whenever I look at it.

The Companion.

"Thank you, dear friend. I shall never forget your loving thought.' It was a trifling incident-just the

gift of a pot of one of the cheapest

and commonest of flowers, and a penciled letter of gratitude from a sick

woman. But to the heart of the poor

shop girl came a thrill as is seldom

granted to mortals. As she bowed

her head on the worn table, her eyes

filled with a gush of happy tears .-

THE HABITS OF PLANTS.

flowers, only a few of them are as cruel in their ways as the pitcher

family. There are, of course, a few

their juices or in their berries, or,

poison in the air about them. Many

people, you know, are so susceptible

the plant's way of protecting itself.

tremely useful. For instance, there

dens. Its tall stalks covered with

bell-shaped flowers, sometimes blue or

purple or occasionally red-for there

are many varieties of digitalis-are

decidedly ornamental. Yet it is so

poisonous that not infrequently the

enterprising chickens which sample

its leaves turn up their toes very

shortly afterwards. But digitalis, or

rather the extracts made from it, are

Some plants have the queer habit of

thing in the spring, before they begin

to work at all on their leaves. Have

snow, and the sun heat might be shut

early spring to seeds. By anh by, as new life.

thought that if he came back next

year he would find all these great

flowers a mass of dried leaves filled

him with sadness, until he remember-

ed the great seeds that the plant has

Some families of plants have habits

peculiar to themselves, just, I sup-

pose, as human families acquire queer

little ways which stick from genera-

tion to generation. Some plants

climb by twisting around any support

which happens to be hands. Haven't

you noticed pole beans and hop vines

and wistarias and honeysuckles, how

come across, and around themselves

when they can find nothing else? They

are very persistent about it too, and

always try to reach the top of any-

thing they set about climbing. Per-

really is no telling where a climbing

Then there are the clingers that put

out claw-like fingers that grip the

trunks of trees or tack themselves on

fences or houses. Poison ivv has in-

numerable little claws along its stems

and they are so strong and tenacious

it is almost impossible to tear it

away from a fence once it gets a hold.

Its harmless cousin, the Virginia

creeper, on the other hand, sends out

a series of long, curling tendrils, which

like fingers. They are very tough and

strong, and you will find considerable

difficulty in dislodging them. Grape-

vines have a similar fashion of hold-

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders,

TALES OF THE INDIANS.

good Indian is a dead Indian!'

(Catholic Standard and Times.)

ing themselves up.

guaranteed. Price, 50c.

ahead of it.

they twist around everything they

given its life to produce.

sending out their blossoms the first tacked by Delaware Indians.

north, the air was full of melting She was not found.

of certain diseases.

is the digitalis which you may see

Fortunately for one's interest in

# Children's Page

A DISAPPOINTED SCHOLAR.

Little Sammy Slipperton Went to school with glee, "There's lots of things I want to know.

and now I shall," said he.

But back he came that very night With drooping heart and head. "The teacher doesn't know much more Than other folks," he said.

"I didn't learn a single thing, 'Cept d-v-o-r, door,

And one and one make three, Ard those I knew before.

When I asked teacher why the stars Weren't right straight in a row, Instead of being all mixed up, She said she didn't know.

"She couldn't tell me when they'll build

A railroad to the sun. Nor how the smell grows in flower."

Said Sammy Slipperton.

"I thought that teacher'd know right What makes the roses red, But, ah, she doesn't know much more

Than other folks," he said. HOW THE SLEEP SHIP IS

MANNED. Here is the way the sleep ship is manned As it drifts, as it shifts, into By-

low Land. Over the waters of Drowsy Bay-Here is the way it is manned, I say:

First in the prow is the Sleepland King-

Hushaby, dearie, my dearie, For he fanneth your brow with his gossamer wing.

And, oh, but his laughter is cheery It is sweet as the music of crystalline bells.

As you float in his boat where the sleep-breaker swells,

And he beareth you safe to the Slumberland dells-

Then hushaby, dearie, my dearie.

There close by his side is the Fairy of Dreams, And her dress, you may guess, is a

fabric of beams, A fabric of beams that are woven by stars

Por the mariners bold over Drowsy Bay bars; And she bears in her hand the pic-

tures you love-Hushaby, baby, my baby,

above Shall ever see all of them, maybe; But the visions are bright, so the fairy told me,

And they shift as you drift o'er the Slumberland Sea, And I know it is so, for you laugh-

ed in your glee, baby.

And safe in the stern is the Fairy of holding an open letter in her hand. Rest, And she, of them all, is the best, is

the best. Por she beareth you safe on her breast as you rove

Cove; And ever she singeth one low,

sweet song. "Hushaby, dearie, my dearie, For the day it is gray, and its mo-

ments are long.

sleep"-How you float in the boat o'er the silvery deep, While ever the fairies their vigil do

keep!-Then hushaby, dearie, my dearie. -A. J. Waterhouse, in Sunset Magazine

## THE AFTERNOON TEA.

Betty McGee to an afternoon tea Invited my dollie, my kitty and me. "An afternoon tea in the morning at nine.

And please to be prompt in the rain or the shine The tea will be cocoa, of course you must know,'

Said Betty to me; and I promised to go.

I put on my prettiest necklace and sions in white confronted her.

And mamma's long skirts, and a bonnet of red And did up my hair on the top of my head.

I made dolly sweet in a blue kimono, bow.

Then I took sister's cardcase, with cards for us three, I know how to act at an afternoon tea!

But what do you think? When the morning had come, And we asked if Miss Betty McGee

was at home. They giggled and said she had gone out to play:

was the day!" Forgotten her guests, though the

clock stood at nine, And we were all ready for rain or for

While she was unstylishly playing at day. She had dashed off the copy

"Please tell her," I said, in my haughtiest way, "It is very bad form!" Then bade them good-day. And that was the end of the after-

noon tea For poor little dollie, and kittie and so elegant at her house, and this was

PRISCILLA'S LUNCHEON.

"Prisca, hurry and dress, and come

for a drive." "You come indoors for a few minnext week.

"How delightful!" Nathalie exclaimed, following her cousin into the library.

built to accommodate large parties, flower. and I can only entertain a out eight of the girls," Priscilla went on a trifle regretfully.

"Eight is a comfortable number," Nathalie suggested. "Hurry and see the violets out Arlington way; we can talk as we drive.'

"I might have been dressed and have had the invitations written if I hadn'r lazed the morning away,' Priscilla confessed. "Do you wender castinator Popham? It is 'the sin that doth so easily beset me.' Priscilla opened a desk and added: You write so beautifully, Thalie; do write the invitations for me while I go and dress?'

Nathalie good-naturedly consented. Priscilla handed her a sheet of paper on which she had scribbled the names and addresses of the girls to be invited, together with a rough sketch need to be very polite to her. of the invitation, and disappeared.

Priscilla was a small creature, spite of her sixteen and one-half years, and when she presently appeared, she est of soft, white dresses. Her big buy anything." blue eyes looked out smilingly from beneath the broad-brimmed hat of Nathalie sealed the last invitation daffodils for fifty cents." and arose

in her shabby little purse-with the "Hail, Queen of the Spring!" she cried, making a deep courtesy. "With scrap of round steak for dinner to your majesty's permission, we will buy! mail the invitations at the corner, and then for a glorious drive in your majesty's own domain!"

The week of the luncheon was a school holiday for the young ladies. Priscilla, having planned to spend Monday morning puting her room in night." would have plenty of time on Tuesday edges of its pot, all alive with tiny, they have never gotten over their she ran away. None of the white men, and whenever she saw one time observe she ran away. None of the white men jog and at the same time observe Thursday

Nine o'clock Tuesday morning found Priscilla still in bed, sleepyhead that she was! Not even the bird singing joyously on her window-sill had pow-As I watched you, my baby, my er to lure her from her soft nest, asleep, when her mother entered,

"It's from your Aunt Kate," Mrs. asks me to meet her at Parker's to select a coat for grandma. Hannah is fully with toothache, and I was just pulsive blunder! urging her to go to the dentist when the letter came.'

But ever I soothe you to sleep, to to things while Hannah goes to the very little thing with her love.' dentist.

"I wish you would, Prisca," Mrs. Popham replied, with evident relief. 'I'll lunch with Aunt Katie down-

town, so don't wait for me."

An afternoon tea is the stylishest Priscilla opened the door, then step- full of feeling.

"Susie and she called for me on their way from the train."

"You dear!" Hulda cried, taking And dressed kitty up in her very best the shrinking Priscilla into her arms and smothering her with kisses. "Never mind if you aren't ready. We can talk while you are dressing."

"But the luncheon isn't to-day; it's Thursday," Priscilla said miserably. "I'm sure the invitation read Tuesday," Susie replied.

Priscilla ushered her guests into the library, fortunately tidy, and broke into a cold perspiration at thought of the other guests soon to arrive, and She must have forgotten that this of the condition of the other rooms. "I must see for myself," she mur-

mured, slipping down on her knees beside the waste basket and searching feverishly for a coverted slip of paper. If only it were Nathalie's fault. But no! Here was the slip, and in Forgotten the cocoa-forgotten it all, her own handwriting the day-Tueshurriedly at the last minute, and had written Tuesday unthinkingly.

"Never mind if a mistake has been made, Prisca. It isn't the luncheon we care about, it's the visit with

you," Hulda said lovingly. "Effie Carruthers always has things going to be the nicest luncheon I've

ever given," said Priscilla, regretful- even now my favorite flower. How

A dainty luncheon, however, was breeze from the sweetest corner of got up, all the guests assisting; but the past blows through my room after that Priscilla was a changed girl-changed very much for the bet-

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none."

A POT OF SWEET ALYSSUM.

"It seems as if I must give her utes, Nathalie," Priscilla answered, something!" Eunice Wells almost sobsmiling from the open window at her bed out these words as she stood, cousin, seated in her dog-cart. As quite by hervelf, gazing in at a florthe visitor joined her, Priscilla add- ist's window. She was a small, thin ed: "Hulhah is visiting Sadie Price girl, and only fifteen years old; but in Watertown, and mamma says I her paltry six dollars a week formed may give a luncheon for the girls the chief support of her feeble, widowed mother and little prother.

After the rent of their two tiny plants which carry about a poison in rooms and the other household bills were paid each month, there was not "Apartment dining-rooms are not a penny left for such a folly as a like poison ivy, seem to give off a

"It was only last Christmas that she way so good to me." Eunice to ivy poison that they can not so mused on. "And I only the girl that much as pass a fence on which the waited on her in the store! Maybe I livy is climbing without having a very was pleasanter than some of the oth- painful rash break out on them. But,

ers, and flew around more to find the after all, perhaps this poison is only dress, dear. I want to take you to things she wanted. But to think she should miss me, and ask my name, You know people don't break off and and why I wasn't there! Nobody else carry away armfuls of the poisonous cared-but that Mrs. Day did. And I plants as they do of their more aminever shall forget those great roses able neighbors. Besides, quite freshe sent me, and those nice things to quently those very poisons are exeat. And now they say she is awthat mamma sometimes calls my Pro-fully sick-and I can't do a thing!" By this time Eunice was almost growing in old-fashioned flower gar-

> weeping outright. Suddenly, moved, as it seemed, by something outside herself, she found herself advancing slowly into the shop, and pricing the plants and

tiowers. The clerk gave one glance at her clothes, and felt that there was no "How much is this azalea?"

was asking, as if in a dream. "Five dollars," with the air of one who should say, "Why, are you bothseemed a veritable fairy in the fluffi- ering me? I know you can't afford to "That rose?"

"Two dollars. Guess these tulips white embroidery and delicate pink are more in your line. Give you this roses that crowned her bead of gold. pot for sixty cents. Give you a dozen And Eunice had but forty-five cents

> She felt as if the clerk could count her money through the crumpled bit of chamois skin which she was grasping tight in her hand. She turned,

saying, with an attempt at dignity,

"I think I will not take anything to-

order, Priscilla-like was easily tempt- As she was walking out, a little ed, instead, to go in quest of vio- pot of sweet alyssum caught her eye. lets nor did she return in time to Her father had been a farmer, and decorate the place-cards for her sweet alyssum had run riot over the For only yourself and the angels guests, as she had intended. However, farmhouse garden, just as this cheershe comforted herself thinking she ful little plant was rioting over the

> 'That?'' repeated the clerk. an accent of even deeper contempt, 'that is only ten cents.' "I will take it!" she cried.

it?" she asked, breathlessly

It was a mile to Mrs. Day's house, and there she lay, half awake, half but Eunice almost ran the whole way. As she hurried along, conflicting thoughts begar to disturb her. Perhaps the rich lady cared nothing for Popham said, raising the blinds. "She humble sweet alyssam. Perhaps she is coming on the 9 o'clock train, and would say, "Why should that poor shop girl send me this cheap little thing? Better have given me nothing By the Islands of Peace unto Lullaby ironing, though she is suffering dread- at all." Oh, it might all be an im-

Yet never faltering in her purpose, Eunice ran up the steps of the state-"Why did you let me sleep so long, ly house. She had taken time at the mumsie?" Priscilla cried, springing florist's to scrawl on a card which out of bed. "You hurry right off, he had given her, "Eunice Wells is And wee little bodies will weary, dear. I'll wash the dishes and tend sorry you are sick. Please accept this

The maid who came to the door looked coldly at her, and unwillingly took in her hands the card and the little pot, with its covering of brown haps that's what gave rise to the tissue paper. Eunice feared in her Jack and the Beanstalk story. There Priscilla ran out in her little, bare heart that her poor offering might be feet, and bade Hannah go at once to so dispised as never to find its way bean would stop, if the pole only kept the doctor. Then she took her bath, to the sick room, but there was nothmade a leisurely semi-toilet, and sat ing more that she could do about it, down to her breakfast and the news- and she hurried off in the gray spring paper. It was after 11 o'clock when twilight. She thought of the sweet Priscilla finally arose and began to alyssum all the next day. First she gather the dishes together. And, at was tortured with the thought of the this moment, the front hoor bell rang. poverty and meanness of her gift. "It can't be a caller so early," Then she would cherish a hope that, Priscilla said, looking in dismay at slight and valueless as it was, it the long, faded blue kimono she had might, after all, carry some comfort. donned as good enough in which to When she reached her home that wash dishes and dust. "It must be a night a letter awaited her on the peddler." A second peal sounded as bare, clean kitchen table. It was it attaches to any handy support. she deliberated. The next moment, written weakly, in pencil, but it was The ends wist around and around

ped back, gasping. Three radiant vi- "Never, dear Eunice Wells," it began, "did I receive a gilt so precious "We came unfashionably early Pris- to me as your pot of sweet slyssum. cilla, because Hulda was so anxious It grew in my grandmother's garden to see you," Nathalie said smilingly. in my childhood. I love it. It is

**Kidney** Disorders Are no respecter persons. People in every walk of life are troubled. | minator of the aborigines: "The only

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ence in the province.

She did not lament this.

him through a long !ifa,

She remembered the wars of

place called Deaf Man's Village.

when he addressed her in English, he

which she had been taken.

GREEN

At Your Grocer's.

ferred to live among them than to re- letter to fall into the hands of Franturn to the white settlements. A few ces' surviving relatives, but at last years ago the editor of this page met it reached them.

in Canada the descendants of one Ja- In due time her brother and sisters cob Hill, a white boy, who, when six came to her cabin. An affecting inyears old had been captured by the terview took place between her and Mohawks during a frontier war, them, and they were instantly satis-When peace was made four years later fied that she was indeed their longthe lad was returned to his relatives. lost sister. They implored her to go His mother was dead; his father had home with them, but she refused.

re-married, and although his relations "I am old," she said, "and have new and old made much over the lad, lived all my life with these people. little Jacob yearned for his redskin They are my people. I love my husfriends. One night he stole away, and band, and am happy with him.

afoot made his way back to the In- She even refused to go with them dian village beside the St. Lawrence, as far as the neighboring town of There he grew to manhood, married Peru, apparently suspecting a trap. and left a family, half-white, half- They went away sorrowful. Not long Indian, many of whom rose to emin- afterward her husband died. Her relatives came again, once more implor-A little white girl named Frances ing her to go home with them to Slocum, called by her Indian friends Pennsylvania. But now she declared 'White Rose," was once known to that she could not leave her bones fame as "the lost child of Wyoming." elsewhere than by the side of her hus-Little Frances was stolen from Quak- band's. She lived there until 1847. er parents in the Wyoming Valley of when she died.

Pennsylvania in 1778, and brought up Her story is often told in Indiana, among the Indians in the West. Her and the monument to her memory reparents were Jonathan and Mary cently erected in Washington county Slocum, of Connecticut, who had will be not only a reminder of a romoved to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, mantic history, but the memorial of almost indispensable in the treatment when that was a small frontier set- a woman who was steadfastly faithtlement. There, when Frances was a ful to a people wno had won her love young girl, their dwelling was at- as well as her loyalty.

Two or three members of the fam- Every boy and girl that has read ily were killed, and little Frances was Cooper knows that the old-time Inyou not noticed that the swamp ma- carried away first to Ohio, and later dian was a born scout, alive to every ples are always covered with bright to Indiana and Michigan. Soon after breath and atom "on the trail." The red frings long before the leaves be- her capture her father was killed by art of scouting, says a modern obgin to show us even tiny buds? And the Indians, but her mother, aided by server, is learned only by experience the catkins give the alder a gray Frances' brothers and other white and years of observation. There are dress long before its midsummer green men, made a persistent search for no text-books to be studied. A vast one is made. Perhaps long ago-when Frances, who became known in those number of minute facts in nature the ice coat was receding to the parts as the "lost child of Wyoming." things that experienced naturalists would not observe-are like an open For meantime the Indians had car- volume to veteran scouts. The twist off any moment,-instinct told the al- ried her far away, over mountains of a turned leaf along a trait will be ders that the important things were and through forests. They treated noted as showing which way the last blessoms and seeds. If they wanted her kindly, giving her blankets to persons in that locality went, and to leave any progeny to take their sleep upon at night in beds of leaves, the height and location of the turned places, they must hustle along with At length, too, they gave her a horse leaf show whether the person was their seeds. Leaves were only a mat- to ride, and dressed her in garments afoot or on horseback. The turned ter of living longer; they could wait of buckskin, decorated with bright pebbles denote by their color how for the leisurely life. And so they beads. All this pleased her; she dried long they have been stirred from their devoted all their attention in the her tears and became happy in her beds of earth, and consequently how long since some one went that way. the ice receded more and more, they | She was taught to fear and hate the A scout leading a body of troops who visited her tribe suspected there- signs-unobservable A botanist who went to Jamaica to fore, that they had a white child -that the enemy has passed along study the wonderful flora of the West among them. She learned to shoot that way, and also the number of the Indies, tells me a forest of the giant | well with the bow and arrow. When enemy. Think of trailing a band of flowers sometimes fifty feet in height the Delewares had a war with the Indians among the fastnesses of a is a truly impressive sight. The whites, she was run off into the north mountain range and telling from bent with the other women and children. grass, turned leaves, prints of horses' hoofs and the area occupied at the camping spots the number of persons When she was sixteen years old she there were in the band; whether they was married to the Osage chief, Chewere bucks or squaws or mixed as to pokenah, or 'Deaf Man." He was sex; whether they were fleeing from good to her, and she remained with pursuers or were going to a new hunt-

> Some of the most expert Indian Indians against General Wayne and scouts have even been astute enough General Harrison, and in both her to distinguish from the character of sympathy was with the Indians. After smoke that ascends from a camp fire the last war her husband and his peoten and more miles distant whether ple settled on the Mississineva, at a the campers were whites or Indians. General Miles used to have a Pima To this place, in 1835-fifty-seven scout in the campaign of 1880 against years after Frances had been carried Geronimo and Cochise who could away from the Wyoming Valleypretty accurately tell from gazing at there came one night a trader named the smoke through a glass whether George Ewing. Belated on the road, the fire in a distant camp had been he sought a night's lodging. The old kindled for a long or a short time. chief took him into his cabin. The The same scout once led a detachchief's wife busied herself about the ment of soldiers across the twentyroom, and as the trader waited for mile desert valley at which is now his supper he watched her. He notic- the settlement of Dos Cabezos, in ed that she looked like a white wo- Southeastern Arizona, and Thence inman. Once she raised her arms for to the Dragon Mountains, where he something; her loose sleeves fell away found a week-old trail of a dozen furevealing arms that were suspiciously gitive Apaches among the granite, yet the trooper saw not the least indica-The trader could speak the Indian tion that any human being had been tongue, and as she made no response that way in years.

ing ground!

For five days the Pima scout scentquestioned her in that language. She ed the trail like a hound. He led the admitted that she was a white wosoldiers through ravines, among thorman and had been stolen in her girlny cacti and chaparral, amid miles of hood. She remembered her name and bowlders, over sun-baked hills and the names of her father and mother, along the foot of bald mountains. All as well as that of the place from this time he seldom spoke. He kept his eyes constantly busy, and occa-Ewing, much interested, wrote to sionally he motioned to his followers, the postmaster of Wilkes-Barre, ask- as if to point out that he was foling if there were any people of the lowing the right trail. At last, one name of Slocum still living in that noon, he suddenly stopped his horse, vicinity. It took two years for his motioned to his followers to got their weapons ready and to dismount. Then the Indian scout crawled for half an hour on his hands and knees over the hard, brown earth, scrutinizing the soil for footprints. He went back to Lieutenant Cowles, in command of the detachment, and said softly that the Apaches were in camp less than a mile away. Then he guided the soldiers and horses slowly and silently up the foothill, and when the men had picketed their horses and crawled to the brow of the hill they saw the trailed Apaches in camp down in the valley on the other side

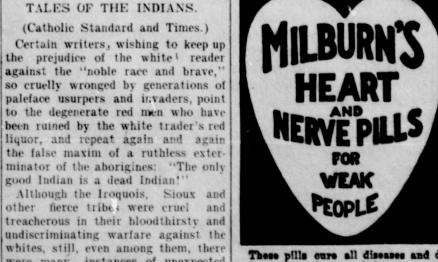
MUD PIES.

Bahy Meg was supposed to be saying her piece of poetry to her father, relates the Boston Post

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make-" she lisped, but just then she flew off to catch the kitten, o at last her father said: "Come, come, Meg, what do they

"Mud pies," said Meg, who had quite forgotten the rest of the verse.

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whites, still, even among them, there These pills cure all diseases and diswere many instances of unexpected kindness, stern principles and a certain generosity of dealing which would have graced the ages of chivalry.

That the Indians were not uniformly so villainous as some "realists" romance them to have been is attested by many stories of captive white children, who were so well treated by their red guardians that they preorders arising from weak heart, worn out