

For Boys and Girls

A New Idea

I wish I had a rubber tire
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 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 daughter 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 to make 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 to make 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 to make a little garden, belonging to their small cottage a little way from town.

times, and your mother, and how good you was to me when the twins came 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 you are."

"Tena, you had better not," said Dora. "Too many of us won't worry about us. Too many of us won't worry about us. Too many of us won't worry about us."

"Come on, Mame, man!" said Tena, taking Mame's hand. "Tell me where you are, and this time Dora could not refuse the child."

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little one was playing, and, holding the bright little face between her hands, said tearfully: "Bishop Brooks has gone to heaven!"

"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 the Youths' Companion, gave his shop-boy, who was permitted to sell

the stuffed specimens, orders to call him when anyone asked for any of the 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.

"—I want a live monkey," answered the customer.

The boy stepped to the door of the back shop and called to his master: "You're wanted, sir!"

a page he was given a post in the household of the Governor-General of Canada, and continued to hold office 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 heard to the old servant of remembrances and tokens of regard from the Queen.

The New York Tribune prints the last story about the "unfortunate 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 his face a study of anxiety and worry. Carlyle, who was in charge, he pointed to the stuffed specimens.

Butcher—Will you have a round steak?
Young Housekeeper—I don't care what shape it is, so it's tender.

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

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" roared Tommy; "Bully'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—I won't make any difference 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 school. He kept the larger one and 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 come at last. I can think of the sweetest music that ever mortals ear—"

"That's a little German band on the street, John."

"That's so," said he, rousing himself. "Tell 'em to move on!"

"Papa," said a little boy to his father, "are not sailors very small men?"

"No, my dear. What gave you such an idea? Some sailors are very large and powerful men. What makes you think they are small?"

"Because," said the little fellow, "I read the other day of a sailor going 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 family.

Housekeeper (in pursuit of a cook)—Why did you leave your last place?

Cook—I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and missus used to quarrel, mum.

Housekeeper—What did they use to quarrel about?

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 whatever."

"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 suppose."

The boys who had been making jack-o'-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 dawned on the dark and dismal day, the child gazing with solemn interest 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 exactly as he does in his pictures."

Saw England for \$100

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

Washington Star:

IN a short time now we shall hear again the same old query that blossoms out perennially: "Where are you going this summer?" To wheelmen desiring 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 planned and sensibly carried out, anyone can accomplish it on the same sum spent annually at the seashore or in the mountains.

An account of a successful trip actually made will be worth a dozen plans of how it might be done, and the plain statement of our cycling experiences in England and on the continent, may be of interest to wheelmen who are considering the question of a summer's campaign.

First, we shall consider the expense. The two weeks' run through England, understanding from the start that the cyclist is willing to put up with modest country accommodations, such as would be met with on long runs at home.

Early last February we decided, my husband and I, on a foreign cycling tour, and secured a stateroom on the Southwark for June 1 sailing. Our plan was to see how much could be seen, and how much pleasure could be derived from a spin through England, from Liverpool to London, and a continental jaunt from Holland to Southern Italy, on the least amount of money.

The outset we both agreed to take with only such necessities as a trunk was not to be thought of. A plain cloth bag was made for each wheel, of such a size as to not interfere with our comfort. In the smaller one, carried on our backs, we put our food, our soap and comb, and our toilet requisites. In the other J. carried a change of underclothing, a couple of clean collars, and an extra wash silk waist for me.

A large satchel, in which were the steamer rug and our wraps—always ready for use—was stored in Liverpool at the steamship office, where it was found when we returned, and again needed for our voyage home.

SOME TIMELY HINTS.

An ordinary Gladstone bag, containing more underclothing, extra shoes, etc., was expressed on ahead to London, where we stopped a week, before starting on our tour. For an extra fee, 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 only a saving of trouble, but is saving of space. For an extra fee, 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 only a saving of trouble, but is saving of space.

With the Poets.

Good Friday.

He was despoiled and rejected of men.
—Isaiah, lxxxiii, 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 pity
Spurned.

Regardless of his pardoning love,
The Son of God was crucified,
His blood for man's salvation paid,
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 have my God forsaken me?"
Death shadowed, the Savior cried;
Rocks rent in answering agony,
And trembling earth in groans repined.

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

Winged down by sin's overwhelming
Load,
The spotless Lamb for sinners dies;
An offering worthy of a God.
The incarnate Lord, the sacrifice,
Still on this day a bitter grief,
When shame should veil each guilty
Face,
Faith offers all a sure relief
From Love's true source, Redeem-
ing Grace.

Darkness Judea's hills o'erspread,
The tears of angels Jesus lav'd,
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
Sink 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 think-
ing 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 the
stream;

His large regret—repentance small;
His poor, uncalculated dream;
His soul's remorseful 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-
zine.

Self-Sacrifice.

A local journal states that a monu-
ment 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 self-
sacrifice of a brave man to save his
friend. In September, 1862, a party of
Southern troops, under Colonel Porter,
were making raids round General
Neill's quarters. A man who had been
active in scouting parties, and on whom
McNeill placed great reliance, disap-
peared, and McNeill believed that he
had been captured by Colonel Porter's
troops. He accordingly demanded his
surrender. But the man was not re-
turned, 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-
ily. One of the prisoners, who was
selected for execution, was Hiram
Smith, who was an old friend of Hum-
phrey. 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 monu-
ment 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 more gratified because she
had taken in your famous almanack
for five or six years."

Picked Up in Passing.

Professor Janssen and his corps of
assistants are now winter-bound in
the observatory on the summit of
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 Napo-
leon and his army into Russia in 1812,
and the terrible retreat of the surviv-
ing remnant to Shanokin, 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 num-
ber of a Chicago paper, says the Bos-
ton Transcript, a picture of the late
Caradine Manning was labeled "Fran-
Kruger, wife of Oom Paul," and ac-
companied with an entertaining sketch
of that excellent lady; while in an-
other place was a picture of Mrs. Krug-
er, looking grand and intensely
Dutchy, which bore the legend, "Car-
adine 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 Brown-
ing as a poet. He was simple to a
high degree, simple in his scrupulous
dress, his loud, happy voice, his inec-
trical curiosity.

Edward Littlejohn, who recently died
in Quebec, began his service in the
English Government as a page to
Queen Victoria, while he 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-
stant attendant in her walks and
drives. When he grew too large to be

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
of size. This a suggestion or dis-
covery of the great German physicist,
Berlin, and the enormous waves are
waves of air.

When a current of air blows across
a water surface, water waves are pro-
duced, and when a current of air
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, Prof.
Helmholtz showed, have all the phe-
nomena of water waves—troughs,
crests, foaming, breaking and spray-
ing. But since the quantities of air and
water are so different, the air waves
have dimensions over twenty-five
hundred times those of the correspond-
ing water waves.

Thus the great ocean waves of per-
haps 25 feet high would have atmo-
spheric counterparts extending up-
ward a distance of ten or twelve miles
above the earth's surface. The pas-
sage 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 pro-
duced 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 inter-
esting field, and the mere statement of
his theory enhances the interest with
which we all gaze into this thin medi-
um wherein we live and move and
have our being.

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
much attention to the 5-year-old
daughter of one of his parishioners, and
the little one always expressed her de-
light, when in company with her moth-
er, she met him on the street.

The day of the bishop's death the
mother came into the room where the