temptation.

"2-7-61," calls out little Tucker.

That is the signal for Don to go around "L. E." As this is the first down and the time is so short, it is hardly possible for the Morgans to get the ball and score. Shall he do his utmost, and guard and help his rival to score and become the lion of the school, or shall he work the other way? It is a momentary mental struggle, which many a noble-minded but ambitious boy has passed through some time in his life.

"Let him retackle and delay the game!" something seemed to whisper in his ear.

But he wavered only for a moment. As the ball reached Don Macgregor's hands he started; Chauncey Wylye made a dash forward, pushed aside another big fellow, and so Don had a clean field before him.

On the rivals sped over the field, side by side. But one man remains between Don and victory, and this is Morgan's full-back; but, Chauncey Wylye easily pushes him aside. Don crosses the line and touches the ball down between the goal-posts.

The hard-fought battle is decided in favor of Renfrew. The red and blue waves in triumph from all parts of the field, and Miss Thomas' girls are especially demonstrative. A regular bedlam has broken loose.

"What's the matter with Macgregor?" shouts some one.

And the loud response comes from all parts of the field: "He's all right!"

The ball was brought out and a goal scored, the score now being 6 to 0 in favor of Renfrew. As the boys started out the umpire called time and the game was over.

The cheers broke forth anew. The crowd of boys rushed on the field, picked Macgregor up on their shoulders and carried him off in triumph.

"Hold on there, fellows!" said the generous and grateful victor. "While you are cheering, send up your loudest for Chauncey Wylye, for he saved me!"

Then, from the apex of the struggling mass, on whose shoulders he was being borne, he tossed his cap high in air, shouting in a voice that could be heard all over the field:

"What's the matter with Chauncey Wylye?"

And then the boys, catching the spirit of fierce but honorable rivalry between the two leaders, broke out into one tremendous shout, which went far to repay Chauncey for his momentary struggle.

"He's all right!"

Chauncey Wylye and Don Macgregor had many fierce competitions after that, and sometimes the indiscreet zeal of the followers of each would nearly involve the two in hard words; but something would always check Macgregor in time. It was the thought of his rival's noble self-forgetfulness on that hard-fought field! and Chauncey Wylye would see his rival again from the top of that sea of heads, tossing his cap high in air, and would hear again the shrill, clear shout:

"What's the matter with Chauncey Wylye? He's all right!"

Miss Quizer—Is there any infallible test of a poet's greatness, or is that something concerning which every one must form his own opinion? Critic—There is an infallible test. When a poet can make grammatical errors and have his admirers try to show how they add clearness to his meaning and beauty to his diction, then he is undeniably great.—Chicago News.

GREYFRIAR DOG

Teaching Story of an Edinburgh Common Dog

Greyfriars' Bobby was just a little dog, but a loving, humble, faithful little dog, whose name and acts of love have been remembered for years, and whose story will be told even to future generations, for the sake of its touching example of loving faithfulness to the dead.

When Bobby's master died and was buried in Greyfriars' churchyard, Bobby, with the other mourners, followed the remains to the grave. After the ceremonies were concluded, the mourners returned to their several homes and duties, all but Bobby. Was it that he had no longer a home, and no longer any duties? Nobody knows, but there Bobby remained, there in the churchyard with his dead.

No stone was raised to mark the resting place of Bobby's master, but beside it another grave is covered with a flat stone, which is just high enough above the ground for a small dog to lie under it. There he could lie and watch the place where all the dead for in the world was laid. If you could see the damp, cold, little spot where Bobby made his home and home for all the rest of his loving little life, your heart would be led to think that the life of even a dog at least could be so dreary.

Through the long cold days and the colder nights he kept his vigil, waiting, watching always for one that never came, and whose voice he never more to hear. From the back windows of the houses in Candlemaker row, which are quite near to the grave, the people could see the homeless and friendless little dog keeping his lonely watch and many a bit of bread and meat was thrown to him to eat.

But people do not always think of hungry dogs outside, and Bobby might have fared badly sometimes if he had not had other friends. On High street, not far from Greyfriars' churchyard, was a restaurant, kept by a kind-hearted woman Bobby formed a habit of going to her every day and he was never refused a meal. She may have been a friend of his dead master's or she may have known Bobby himself before his master's death, otherwise he would not have been likely to go so far. However that may be, Bobby's visits were quite regular and punctual.

They have a custom in Edinburgh of firing a gun at 1 o'clock from the castle, which is quite near the cemetery. That was Bobby's dinner signal, and every day, at 1 o'clock gun-fire, he deliberately got up and set out for his daily meal. No doubt he had discovered that the workmen in the neighborhood were about finishing their midday dinner when the gun fired, and that may have been the origin of his practice for they always made him welcome, and it was not only the leavings of their dinners that fell to Bobby. Indeed he seems to have been a general favorite, but nobody could ever induce him to stay long away from his master's grave.

There he lay, day in and day out, sometimes in sunshine, but often in gloom for where does it rain as often as in Scotland? Sleeping through the long, cold winter on the cold, wet ground, with a cold stone above him for his only shelter, there Bobby was always to be found. For 14 years the patient creature watched and waited, and at last—may we not hope?—he found his master. One morning Bobby was seen lying dead on the long-loved master's grave.

A few years ago, Baroness Burdett Coutts, when on a visit to Edinburgh, heard the touching story of Greyfriars' Bobby, and thought it a pity that so remarkable an instance of an animal's fidelity should be forgotten. So to perpetuate his memory, she erected a drinking fountain. It stands on the street at the end of Candlemaker row, almost opposite to the iron gates through which one passes to enter the grave-yard. On the top is the figure of a little dog, and below is the following inscription:

"Greyfriars' Bobby, from the 11th, just before his death. A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Greyfriars' Bobby. In 1858 this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriars' churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872. Erected by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, 1872."

How to Use the Finger-Bowl

Finger-bowls are passed after every course which necessitates the use of one's fingers, such as asparagus, boiled lobster or fruit.

After the plates of the course have been removed the servant passes the finger-bowls, each of which is placed on a small plate covered with a fancy or plain hemstitched doily. A slice of lemon, a geranium leaf or a few violets may float in the water, which half fills the bowl. This imparts to it a delicate fragrance, which is conveyed to the finger-tips and completely obliterates all traces of the food recently touched.

The servant places the finger bowl and plate directly in front of the guest, all other dishes having been previously removed.

In using the finger-bowl remember that it is proper to dip only the tips of the fingers into the water. Never try to immerse the whole hand. This is a most vulgar proceeding and serves only to exploit the ignorance of one who attempts it.

After dipping the fingers into the water pass them over the lips as delicately and quietly as possible. Then dry both lips and fingers, using the napkin for this purpose.

Earn \$1 and Tell It in Rhyme.

This is a scheme for raising the small sum of \$1 each from one's guests for philanthropic purpose, and is a good plan for a club or church society, or charity organization.

The rule is that each one pledging the dollar must do actual work until the dollar is earned.

The second part of the performance is the story of how it was done told in rhyme.

The third act is the meeting of the wage-earners, when the tales are recited and a prize given to the best rhymester.

GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

How to Play "Laughing Chorus"—Making Soap Bubbles.



N Laughing Chorus every one must be careful not to laugh at all, only pretend, the more naturally the better, says the Boston Beacon.

One stands up and cries "Ha!" then the next rises and says "Ha, ha!" and a third player rises and adds "Ha, ha, ha!" then they all cry "Ha, ha, ha!" together three times; then their next three neighbors go through the same performance, and when they have done, the next three begin, and together give six "Ha, ha's," the next three nine, and so on until the last three stand up and all are "Ha, ha-ing" together. Whoever laughs pays a forfeit at the end.

Of course every child knows about ordinary bubbles and how to blow them, sparkling and round, out of a long clean clay pipe and a saucer of soap-suds, but what every one who prepares the soap-suds for them does not know is that some bubbles can be made to last longer and to be very much bigger and prettier than other bubbles. How can that be done? Why by dissolving a bit of soap—Castile soap, if possible—in water, boiling it for a few minutes, and then dropping in some glycerine. When this liquid is cold, it can be kept for the children's use—the result will surprise everybody. Blowing such fairy wonders as these is a capital all-round game for a nursery party, each child being provided with pipe and cup, and starting all together at nurse's signal, prizes of sweets or cakes being given for the finest bubble blown in a given time—this is a nice game when quietness is the order of the day.

South American Milkmen.

The South American milkman is quite a different man from the one that calls at your door in New York and leaves a glass bottle filled with what you suppose is the real article. Not very much milk is used in hot climates, probably, because it will not keep and there is no ice, but the little that is consumed you know is pure.

Early in the day or late in the evening you may see cows driven about the streets of a South American city and



unless you are initiated you probably wonder why so many of them always appear at those hours. The cows are the milk wagons, and if you want a quart the driver of the cow will halt the animal and milk her before your eyes. Some milkmen drive three or four cows from house to house until the supply is exhausted but generally the single animal is all that is owned by one of these individuals, and from it enough can be made to support his family. Condensed milk of late years has supplanted the real article to a great extent, but there are those who still prefer milk fresh from the cow to the other that has to be watered before use.

The Fairy's Habit.

There was a fairy wise and good, On a time, as I've heard say, Who took the bits of happiness

That foolish folk had thrown away, And wove them in a wondrous loom, Till she had made a Robe of Joy, Whose shining folds were never dimmed,

And which no time could ever destroy.

Then all the people cried, "Alack! Lend us, we pray thee, this wondrous dress,

That we may say that we have known At least a borrowed happiness!"

The fairy smiled, "Go look," she said, "Along your path, and you will find That, though a few stray joys I took, Yet plenty still remain behind!"

—Priscilla Leonard, in the Churchman.

Gold for All of Us.

How many little boys and girls know that there is gold all around them? Rare as it appears to be to those who seek for it, nevertheless it is one of the commonest of metals. It exists in an amount which the skilled chemist can trace in nearly all the older rocks and in the newer layers, which are derived from them. Indeed, it is most likely that if you could possess all of this metal which lies in the earth within the distance of a mile from where you stand you would have a larger store than has ever blessed a miner as the reward of a life-time's work.

The distribution is yet wider, for it extends to the sea, the waters of which contain everywhere a uniformly small trace of the substance, amounting, it is true, to but a few cents in a ton of the fluid, but enough to warrant the assertion that the oceans hold more of this precious metal, as well as of its companion, silver, than ever will be touched by the hand of man.

Knives which have parted from their handles may be reunited by filling the cavity in the handle with finely powdered resin. The peg of the knife should be made red-hot and pressed into the handle. Do not move the knife until it is quite cold, and you will find it firmly fixed.

THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



A letter to the queen's confessor, Fernando de Talavera, is given to Columbus and, leaving his son to the care of the worthy friar, he repairs to the Castilian court at Cordova.

FIND THE CONDUCTOR OF COLUMBUS.

THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



Arriving at Cordova, Columbus finds the army assembled and the sovereigns occupied with plans for the conquest of Grenada. He presents his letter to Talavera, who listens coldly to his plans.

FIND THE HIDDEN SOLDIER.

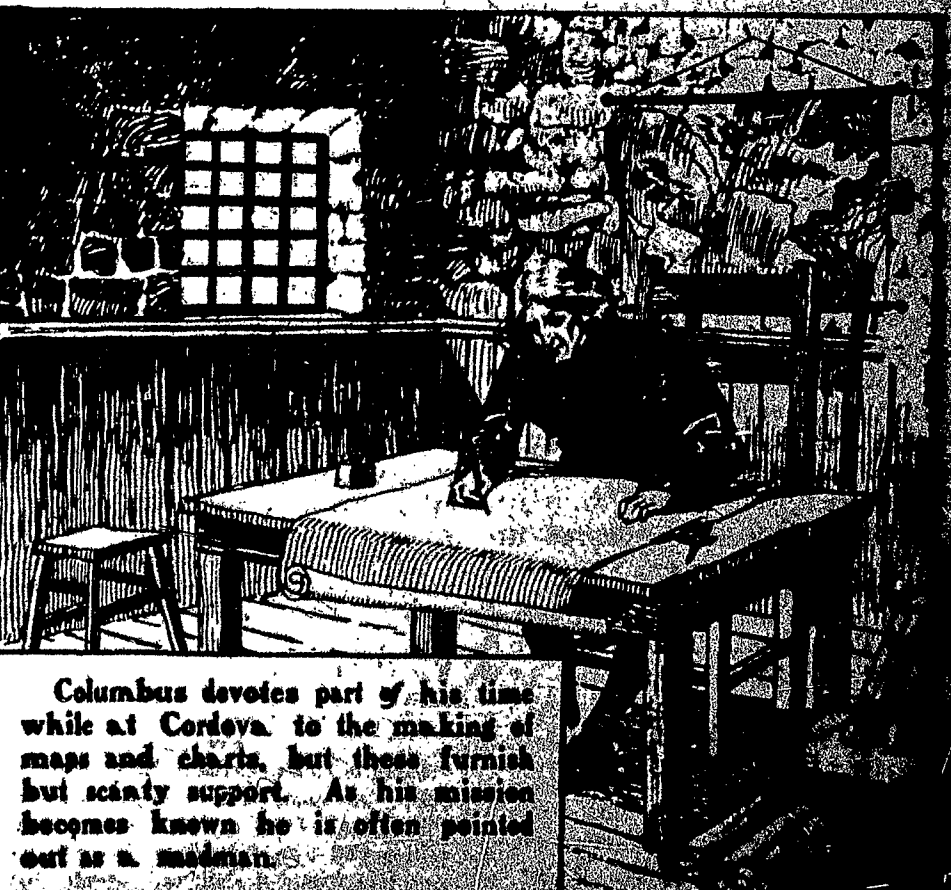
THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



As the army takes the field soon after his arrival, Columbus decides to await a more favorable opportunity to present his views, and seeks a lodging.

FIND A SPANISH GRANTEE.

THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



Columbus devotes part of his time while at Cordova to the making of maps and charts, but these furnish but scanty support. As his mission becomes known he is often pointed out as a madman.

FIND A SCOFFING...