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olen goods, and was promptly In no departbetter sustained tland Yard lost vith Paris, the the result that hinations came months being ding, while the more the joy gers his beloved

GE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

WHILE MOTHERS LIVE (By Emily Calvin Blake)

ACK is at such an uninteresting agedirteen, you know."

Jack, sitting on the front doorstep, heard the words plainly, and a dark flush mounted to his brow. The answer of his sister's companion killed a budding romance that had but lately entered his heart.

"It is too bad, isn't it? My brother is that the same as Jack So uninger.

is just the same as Jack. So unin-teresting, and always in the way." Jack rose slowly and went down the front walk out into the broad

the front walk out into the broad sunny street. Life had lost its flavor for him. His sister's comment came as the culmination of an unhappy week. And mother, who healed all wounds, was ill, lying upstairs if her pretty room with a new little head pressed against her

A boy! Jack's heart had leaped when he heard the A boy! Jack's heart had leaped when he heard the words, but now he was filled with a consuming pity for the newcomer. Inevitably it would have to reach the uninteresting age. It seemed that the whole world was cruel—always excepting mother. And now she was away from him, and he might see her for a few moments only every morning. Thus far, she had smiled at him and he had smiled in return. That had been the extent of their communication.

He kicked a pebble viciously. Today was Saturday baseball day, and, when mother was well, cake

He kicked a pebble victously. Today was Saturday, baseball day, and, when mether was well, cake and pie day. He had gone into the kitchen early in the morning and asked Mary when the cake would be ready, and if it would be a cream cake. She had answered him surilly, muttering something about youngsters "always on hand."

Then he had met his big brother, who swung a state of the picket was a surveyed at just the right.

Then he had met his big brother, who swung a cane and wore his trousers upturned at just the right angle. The big brother did not realize what a staunch little champion he had in Jack, nor what great admiration he had inspired in the small heart—an admiration preserved loyally, despite references to his freckles and the size of his feet.

But, "Hello, kid!" the elder's greeting had been; then, to Jack's chagrin, a broad smile had suddenly enveloped his countenance. "You are the proverbial ugly duckling," he had volunteered; "why, you're all legs and arms!"

legs and arms!"

Jack had tried to laugh in return at the joke.

But, somehow, he couldn't. Then, meeting father a
little later, he had asked if he might have his weekly
allowance. He did not say that he wanted to buy
mother roses—pale ones with curling petals. Father had given the money to him, and then looked him over with the slow, disconcerting gaze that fathers often bestow upon their small sons.

fathers often bestow upon their small sons.

"You must hurry up, Jack, and grow to an age where you'll be able to do something for yourself," he said. The words were accompanied by a kind pat, but Jack swallowed a hard lump in his throat.

Then he had wandered into the library where sixteen-year-old Dorothy was looking over some school papers with her friend Ruth. Jack sat down hear them, uninvited, to be sure, but feeling a strange com-

papers with her friend Ruth. Jack sat down near them, uninvited, to be sure, but feeling a strange comfort in being with those who would not tease him. He admired Ruth, and liked to watch the sweep of her long lashes as they fell upon her cheek.

The conversation had stopped abruptly upon his entrance. It was rather disconcerting to the boy, for he had hoped for a salutation of some kind. He glanced up from his inspection of the rug after a bit, and looked into his sister's face.

"You haven't polished your shoes this morning, Jack," she said.

Even his ears burned, for Ruth's long-lashed eyes followed Dorothy's glance at the muddy shoes.

"Haven't had time," he answered, sullenly, "Well, you can do it now," his sister suggested, brightly; and he knew that she was glad of any excuse to have him leave.

cuse to have him leave. He went out and sat on the front steps. During the afternoon a great baseball game was to be played, but now he did not care. Things had changed since last Saturday. Then his sister's voice floated out to

him. "Uninteresting!" He wondered just when a hoy became uninteresting. He, Jack, wasn't so to himself, or perhaps he had glided so gradually into that state that he hadn't noticed: But only last week he had thought how very interesting his thoughts were. He had smiled when, looking up into the sky, he saw a floating bit of blue

that looked just like mother's eyes—

Then he choked, and stopped to lean against a tree.

He staged for some moments at his hands and the few inches of wrist to which they were attached. They were large and sprawly. Was that what made him uninteresting, and did mother find him so?

A hitterness of suprit possessed him. Hitherto he

bitterness of spirit possessed him. Hitherto he had accepted without even mental comment all the remarks anent his personal appearance, and had turned an unmoved countenance to his deriders, even though he winced. But now what action should he though he winced. But now what action should he take? A sudden thought of the little sister came to him. She was aged three, and Dorothy kissed her tenderly whenever she toddled into the library. Father picked her up and called her his blessed bit of sunshine even when he was busy with the newspaper. But if Jack Interrupted him at that time he received a stern reprimend.

a stern reprimand.

He kicked the tree savagely, and a withering selfcontempt gnawed at him. Did he want to be kissed
and hugged? A boy of thirteen, who had played
baseball for many years and was a noted champion?
Did he want to be called a bit of sunshine? Why,
on the contrary, he always looked furtively around
in fear of observation when mother kissed him and
nulled his tie straight.

pulled his tle straight.

He resumed his walk. He was glad that he met none of the boys. He wanted to be alone. He did not want to meet even Georgie Sercomb, who was also aged thirteen and probably uninteresting. Jack thought he might have suffered the companionship of Georgie's dog with its big, understanding eyes and its love for boys. pulled his tie straight. love for boys.

His allowance jingled in his pocket, and with the jingle came a thought and a speedy resolution. He wouldn't touch a penny of it. He would earn his own money with which to buy the flowers. Perhaps his uninteresting age would not affect the grocer when he saw also such big hands and willing feet.

Jack turned his footsteps in the direction of the grocery-store at which his mother dealt. He went to

the proprietor, who knew him. "Do you want a boy to help deliver goods," he ted, "and if so, how much will you pay?",
"You're just in time, Jack," the man answered;

"we're short of help. Get on that wagon going out.
I'll pay you fifty cents for the day."

Jack went out into the street again; the wagon

was backed up to the curb.
"Jump on," the driver called. Jack did so. The wagon started away at a mad pace. Jack with some difficulty maintaining his seat on the rear end. Then, as suddenly as it had started, the wagon gave a mighty lurch and stopped.

"Here, kid," the driver commanded, "take this up

to Mrs. Benjamin; third floor." Jack received the large box filled with groceries and started on his journey. He was puffing breathlessly when he returned to the wagon. But a glow of independence warmed him. He was working! He had torn his coat and skinned his knuckles, but he found that action brought a certain degree of forget-

When noon came the wagon was driven back to a store. Jack remained outside, hungry and miserable, and the strange ache at his heart had begun

His legs also began to ache, and his hands were calloused. He tried to remember that he was doing something for himself. At least, he could satisfy father on that score. But he could not shorten his arms and legs, nor could he render himself more interesting, for he was unable to place his finger on the exact characteristic which made him so uninteresting

Again the thought of the baby came to him; he was very sorry for it; he hoped fervently that it might escape the ills that he had endured. If he were anywhere around when it was thirteen, he would

help it—you bet!
Then the driver came out again, and after hours of climbing stairs the day ended. Jack took the final

-

big box to the third floor, and walked painfully, limpingly down to the wagon. Every bone in his body was a big, separate ache, and his empty stomach knawed indignantly.

'He pocketed his fifty cents, and sought the florist shop. It took him some time to select the creamlest sweetest roses. It was very late then, but, of course, they hadn't missed him at home. They had only been relieved because he wasn't there—in the way with muddy boots and ugly hands that he always tried in vain to hide when his big brother called attention to

them.

He could see them all; father at the head of the table, big brother, Dorothy, and the little sister, and—He stopped short, a roll of misery enveloped him. Mother wouldn't be there; she was upstairs, lying in bed with a little thing held lovingly in her arms. When the banter which his entrance always provoked had compared the wouldn't be there to say sently.

"Come here, my little man, and sit near mother."
And then the rest usually didn't matter so much; and when she squeezed his hand under the table he was able to smile at any reference to his awkwardness, and to banish the undreamed-of hurt that dwelt in his heart. in his heart.

in his heart.

And once—he straightened his shoulders—she had left out the word "little," and called him simply "my man," and he had looked at her with eyes so like her own, and way down deep he had promised that she should always have him to lean upon. And now tonight she wouldn't be at the table to look up at him when he entered when he entered.

when he entered.

He wanted her. He wanted her! He knew now all suddenly what he would do. He would go into the house quietly, return the money to father, then go upstairs to her room, and-

He didn't know just what, except that she must smile at him; she must remove her protecting hand from that tiny new head and put it on his ruffled hair. Oh, she must love him as she did when he was little and cuddling and sweet.

When he entered the front hall he could hear the voices of his father and brother. He was fear the

when he entered the Front han he couls hear the voices of his father and brother. He went forward swiftly, the nodding roses in one hand, and his weekly allowance clutched tightly in the other. Father looked up; he did not speak, and Jack stumbled on the leg of a chair. He recovered himself, and put the money down on the cloth near his father's plate.

"I worked today, father," he said, in a low, clear voice, "and I'm able to return the money to you. I'm just as much obliged, though." He wanted to be very polite and grateful, as other had taught him to be. He searched his fath-

There was a slight commotion outside. The Lit-

the Cousin listened eagerly. What could it mean? Hushed voices, bits of laughter, the silding of something over the polished floor, scurrying footsteps here and there—the Little Cousin heard it all, and waited At last the feet retreated, the door opened, and

At last the feet retreated, the door opened, and the Merry Mother's face appeared. Something attached to a string came flying toward the bed. "Catch it!" she called.

The Little Cousin grabbed it—only a small block of wood, on which was printed, "PULL." Eagerly the little hands obeyed, when in through the doorway slid an oblong package. Across the rug and up the bed the Little Cousin drew it, till her excited fingers clasped the package tight—what could

Fastened to the further end of the bundle was another block of wood, and attached to it was another string which led outside the door. On this block was

printed, "When you are ready, PULL again!"

"Til open this first," said the Little Cousin to her-self, untying the block, and laying it aside with its dangling cord. Eagerly she tore off the wrappings it was, it was a doll, such a darling of a doll! It had brown eyes and fuffy yellow curls, and—this seemed very strange—the only thing in the way of clothing that it possessed was a little blanket that was wrapped around it.

Never mind! she was learning to sew, and she would make it a dress as soon as she was well again. She cuddled Dolly down against the pillows. She would not be lonely any more, even if Mumps should stay for a longer visit than was expected. Her dolls had all been left for the Little Sister in Constanting the and it was so nice to have a delly of her own. ople, and it was so nice to have a dolly of her own

Then her eyes fell on the block of wood, with its inscription, and she began to pull in the string. A square package appeared in the doorway,

she drew it toward her. Attached to it was a third block. This she untied as before, and removed the paper from her gift. It was a small trunk. She lifted the cover, and there were Dolly's missing garments! A blue dress, a pink dress, a white dress, dainty un-A blue dress, a pink dress, a white dress, dainty underwear, sash ribbons, a coat and hat, and even a tiny comb and brush, were found in that wonderful trunk. Of course, Dolly had to come out from her nook in the pillows, and be dressed. It took some time, because Little Cousin must stop to admire every separate garment. At last, however, the third present was pulled in, and it was a chair for Dolly to sit in.

in to see her as long as Mumps stayed. Then the PETER THE GREAT; THE BOY OF THE KREMLIN

> The halls of the Kremlin, the Czar's palace in Moscow, were filled with a wild rabble of soldiers on a winter afternoon near the end of the seventeenth century. The guards of the late Czar Alexis were century. The guards of the late Czar Alexis were storming through the maze of corridors and state apartments, breaking statues, tearing tapestries, and piercing and cutting to pieces invaluable paintings with their spears and swords. They were big, savage-faced men, pets of the half-civilized Russian rulers, and were called the Streltsi Guard. They had broken into the Kremlin in order to see the boy who was now Czar, so that they might be sure that his stepmother had not hidden him away, as the rumor went, in order that her own son Péter might have the throne for himself. But once inside the Kremlin many of the soldiers devoted themselves to pillage, until the ringsoldiers devoted themselves to pillage, until the ring-leaders raised the cry: "Where is the Czar Ivan? Show him to us! Show the boy Ivan to us! Where

In a small room on one of the higher floors a little group of women and noblemen, all very thoroughly frightened, were gathered about two boys. The noise of the attack on the palace had come to their ears some time before; they had seen from the windows the mutinous soldiers climbing the walls and beating down the few loyal servants who had withstood them. Now the din was growing more terrific every instant, It was only the matter of a few minutes before the rioters would break into the room.

"We must decide at once, friends," said the Czarina Natalia. "If they enter this room they'll not stop at killing any of us."

The smaller of the two boys, a sturdy lad of eleven years, spoke up: "Let me go out on to the red staircase with Ivan, mother. When they see that we are both here they'll be satisfied."

A dozen objections were raised by the frightened men and women of the court. It was much too dan-gerous to trust the lives of the two boys to the whim of such a maddened mob. "Nevertheless Peter is right," said Natalia. "It's the only chance left to us. They think I have done some harm to Ivan. The only way to prove that false

is for him to stand before them, and my son must go

The small boy who had spoken before took these words as conclusive. "Come, Ivan," said he, and took the other's hand in his. Ivan, a tall, delicate boy, whose face was white with fear, gripped Peter's hand hard. He was used to trusting implicitly to his half-



"It's all right, isn't it, sir?" he asked, for the strange silence surprised him. "I wanted roses for mother—she loves them so, you know."

Still father did not answer, because of a tightening of his throat, and Jack, looking down at the roses, saw that one was drooping. He forgot everything but that mother must have them in their delicious freshness.

TIGE 10

He turned and flew up the stairs. His heart leaped wildly, but he pressed on. When he reached mother's room he heard no sound. He pushed the door open very gently. Yes, she was there, but the baby was in its crib.

Yes, she was there, but the baby was in its crib. Mother was lying there, looking out of the window up into the sky. Her beautiful hair was braided and lay over her shoulder, and her slim hands were so white, so quiet.

She looked around dreamily as the door opened; then she half started at the sight of the pathetic little figure that entered. His coat was torn and muddy, and two buttons were missing. The roses were guarded carefully in his tired hands.

He stood for a moment looking at here his dear

He stood for a moment looking at her—his dear, ar mother—his pale lady—
Then she put out her arms, and in a second he was

Then she put out her arms, and in a second ne was within them, sobbing unashamed, returning her tender kisses, forgetting his hands, his uninteresting age; drinking in her sweet words, touching her smooth hair with his cheek.

And then, after a long, love-filled silence, he looked deep into her shining eyes, and paid her the one great tellulate.

"The whole world doesn't matter, does it, not even hurts and mocking, while there are mothers left?"

The Seventh Birthday of the Little Cousin From Constantinople (By Emma C. Dowd)

The Little Cousin from Constantinople was to have been given a party on her seventh birthday; but, just before the invitations were written, Mumps came uninvited, and, of course, there could be no other guests while Mumps stayed.

ther guests while Mumps stayed.

The Little Cousin could not help feeling just a The Little Cousin could not help feeling just a little tearful on her birthday morning, for Mumps, as nearly everybody knows, is a painful, disagreeable visitor. She did not cry when anybody was nearoh, no, indeed! She even tried to smile; but she found smiling very difficult with a poultice on each side of her face, and she had to give it up. The Merry Mother understood, however, and told her she was a dear, brave little girl, and strove to comfort her just as the dear absent Mother in Constantingle would have comforted her if she had been there.

would have comforted her if she had been there. Before the Merry Mother left her the Little Cousin felt almost happy, sitting up among her soft pillows, and wearing her new, pink, birthday sacque, with its

pretty ribbons.

"I am sorry I must be away all the morning," the Merry Mother said: "but I hope your pleasant company will keep you from missing me. I am going to shut your door for a minute, and when it opens you can pull in your visitors as fast as you please." She laughed to see the Little Cousin's astonished face, for the deet had said that the belief. the doctor had said that the children must not come

W. KERR ~AGE 9 The fourth package was big and rather heavier than the others. The Little Cousin wondered what it could be, and she found out just as soon as she could get it open. It was a dining-table for Dolly, with a real little table-cloth, and napkins, and a set of pretty china dishes.

"Oh, oh!" gasped the Little Cousin, in sheer de-light. It is a pity there was no one there to see the shining of her eyes. She rested awhile among her pillows; but not long, for Dolly must have her table set for luncheon—she might be hungry.

Ready for the make-believe repast, string number five was pulled, and when the box was opened the Little Cousin fairly squealed, for there was a real luncheon for Dolly and herself, all in twos! There were two tiny buttered biscuits, two very small apple turnovers, and two little frosted cakes. There were, turnovers, and two little frosted cakes. There were, also, two small bottles containing a brownish liquid. It was chocolate! Oh, how glad the Little Cousin was that she had passed the stage where she could not eat! It would have been hard, indeed, to have left all those goodles for Dolly. As it was she had to take food in very small bits, but that only made it last the longer; and if it did hurt a little once in a while she did not mind, it tasted so good. So on the whole, the luncheon was a very happy affair.

When the sixth present was pulled upon the bed the Little Cousin said, "Oh!" to the accompaniment of very bright eyes, for the shape of it told her that must be a carriage—a carriage for Dolly, and it proved to be one of the very prettiest that ever a small doll rode in. She was put on the seat in a twinkling, and had only one tumble—which did not even muss her dress, and the next time she was

even muss her dress, and the next time she was strapped in so that she could not fall.

The seventh gift was a little white bedstead, with

mattress and sheets, a dear little puffy comfortable, and a dainty coverlet and two pillows. Of course, Dolly was tired enough after her ride to be undressed and go to bed, and very sweet she looked as she was

and go to bed, and very sweet she looked as she was tucked snugly in.

"Now shut your eyes and go right to sleep!" Dolly was bidden, and she obeyed at once.

"What a perfectly lovely birthday!" murmured Little Cousin, drawing her darling—bed and all—close to her pillow. Then she shut her own eyes, to keep Dolly company.

When the Merry Mother peeped in, the Little Cousin from Constantinople lay quite still among her treasures—fast asleep.—St. Nicholas.

An Unfermented Anecdote

Once when Rudyard Kipling was a boy he ran out Once when Rudyard Kiphing was a boy he ran out on the yard arm of a ship, "Mr. Kipling," yelled a scared sailor, "your boy is on a yard arm, and if he lets go he'll drown!" "Ah," responded Mr. Kipling, with a yawn, "but

"An," responded Mr. Riphills, with the won't let go."

This incident also happened to Jim Fiske, Horace Walpole, Napoleon Bonaparte, Dick Turpin, Julius Caesar, and he poet Byron.—Washington Herald. 'Most people,' remarked the thoughtful thinker, take life seriously.' 'Well, there's no reason why they should not,' rejoined the matter-of-fact person. Taking life is a serious matter,'—Chicago Daily News.

One of the noblemen opened the door, and the two One of the noblemen opened the door, and the two boys went out of the room and crossed the hall to the top of the great red staircase. They looked down on the mob of soldiers who were gradually surging up the stairs, brandishing swords and spears, fighting among themselves for the possession of some treasure, and calling continually: "The Czar! Where are the boys, Ivan and Peter? Where are they?"

brother, although the latter was two years younger

At first in their excitement no one hoticed the two boys on the stairway. Ivan, who was by nature timid shrank away from their sight as much as he could, but Peter, who was of a different make, stood out in full view, and held fast to his brother's hand. He had nherited the iron nerve of the strongest of his ances tors. He looked at the mutinous rioters with bold Presently a soldier caught sight of the younger boy

and raised a cry loud above the general din: "The Czar! The Czar! There is the boy Peter, but where

Czar! The Czar! There is the boy Peter, but where is Ivan?"

A score of voices took up the cry as all eyes were turned on the landing, and many men started up the stairs. "There is Peter, but where is Ivan?"

A score of voices took up the cry as all eyes were turned on the landing, and many men started up the stairs. "There is Peter, but where is the boy Ivan?" came the deafening chorus.

"Ivan is here with me," said Peter, his voice clear and high. He tried to pull Ivan nearer to him so that the men might see him. "Stand up where they can see you, Ivan!" he begged. "There's nothing to be afraid of. They only want to see their new Czar."

Trembling with fear the older boy, who had inherited all the weakness of his race and none of its strength, was finally induced to step close to Peter. So, side by side, their hands clasped, the two looked down on the crowded stairway, and faced the mob of soldiers. They made a strange picture, two small

down on the crowded stairway, and faced the mob of soldiers. They made a strange picture, two small boys, standing quite alone, fronting that sea of passionate, angry faces.

At sight of Ivan another cry arose. "There's the Czar! Hall, Ivan! Hall, the son of the great Alexis!"

For a moment the onward rush of the mob was checked, but only for a moment. Three or four soldiers started up the stairs, their lances pointed at Peter, shouting: "What shall we do with the son of the false woman Natalia?" They came so close to the boy that their spears almost touched him before they stopped.

am the son of the Czar Alexis also, and I am not afraid of any of you!"

The boy's calm eyes fronted the nearest soldiers adily.
"Peter, the son of Alexis, is not atraid of his own

father's guards!" the boy continued. "That is why came out here when you called me."

In the hush that had followed his first words his voice carried clear to all the crowding men. When he finished there came a silence, and then of a sudden cheer on cheer rose on the stairs and through the hall. "Peter, the son of Alexis! Hail, Peter! Hail, the two boy Czars!"

The nearest soldiers dropped the points of their spears and joined in the shouting. A flush came into the younger boy's face and he smiled, and squeezed

Ivan's hand tighter. He knew that the danger had

assed.
Slowly the soldiers who had climbed nearest to the boys drew back down the stairs. Swords were returned to scabbards, harsh voices grew quieter, and within a quarter of an hour the red staircase and the great hall were empty of men. Then the door of the room from which the two boys had come opened, and Natalia and her women stepped out. The Czarina, a woman of courage herself, took Peter in her arms. "My brave son," she murmured, "you are worthy of your father. I would have stood beside you, but the people hate me, and it would have been worse for us all."

"I needed no one, little Mother," said Peter. "If I am ever to be a ruler I must not fear to face my own men." Then his face grew more serious. "But if I ever am Czar they will not break into the Kremlin this way, mother, nor wilt thou need to hide thyself from them."

God grant it be so, Peter!" answered Natalia. "I think they've learned much from thee this very day."
(To Be Continued)

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

Zot Ver

Climbing Up the Hill Never look behind, boys; Up and on the way!
Time enough for that boys,
On some future day.
Though the way be long, boys, Fight it with a will; Never stop to look behind When climbing up the hill.

First be sure your right, boys;
Then, with courage strong,
Strap your pack upon your back
And tug, tug along;
Better let the lag lout
Fill the bill,

And strike the farther stake pole Higher up the hill. Trudge, is a slow horse, boys;
Made to pull a load,
But in the end will give the dust
To racers in the road.
When you're near the top, boys,
Of the ragged way,
Do not stop to blow your horn,
But climb, climb away.

Shoot above the crowd, boys; Brace yourselves, and go! Let the plodding land pad

Let the plodding land.

Hoe the easy row.
Success is at the top, boys,
Waiting there until
Brains and pluck and self-respect
Have mounted up the hill.

—James Whitcomb Riley. Ginger Jacks Or Hallowe'en Fudge

Sugar and milk together boil
Until in water cold
They make a soft elastic ball
Between the fingers rolled. Remove at once from off the fire; Let stand until lukewarm Where no rude jar nor shaking up Can do it any harm.

Then beat to the consistency
Of good, rich, country cream;
Vanilla add and cinnamon,
And butter's golden gleam.

Salt, nuts and ginger stir in last;
Pour all in buttered pan;
When cool and hardening, cut
In squares, as many as you can.
—St. Nicholas.

A Magician "My brother Roger said to me.
"I am a great magician. See?
I'll make your dolls all laugh and talk,
Your Teddy bear shall dance and walk,
Your little china mug shall bark,
The creatures in your Noah's ark
Shall march in order, two by two;
And I shall do these things for you
On the thirty-first of September.

"And you shall be a princess fair, With trailing gown and golden nair.
The prince just now looks like the cat;
He's been bewitched—I'll change all that.
You'll find the doll's house turned into
A royal palace, when I'm through.
For I'm a great magician. See?
And all this shall be done by me
On the thirty-first of Sentember?

On the thirty-first of September." Just think how splendid it will be When Roger does these things for me.
I didn't know he was so great,
And oh, dear! I can hardly wait
For the thirty-first of September!

—Ennice W

-Eunice Ward. Mother Hummingbird

Such a tiny, tiny nest was that in which Mother Hummingbird and her two babies lived, hidden away in a bush so carefully that only Betty knew where it was, and she kept the secret to herself.

But one day Betty began to think. Suppose it should rain, what could such wee birdies do, for a drop of rain would be almost enough to drown one of them?

Mamma only smiled when Betty told her. "Waft until it rains, little daughter," she said. "Little Mother Hummingbird will know what to do." Sure enough. The next day it rained, and what do you think the mother bird did?

A good sized leaf grew at one side of the little nest. Mother Hummingbird took hold of the top of the leaf and bent it over the nest. Then she fastened it to the other side to a little twig which happened to be on the nest. There the birdles stayed, quite dry under the leaf roof, until the storm passed. Then Mother Hummingbird unfastened the leaf again.

Brer Rabbit's Loes

A man who loves the folklore stories of Joel Chandler Harris, and has taught his little girl to love them, too, told the child that "Uncle Remus" was

He noticed a little later that the child was unusually quiet.

Presently he called to her.

"What is it, dearle?" he asked; "what's bothering

"It's 'bout Uncle Remus, daddy," she answered, and there was a little catch in her voice; "I was des thinkin' how awful sorry Br'er Rabbit must be!"

Mathematical Signs

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The radical sign was derived from the initial letter of the word "radix." The sign of equality was first used in 1557 by a sharp mathematician, who substituted it to avoid repeating "equal to."

The multiplication sign was obtained by changing the plus sign into the letter X. This was done because multiplication is but a shorter form of addition. Division was formerly indicated by placing the dividend above a horizontal line and the divisor below. In order to save space in printing the dividend was placed to the left and the devisor to the right, with the dash between them, a single dot indicating the divisor and dividend.

The sign of subtraction was derived from the word.

The sign of subtraction was derived from the word "minus." The word was first contracted into m n s, with a horizontal line above to indicate the contraction, then at last the letters were omitted altogether.

leaving the short line—.

The sign of addition is derived from the initial letter of the word "plus." In making the capital letter it was made more and more carelessly until the ton part of the p was placed near the centre, hence the plus sign was finally reached.