

Young Folks.

GREETING.

A boy went out to walk one day And met a lady on his way; His cap was quickly off his head, "Good morning," pleasantly he said.

A little girl went walking too, And met a lady whom she knew; With quick politeness then the child "Good morning," said, and bowed and smiled.

And thus should lads and lasses greet Whatever friends they chance to meet, If they would show politeness true; Now, who'll remember this? Will you?

BILLIE FAIRFIELD'S PROMISE.

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Selden one morning, and she asked him if he would bring another quart that night, he said, "Yes, ma'am," promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

"Well, I can't take it now," said Billie; but he could not go to sleep, though he turned and tossed and twisted till he was tired. At last he went to the head of the stairs and shouted "Mother!"

Mrs. Fairfield had just threaded her needle, and stretched a stocking with a big hole in it over her hand. She said, "Oh, dear!" but she went to see what Billie wanted.

"You'll have to go now," she said quietly, when he had told her.

"Oh, mother! I can't go away up there alone!"

Mrs. Fairfield knew that, for Billie, his mother never out alone at night. His father had gone to bed downstairs with the baby, and, if they waked him, baby would wake too; so Mrs. Fairfield thought a minute. Then she said, "We'll see. I'll have the milk ready when you come down."

When Billie got into the kitchen, his mother stood at the door with her hat and shawl on. Billie began to feel ashamed. He wished he dared to go alone, but he did not, for it was a lonesome road. He took the milk, and they tramped over the snow up the long hill without a word.

The wind blew in their faces, and Billie's ears were cold, but he had the milk can in one hand, and pulled his shawl with the other, so there was no way to warm them. He was ashamed to ask his mother to take the milk.

Mrs. Selden exclaimed, when she opened the door: "Why, what made you come away up here to-night? And you, too, Mrs. Fairfield. It's too bad! I could have got along somehow without the milk!"

"Billie promised you," Mrs. Fairfield answered, and Billie wished nobody would look at him.

"Twasn't any matter, she said, mother," he argued, when they had started for home again. The wind was in their backs now, and Billie's ears were warm.

"Buy the truth, and sell it not," said his mother. "The matter was your promise, Billie. Would you sell the truth just to get rid of walking up to Mrs. Selden's?"

Billie made no answer. He was ashamed again. Presently he asked his mother if she would slide down hill.

Mrs. Fairfield laughed; but she was a small woman, and she tucked herself up on the front of the sled while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard, where Billie skillfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled, but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you do something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal stove. "I believe I'd feel better to have a good whipping!"

His mother smiled at him. "I would be pretty hard work for me to whip such a big boy as you are. Don't you want to help, instead of making me do more? I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she continued. "It's too late to finish mending these stockings to-night, so I shall mend them to-morrow, when I was going to make a cottage pudding, and there'll be no pudding for dinner."

Cottage pudding was Billie's favorite dessert, and this was a blow that he laid to heart.

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be found, when examined, to have the six rays, each branching. As the weather grows colder, the flakes become simpler and smaller, until they are often reduced to slender six-sided prisms, with sharp ends, or to flat hexagonal scales. The needle-shaped prisms are characteristic of the blizzard, and it is the stinging that they cause, when driven against the skin by a high wind, that brings most of the suffering in these dreadful storms.

Some winter fogs are made up of ice-crystals instead of droplets. They are somewhat iridescent in the sunlight, and the effect is so beautiful and striking that it is not soon forgotten.

HINTS FOR BRIGHT GIRLS.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following 'accomplishments' are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door and shut it softly. Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising and rise. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.

Never fuss or fret or fidget.

A BOOK'S REQUEST.

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay my face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good, comfortable rest."

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

They are Symbolic Colors Among All Nationalities—Blending of Standards.

The red, white and blue favors which recently blossomed forth in radiant profusion over the length and breadth of the land under the stimulating influence of our first substantial successes in South Africa are remarkable as examples of a symbol which fulfills none of the elementary functions of symbolism, since its indiscriminate adoption by several diverse nationalities has nullified its meaning and destroyed its distinctive value.

The colors which are worn to-day to celebrate a British victory might with equal or greater reason be displayed for a Dutch triumph, and, in point of priority, the best title to their use probably lies with the Netherlands nation, which was the first to adopt them as a national ensign.

The earliest form of the Dutch "driekleur" was, however, orange, white and blue—borrowed from the heraldic tinctures of William the Silent's family arms—the first named color subsequently being changed to red. The constructive genius of Peter the Great, who commanded the Dutch colors for the flag of his Dutch-modelled navy, merely changing the order of the horizontal bands from red, white and blue to white, blue and red—a doubtful heraldic arrangement, which, however, remains the Russian tricolor ensign to this day.

EVOLUTION OF THE TRICOLOR.

Previous to this the blending of the English and Scottish standards of St. George and St. Andrew by the Union of the Crowns had brought the same three colors into the British national "Jack," while nearly two hundred years later the infant Commonwealth of North America changed upon the identical tinctures in the blazonry of its star-spangled banner.

The traditional view of observation attributed to the French in all matters appertaining to foreign countries probably explains the otherwise remarkable fact that in searching for a distinctive color device wherewith to typify their revolutionized State they could hit upon no more original combination than the much-speaken tricolor, evolved, according to some authorities, from a blend of the red and blue armorial of Paris, with the white of the old regime. In the earlier stages of the Republic's history, indeed, the national flag seems to have been indistinguishable in its arrangement from that of the Netherlands, though subsequently the colors were arranged in the perpendicular fashion in which they are borne at the present day.

Blue, red and white form the national standards of two European States—Serbia and Montenegro; while Liberia and several of the South American Republics have adopted the same combination. Finally, the now familiar "vierkleur" of the Transvaal and the flag of the Orange Free State both typify the dominant Dutch note by three out of their four component colors.

HE BEGAN ALL RIGHT

BUT THE NEW TENANT DID NOT GARRY OUT HIS PROGRAMME.

He thought He could Bluff the Office Elevator Boy, and There He Where He Made an Awful Mistake—The Boy's Story of His Revenge.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] A few weeks ago, when Mr. Rockaway, the kodak agent, moved into room 08, he took an early opportunity to say to me:

"Sammis, there are owners of skyscrapers, and there are agents and janitors of skyscrapers, but the elevator boy is the real boss."

"Yes, sir; he is," I humbly replied.

"If he stands in with the tenant, that tenant is all right; if he don't stand in, then the tenant might as well hunt for another office. I want to stand in with you, Sammis."

"Yes, sir."

"You are a widow's son. Here's half a dollar to cheer your mother's lonely heart. You are trying to pay off the gigantic mortgage left on the estate by



THEN SHE STARTED IN TO WRECK THINGS.

your father. Here's another half to assist you. This is simply preparatory. Sammis, quarters and halves and dollars will chink and rattle around here and pass from me to you with astonishing frequency. All you've got to do is to look out for my interests."

"Yes, sir."

"Should a woman call here, Sammis—an oldish woman, with red hair and a sharp nose and a voice like a file?"

"You are out of course, Sammis. She's the woman who wants contributions for the heathen, and you don't want to be bothered."

"Exactly, Sammis! And you are a Jew!" he said as he patted me on the head. "I am always to be out when she calls. You are to discourage her from calling again. You may even hint that I have removed to Chicago or St. Louis."

"I see you closely scrutinizing my side whiskers, Sammis. Don't you like the color?"

"Yes, sir, but they are false."

"Ah, Sammis, another quarter for the gigantic mortgage. It's a little notion of mine to wear false whiskers for a few weeks, and nothing need be said about it. What we know we know, but we keep mum about it. You trust me; I trust you. We'll make that mortgage look sick in a month or two. Ta, ta, Sammis! I think we understand each other."

I thought so, too, and it was all right for two or three weeks. Mr. Rockaway didn't come down with any more halves, but I didn't lay that up against him. It was what he said and did that hurt my feelings. One day at the fourth floor a lawyer's boy called me a saved-off liar. I stopped the elevator to punch his head and thus was late getting up to answer a call from Mr. Rockaway. He was mad about it, and, taking me by the ear, he said:

"You trifling young monkey, but I'll have no more of this! I've a good mind to report you to the agent and have you bounced! What do you mean by such conduct?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

"That makes no difference. From this time out I shall have an eye on you, and you'll either walk chalk or get the bounce. Do you hear me?"

The iron struck home. From that hour I waited and longed for a red-headed, sharp-nosed woman to appear on the fifth day she walked in and made straight for me and said:

"Bub, I'm looking for a man named Rockaway. I'm his wife."

"Have you got business with him?" I asked.

"I have—strict business. Is there such a man in this building?"

"There is a Mr. Rockaway here, but he's got side whiskers."

"Oh, he has! Well, I'll pull 'em off in three seconds! Take me right up."

I took her up. I am not a bad elevator boy at heart, but a boy in my position has got to maintain his dignity among the tenants. I held the elevator until I saw her enter room 08 and heard the first shock of collision, and then I had business elsewhere. What happened in Mr. Rockaway's office. When the red-headed woman bounced into the room, she first attacked those beautiful side whiskers, and they were wrecked in a breath. Then she started in to wreck things, and her language was English and her tones loud. She had the whole side alarmed in two minutes, and the people who rushed in found the typewriter girl hiding under the desk and Mr. Rockaway on the floor and mixed up with broken furniture. It was lively while it lasted, and the red-headed woman had breath enough left to explain that the man on his back was her lawful husband, but had run away from her in Buffalo a

HEALTH.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURES.

A Beautiful figure is the most precious gift, after perfect health, that a woman can possess. It is of far more value than a pretty face. It lasts much longer, and it does not betray the years, as must eventually even the most perfect features and the most lovely skin. With a perfect form, smartly groomed and well set up, a woman cannot fail to look charming.

There are three classes of women from an artistic standpoint, who may lay claim to beauty of form. In the first class belong all the daughters of Juno. They are great, tall, magnificent creatures, whom some men describe as "full bodied" women. In the second class are the daughters of Venus. These women usually give the impression of ideality. They are always well developed, graceful and generally good to look at. In the third class are gathered the children of Psyche. Under this class come the women and maidens usually described as having fragile, girlish looking figures. Of the three classes, some admire one and some another, but very beautiful women are found in all three.

A woman who desires to make the very most of herself should study her own figure. She should find out its good points, its better points, its bad points and its very bad points.

She should then take it in hand, and by means of exercise, diet, gymnastics, a good tailor and a first class corset maker, set herself up to the best possible advantage.

A woman can really do more with her figure than she can with her face. If inclined to be too stout she should rigorously abstain from everything that encourages embonpoint, such as late hours, over indulgence at table and leading in general a lazy, indolent existence.

If she has not the courage to make these sacrifices she must say goodby to beauty of form. She will then join the overflowing ranks of women who, when they have passed the age of thirty, make no further pretensions to beauty of figure.

If, on the contrary, her trouble be an unsightly leanness of body and limbs, which makes it impossible for her to appear in either becoming evening gown or smart tailor frock, she should, with the aid of both diet and gymnastics, set about developing her form to the utmost. It is her duty to cover, with soft, firm curving flesh, the harsh outline of her angles. Some thin women think it useless to try to put on a little flesh. They say, happily, "Oh, it's no my nature to be fat." They appear never to have learned that it is of the very nature of human being to possess a healthy, well developed body.

When they lack this gift of nature, their birthright, there is something wrong somewhere. They should find out what it is, and remedy it.

THE PLUMP NECK.

To fill the troublesome hollows on each side of the collarbone, a system of deep breathing is invaluable. Take a deep breath, hold it as long as possible, and then exhale it very slowly. Repeat this ten times. Do this twice a day.

As it is absolutely essential that the muscles should be developed, the following exercises must become a part of one's daily routine:

1. Slowly bend the head forward till the chin touches the neck. Raise it very slowly.

2. Slowly bend the head backward and raise it again.

3. Bend sideways to right and left. All these movements should be repeated ten or fifteen times; and when you have done this you will feel that every muscle in your throat and neck is being exercised. Then bathe the throat with cold water. Dry thoroughly, and well massage in any good cream, rubbing it in with the tips of the fingers till the skin has absorbed it all and your neck is in a glow. With a soft rag or towel wipe off any cream that may remain. The massaging should be done with a rotary motion.

Now, dampen a soft rag or sponge, moisten the throat and neck with benzoin and rosewater, which is a skin tonic and helps to close the pores, and so prevents dirt from entering.

In the morning wash with warm water and a good soap or almond afterward with the very coldest water you can get. It is also well to add lavender water or toilet vinegar to the water.

Then, before finishing dressing, go through the exercise in the same way as you did the previous evening.

Eat plain and nourishing food, avoid fatty pastry, cake and highly seasoned food. Drink plenty of hot water. It clears the blood and improves the complexion.

Make a compact with yourself that you will follow this treatment for six weeks. By this time you will be so pleased with the improvement that you will have no temptation to abandon it.

NO WONDER HE'S POPULAR.

What makes Benedict so popular among other men, I wonder. Why, he came right out the other night, and acknowledged that his little boy never says anything worth repeating.

"I advertised a sermon to the young," was the latter's reply.—Chicago News.

PLEASURES OF OPTIMISM.

Dorothy—Pa, I do wish we were rich. Dorothy's Pa—How rich would you like to be?

Dorothy—Oh, awfully rich; rich enough to snub people and still be called agreeable!—Chicago Record.

DEEP-LAID SCHEME.

Mrs. Youngwife—Harry suggests that I give my last summer's gown to the servant girl.

Mrs. Oldun—Is the girl pretty?

Mrs. Youngwife—Yes, rather.

Mrs. Oldun—Then don't do it. He's evidently hunting for an excuse to kiss her in mistake for you.

SAME OLD HAT.

Harry, don't you think that is a pretty good straw hat I bought you for 30 cents at the rummage sale?

Yes, indeed; I liked it last year when I paid \$5 for it.

A MOUNTAIN MIRROR.

A Phenomenon That Surprised the Catholic Fathers Who Discovered It.

A few months ago some Catholic missionaries made a journey in Katanga, a large district which contains many of the upper waters of the Congo. One day they approached a mountain which, they later learned, was extremely rich in iron ore. In fact, the travellers say the mountain is little else than a huge block of iron from summit to base. The natives call the mountain Kabwe-Marwi.

The missionaries spent several days in the neighborhood, and each evening, they say, the mountains were illumined in a wonderful manner under the influence of the rays of the setting sun. The upper part of it seemed to be an immense reflector launching far out into the plain the beams of light received from the "Star of Day."

One evening, after a day of rain that had washed all the dust from the mountain side, the brilliancy of the reflection was greater than usual, and Father Ter Mat decided to seek the exact cause of this phenomenon.

So at sunrise next morning he began the difficult task of ascending the steep slope of this mountain of iron. He finally reached the highest peak, 6, as polished and bright as a mirror and he found a great rock whose side, turned toward the western sun, was as polished and bright as a mirror, and it seemed to be a block of almost pure metal.

This shining surface contains several hundred square feet, and fully explains the remarkable refraction of the solar rays. The only explanation of the increased brilliancy on that particular day is that the rain washed away all particles that bedimmed the polished surface and left it a fine natural mirror where the falling beams of light were launched again far out over the plain with dazzling effect.

THE SCARLET LANCERS.

Only British Cavalry That Ever Broke a Square of Infantry.

Lord Roberts's successful application to the war office for the Sixteenth, Queen's, Lancers to be allowed to leave India for the seat of war in South Africa recalls to a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette a story of this famous cavalry regiment. The Sixteenth Lancers is the only regiment of British cavalry that has ever penetrated and broken a square of infantry, and it made this unique record by a fine feat performed at the Battle of Aliwal, in the Punjab, in January, 1846.

The gallant Sikhs had thrown themselves into squares, and in this formation they for a long time resisted the desperate charges of the English cavalry just as stubbornly as the British infantry had resisted the French cuirassiers at Waterloo.

Again and again did the Sixteenth Lancers strive to break through the solid masses of the Sikhs, again and again scores of saddles were emptied, and the British were beaten back with slaughter. As the lancers got close enough to deliver their thrusts, they again scores of saddles were emptied, and the British were beaten back with slaughter.

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Dread

The Story

THERE IS AN ATREWS GOON DICE PILLS FROM THE TRI

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"Well I h ility," said think it will as I did, you Dr. Williat going to the renew and b strengthen th disease from dealer does n sent postps six boxes for Dr. Williams ville, Ont.

"You should the fond papa. matter worse. not tell a lie, a papa that he g gave him and "That was the younger, now like he was

HELPED IN A

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Sold by J. E.

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Do You F

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Child CAS

Success For: record of Parry cure for diarrhoe complaints. Av one Pain Killer,