A New Idea I wish I had a rubber tire So big that it would be An easy thing to ride a wheel Across the raging sea.

I'd love to climb a breaker high, To coast along a swell, And skirt along a ripple, and To wear a diving-bell,

So that if I a header took, No harm would come of it! Come, makers of ye bicycles, Here's a chance to show your wit.

Their Good Angel.

Mrs. White sat in her small front room, and sighed with weariness over her work-that of finishing men's garments-although her tired face had a sweet, submissive look upon it, making it most attractive. She must have been pretty when young as pretty as her daughter Dora, who sat at the opposite window, mending her shabby cotton gloves preparatory to going out with some finished work, which lay neatly tied up on the old sofa. The four rooms which the mother and daugher occupied were on the third floor of a tenement block in a part of the big city less forlorn than many another. Yet there was not a foot of ground which Mrs. White could call her own, to raise a few of the plants and flowers of which she was so fond in past years, and for which she had, until the death of her husband, and her consequent poverty and straitened circumstances, a little garden belonging to their small cottage a little way from town. But Dora, with a remembrance of her mother's simple taste, and with a longing to make her life have some bright thing in it, had contrived diminutive window gardens for the three south windows from old boxes painted green, and fastened to the outside. And the loving care she gave to the growth of the seeds planted therein returned in pleasure an hundred-fold. For was it not worth everything to see mother's face, through her daily labor, and amid the sad thoughts, which Dora knew often filled her mind, lighten and grow rested, as, in taking a new needleful of thread, she looked up and out on the bright array of nasturtiums and verbenas, and watched the morningglory vine sway in the breeze. Dora finished her work of mending; and, leaning out her window, picked a small spray of mignonette and carried it to

'You haven't any of this in your window," she said as she bent to put it in the front of her mother's dress. "No, dear, isn't it sweet? Nellie was so fond of it."

Above and beyond the visible hardships of Mrs. White's circumstances was one of which she rarely spoke. But Dora, a child of nine, well remembered the beautiful sister, ten years older than she, who used to sing so sweetly about the little house, and to whom she looked up with childish devotion. Then she remembered Nellie's going into town to visit some friends who never came to Bondville.

made longer visits each time, and after ome home. Mother had grown very sad. Soon after that father had been hearing him say one night, in a weak "If Nellie were here to sing. Martha, I know this pain would grow less," and mother had replied between her sobs, "And so would mine, Rich-Dora had known mother was sick. But she came to realize somewhat, the pain of a constant heartache, as the weight of father's death, their enforced poverty, and the giving up of the cosy home came upon her young mind, now maturing into a wo-But mother had asked her, one dark, sad night, the darkest and saddest she could remember, to be bright, and brave, and cheery, for her sake. So for the past seven years Dora had been the sunbeam that shed the light into Mrs. White's tired heart. She rarely spoke of Nellie, but Dora knew it was not because she did not think of her. She herself thought sometimes that she must be dead. She could tell when mother was thinking harder than usual, for the sweetness and sadness of her face seemed intensified. Then

"I don't like to leave you, mother," she said, kissing her.

Dora knew it was her mission to dis-

I know, dear, and I'd go with you for the air and exercise, but I feel hurried on these. Perhaps tomorrow, or next day, we can have an hour or two together in the park. Mr. Bolles will pay you for the parcel. Stop on the way home and get something extra for supper. I'm a bit hungry tonight. I

Dora's face shone. "Oh, that's just nice!" she exclaimed. "I won't get much, but I think a change will do us good. I'm tired of bread and milk.' Dora's walk was a long mile, but the clear, cool air was stimulating, and she went briskly along, scarce heeding her bundle in the busy thought of what she could buy, that would be a treat. It was a busy time, the last of the afternoon, and the streets were full. and the avenues were crowded. She -th street to the immense store at the corner, found Mr. Bolles, their pleasant employer; and transacted her business. Then with the wellearned money in her worn little purse, tightly held, she retraced her and prepared to go by the market a little farther down, and to feast her eyes on the many good things, but content herself with little. Amid the hurry and jam, she felt herself pulled at the elbow by someone, anl turning, with an involuntary tightening of the hand holding her purse, she beheld two shabby little girls, one of whom Dora remembered as occupying a rent near a former one of theirs down town, before they had bettered themselves by their present abode.

"Hello, Dory," said the elder, with a sniff, and her face brightened; "ain't in the house and hearts was a large seen you for ever so long. Come here a moment, 'pulling her toward the

Tena!" exclaimed Dora, "where did you come from? I am glad to see you. Is this Mamie?" looking at the younger girl, a black-eyed thing. "Yes, this is Mame," said Tena, brushing the child's hair back.

"And how is Caddy, and Andrew, and Billy, and Laura, and the twins?" they are all right-but Caddy. You didn't know Cad got hurt this summer, I guess. Ben in the horspital ever since with sumpin the matter in the spine in her back. They done samto her tother day, the doctors did, and they think she'll git well, now, byme by. But she gits lonesome, she Of course, they don't low we'uns to go in very often, or more'n two at time. She wants to see us all, she says. Say, can't you so tother street Say, can't you go in and see

you was to ma when the twins come along."

"I don't see how I can, Tena," answered Dora hesitatingly. "I'd love to see Caddy, but you see it's getting late, and mother will wonder what has become of me if I am not home just about the time I ought to be." "I'll go up and tell her," announced Tena decidedly. "Tell me where yer

"O Tena, you had better not." "Well, I'm goin' jes' the same," said Tena, taking Mamie's hand. "Tell me where yer be," and this time Dora could not refuse the child.

"Come on, Mame, ma won't worry about us. Too many of us for that. Now, Dory, you go to seven hundred 'n 'lev'n and tell 'em I sent you to see Caddy. They'll let you in. She's so much better since they done sumpin'."
Anl before she knew it, Tena and Mamie had started off and left her alone. She could not disappoint Tena, and she knew her trustworthiness, for she had seen her in caretaking positions with the large family, many times. So she turned toward —th street. Then she bethought herself. Could she not take Caddy something? Patients at a charitable hospital had few luxuries aside from the unusual one of perfect care. Mother must have her extra, but she could get along tonight. So, stopping at a fruit store, she purchased a bunch of white grapes. She made her entrance at 711 -th street as a friend of Caddy, sent by her sister Tena, and was shown along the narrow hall lined with beds, to the extreme corner. It was a pale face that looked up from the pillow. "Here is a friend, Caddy," said the

soft-voiced nurse. "O Dory White, and is it you? How glad I am to see you!"and Caddy's eyes trembled. "How did yer happen to the mountains.

Dora told of her errand down town; of her meeting with Tena, and the her hopes for complete recovery, break- summer's campaign. ing off now and again to say how glad | First, we shall consider the exsuch a smile each time. It's kinder at home. sad, but p'raps 'tis all the sweeter. I so pretty, too. And she sung to me, jes' a little low, las' Sunday. Why! I thought," here she choked a little, "I thought I'd try and be as kind to someone when I get well. P'raps she'll go by. She went out when Tena and Mamie was here. Yes, she's down there," said Caddy, looking along the ward; "her place is next this. She'll Steamer to Philadelphia and rebe along pretty soon." As Caddy expected, it was not long before the tall slight figure in the nurse's quiet dress came down the ward. Caddy's eyes lightened and she put out a hand as if to stay her. The nurse turned a pair of beautiful brown eyes on the sick girl, as she stopped, and the sweet smile

came to the otherwise sad face. "O Miss White, I am telling Dory about you," said Caddy's glad voice, and she looked from one to the other. "Why!" she said, "your names is both alike, ain't they, Dory? You and Miss White's so good, you ought to be sisters." The hand Caddy held out closed a little, involuntarily, as the nurse gave a little start at Caddy's words. Then she looked up and gave Dora a awhile ceased to write, and did not keen glance from where she stood, and paled as she saw Dora's face with an intense, half-terrified gaze, fixed on But gling in the young girl's brain. before she could utter a word the tall figure had fallen to its knees before her, and clasping her hands, had said in a strained voice:

"Is it you at last, Dora?" "Sister Nellie." Caddy got well. How could she help it with the happy conviction in her heart to brighten her days that she had brought back such happiness to

three lonely hearts. somehow, or felt, she was your sister, Dory," she said, "even if I didn't real-

The little rent in the third story of the tenement block was no longer merely a place to exist. It was home indeed to the three at last united. With arms around her mother, Nellie told of the few months she had spent, in her waywardness, with her friends, who had flattered her about her voice and her beauty, and of the mark she might make in the world, to break away from her home and study for a public life, but who in her need and extremity deserted her, when she could be of no use to them. For an accident and a severe illness had brought her to this very hospital where Caddy was. After a wretched season of suffering, both physically and mentally, she recovered, to find that the element that not only a saving of trouble, but is had made her voice rare was gone. It was still sweet, but of no use in the pay for having the old ones washed. career chosen by her friends. Soon they moved from the city, leaving no word, and Nellie, friendless and alone, returned to the hospital, and begged to be allowed to help in some humble way. rate of \$2 50 each way per wheel. Her beauty and sadness made their way, and from a place made in the kitchen and faithfully filled, she worked her way into the nurses' department. where her keen sympathy and natural skill won her a high place, and she was loved and valued by both physicians in England forces us to believe that and patients. A chance newspaper the majority of wheels ridden there item had given her notice of her fa- are heavy and out of date. We saw ther's death, and of the removal of her mother and sister to the city. eyes took on an eager, watchful look whenever she went out and about the city streets, and her heart was burdened heavily, as, at times, she felt that perhaps mother and sister were gone from her forever. But that was past now, and the tears that fell were those of mingled sorrow and joy. had spent little the past years from her salary, and that amount, with a prospect of a steady income, to be increased, should she choose private nursing, was reason enough, she argued, for her mother's working less, and enjoying more. And Caddy's place one. For was she not their good angel? And Tena and Andrew, and Billy and Mamie, and Laura, and the twins made cessional visits to the little Bondville, which, through Nellie, came again into possession of the little fam-tly. And the flowers bloomed again in the garden, and contentedly near to

Mrs. White's heart.-The Interior.

Making the Angels Happy. The following touching little incident was related of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks just after his death. Perhaps we have given it before, but it is worth repeating:

The bishop had for a long time paid some little attention to the 5-year-old daughter of one of his parishioners, and the little one always expressed her delight, when, in company with her mother, she met him on the street. The day of the bishop's death

"Oh, mamma," was her answer, "how

happy the angels will be!" Innocence.

A dealer in stuffed animals, who also kept a few live creatures for sale, says shop-boy, who was permitted to sell

living animals.

One day a gentleman called and demanded a monkey.

"Any one of these?" asked the boy.

who was in charge. He pointed to the stuffed specimens.
"No-I want a live monkey," answered the customer.

a few live creatures for sale, says
Youths' Companion, gave his
Youths' Companion, gave his
'You're wanted, sir!" The boy stepped to the door of the

Saw England for \$100-

An Economical Summer Trip Across the Atlantic-Wheeling Through Historic Country-Delightful Way of Spending a Vacation.

Washington Star:-

hear again the same old query that blossoms out perennially, "Where are you going this summer?" To wheelmen desirous of a change, and who are undecided as to their season's campaign, would suggest a cycling trip abroad; if time and money are both limited, a two-weeks' run in old England.

This may at first appear an expensive outing, but if the trip is properly tiring. planned and sensibly carried out, anyfilled with tears and her weak voice spent annually at the seashore or in

An account of a successful trip actually made will be worth a dozen was grateful and pleased, but Dora's periences in England and on the conpresence was more than all. She told tinent, may be of interest to wheelmen her of her months of suffering, and of who are considering the question of a ical old English town; Cheltenham, a

she was to see Dory. "The nurses are pense of a two weeks' run through so good to me," she said. "Miss Sims England, understanding from the start does for me jes' 'sif I was her sister. But that the cyclist is willing to put up there's another levely one who goes with modest country accommodations, by here so often, and she gives me such as would be met with on long runs

The steamer tickets must be secured jes' wait for it in the mornin'. She's early in the year, to take advantage of the lower rates, and to get the pick of accommodations. The start is made from Washington to Baltimore by wheel, in time to catch the 5 o'clock boat for Philadelphia. WHAT IT COST.

The following is the itemized list of

Steamer, Philadelphia to Liver-ways Steamer chair and tips on steam-Three meals a day for 14 days, Excursions by rail and boat Laundry, in London Allowance for extras 2 00

Total\$100 00 After having considered the question of cost, the outfit and itinerary of the trip must be carefully planned.

At the outset we both agreed to take dollars. with us only actual necessities: a trunk was not to be thought of. A plain cloth be able to go abroad "some day," but bag was made for each wheel, of such the time never comes, because they are "It seems so I must have knowed a size as to not interfere with our comfort. In the smaller one, carried on ly. And it must have been why I and comb, soap and toilet requisites. satisfaction at least), that an English loved her. She's so beautiful, and In the other J. carried a change of bicycle trip is the way par excellence she does look some like you, come to underclothing apiece, a couple of clean collars, and an extra wash silk waist little island."

A large satchel, in which were the steamer rug and our wraps-always necessary at sea-was stored in Liverpool at the steamship office, where it was found when we returned, and dollar bill to add to your hundred, you again needed them for our voyage

SOME TIMELY HINTS. An ordinary Gladstone bag, containing more underclothing, extra shoes, few hours. etc., was expressed on ahead to London, where we stopped a week, before setting out again for the continent, but this bag was not required on the run. It is much better to buy anything extra in the way of collars or stockings than to carry them, as it is not much more of an expense than to Being without a trunk, we hoped to get the wheels over as baggage, but this could not be done, all the steamers having agreed upon the uniform removed the handle bars and pedals, and the cycles made the trip without being crated. J. attending to having them carefully placed in the hold, on top of the other baggage.

A scrutiny of all wheels encountered countless hard tires, and an unexpected number of old "three-wheelers." average wheel used there we could

not "give away" at home. When selecting an inn, as the road houses are called, it is well to inquire the cost of bed and breakfast before taking up your abode, as, if no inquiry is made as to price, it will be found to be higher when the bill is presented in the morning than if the agreement had been made. While the English accommodations are uniformly much more reasonable than for the same service with us, it is best to select the unpretentious inns, where the service is quite as good, and where the danger of being overcharged is very

small. We arrived in Liverpool on Wednesday morning, and after visiting the public buildings, we took the penny steamer for Birkenhead across the river, from which place we began our trip by wheel.

THE ITINERARY. The following itinerary is a good 14 days, as it takes in the prettiest four days, as it takes in the prettiest scenery and best roads of England, passing through Cheshire, Warwickshire and the Midland counties, and returning through picturesque Derbyshire, visiting the principal university and cathedral towns en route, besides allowing the wheelman three days in

London.

The runs given are from forty to sixty miles a day, which can be accomplished with ease, as these roads are all excellent, and ample time is allowed for sight-seeing.

- N a short time now we shall day evening or early Wednesday morning. The start is made from Birkenhead, on the opposite side of the river, and the first run is by way of Chester, a quaint old English town, with walls dating from the Roman invasion, a cathedral and many curious old frame houses, rich in antique carvings; Crew, a railroad center, and on to Sandbach, where the first night will be spent.

Second day Thursday-On to Stafford and Heathdown, reaching Birmingham that afternoon, in time to see the great manufacturing town before re-

Third day, Friday-Warwick, beauone can accomplish it on the same sum tifully situated on the River Avon, with a handsome castle, the home of the Earl of Warwick; to Kenilworth, to visit the ruins of the fine old castle made famous by Scott, and then on to Stratford-on-Avon; visit the church where Shakespeare is buried, the meoutcome of her talk with her, and she plans of how it might be done, and morial, the birthplace and Anne Hathgave her the grapes. The sick girl the plain statement of our cycling ex- away's cottage, just outside the town; remain in Stratford all night.

Fourth day, Saturday-Evesham, typwell built, fashionable place; Gloucester, with its fine cathedral, and put up for the night at little Chedworth Fifth day, Sunday-Oxford, visit the university, on to Wallingford, and re-

main at Reading until next morning. Sixth day, Monday-Windsor, visit the fine castle, containing St. George's Hall and the magnificent Albert memorial; arrive in London same afternoon. Seventh day, Tuesday-London, visit British Museum, St. Paul's and the Tower of London.

Eighth day, Wednesday—London, National Art Gallery, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey and South Kensington Museum. Ninth day, Thursday-London, Hyde Park, Albert memorial, Piccadilly, through the Strand to the Bank of

England, London bridge, and take penny steamer on the Thames. Tenth day, Friday—Leave London for Hertford, on to Cambridge. Eleventh day, Saturday-Ely and Pe-

terborough, visit cathedrals at each place, two of the firest in England. Remain at Stamford for the night. Twelfth day, Sunday-Melton-Mobrey and Derby.
Thirteenth day, Monday—Matlock, famous for its baths; Chatsworth, fin-

est country house in England; Haddon Hall, and on to Buxton. Fourteenth day, Tuesday-Manchester, the great manufacturing center. and Liverpool same evening. Fifteenth day-Sail for home

IT PAYS TO TRY IT. If accommodations are refused you Early last February we decided, my husband and I, on a foreign cycling in inns where they think Americans tour, and secured a stateroom on the are all millionares-know that you are Southwark for her June 1 sailing. Our foolish to give more, and that you can plan was to see how much could be get accommodations, by trying another seen, and how much pleasure could be inn, at your own price. Remember that derived from a spin through England, the trip is inexpensive, and be satisfied from Liverpool to London, and a con- with plain food, for high living is out tinental jaunt from Holland to South- of the question in rural England, even ern Italy, on the least amount of if you could afford it, which is not the case if you are limited to a hundred

Many people expect all their lives to waiting for the ship that never comes Instead of putting off the trip let the front of my wheel, were the brush the cyclist prove as we did (to our own to enjoy sight-seeing in the "tight

To the timid ones who fear they might not be able to keep up the given runs, we say, "Try the English roads and see what good time is made without effort." If you have an extra fivemay rest on the consciousness that you can take two weeks in getting to London if you choose, and go directly back to Liverpool from London by rail in a ALICE LEE MOQUE.

Picked Up in Passing

Professor Janssen and his corps of assistants are now winter-bound in their observatory on the summit Mont Blanc. They will remain there, cut off from mankind, until late in the spring. They keep in touch with the world by means of the telegraph.

A Polish woman, 104 years old, who says that she saw the march of Napoon and his army into Russia in 1812, and the terrible retreat of the survivors, is living at Shamokin, Pa. She is very feeble, and came near being burned to death recently when her house caught fire.

It will be necessary for the daily newspapers to use more care in making up their illustrations. In a recent number of a Chicage paper, says the Boston Transcript, a picture of the late Caradinal Manning was labeled "Frau Kruger, wife of Oom Paul," and accompanied with an entertaining sketch of that excellent lady; while in another place was a picture of Mrs. Kruger, looking grand and intensely Dutchy, which bore the legend, "Cardinal Manning."

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his capacity as chairman at a recent Browning lecture, speaking with the authority of long friendship, warned his hearers against thinking of Robert Browning as a sort of Veiled Prophet. "What saw," he told them, "was an unostentations, keen, active man of the world, one who never failed to give good practical advicé in matters ousiness and conduct, one who loved his friends but certainly hated his enemies, a man alive in every eager, passionate nerve of him, a man loved to discuss people and affairs. a bit of a gossip, and a bit of a partisan too, and not without his hum. orous prejudices. He was simple to a high degree, simple in his scrupulous dress, his loud, happy voice, his insa-tia le curiosity."

Edward Littlejohn, who recently died in Quebec, began his service in the English Government as a page to Queen Victoria while she was still a child in the home of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The page, a bright, handsome lad, was the same age as his royal mistress, and was her con-

times, and your mother, and how good you was to ma when the twins come along."

"I don't see how I can, Tena," an"I don't see how I can, Tena," anunder successive Governors-General until the time of his retirement in 1890. The Queen never forgot him, sending him occasional gifts and messages; and when the Prince of Wales first, and later the Princess Louise were in Canada, they were bearers to the old servant of remembrances and tokens of regard from the Queen

> The New York Tribune prints the last story about the "uncomfortable Carlyles": It is told by a lady friend of Mrs. Carlyle, who, calling one day in Cheyne Row, met Carlyle on his own doorstep, his head bent, and perplexity and annoyance wrinkling the philosophic brow. Somewhat to her surprise-for she was an intimate of the house—the sage only bowed, and went on his way down the dismal lit-tle street. The servant showed the visitor into a darkened room, where were to be seen the debris of tea and the prostrate form of Mrs. Carlyle on the sofa. "Did you meet Thomas?" demanded the wife, in a voice which showed unmistakable traces of a recent domestic storm. "Yes. He was going out. I met him on the doorstep looking very sad. What's the matter, my dear?" "The matter!" cried Mrs. Carlyle from the sofa, with sparkling eyes; "I've been two days on this sofa with a sick headache, and he's only this instant come in and asked me what als me! And—well, I've just thrown my teacup at him!"

Good Friday.

He was despised and rejected of men. -Isaiah, liii.. 3.

Look back, my soul, amazed and see The Man of Sorrows, 'midst a crowd, Bearing his cross to Calvary,
Assailed by imprecations loud. Patient and meek, with eyes upturned, He sought forgiveness from above. For those who prayers and phy

Regardless of his pardoning love.

The Son of God was crucified, His blood for man's salvation pald, While Jews reviled the precious tide And mocked the King, a cross displayed.

O guilt beyond most daring thought Their impious fathers ever framed; Which on their race the curse has brought Of unbelief still madly claimed.

Why has my God forsaken me?" Death shadowed, the Savior cried; Rocks rent in answering agony, And trembling earth in groans re-

plied. The heavenly host in mute surprise Watch the stupendous mystery; No joyous sounds in Paradise, And Christ invoking sympathy,

Weighed down by sin's o'erwhelming The spotless Lamb for sinners dies; An offering worthy of a God, The incarnate Lord, the sacrifice,

When shame should veil each guilty face. Faith offers all a sure relief From Love's true source, Redeeming Grace.

Still on this day of bitter grief,

Darkness Judea's hills o'erspread, The tears of angels Jesus laved, Long buried saints rose from the dead The veil is rent, the church is saved! The cross, the nails, the thorns, the spear,

The scorn, the torture and despair, Will at the last great day appear The crown and scepter Christ will wear.

Oh, bleeding Lamb! by thy last cry Still heard in faith from pole to pole, Raise me from where in grief I lie, And make my wounded spirit whole.

In the deep ocean of thy love Blot out my sins till, soaring free, My soul will magnify above The risen Christ who died for me. -Francis S. Saltus.

Life.

"What is life but what a man is thinking of all day?"-Emerson. If life were only what a man Thinks daily of-his little care; His petty ill; his trivial plan;

His sordid scheme to horde and spare: His meager ministry; his small Unequal strength to breast

stream: His large regret-repentance small; His poor, unrealized dream-Twere scarcely worth a passing nod: Meet it should end where it began.

But 'tis not so. Life is what God Is daily thinking of for man. -Julie M. Lippman, in Harper's Maga-

Self-Sacrifice.

A local journal states that a monument is to be erected in Shelby County, Missouri, to the memory of Hiram Smith, who died there during the war. Accounts differ as to the exact details of Smith's death. It is generally agreed, however, that it was the voluntary selfsacrifice of a brave man to save his Southern troops, under Colonel Porter, were making raids round General Mc-Neill's quarters. A man who had been active in scouting parties, and on whom McNeill placed great reliance, disappeared, and McNeill believed that he had been captured by Colonel Porter's party. He accordingly demanded his surrender. But the man was not returned, and McNeill in his exasperation declared that if he was not brought back in ten days he would put to death ten men of the Confederate prisoners then in his camp. On the expiration of the tenth day ten prisoners were, by the order of McNeill, led out to be shot. Among the doomed men was one named Humphrey, a married man with a fam-One of the prisoners, who was not selected for execution, was Hiram Smith, who was an old friend of Humphrey. He was a single man, and when he heard that his friend was to be shot, he volunteered to suffer in his place so that Humphrey might be spared to his family. He actually suffered. and it is to his memory that a monument is now being erected by a son of Humphrey.

Fame.

Tom Moore, the Irish poet, noticing that two pretty girls were watching him very attentively, asked a friend who stood near enough to the young ladies to hear their remarks, what they were saying about him.

"Oh." answered his friend "the taller one said how delighted they were at seeing so famous a man."

"Indeed," observed the poet, plainly pleased, "anything more?" "Yes," his friend went on; "she said she was the more gratified because she stant attendant in her walks and had taken in your famous almanack drives. When he grew too large to be for five or six years."

Butcher-Will you have a round Young Housekeeper-I den't care what shape it is, so it's tender.

Dare, aged 6, was telling about 9 "great big boy" who went to his school. "Why!" he exclaimed, finally, "I believe he is ten feet deep!"

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" roared Tommy; "Buly's eaten all my cake."
"You said I might have a bite," said Billy; "and it isn't my fault if my bite is as big as your cake."

Bobby (seeing a British soldier for the first time)—I suppose they have those little round hats shaped that way so they can carry their collars in them when they go to war. Mamma-Russell, stop teasing your

brother; I'm tired of hearing him cry.

Russell-It won't make any differ-

ence if I do stop, 'cos if I don't tease him, he'll tease me and make me cry. Mamma-Johnny, haven't I told you that you must not go off this block? Johnny-But, mamma, papa said I must not hit any boy who wasn't as

big as me, and they're all littler than me on this block. Little Walter had two apples, for his sister Alice and himself to take to He kept the larger one and school gave his sister the other, saying, "You

know you were born before I was, and have had lots more things." "Do you guarantee the photographs

to give satisfaction?" demanded the cross-eyed man with the pug nose and prominent jaw.

"Well—no," said the conscientious
photographer, "but I can guarantee

a good likeness."

A merchant in Harlem advertised for a woman for light housekeeping. A girl in Yonkers wrote him a letter in answer to the advertisement, asking him where the lighthouse was located, and if there was any way of

getting ashore on Sunday nights "My dear," said a sick husband, as he lay with his eyes closed, "I think my time has some at last. I can hear strains of the sweetest music that ever

"That's a little German band on the street, John." "That's so," said he, rousing him-self. "Tell 'em to move on!"

"Papa," said a little boy to his father, "are not sailors very small "No, my dear. What gave you such an idea? Some sailors are very large, powerful men. What makes you think

they are small?" "Because," said the little fellow, "I read the other day of a sailor sou to sleep on his watch."

---A servant who can get a better place is not much to be blamed if she refuses to live in a quarrelsome fam-

Housekeeper (in pursuit of a cook)-Why did you leave your last place? Cook—I couldn't stand the dreadful

quarrel, mum. Housekeeper-What did they use to Cook-The way the dinner was cooked, mum.

Mr. Huggins and Miss Dimple had been discussing marriage in an impersonal manner, when the young lady announced her preference in this way 'The man I marry must be handsome, talented, amiable, courageous, and without a fault of any sort what-

ever." "This is very sudden," replied Mr. Huggins. "I thoroughly appreciate the honor you confer upon me, but you will give me a week to consider, I sup-

The boys who had been making jacko'-lanterns out of small pumpkins on the sly, placed a hideous, grinning one, holding a lighted candle, in the yard, for the purpose of frightening their little city cousin, who had never seen anything of the kind. When it was quite dark, her aunt discovered the child gazing with solemn intentness from the window. "What is it, Mabel dear? What do you see?" she

inquired. "Don't, say one word, auntie," was the reply, in an awed whisper, "for the man in the moon has come down and is sitting right here on the gate post. And he hasn't got anything but a head, and looks just edzactly as he does in his picshures."

The Waves We Live In.

From Youths' Companion. It is rather startling to be told on high scientific authority that we are living, most of the time, submerged in waves to which the greatest wave of the ocean are mere ripples in point friend. In September, 1862, a party of of size. This a suggestion or discovery of the late Prof. Helmholtz, of Berlin, and the enormous waves are waves of air.

When a current of air blows across a water surface, water waves are produce, and when a current of blows across a surface of quiet air, or air having a different motion from the first current, then air waves will be produced.

These atmospheric waves, Helmholtz showed, have all the phenomena of water waves—troughs, crests, foaming, breaking and spraying. But since the quantities of air and water are so different, the air waves have dimensions over twenty-five hundred times those of the corresponding water waves.

Thus the great ocean waves of perhaps 25 feet high would have atmospheric counterparts extending upward a distance of ten or twelve miles above the earth's surface. The passage of these huge air waves would be felt by us, since they would cause a stirring up of the air at the earth's surface somewhat similar to that produced by the passage of water waves over shoal places.

The undulating movement of such air waves would account in part for the intermittent gusts of wind which we notice so frequently in storms.

The presence of these waves is also indicated by the existence of certain kinds of regularly formed cloud groups, in which each cloud marks the crest

of an air wave.

This meteorological conception of the great, German scientist opens up to observation a very interup esting field, and the mere statement of his theory enhances the interest with which we all gaze into this thin medium wherein we live and move and have our being.