

### For the Children

Alone Under the Tree  
With a Green Froggie.



"The little girl sat under a tree. 'The little girl, so lonely, so lonely!' sighs she. 'Oh, why won't somebody play with me? But no one came but a green froggie. 'Dasher grump, dasher grump, dasher grump!' said he.

The little girl sat under the tree. 'But what shall I do to be gay?' sighed she. 'I wish somebody would please, tell me! And no one did—but a tumbler. 'Be blime, be blime, be blime!' said he. —Youth's Companion.

**Farmer Game.**  
For this game all pretend to be farmers. The players are divided into two equal sides. One of the sides goes off at a distance to determine upon what fruit or vegetable to bring to town and how to show the manner in which it was raised. Then the acting side marches in a line to the guessing side, which says, "Who are you?" The acting side announces "Farmers." "What do you sell?" "Products from our farm." "How did you raise them?" "This way."

And the acting side goes through some motion agreed upon which shows how the potatoes were dug or put into bags. If they choose the planting may be shown, or the cutting, the shocking or the husking. When fruits are chosen the players may pretend to be planting, pruning, picking or packing.

As soon as the guessing side guesses the product the acting side runs for the players on the other side, try to capture as many actors as possible. If the product is not guessed, but is given up, the acting side chooses another product and has another team set-acting. The object of the game is not only to guess the product, but to capture farmers. The first side capturing half of the farmers of the other side wins the game. If the game starts out with eight players on each side, the side which grows to have twelve players first wins the game.

**Stung on the Tongue.**  
Ever get stung by a bee? It is not pleasant. If there are plenty of bees they sting you in the most convenient place, but there is one you are pretty sure to get it on, quite as if the bee understands that it could not do much worse for you. One bee that lived down south in Indiana went a little further than that. The man that it was stung on had a difference of opinion with his mouth open, and it stung him on the tongue. It is bad enough to be stung on the nose, but there is all outdoors for the nose to swell into. The tongue has not so much room, and the man was nearly suffocated before the swelling went down. You see, the real cure for a bee sting is a poultice of mud, but the man said that he did not like the taste of mud, and so his tongue had to stay swollen for awhile.—Chicago News.

**Genendrum.**  
Why might you be justified in picking the pockets of a photographer? Because he has pictures of you.

**Gradle Song.**  
Here is a little cradle song the Italian mother sings when bedtime comes, and the little ones are sleepy.

### THE DIVIDED INHERITANCE

Strange Provisions of Colonel Archard's Will.

In colonial times the family Bible was often the most important article in the household. The Archards, an aristocratic family of Maryland, possessed a very large Bible that had been brought from England in 1600 and had since descended from father to son. When the revolution came Colonel Robert Archard adhered to the cause of the king, influencing two of his sons to do the same. His youngest son, Carrol Archard, joined the "rebels" and was banished by his father. Carrol married Martha Curtis, the sister of a brother officer in the Revolution army. Carrol was killed at the battle of Monmouth, leaving his wife to struggle for the support of their infant son.

Not long after the colonies had achieved their independence Colonel Archard died. He was a strange man, and it was expected that his will would contain some singular provisions. The expectation was fulfilled. He divided his property into two parts of about equal value, giving his oldest son, Robert, first choice; his next son, James, second choice. A third bequest was the family Bible, which was left to the widow and little son of Carrol Archard in case neither of his sons preferred to take the book, relinquishing his share to Martha and little Carrol.

When the will was read Robert Archard, after thoroughly investigating the value of the two portions, selected that which he considered most desirable.

"Robert Archard," said the family lawyer, who had drawn the will, "your father charged me to ask you if you would relinquish your share to Martha Archard and her son, taking the family Bible instead."

"I will not," said Robert. The lawyer then told James Archard that it was optional with him to take the remaining portion of the estate of the Bible. James showed no more disposition to give up his inheritance than his brother had shown.

Before handing over the two portions of the estate to the brothers the attorney addressed them: "I was in your father's confidence when he made this will. He told me of the existence of Mrs. Archard and her son and was undecided what to do for them in bequeathing his property. He determined to leave all to his two sons, with a request that they should find Mrs. Archard and little Carrol and provide for them."

"I told my client that in my long experience in such matters I had never known a legate to part with any portion of his inheritance through an instruction which was not obligatory by the will. I advised him that if he wished to provide for his son Carrol's family to do so by leaving a portion of his property directly to them, Colonel Archard declared that he had perfect confidence in the generosity of his son and that they would carry out any request he might make of them. Nevertheless he took the matter under advisement. A few days later he sent for me and instructed me to draw this will, enjoining upon me the duty of making his intentions perfectly plain to his heirs. He desired to leave either or both of his sons free to accept his inheritance or surrender it to his brother's widow and son."

"Our brother," said Robert, "was a rebel and a traitor, and I see no reason why I should give my property to his widow and son."

### Self Condemned

By MARGARET C. DEVEAUX  
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M. le Judge Currier was dispensing justice on the bench during the French revolution. The justice he was dispensing was between classes, not individuals. The nobles had tyrannized over the common people for centuries. Now the common people were endeavoring to extirpate the nobles from the face of the earth. Judge Currier was sending a batch of them to the guillotine.

"Who is this?" he asked, seeing a girl, a mere child, brought before him. "Citizensess Elise Bellair," replied the officer of the guard.

"Who ordered her brought here? She is not old enough to understand the difference between patriotism and treason."

"She was included in a list furnished by M. Marat."

"Indeed," said the judge, frowning. "M. Marat is accustomed to make inquiries if all those on his lists have been taken care of."

"But this one—did he know that she is a child?"

The officer shook his head. M. Marat's brain was not open to him to look into.

The judge pondered a few moments. There was something wrong in this case. Possibly a list had been made out and presented to some one in authority who had signed the warrants accompanying it while thinking of something else. Nevertheless the judge did not dare disobey the order he had received to sentence every one sent before him.

"Take her away with the others," he said reluctantly.

He was looking down into the child's face plyingly. She saw the expression on the judge's face. Children are quick to recognize their friends, and the marquis, not understanding that the judge had sent her to the guillotine, smiled at him. Then a soldier took her little hand in his and led her away, with the others.

The judge asked one standing by something about her and was told that she was the Marquise de Bellair, and since she alone represented the Bellairs and since the revolutionary committee was anxious that no member of the family should be left alive the child had been marked for execution. When the deed had been done it would be put down to an error.

The judge went home that evening, and his own little daughter, about the age of the child he had condemned, sat upon his lap, put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"How hot your face is, papa!" she said.

He unwound her arms, gently put her away, and called for a glass of wine. He had stood up under the grim duties required of him till the guided his attention. He did not see his dinner and went to bed feverish.

The smile he had received from the little marquis had unnerved him. All night he lay in bed, two aches coming up alternately before his mental vision—the one the marquis's smile, the other her little figure lying on the guillotine, the drop of the knife and her little curly head dropping into the basket.

## Season After Season

### It's Always the Same

# Maltop

A BEER

## Keep a Case in Your Home

271 HOME 'PHONES 271 MAIN

**Ocular Defects in Artists.**  
It was said of the late Edwin A. Abbey that his nearsightedness had much to do with his close attention to detail, one of the characteristics of his art. An illustrator who does work in black and white, speaking of Mr. Abbey's conscientious drawing in detail, considered how much ocular defects accounted for certain aptitudes of well known artists.

"A cynical person told me the other day," he said, "that he believed every impressionistic painter was nearsighted and drew what he saw with his glasses off. It sounds sensible."

"And consider me. I am completely color blind. I cannot even tell blue from yellow, a failing which is rarer than red-green color blindness."

"Yet I would not see colors if I could. When I draw, you see, I put in precisely the effects I get in nature, and they tell me that shade gradation is the chief merit of my work. I lay that to color blindness."—New York Sun.

**When They Fined the Servants.**  
There must have been a servant problem even in the spacious times of Elizabeth, if we may judge by a list of rules drawn up by a baronet of that era for the guidance of his domestic helpers and recently brought to light by an English writer. The baronet evidently liked his house kept in order, and if it were not made absolutely spotless on Friday after dinner every body responsible had to pay three-pence. He liked punctuality, and six-pence was the fine for meat that was not ready at 7 or before for dinner and at 6 or before for supper, while the table had to be laid half an hour before those times, on pain of two-pence. Oaths were a penny each, and it was equally expensive to leave a door open which was found shut, while to teach any of the children any "unhonest speech" was four-pence. The fines were duly paid each quarter day out of the wages, and with fine ragueness the baronet winds up: "They shall be bastinadoed on the poor or other godly use."

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**LOW PLAIN FIGURE PRICES** **H.B. GRAVES** **HOMES FURNISHED**  
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gun to render. The honeymoon is over."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Beecher "Hollered."  
Coming home from the morning service one Sunday Dr. Beecher threw himself on a lounge and said in a tone of deep dejection, "I believe that was the worst sermon I ever preached." One of his daughters protested that she had seldom heard him when he was more energetic. "Oh, yes," was the impatient reply. "I haven't anything to say I always holler."—Outlook.

Their Use.  
"Why do you have those glass cases with the ax, hammer, crowbar and so forth on the railroad going to New York?"  
"Oh, those are put there in case any one wants a window open," replied the facetious man.—Youth's Companion.

Stupid Man!  
Mrs. Acum—But why didn't you buy the material if you liked it? Mrs. Nutch—The salesman said it was domestic dress goods. Mrs. Acum—Well? Mrs. Nutch—You don't suppose I'd wear anything meant for domestics, do you?—Philadelphia Press.

Embryonic Ones.  
They had been at school together. They had fought both shoulder to shoulder and face to face. Now, after the passing of years, they met again. "How's the world treated you?" asked the long thin one.  
"Like a lord," said the short fat one. "Got my own business, wife and three youngsters, two thousand a year. And how are you?"  
"How?" replied the thin man. "Oh, anyhow!"  
"Dear me! Sorry to hear it. Let me think. You went on the stage, didn't you?"  
"Yes. But I had to give it up."  
"Why was that?" asked the city man.  
"Oh, I thought it best," said the other. "I had a few blinks that I wasn't quite suited to the profession."  
"Oh, I see!" nodded his friend knowingly. "The 'little birds' told you, eh?"  
"Well, not exactly," answered the ex-actor, with a painful smile. "But they would have been birds if they had been allowed to hatch."—London Answers.

His More Important Duty.  
The error into which King Alfred fell in that famous instance when he let the cakes left in his care burn is not going to be repeated by the telegraph operator of whom Arthur W. North tells in "Camp and Cannon in Lower California."

I learned at this point that for the first 500 miles before me I would require more change than I had on hand and would pass through no place where checks could be cashed. Moreover, my drafts were used up. In this dilemma I wired for money. After four days of exasperating delays I received this satisfactory message from the obliging operator of the wireless office:  
"Operator on other coast may be have two messages for some one, but his bread is oven-wife she away—and might burn if he leave it long. After lunch he transmit message."