For Boys And Girls

Where's Mother? Bursting in from school or play, This is what the children say, Trooping, crowding, big and small, On the threshold in the hall ining in the constant cry, Ever as the days go by, "Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain This same question comes again; From the boy with sparkling eyes, Bearing home his earliest prize; From the bronzed and bearded son, Perils past and honors won:
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task One day we may vainly ask For the comfort of her face, For the rest of her embrace; Let us love her while we may. Well for us that we can say "Where's mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands At the post of duty stands; Patient, seeking not her own, Anxious for the good alone Of her children as they cry, Where's mother?'

Beba.

[By Clara Marcelle Greene.] You never saw anything, I suppose, quite as cunning as Beba. I never

Now you don't know who Beba is do you? I know what you think she is a kitten. Maybe she is, and maybe she isn't. I am not going to tell you just now. But Beba is the most fascinating thing in our neighborhood, whatever she is

Everybody thinks so. Everybody flies to the window when anybody else exclaims: "There's Beba! or, "Looksee Beba!'

We all run, with our book, or our knitting, or our sewing, in hand, and crowd our faces to the window. We don't get them away again, either, just as long as that fittle being is in sight.

It isn't very long, for Beba doesn't just see those big, big buttercups in that pond!"—[Christian Work.] everybody wants to see her every min-

Why, even our Sally ran in from the pantry with her dishcloth in her hand, and stood right up in the window with us to look. Do you suppose I made her go back? No, I hadn't the heart. In fact, I did not notice either dish-cloth or Sally, till Beba ran out of sight. Then we all laughed, and Sally laughed, too, as she hurried away. Sometimes Beba is on the sidewalk, sometimes on the fence. Sometimes she is wading ankle-deep in the gutter, and sometimes sitting flat in the street making mud pies-eating them,

There! now I've told you that Beba is a little girl. For nothing but a little girl could be called Beba and make id pies. Kittens could not do that. I meant to tell you pretty soon, but not quite then. However, it's all right. She's just as cunning, whether you

Sometimes she wears a hood, but it is on hind side before; sometimes a hat, but it hangs from the back of her out with her brother's old felt hat on, but oftener with none at all, and her hair hangs and flies in little yellow "No," he said softly to himself, "it wisps all around. Often she drags an old rag baby by the arm, or hugs it

tight with its one foot where its head And kittens—oh, if you could see her handle kittens! Once she went upstairs and swung one out of the window by the tail. She gave another a bath in the floor pail where the ser-vant had been washing the steps. When no one is about, Beba drags her little baby sister out of the cradle

by her dress, squeezes her into her own little doll carriage, and runs her up and down the room, the baby screaming all the time. Beba has lovely blue eyes, and a

dainty white skin when it is clean. It generally isn't, for no hurse in the world could keep it so. a right little heart she really has.

An old colored woman went by and another child called after her: "Nidder, nidder; hullo nidder!" Beba clenched her bit of a fist, and rushing up to her playmate, gave her

A String of Names.

[By Charles N. Sinnett.]

ossomed yet," said Rhoda.
"We ought to call it Houstonia,"
seven would be a lucky number. She calculated that three sevens made 24. blossomed yet," said Rhoda.

spoke her sister, in a rather sharp Curiously this ticket won a big prize. voice. "Mamma wants us to speak

DR. CHASE'S Catarrh Cure



CURES CATARRH, HAY FEVER, ROSE FEVER, AND ALL HEAD COLDS . . . CIVE ONE BLOW WITH THE BLOWER AND THE POWDER IS DIFFUSED, MAKING A SURE AND PERMANENT CURE . . PRICE WITH BLOWER 25 CENTS

that's what the botany says.' "Well, Amelia, do see how white and innocent it looks," Rhoda quickly replied. "And lots of folks call it by that name. It's easy to remember,

"But bluets is what we say out here In the country," spoke Bess, quite decidedly. "And a good part of the blossoms are pale blue, and the rest are bluish when you look real sharp at them.

"If that's the way you're going t favor things, I guess I'm right, for I said Hous-tonia. And aren't there rocks and stones all round here? And don't it look like a little house in stonier place? Should think most any

And Amelia put on a very dignified look as she glanced at the other girls, She looked as though she meant to say a good deal more, too. But just then her cousin Sam shouted from the wall at the top of the hill as he threw a bundle over into the pasture. "Here's rubbers for all of you. Moth er says you'll need them, 'cause it's damp at the foot of the hill. See that your cousins put theirs on, Bessie Margaret Sarah Craig."

Margaret Sarah Craig."
"Oh, dear, he knows I don't like to be called by all my names," said Bess, with a toss of her head. "And it was rather mean, I think, for my aunts Yet memory, if you will, may lead you o give me both their names-such a string of names as it makes. 'Why, Rhoda, what makes you smil

so?" she asked, as she suddenly caught a glimpse of her cousin's face. "Mother said the other day that she didn't care a bit how soon you dropped her name from yours," answered Rhoda, kindly. "And Aunt Sarah laughed and said she meant to write you that she thought Bessie was a much prettier name than hers, and Dolorous with mildewed garniturethat she didn't think so much about ft, when you were smaller. So you needn't write the Sarah part any

"But there's something else you're thinking of the most," urged Bessie, with a look of relief as she heard what her aunties thought of her name. "Yes-well, I was just seeing how hard it was upon the sweet little flowers to call them a string of names as we were doing. And, since we're out visiting you, I mean to call them

bluets, as you do."
"Oh, yes," laughed little Amelia, with a slight blush, "that will be nice. didn't mean to be so obstinate." "I'd just as lief say one of your names—even the one in the big botany book," smiled Bessie. "But if you wish mine, why, I'll do anything to break the string of names. "And such a nice time as we'll have

with the bluets," laughed Rhoda. "And just see those big, big buttercups down

XXX XXX XXX A Smile: A Laugh.

Teacher—Where were you yesterday?
Pupil (whimperingly)—It was all
Billy Smith's fault; he hypnertized me
and made me go fishin' with him.

*** * * Mrs. Mann (meeting a former servant)-Ah, Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new Mary-No, ma'am, I'm working for nothing now, I'm married.

"It's a highway robbery!" stormed the customer, and he flew out of the The coal baron adjusted his glasses

isn't high-weigh robbery." A naughty boy one day eluded punishment by creeping under the bed, where his mother could not reach him.

Shortly after his father came, when told of the state of affairs, crawled on his hands and knees in search of his son and heir, when, to his astonishment, he was greeted with Lest we harshly name him the inquiry:
"Is she after you too, father?"

Little Margery had just begun to go to the kindergarten, and is filled with a due sense of the importance of her studies there and the solemn value of the attainments that have thus been put within her reach. The other after-Just one thing more I must tell noon, after coming home from school, she remained in a brown study for a time and then said:
"Mamma, do I know as much now

> A gentleman visiting Liverpool was Help us in our dullness, being shown around by a citizen, who

as I don't know?"

a hit, exclaiming:
"Don' you 'peak dat, you naughty
dirl! Dod make her stin brack, Dod
make us stin white. Her stin good as
"The gentleman put his finger to the
side of his nose and winked and said:
"No, thanks; I saw a widow home
"No, thanks; I saw a widow home
and she sued me for breach of promise, and proved it on me. It cost me a matter of £120. No, sir; send the widows home in a cab."

.... Sir John Lubbock, in distributing "Oo-how pretty!" cried Bess, stop-ping suddenly in her run down the London, said he was only cognizant of rived an advantage from being badly "Oo!" cried her little cousin, as they grounded in arithmetic. That was the caught sight of the flowers right at case of the old lady who secured a We have one in heaven ess' feet.
"I didn't know the innocence had cause she had thrice dreamed that

> A characteristic story is told of New England man and his wife, who They Occupy Nearly Twenty-Five Per live very methodically. One evening, at exactly 9 o'clock, they went to the kitchen to make the final preparations for the night.

> "Marthy," said the husband, after a few moments, "hev ye wiped the sink dry yit?"
> "Yes. Josiah," she replied; "why do 53 ground areas, apart from ceme-teries, square gardens and private "Well," he answered, "I did want a drink, but I guess I'll git along till

"Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collection plate, merely gave a stately bow. This having occurred several Sundays in succession, the elder in charge of the

plate at last lost patience, and blurted 'We cud dae wi' less o' yer manners and mair o' yer siller, ma leddy.' Dining on one occasion at the house a nobleman, Dr. Chalmers happened repeat the anecdote, whereupon the in a not over-well pleased tone

Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that ady Betty is a relative of mine?"
"I was not aware, my lord," replied he doctor, "but with your permission, shall mention the fact the next time

THE COURSE OF TIME. Atchison Daily Globe. Time, which vindicates a man, first

Voice Gulture.

The Poets. SANTA Pupils Should Be Taught How to Use the Vocal Chords.

An Epitaph.

Imperial was the palace of his life;

brary

the years

that way.

same way!

With her winsome ways; Miss we now the smiling, And the tender grace

All our hearts beguiling,

Miss the dimpled fingers,

Yet we hush our cries, Lest our ips should blame him For this heavy cross;

In our grief and loss.

All his gifts are wise;

From the jewel'd skies,

Filling heaven above, And to teach the measure Of the Father's love.

To be his alone; Make the heart within us

Perfect, like his own;

By this crucial call, Inderstand the fullness

Of his grace for all.

Spread her pretty hands, Just as if she knew him; Human bonds or bands Could not then detain her

From his loving breast-

Nothing could restrain her,

For she lov'd him best.

In resigned submission

To his blessed will, Weiting the fruition Which must follow still, All our praise is given,

> Ours forever more. London, Ont.

> > LONDON PARK

Cent of the Total Area of

the City.

The British metropolis makes a

splendid showing in the matter of public parks. Within the five mile radius

of Charing Cross there are no less than

grounds, nearly the whole of them greatly exceeding twenty acres in ex-

tent (Regent's Park, with 450 acres, being the biggest), representing a total

of about 4,246 acres, being an average

yond this radius stretch the vast

spaces of Richmond Park, Wimbledon Common, Greenwich Park, Blackheath

and the Crystal Palace. Within the four-mile radius, the space occupied by

the Thames, cemeteries, churchyards, canals, square-gardens, recreation grounds, represent 7,975 acres out of a

total area of 32,163 acres. In other words, the "lung spaces" of London

approximate very closely upon 25 per cent of its total area. Within three-

quarters of a square mile in Blooms-

squares and other spaces, aggregating

WHERE ARE THEY?

[Philadelphia American.]

Sinicus-Where, I say, are all the

promising college graduates of the past

Rooter-Striking out, blame 'em. They

can't play ball a little bit.

bury there

few years?

Miss the laughing eyes, Whose bright love-light lingers,

Miss the rosy face.

-From the Westminster.

Winnie's Gone to Jesus.

By Llewellyn A. Morrison.

On this the imperial palace of his life. —EDGAR FAWCETT.

2 2

Life's Changes.

Women, it can be said with truth, have by their activities in public life had forced upon them a new test, and With memory you may roam its chambers yet. one which the wise woman, irrespective of her age, today will endeavor to meet with intelligence and with Here was the throne-room of his inease. Recently there was a gathering Sumptuous for purple tapestries; and of women of probably more than average intelligence. A number of women The aerial domed hall of his eloquence; And here the innumerous-alcoved liand one man spoke. The comments Of his vast erudition; and here drowsed tive from many points of view. They The rosy and many-mirrored lair of all His fine poetic visions; and here may be summed up in ejaculatory sentences something like the following: "What a relief it was to hear a man!" The sanctum of his heartiest friend-One woman ambiguously expressed herself in this way: "What an awful With clustering lights, heaped fruit, nerself in this way: and ruddy wine: And here, august and sculptural, abode mistake it was to ask a man to speak at that meeting!" The group to whom she spoke evidently did not under-The shrine of his white honor. Oh, in stand her, and she explained herself by saying: "Why, his voice proved conclusively that women should not speak in public." This was an exaggerated statement, doubtless; but it is The cobwebbed gloom of yonder bolted rue that women should prepare themselves for public speaking if they are to appear before an audience. It is ridiculous, every one will admit, for a And show you there the assassinated woman to prepare a paper to be read in public, and then to speak in such Long since he smote her And hid her thus, to molder through a tone that she cannot be heard. The development in voice-culture today is scientific. It is no longer a mere case of elocutionary effects. The best teachers avoid this.

him how to use his vocal chords. It not only a question of eliminating nasal tones; it is a question of hold-"There is a nest of thrushes in the ing the body, of gestures; in short, of harmony. The intellectual develop-When we come back, we'll see the ment of this country is rapid, and with that intellectual development have glad young things," He said. We came not by that way come new standards. again, And Time and thrushes fare on eager generation of women will drive from the field the present generation of workers because of their assurance that one must not only know what to 'Yon rose"-she smiled-"but no, when say, but how to say it. The value of the trumpet of Gabriel lies in the fact that it will be heard, not in the fact that Gabriel blows the trumpet. The I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a sum-The ashes of the rose in Autumn's urn use of the voice will yet become one of the tests applied by educational authorities to every teacher. No wo-man will be allowed to enter the class-We do not pass the selfsame way room until she has acquired a good vocal tone. There are women so difficient in reasoning, however, as to fe Or, passing by that way, nothing we that a clear voice with carrying power denotes unwomanliness, and that the merit of their speaking lies largely in the fact that they do not use an audible tone. To speak clearly and audibly does not mean to use an un-The very earth is envious, and her naturally loud tone. It is a question of vocal development, and every intelli-gent woman will lay quite as much Reach for the beauty that detained stress on acquiring a clear, distinct enunciation as she will on acquiring English. Mothers of daughters can-not begin too early in training their If, once within our grasp, we leave the prize. children, and one method which the educated mother may begin in the Thou traveler to the unknown Ocean's nursery is to require the little ones brink, Through Life's fair fields, say not, as soon as they learn how to read, to read aloud. Later on the encourage "Another day
This joy I'll prove"; for never, as I ment of dramatic representation will offer larger fields of training: but clear enunciation can be taught when a child is taught to read.—The Outlook Never shall we come back this self-

> WONDERFUL FORETHOUGHT. The habit of companies which inpatrons to resort to the courts to recover in case of injury was the occa sion of this singular thoughtfulness told by the president of a large acci-

dent company:
"Some time ago," he said, "a large policy holder in my company was run over by a Brooklyn trolley car and his right leg painfully crushed. He remained conscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out his watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just fifteen minutes to twelve His policy expired at noon, and his foresight was rewarded by the immedi ate payment of his weekly indemnity without controversy or litigation."

WOMAN'S SOPRANO VOICE

Why She Can Reach Much Highe Tones Than Is Possible for Man. Philadelphia Times.

The scientist who discovered in the uman larynx the anatomical reason born in Wurtzburg. Left a widow with two children to support, she re solved to become a teacher of singing but suddenly lost her voice. Then sh determined to find out why; also to dis and one man spoke. The comments after larynx and spent years in h made after that meeting were instruc- search, trying to find, for one thin why women's head tones could reachigh C, while men had no sopran At length her search was red. She discovered under the he highest tones of the human voic cited great attention among scientist Her own brother, a physician, praise the treatise in the highest terms found his own sister had written Then he dashed it down, saying, in rage, that she would be better atter ing to her housework. Mme Seiler ortrait, a marble relief, is in pos ion of the American Philosop

Voice-culture has become voice-de-velopment—the building of the voice, and more than one man acknowledges his debt to the teacher who taught HEART WEAK PEOPLE HAVING

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cessity for it? Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will remove it. Are You Troubled with Sleeplessness,

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C------

why women had a soprano voice and man a bass one was a woman—Mrs Emma Seiler. She was a German cover, if possible, the correct method of singing, so that others might not lose their voices. For this purpose she studied anatomy. She dissected larynt microscope one day two small, wedge-shaped cartilages whose action produces made her discovery public. It exciety, of Philadelphia, of which she was a member. She wrote, among other books, "The Voice in Singing" and "The Voice in Speaking."

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tress after Exertion, a Smothering Feeling, the Breast and Heart? Milburn's Heart and Nerve

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you. Every dose helps the

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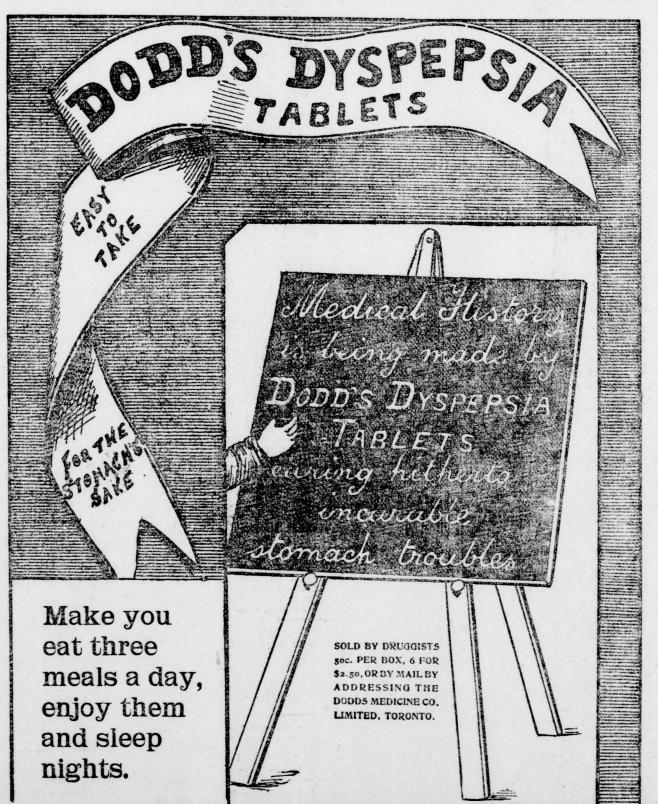
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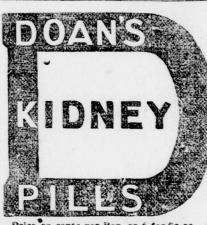
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